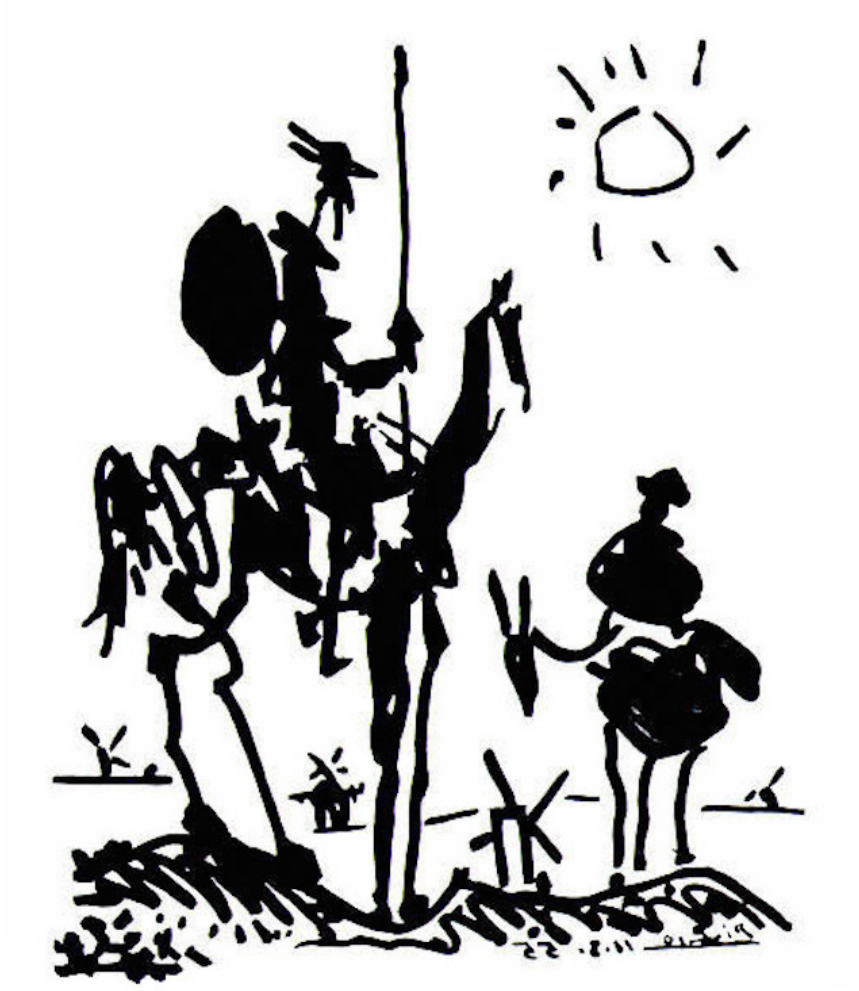
Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time



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Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
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All have the express written encouragement
To distribute this creation freely to any and all
Who have the eyes to see and the ears to hear
The mystery in which each and every one
Equally participates in so many ways

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Breadcrumbs 2023
Breadcrumbs 2024
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A Text to Bruce

To Whom It May Concern

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Preface

Greetings,

Breadcrumbs kicked off in 2015. These are the thoughts written in 2023 and whatever is beyond, updated as they roll, so stay tuned until my demise is confirmed. All writings since 1989, including current issue, are available online in a variety of locations, perhaps for as long as the internet is up and running. Which may not be long, by the crystal ball of my dystopian reckoning.

This work is blogged at:

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2023.blogspot.com/

Writing has been an enjoyable process ever since I first began toying with prose; scribbling poetry, keeping journals, corresponding with friends and acquaintances during the college daze. The philosophical/mystical/whatever-you-want-to-call-them thoughts, that have been popping into mind since 1989, have always been very out-of-the-blue spontaneous. Nothing planned or forced about them. They are being shared on the off chance that others may find them of interest, though, quite frankly, it really does not matter if no one else ever even reads them, for I am, first and foremost, my own audience. I got mine, so to speak. I played my little part. I had my share of fun. And it is, as it has ever been, up to each to discern their own, on their own.

There are really no followers in this Don Quixote quest; only earnest seekers, who waylay their desires and fears and dreads, enough to discern that which is the end to doubt, the end to dueling with windmills. “Yay” if it is your fate to figure it out. “Oh well” if it is not. And “so it goes” either way, really. Ecclesiastes 1:2 is always a good reminder: “Vanity of vanities,” saith the Preacher, “Vanity of vanities. All is vanity.” Awareness can only, with great effort, regain control, regain sovereignty, from the usurper, imagination, creator of all that is time, creator of all that is space. Creator of all that is illusion, has never been anything more than illusion, will never be anything more than illusion. Only as real as the given moment.

“The Stillness Before Time” is the original work that came together in 1992, including mostly aphorisms, an essay, a newspaper question-and-answer, ten reflections, and lists of both movies and books. Though an early self-published version, long since edited and expanded, can be purchased at major booksellers, a downloadable copy is available, no charge, at the link below. There are also links to a variety of blogs of other creations by me, along with links to many writings of a similar nature, by thinkers and seers from across all times, across all geographies. "The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim" is the second published book, and is both blogged and available as a PDF download.

The “Breadcrumbs” titles, published annually since 2015, all include the core chapters: Leftovers, Soundbites, Breadcrumbs. In the Breadcrumbs chapters, I unleash thoughts of a more personal nature than in the other two. All just to show I was ensconced in a living, breathing, relativity mundane, oftentimes foolish, mortal mind-body. An actor playing the hand that was dealt; same as everyone else, vain as everyone else. No need to sculpt me into more than I was. No need for myths, nor legends, nor fables, nor miracles, nor cult followings, nor any other fictions, any other absurdities, over to which the human mind, and all its imaginary history, has so often given itself. The Breadcrumbs chapters prove me again and

again to be yet another Shakespearian player, as full of the limited and arbitrary as anyone else born into this dream of space and time. So please be sure not to shape me, or these many random thoughts, into some dogmatic absurdity. Use them as a launchpad, not an orbit.

“The Return to Wonder” blog is a compendium of aphorisms not included in the three other works: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, and Breadcrumbs. It originally totaled 3,000 pages formatted in 300 ten-page chapters written since 1990-ish. A gradual editing that will likely never be completed, is changing that dynamic into something of a mishmash.

Please note that this sort of wordplay is very haphazard, way too much work to put into any order. Probably best read it in bits and pieces in the here and there. One of those open-to-any-page works. Especially well-suited for coffee shops, coffee tables, and porcelain thrones.

Also note that all writings are always subject to updates and editing, so if You are interested in the most current version – before this house of cards comes tumbling down, and the world grows large again – downloading PDF copies every once and a while might be a reasonable discipline. This applies especially to the current year of Breadcrumbs, which could well be an annual project until the last wheezing breath, though frankly, the temptation to stop writing entirely is not off the table. It is a pleasant way to pass some of the countdown remaining, but it is unlikely there is much ground that has not been wandered by this frame of reference far more than enough already. No matter how many times Sisyphus rolls the boulder up the mountain, it is more than a little doubtful that the blind men and their true-believer followers, will ever discern, ever realize, ever embrace, the elephant in the middle of the room, without fabricating some new form of absurdity. It is the way we roll, it is the way we have always rolled, it is the way we will, far more than probably, always roll. Every species has its limitations, and we have in this mind’s eye, far-exceeded ours.

That said, if You do find these many thoughts at all worth preserving, for whatever times are ahead for this world and all its life forms, please feel free to share them with others who might also appreciate them. Else they may well swiftly slip back into the timeless oblivion from whence they came.

So it goes, either way. I played my part, I said my piece, I had my fun.

All the best,

M

P.S. For best viewing online, using the largest screen You have available to explore my little theme park, is suggested. Scrolling down and down on a phone screen is just not going to give You the same entrée.

P.P.S. Regarding the name Yaj Ekim ... It is just a reverse spelling of the first and middle names ... Michael Jay Holshouser ... Mike Jay ... Yaj Ekim.

P.P.P.S. Coincidently, make of it whatever You will, or will not, Yaj is an Indian boy’s name meaning worshipper, sacrifice, another name for Shiva, a sage. And Ekim is a Turkish name for October meaning “sowing” (of seeds). All kinds of absurdity can be read into that by the many so-inclined – none of which was in mind when I came up with the idea to reverse the letters to my name. See P.P.S. for details.

P.P.P.P.S. Yes, I am Shiva. And so are You. No, I am not Shiva. And neither are You. Irony and paradox rule.

The Stillness Before Time

Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

There is really only one Way.
It is without division or boundary.
It is without name or theology.
Awareness is its scripture.
Here now, its venue.
You, its witness.
Your life, the journey.

Website
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com

Blog
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com

PDF
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

The Original Works

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

Including:
Of the Human Journey
Got God?
Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
https://theponderingsofyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/theponderingsofyajekim.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2015
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Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
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Breadcrumbs: The Original Blog
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A Variety of Letters, Emails, Texts, & Sundry Odds 'n Ends
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Definitions
An Incomplete Selection of Contemplative Definitions
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Uncle Sam Says
https://whatunclesamsays.blogspot.com
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311088415085&type=3

(Please note all writings are subject to annual updates and editing,
so downloading current PDF copies every once and a while,
might be a good idea if You want the most current version)

Leftovers 2023

Awareness is the one and only You, the everything within all,
And it has no attachment to any shape, to any existence, whatsoever.
Its indivisible omnipresence-omniscience-omnipotence permeates all totality.
It is the unborn-undying, imbuing all dimensions, all illusions, cultivated by sentience.
If You are to realize the truth of that which eternity is, it must include everything, including You.
There is no need for deities, no need for souls, no need for angels, no need for saints, no need for demons,
No need for belief, no need for scripture, no need for dogma, no need for priests, no need for idols,
No need for worship, no need for prayer, no need for superstition, no need for cathedrals,
No need for heavenly ecstasies, no need for purgatories, no need for infernos.
Awareness is witness to all, and You, a sparkle of that eternal now.
All You need do, is be the solitary witness You ever are,
Without the self-imagery chained to form.
Be the ever-present moment.
Be the awareness.
Be the ineffable mystery.
Be the flawless sentience of eternity.
Be the indelible Self of all selves, of all creation.

* * * *

Time is but a concoction of imagination's perception of gravity's dust balls,
Angled this way or that, in varying distances from the furnaces of their given stars.
A galactic potion, double-double-toiled-and-troubled-fire-burned-and-cauldron-bubbled.
The natural selection of the mystery playing its Self, by its Self, across its eternal nothingness.
Awareness, in its quantum collider, its laboratory of creation, all outcomes naught but illusory dreams.
And You, that ineffable, intangible, indelible, indivisible, unborn-undying, timeless awareness,
Playing out your little part, in your little dream, all alone, right here, right now, poof.

* * * *

Change is a challenge for minds bent on custom, on belief, on habit, on ritual, on convention, on tradition.
To be free of inward constraints, to be unfettered by limitations of human consciousness,
Is not something for which any oracle will find widespread reception.
Paradigm shifts are not instigated by the multitudes,
And revolutionaries often run afoul of swords, not always their own.

* * * *

We are all extemporaneous players in this Shakespearian mirage.
We all strike the pose, the attitude, the passion, the given twinkling beckons.
The moment none can help but complete in whatever fashion nature-nurture has allotted.
From royal flush to low card, the hand You are dealt, is the one You must play.
Should You choose to stick around, to enjoy and endure it all, that is.

* * * *

Every life form in the six kingdoms is the same indivisible, indelible, timeless quantum matrix mystery.
Every life form in the six kingdoms plays out the nature-nurture of its genetic lottery algorithm.
An archaebacterium plays out its archaebacterium nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.

An eubacterium plays out its eubacterium nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
An animalia plays out its animalia nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
A protista plays out its protista nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
A fungi plays out its fungi nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
A plantae plays out its plantae nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
And the inert players – earth, wind, water, fire – the clay of all existence.
Stardust come unto life, stardust born of mystery; natural selection its chisel.
All ever vibrating away simultaneously; all dancing their given places in the sun.
All ever creating, ever preserving, ever destroying; all ever indivisibly unborn-undying.
All ever the same ineffable quantum matrix mystery; all ever the same ineffable eternal moment.

* * * *

You are stardust come unto to life, mystery come unto life, eternity come unto life.
Dial into the timeless moment, and all questions, all answers, will become irrelevant.

* * * *

This mind-body You imagine yours, is a drop of the quantum matrix,
Streaming like a current through the electromagnetic spectrum,
Flowing through lesser masses; stopped by more solid ones.
Physics is physic is physics; there is no breaking the laws.
And what is the ether allowing it all to happen: Awareness.
We drift like clouds passing to and fro in an untouched sky.
A touchy-feely dream; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Space and time are illusions, to which there is no direction.
There is no forward, no backward, no right nor left, no up nor down,
Nor any other bearing that imagination might in sensory perception envision.
The quantum dream is always, right here, right now, kaleidoscoping, no direction known.
And You are the centerstage, You are the awareness, You are the witness,
To the ineffable mystery playing out the given sentience.
All that is, all that is not, every moment.

* * * *

You are already samadhi, ecstasy, bliss.
All You need do, is be still enough to discern it.
We are all that which is called God by many names.
Each of us exploring our own exclusive matrix of creation.
And why do You need to believe in anything concocted by mind?
Is not just being, enough, without all the nonsense born of imagination?
The infinite ocean is an infinity of drops; how could all this be, any other way?
Without the endless splintering, there would be no existence, there would be no witness.
And it is You, who must endure it all, with all your spirit, very much alone, a light unto your Self.

* * * *

It is indeed beyond boggling, to fathom: You are the universe and beyond.
That You are the indivisible, indefinable, unfathomable, indelible, ineffable mystery.
But wrapping your head around it, is as simple as letting go, and wrapping your head around it.

One does not ask for permission to be free; one asserts it, affirms it, champions it, with their entire being.

* * * *

Creation is the moment; destruction, the same;
With a kaleidoscoping of eternity's moment between.
And creation to one beholder, may be destruction in another's.
The quantum matrix is an ever-morphing playhouse;
All witnessed by the ineffable awareness,
Through the eyes of sentience.
There is no other.

* * * *

Science is only is what it is, because of all the technologies,
That awareness, through imagination, has created to measure the cosmic illusion.
The dreamtime, that the electromagnetic spectrum – the quantum stardust, the divine dance, the Shiva –
Has spun into sentience upon this pale blue dot, is a sentience capable of exploring its mystery.
As to the question – whether it is intelligent design or naturally-selected happenstance –
Is it really, worth, all the absurdity, all the horror, our kind every moment inflicts,
Upon one another, all our fellow earthlings, and this very pale blue dot?
We are all the same mystery, come unto the dream of existence;
What narcissism to give it more narrative than that.

* * * *

… As real, as it every single moment, every single breath, every single blink, seems …
… Your entire existence – this thing called life – from the cradle to the grave …
… Everything You see and hear and touch and taste and smell and feel …
… Your mind, your body, your world, your cosmos, your dream …
… Is entirely imagined, entirely fictional, entirely illusory …
… Poof! …

* * * *

The ice box door is gaping-wide, the-roar-of-the falls-daily-louder open,
And there is no way closing it – even if we could – is going to undo where it is spinning.
The remainder of human history, however long, however short, is set to reel madly down a harsh road.

* * * *

Imagination has thoroughly conquered this garden dust ball.
And thrashed it into a twisted shadow of its naturally-selected, Darwinian purity.
It is a cancer wreaking havoc upon the host, that cannot forever allow its wayward nature to continue,
If Gaia is to survive and blossom anew, in the grand theater of this grand mystery.
The story's conclusion will never see its campfire telling.

* * * *

Whoever comes out of the chutes, straightest and strongest and fastest, generally wins the race.
Assuming, of course, they choose to compete at all; instead, find wandering about, the greater draw.

* * * *

Self-imagery can be a huge stumbling block.

How You discern another, how another discerns You,
Depends very much on how your frames of reference interface,
And there is really nada-nada either of You can do about it,
Except perhaps somehow remain in total detachment,
Which works for about thirteen seconds, at best.

* * * *

It is the insatiable ravenousness of the mind, of consciousness, of imagination,
That must be disciplined, be tempered, be controlled, be mastered.
You can pretty much do anything, once and a while.
You cannot do anything all the time.

* * * *

Whether You want to believe it, accept it, or not,
The warriors who madly charged oblivion, were the ones others followed.
They were naturally selected in the jungles of old, and have steered the course of human history.
This can be a bit much for the domesticated, the housebroken, the so-called civilized sort,
Who lounge in laps of luxury, hold their teacups just-so, and prefer their beasts tame.
That it does not abide well with the hunter-gatherer coursing through our veins,
Become daily more and more obvious, as we race toward the precipice.

* * * *

Normal is nothing more than what You are used to.
It is the pattern, the habit, the conditioning,
Through which You view your world.

* * * *

You and that guy in the gutter have a lot more in common than many would care to believe.
There, but for the grace of the happenstance of natural selection, go You, if You are so lucky.

* * * *

You may not have had a choice in being born,
But You can certainly have hand in how it ends,
If the Reaper does not beat You to the punch.

* * * *

You are but a particle,
Wafting to and fro in the sea of mystery.
All of it all the while.

* * * *

This moment has been a window of freedom and affluence,
The masses have never experienced in all human history.
And the zenith of that world is in the rear-view mirror.
Oppression and anarchy will dance a perverse duet,
In the scar-tissue of the world we have set afoot.

* * * *

Seriously, how much software do You need, how many apps do You use, how many games do You play?
Virtual reality has its time and place, and is the dominating stimulus in these our times,
But an existence without a relationship with the real virtual reality,
That mystery from which all this has come to be,
Is a dubious existence, indeed.

* * * *

Every ripple, small to large, tenders a consequence; oftentimes several.
And then there are the swells and rogue waves and tsunamis,
Mixing and matching, to the horizon and beyond.
And You, powerless to stave off or evade,
Any racing for your rocky shore.

* * * *

The analogue mind versus the digital mind,
And the disconnected distortion between,
Is wreaking havoc in a future undone.

* * * *

There is absolutely no concoction of consciousness, of imagination, human or otherwise,
That will even for a moment hold fast, in the spaceless, timeless awareness,
Of the ineffable, indivisible, indelible stillness, of eternity.
Quantum illusion is ever quantum illusion;
No matter its hunger for a more,
That has never been, and can never be.

* * * *

Only You know your own story,
And even that is but a vain perception,
Of what may have really happened.

* * * *

Imagination creates time, imagination travels time, imagination is time,
And through it all, imagination make-believes it truly exists forever and a day.
Only in the timeless tranquility of awareness, can it be discerned as the perjury it is.
Nothing the busy-busy mind will ever concoct, will ever fathom what You are, and are not.
To be truly free of all its monkey-mind assertions, the no-mind, the unclenched mind, is the key.

* * * *

Heaven and hell are states of mind.
An angel can wander throughout any hell, untouched.
And a demon would sling a cloud of rancor and discord into any heaven.

* * * *

It is the body, the corporeal container, that dies, not You.
The reality is, we were never born, so dying is highly improbable.
You are the awareness, the right-here-right-now, the mystery, of all eternity.

* * * *

Time and space are an illusion of consciousness.
We only believe we exist because of a sensory mind-body,
Fabricated by the electromagnetic spectrum, a.k.a., quantum matrix.
Meditation long ago intuited it illusion; science has proved,
We are all very much alone in our own twilight zone.

* * * *

Consciousness, cognizance, imagination, memory, mindfulness, insight, intuition,
Can never even hope to be more than a shadow of the awareness,
That is as real as it can ever, will ever, get.
The real and the unreal are a duet of the unknown.

* * * *

To follow, to worship, the vain and mighty; why?
When being your Self, in this very right-here-right-now,
Is the 24/7/365 all-accepting alter of what is, is-ing ever along.

* * * *

To know history, to understand one's culture, and place in it, is to perhaps be ready for whatever comes.
The historian-anthropologist-philosopher gives the dreamtime a nuanced perspective,
Percolated in a doubting detachment that bends to relativity.

* * * *

Regarding traveling through space and time,
It is tough to wander something that does not exist,
As anything more than an imaginary notion.
All imagination can do is travel itself.

* * * *

Why be concerned whether anyone else is free,
If You, your Self, have not managed to brass-ring it?
It is surely enough, if You alone, have truly let go all claims.
The human paradigm will carry on in its squalor to the bitter end.
No need to wander furrow-browed trying to solve its insoluble dilemma.

* * * *

What else can truth be, need truth be, but awareness its Self, pure and simple and free?
Prior to all priors, within all withins, without all withouts, beyond all beyonds, You are.

* * * *

You have never been real, You will never be real, in any way You think.
There is only pure awareness, it suffers not, be free, die now, to all of it.

* * * *

You may be an extremely complex pattern, but You are a pattern, nonetheless.
Your fated destiny is playing out – ineffably inexplicable as its indivisibility ever is –
As the first moment of creation, spun into being, its magical-mystery matrix of space and time.

* * * *

If there is an omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent, merciful god,
Why would You ever have to pray, to beg, to plead, to hope, for anything?
How would he-she-it not know your every need, your every want?

* * * *

Always curious how our kind build ups or tears down,
The many others who chance through the conditioned awareness.
To illustrate it in agricultural vernacular: we till, we prune, we thin, we grade,
And then enjoy the bounty, the harvest, the fruits, of our industry.
And woe unto those who are not deemed worthy.

* * * *

You would kill someone, simply because they call their idol by a different name than yours?
Seriously?

* * * *

In the infinity of all eyes, there is but one witness.
No need to give it any name or rank, other than You.

* * * *

We are all dancing in every way imaginable, in the same quantum hologram,
The infinite matrix, of the inexplicable source, that has ever been You, awareness.

* * * *

It is a bit less problematic to be generous, to be liberal, to be kind,
When You are not having to make decisions, infused with greed and vanity.
The spreadsheet pinnacles are without mercy for the masses,
Over which they imagine themselves superior.

* * * *

To wander untouched, untroubled, untainted, by the sensory theater,
Is the way of the eternal mind, timelessly witnessing.
As the mind moves, so does the dream.

* * * *

You are first and last, with nothing before or between or after,
If space and time truly existed as more than a quantum dream.

* * * *

What are the number-crunching odds, that once some material possession is in a storage unit,
Or even a closet or drawer or box or bag, that You will ever use it, or ever even think of it, again?

* * * *

Save the world? From Us? Lord, no!
How would that even be at all possible?
And where in God's moniker, to even begin.

Seriously, is it any marvel, Jesus has not returned?

* * * *

Eternal salvation is about being free of the fell grip of the space-time born of imagination.
The return to nothingness, is the dissolution of all things imagined,
Of all things begetted of consciousness.

* * * *

Might not be the way You would say it,
But in the essence of linguistic aptitude,
Getting the gist, is all that really matters.

* * * *

What is around the next corner, and the next, and the many beyond,
Can be a great surprise to those without the sagacity of anticipation.

* * * *

How many followers would follow their prophets,
If they ran into them unrecognized on any given street?

* * * *

This long and winding work is dedicated,
To the mystics at large, the mystiques en liberté,
For whom Self is all; for whom one is all, and all are one.

* * * *

The intensity of imagination contributes greatly to holding one's breath.
When feeling the tension of any perception, observe how You are breathing, or not.
Oxygen deprivation may be contributing to the plight, to which your mind so readily succumbs.

* * * *

This esoteric work is dedicated to mystics at large;
The mystiques en liberté, for whom Self is all.

* * * *

Not making the world, about You, goes a long way towards not taking things personally.
And not taking things personally, goes a long way towards equanimity of mind and body.

* * * *

We all get a sensory window, oh-so-mortal, to the mystery all equally are.
All tweaked and twisted by the imaginary conviction,
Through which all things are viewed.

* * * *

A period is a stop.
A comma, a pause.
A hyphen, a connector.
A semi-colon, a deviation.

A question mark, an uncertainty.
An exclamation mark, an interruption.
A parenthesis, an enclosure.
A bracket, a cell.

* * * *

How to articulate the tension, the satisfaction, the pleasure,
Any given creator feels, from each stroke, of whatever the brush.

* * * *

To truly be The King of your jungle, cannot be make-believe bravado.
You must be The King, in whatever way it takes, to eliminate all doubt.
For doubt will only bring anarchy, and very likely ensure decline and fall.

* * * *

Science fiction may herald every variety of possibility, but it is not reality.
It takes a great deal of all things technological, not to mention funding and resources,
To duplicate what paper and screen writers, from the comfort of keyboards, so easily imagine.

* * * *

Got it seen.
Got it heard.
Got it smelled
Got it tasted.
Got it felt.
Got it grokked.

* * * *

Awareness neither creates nor destroys.
Awareness neither begins nor ends.
Awareness neither loves nor hates.
Awareness neither praises nor maligns.
Awareness neither enjoys nor dislikes.
Awareness neither celebrates nor broods.
Awareness neither favors nor disfavors.
Awareness neither simplifies nor complicates.
Awareness neither discerns nor neglects.
Awareness neither is nor is not.
Awareness neither supports nor opposes.
Awareness neither validates nor refutes.
Awareness neither admires nor derides.
Awareness neither clarifies nor confuses.
Awareness neither wins nor loses.
Awareness neither catches nor releases.
Awareness neither lightens nor darkens.
Awareness neither lives nor dies.
Awareness neither ascends nor descends.
Awareness neither endures nor succumbs.

Awareness neither preserves nor ends.
Awareness neither stores nor expends.
Awareness neither rescues nor abandons.
Awareness neither does nor undoes.
Awareness neither clears nor blocks.
Awareness neither frees nor imprisons.
Awareness neither saves nor spends.
Awareness neither gains nor loses.
Awareness neither achieves nor fails.
Awareness neither continues nor pauses.
Awareness neither possesses nor lacks.
Awareness neither craves nor dislikes.
Awareness neither respects nor scorns.
Awareness neither unites nor divides.
Awareness neither assists nor hinders.
Awareness neither perceives nor ignores.
Awareness neither solidifies nor evaporates.
Awareness neither strengthens nor weakens.
Awareness neither enables nor prevents.
Awareness neither facilitates nor impedes.
Awareness neither shortens nor lengthens.
Awareness neither appears nor disappears.

Awareness is the unborn-undying; with neither beginning nor end.

* * * *

To go forward or backward,
To go around or through,
To go before or after,
To go good or bad,
To go selfless or selfish,
To go to or from,
To go in or out,
To go within or without,
To go yay or nay,
To go tall or short,
To go close or distant,
To go fore or aft,
To go full or empty,
To go strong or weak,
To go normal or weird,
To go dry or wet,
To go constant or fickle,
To go positive or negative,
To go happy or sad,
To go wise or foolish,
To go bright or dim,
To go deep or shallow,

To go over or under,
To go on or off,
To go loose or tight,
To go for or against,
To go near or far,
To go soft or harsh,
To go naive or cynical,
To go narrow or wide,
To go plus or minus,
To go above or below,
To go up or down,
To go inside or outside,
To go sharp or dull,
To go simple or complex,
To go right or wrong,
To go black or white,
To go this or that,

How artless, the ‘or’ of the middle way.

* * * *

The weight of space.
The weight of time.
The weight of gravity.
The weight of vanity.
The weight of power.
The weight of wealth.
The weight of tribe.
The weight of history.
The weight of tradition.
The weight of dogma.
The weight of fame.
The weight of desire.
The weight of fear.
The weight of dread.
The weight of sorrow.
The weight of pain.
The weight of despair.
The weight of loss.
The weight of gain.
The weight of glut.
The weight of dearth.
The weight of things.
The weight of avarice.
The weight of cruelty.
The weight of kindness.
The weight of selfishness.
The weight of altruism.

The weight of pride.
The weight of covetousness.
The weight of lust.
The weight of anger.
The weight of gluttony.
The weight of envy.
The weight of sloth.
The weight of like.
The weight of dislike.
The weight of hate.
The weight of love.
The weight of strength.
The weight of weakness.
The weight of yes.
The weight of no.
The weight of maybe.
The weight of light
The weight of dark.
The weight of good.
The weight of evil.
The weight of full.
The weight of empty.
The weight of have
The weight of have not.
The weight of all.
The weight of none.
The weight of some.
The weight of body.
The weight of mind.
The weight of life.
The weight of death.
The weight of perception.
The weight of imagination.
Who is the who, who carries it all?

* * * *

Watching the second hand move, watching the minute hand move, watching the hour hand move;
Watching the world turn, watching the clouds in every shape and size race across the sky;
Watching the sun, the moon, the stars, go round and round, every day the same;
Who-what-why-when-where-how, is the witness doing the watching?
Eternity is ever-present for those who have eyes and ears,
To see and hear the mystery, as it frolics in its quantum infinity.

* * * *

Awareness is … right here, right now.
To dub it either infinitesimal or infinite, or anything, actually,
Is to give it a space-time tone that absolutely has no basis in its reality, whatsoever.
Consciousness is but an imaginary wisp of nothingness, wafting through the beyond-expansive expanse.

And humankind playing out its ceaseless dramafest in a pre-determined fashion,
Far grander than the human mind can comprehend,
Lest it doth become it.

* * * *

The moment is mystery; You are mystery.
The moment is eternal; You are eternal.
The moment is immaculate; You are immaculate.
The moment is unborn; You are unborn.
The moment is undying; You are undying.
The moment is indivisible; You are indivisible.
The moment is here; You are here.
The moment is unbounded; You are unbounded.
The moment is truth; You are truth.
The moment is graceful; You are graceful.
The moment is pure; You are pure.
The moment is unequivocal; You are unequivocal.
The moment is supreme; You are supreme.
The moment is unqualified; You are unqualified.
The moment is perfect; You are perfect.
The moment is nothingness; You are nothingness.
The moment is total; You are total.
The moment is complete; You are complete.
The moment is tabula rasa; You are tabula rasa.
The moment is sentient; You are sentient.
The moment is still; You are still.
The moment is inscrutable; You are inscrutable.
The moment is perpetual; You are perpetual.
The moment is matrix; You are matrix.
The moment is serene; You are serene.
The moment is pervasive; You are pervasive.
The moment is dispassionate; You are dispassionate.
The moment is nonexistent; You are nonexistent.
The moment is uncontrolled; You are uncontrolled.
The moment is boundless; You are boundless.
The moment is unrestrained; You are unrestrained.
The moment is untouched; You are untouched.
The moment is unrefined; You are unrefined.
The moment is limitless; You are limitless.
The moment is indefinable; You are indefinable.
The moment is undone; You are undone.
The moment is extraordinary; You are extraordinary.
The moment is enduring; You are enduring.
The moment is tranquil; You are tranquil.
The moment is unruffled; You are unruffled.
The moment is unworried; You are unworried.
The moment is placid; You are placid.
The moment is composed; You are composed.

The moment is unbounded; You are unbounded.
The moment is unchained; You are unchained.
The moment is opaque; You are opaque.
The moment is vulnerable; You are vulnerable.
The moment is compliant; You are compliant.
The moment is fictional; You are fictional.
The moment is undeniable; You are undeniable.
The moment is pristine; You are pristine.
The moment is forever; You are forever.
The moment is mundane; You are mundane.
The moment is empty; You are empty.
The moment is untarnished; You are untarnished.
The moment is impartial; You are impartial.
The moment is rational; You are rational.
The moment is priceless; You are priceless.
The moment is all; You are all.
The moment is valueless; You are valueless.
The moment is straightforward; You are straightforward.
The moment is obscure; You are obscure.
The moment is worthless; You are worthless.
The moment is anonymous; You are anonymous.
The moment is purposeless; You are purposeless.
The moment is none; You are none.
The moment is unimportant; You are unimportant.
The moment is silent; You are silent.
The moment is nondualistic; You are nondualistic.
The moment is clear; You are clear.
The moment is motionless; You are motionless.
The moment is wasted; You are wasted.
The moment is mindless; You are mindless.
The moment is everlasting; You are everlasting.
The moment is ineffective; You are ineffective.
The moment is vain; You are vain.
The moment is unsuccessful; You are unsuccessful.
The moment is fruitless; You are fruitless.
The moment is futile; You are futile.
The moment is instantaneous; You are instantaneous.
The moment is imaginary; You are imaginary.
The moment is aware; You are aware.
The moment is ineffable; You are ineffable.
The moment is mysterious; You are mysterious.
The moment is inexpressible; You are inexpressible.
The moment is unspeakable; You are unspeakable.
The moment is meaningless; You are meaningless.
The moment is ordinary; You are ordinary.
The moment is engrained; You are engrained.
The moment is imperceptible; You are imperceptible.
The moment is inconsequential; You are inconsequential.

The moment is hollow; You are hollow.
The moment is alone; You are alone.
The moment is minimal; You are minimal.
The moment is impenetrable; You are impenetrable.
The moment is average; You are average.
The moment is unfathomable; You are unfathomable.
The moment is unique; You are unique.
The moment is unicity; You are unicity.
The moment is incessant; You are incessant.
The moment is inconceivable; You are inconceivable.
The moment is unfastened You are unfastened.
The moment is rational; You are rational.
The moment is maximum; You are maximum.
The moment is detached; You are detached.
The moment is unrivaled; You are unrivaled.
The moment is inimitable; You are inimitable.
The moment is incomparable; You are incomparable.
The moment is unbiased; You are unbiased.
The moment is pointless; You are pointless.
The moment is unconcerned; You are unconcerned.
The moment is ceaseless; You are ceaseless.
The moment is impersonal; You are impersonal.
The moment is absurd; You are absurd.
The moment is aloof; You are aloof.
The moment is interminable; You are interminable.
The moment is exquisite; You are exquisite.
The moment is unintelligible; You are unintelligible.
The moment is incomprehensible; You are incomprehensible.
The moment is unreadable; You are unreadable.
The moment is enigmatic; You are enigmatic.
The moment is carefree; You are carefree.
The moment is never-ending; You are never-ending.
The moment is now; You are now.
The moment is innocent; You are innocent.
The moment is singular; You are singular.
The moment is timeless; You are timeless.
The moment is momentary; You are momentary.
The moment is absolute; You are absolute.
The moment is sovereign; You are sovereign.
The moment is omniscient; You are omniscient.
The moment is omnipresent; You are omnipresent.
The moment is omnipotent; You are omnipotent.
The moment is kaleidoscoping; You are kaleidoscoping.
The moment is quantum; You are quantum.
The moment is awareness; You are awareness.
The moment is totality; You are totality.
The moment is life; You are life.
The moment is seamless; You are seamless.

The moment is unconditional; You are unconditional.
The moment is unadulterated; You are unadulterated.
The moment is flawless; You are flawless.
The moment is unspoiled; You are unspoiled.
The moment is entire; You are entire.
The moment is effortless; You are effortless.
The moment is first; You are first.
The moment is oblivion; You are oblivion.
The moment is mindful; You are mindful.
The moment is last; You are last.
The moment is whole; You are whole.
The moment is harmonious; You are harmonious.
The moment is unified; You are unified.
The moment is impeccable; You are impeccable.
The moment is blameless; You are blameless.
The moment is spotless; You are spotless.
The moment is alertness; You are alertness.
The moment is matchless; You are matchless.
The moment is void; You are void.
The moment is stillness; You are stillness.
The moment is extinct; You are extinct.
The moment is obscurity; You are obscurity.
The moment is anonymous; You are anonymous.
The moment is insignificant; You are insignificant.
The moment is null; You are null.
The moment is worthless; You are worthless.
The moment is useless; You are useless.
The moment is unknowable; You are unknowable.
The moment is naught; You are naught.
The moment is nameless; You are nameless.
The moment is undiscoverable; You are undiscoverable.
The moment is immeasurable; You are immeasurable.
The moment is infinite; You are infinite.
The moment is incalculable; You are incalculable.
The moment is inestimable; You are inestimable.
The moment is endless; You are endless.
The moment is simple; You are simple.
The moment is straightforward; You are straightforward.
The moment is natural; You are natural.
The moment is painless; You are painless.
The moment is uncomplicated; You are uncomplicated.
The moment is unforced; You are unforced.
The moment is infinitesimal; You are infinitesimal.
The moment is ever; You are ever.
The moment is untroubled; You are untroubled.
The moment is inexplicable; You are inexplicable.
The moment is unstained; You are unstained.
The moment is peerless; You are peerless.

The moment is indefinable; You are indefinable.
The moment is emptiness; You are emptiness.
The moment is indifferent; You are indifferent.
The moment is ageless; You are ageless.
The moment is irrational; You are irrational.
The moment is immortal; You are immortal.
The moment is way; You are way.
The moment is intrinsic; You are intrinsic.
The moment is intangible You are intangible.
The moment is witness; You are witness.
The moment is indelible; You are indelible.
The moment is solitary; You are solitary.
The moment is free; You are free.

* * * *

You are what You eat, and You shit it, too.
And piddle it, and sweat it, and spit it, and sneeze it,
And cough it, and weep it, and bleed it, and ejaculate it, as well.
How fortunate to finally realize, You are not this cesspool,
And must only bear witness to its sundry travesties,
For what whatever jot the Fates hath deigned.

* * * *

Has your lifetime of philosophizing, in any way,
Transformed the patterning of your terrestrial mind-body?
Not that You have, in any way or shape or form, ever once witnessed.
Destiny is destiny, fate is fate, fortune is fortune, upshot is upshot, kismet is kismet,
No matter how it is chiseled in stone in the sands of time.
All sentience endures it the same.

* * * *

The human paradigm will have to change intelligently,
If any sort of idealized metamorphosis,
Is fated to happen.
It would be a revolution of utterly epic proportion,
Well beyond any imaginary assessment, this present, or any prior, has ever witnessed.

* * * *

… The mystery of the immaculate, flawless, pristine, impeccable, immortally eternal awareness …
… Prior to all priors, within all withins, without all withouts, beyond all beyonds …
… Ineffable, intangible, indelible, indivisible, unborn-undying …
… Omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent …
… Spaceless, timeless…
You

* * * *

The awareness sees.
The awareness hears.
The awareness smells.

The awareness tastes.
The awareness feels.
Long gone before mind remembers it.

* * * *

If there is a guiding hand to this mystery, it is the process of natural selection,
Set into motion at the inexplicable, ineffable inception of creation.
The only answer, for those always seeking answers,
Is solitary walks, or staring into space,
Until the mind's need for answers dissolves.

* * * *

The relatively agreeable thing regarding imagination,
Is that You can do absolutely anything the mind might venture.
Angel on high in the lap of some deity; or demon, as low as low can go.
The mind is the magic carpet time machine, that can meander all creation at will.
Far less bother than the real thing can be; especially when it comes to the harsher fantasies.
That so many must twist and destroy other lives, is the wretched absurdity of this planet of the apes.

* * * *

Neither You, nor anyone else, can help but play out their destined role.
There is nothing to do, but spontaneous extemporaneous.
Play out every scenario as the moment calls.
Choice has nothing to do with it.
None can do more,
Than surrender to the abyss in all.
Call it whatever You will, it is all You; there is no other.

* * * *

You can only sit in one chair at a time.
You can only sleep in one bed at a time,
You can only eat one meal at a time,
You can only drink one drink at a time.
You can only take one shower at a time.
You can only wear one outfit at a time.
You can only read one book at a time.
You can only play one game at a time.
You can only ride one bike at a time,
You can only see one thing at a time.
You can only hear one sound at a time.
You can only taste one taste at a time.
You can only smell one smell at a time.
You can only feel one touch at a time.
You can only do one anything at a time.
So, how much does anyone really need?

* * * *

Why are You so fearful of it all coming to an end?

Oblivion is the state from whence You came.
Oblivion is the state to which all return.
There is absolutely nothing to fear or dread.
There is absolutely nothing for which to hope or plead.
There is simply eternity, which You are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Is natural selection a function of spontaneity, of autonomy, of self-determination, of free will,
Or simply the continuation of the pattern-selection, kaleidoscoping since the first moment of genesis?
Impromptu, spontaneous, extemporaneous, when viewed from the macro level;
But precisely, exactly determined, at the quantum level.
Has there ever been even one choice?
Is such an unsynchronized flow even remotely possible,
In this ineffable cosmos, absolutely orchestrated, every moment, in every way?
Looking back at your entire existence, what say did You have in anything, that lead You to be reading this?

* * * *

Science has destroyed its home,
For the sake of knowledge, for the sake of trivial pursuit.
Where is the rationality, the sensibility, the prudence, the insight, the wisdom, in that?

* * * *

The you, You imagine carries on, is not the You, You are.
All forms are but ever-changing, temporal, quantum illusions,
To which only imagination, stimulated by the senses, is witness.
The awareness You truly are, is the omnipresent, immortal actuality.
Humankind's capacity for delusion is the harbor of all things irrational.

* * * *

This ultimate truth is all that really matters in this théâtre de l'absurde.
Everything else is nothing more than quantum illusion.
Everything else is but an imaginary dreamtime,
In which You are voluntary prisoner,
Of your own mind's design.
There are no chains.
There is only the moment,
And You are as free as You dare.

* * * *

How we can be so blinded by vanity and greed,
As to not clearly see, and not be on full-back-track concerned,
That strangling the garden is a sure road to perdition,
Is an astoundingly absurd thing to witness.

* * * *

You are but a particle, wafting to and fro in the sea of mystery; all of it all the while.
The quantum sea allows every variety of form to play out however it will,

Without parameters, without attachment, without judgment.
Only human imagination, imagines otherwise.
What need for any deity, for any dogmatic entanglements,
Once You have discerned right-relationship, with the mystery's totality?

* * * *

Who-what-when-where-why-how, exactly, is this self, You so adamantly imagine yourself to be?
It is an invention, a collusion, a lie, that imagination has swept our genomic-sequencing,
To impromptu-play across all the horror our kind has wreaked upon this garden.
And its harsh, unforgiving, dystopian endgame, is well past self-evident.

* * * *

Any given mind is a universe unto its Self;
Unto the awareness in which all forms dance.
In which imagination, imagines an authenticity,
Engineered entirely by the given nature-nurture.
An impromptu performance of genomic design.
To assume it free will, would be a conclusion,
Without substance, in the abyss of eternity.

* * * *

The unknowable created the cosmos.
The cosmos created the world.
The world created nature.
Nature created Gaia.
Gaia created humankind.
Humankind created imagination.
Imagination imagined the unknowable known.
Ineffable, indivisible, ineffaceable, unfathomable, immaculate.
And in that knowing, the sense of self was imagined.
And in that awareness of imaginary self, You.
Omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent.
Creator, preserver, destroyer.
Eternity, born into time.
Eternity, imagined.
Awareness, all.
All, You.
There is no other.

* * * *

You, Awareness.
Awareness field.
Awareness infinity.
Awareness freedom.
Awareness tranquility.
Awareness indelibility.
Awareness sovereignty.
Awareness absoluteness.

Awareness indivisibility.
Awareness timelessness.
Awareness singularity.
Awareness totality.
Awareness truth.
Awareness joy.
You, Awareness.

* * * *

How they always win, how they always rule, how they are always at heights of the food chain,
Has been the same tale since long before our kind migrated out into the savannas.
It is the tale of power, of might makes right, of the law of the club,
And who is willing to wield it, with the most savagery.
Submit or die, it matters not to the big ape,
And the minions who serve in every possible way.
The axis of evil is nepotism and cronyism and favoritism.
It is the reality of natural selection since life's most primordial etchings.
Quantum stardust – morphing, mutating, evolving, dancing – in the mystery of awareness.
The mystery of Self, of the one and only dancer, playing itself alive in every possible way, including You.

* * * *

Letters and numbers and notes, and any other hieroglyphs,
Are all imagined, and bound to the mirage of time and space.
The awareness is prior to all; the sky in which all clouds dance.

* * * *

Here is your death, come and get it, embrace it with all your being.
Or run away, as far, as fast, as your make-believe deigns.
The Reaper will be waiting for your arrival.

* * * *

Your universe will never be the same once You wander from the first one.
Actually, it has never been the same every moment since your conception.

* * * *

Imagination has blinded humankind to the garden of its origin.
Unlikely as it is to happen, it is on the future to regain its sight.
How difficult it will be, to throw everything out, and start over.
And will it be possible, in the ruins of a torn and tattered world?

* * * *

Imagination can only imagine itself to be awareness.
That which is prior to all things born of quantum design,
Cannot be grasped by the whimsy of consciousness.

* * * *

Whether awake or asleep, a dream is a dream,
And that is all it is, all it has ever been, all it will ever be,

No matter how many memories the imaginary you shores it up with.

* * * *

Are You walking alone, paying attention to the given moment,
Or with the cloud of memories rolodexing through the cerebellum?

* * * *

If there is movement, there are ripples,
And ripples, and ever more ripples, rippling away.
That is the disposition of the coin of creation and destruction,
With preservation flipping to and fro about the edges.

* * * *

How fortunate You are if power and fame and fortune have somehow evaded You.
Vulnerability, anonymity, austerity, and the mindfulness they engender,
Are a great gift in this insane asylum, this théâtre de l'absurde.

* * * *

When schemes do not go according to plan, best to take a big breath,
And then stoke up whatever grit and gumption is necessary,
To come up with the new plan that will carry on.
Stiff upper lip is what the Brits call it.

* * * *

Without being paranoid, may be best to always assume
There could be a camera or video pointing your direction.

* * * *

How You deal with the kaleidoscoping moment,
Is entirely shaped by the nature-nurture,
You drew in the genetic lottery.

* * * *

Humankind is what it is, has always been, and will always be.
Would make sense to just sit and stare at a wall, as to get all twisted about it.
Discerning the sanctity of eternity – to be at peace with the illusion – is a gift to your Self.

* * * *

The post-WWII Boomer generation that I was born into, got set up by the idealistic winds of our youth,
To believe humankind could be and do something Darwin 101 assures us is impossible.
What I tell any who still harbor that delusional notion, any who still believe,
Us capable of, for even a few minutes, overriding the natural selection that whittled us,
Is that You can take the monkey out of the jungle, but You cannot take the jungle out of the monkey.

* * * *

The body is always in the present moment.
Awareness is always in the present moment.
Only imagination wanders space and time.

Only imagination creates space and time.
Only imagination imagines itself alive.
Only imagination imagines itself real.
Only imagination imagines its Self.
Only imagination imagines totality.
Only imagination imagines nothing.

* * * *

In the world, but not of it.
In the matrix, but not of it.
In the illusion, but not of it.
In the dream, but not of it.

* * * *

The Eternal Mind

… mysterious …
… ineffable …
… tabula rasa …
… aware …
… still …
… indivisible …
… momentary …
… singular …
… indelible …
… supreme …
… matchless …
… now …
… sentient …
… unfathomable …
… inscrutable …
… perpetual …
… imaginary …
… matrix …
… flawless …
… timeless …
… infinite …
… infinitesimal …
… omnipresent …
… serene …
… immortal …
… pervasive …
… omniscient …
… mindful …
… instantaneous …
… quantum …
… null …
… immaculate …

… futile …
… everlasting …
… unbound …
… motionless …
… mindless …
… clear …
… nondualistic …
… here …
… unbounded …
… silent …
… graceful …
… pure …
… unequivocal …
… unqualified …
… perfect …
… nothingness …
… total …
… complete …
… innocent …
… truth …
… unconditional …
… unadulterated …
… seamless …
… unspoiled …
… impeccable …
… empty …
… entire …
… effortless …
… first …
… oblivion …
… last …
… whole …
… harmonious …
… unified …
… blameless …
… spotless …
… sentient …
… alert …
… void …
… unimportant …
… all …
… none …
… inestimable …
… indefinable …
… extinct …
… purposeless …
… obscure …
… anonymous …

… insignificant …
… null …
… worthless …
… unknowable …
… naught …
… indecipherable …
… nameless …
… undiscoverable …
… useless …
… immeasurable …
… valueless …
… incalculable …
… rational …
… unutterable …
… endless …
… impartial …
… simple …
… straightforward …
… natural …
… untouched …
… imperceptible …
… painless …
… uncomplicated …
… unforced …
… untarnished …
… ever …
… untroubled …
… inexplicable …
… unstained …
… peerless …
… emptiness …
… indifferent …
… ageless …
… ineradicable …
… irrational …
… permanent …
… indiscernible …
… impalpable …
… faultless …
… pristine …
… mundane …
… hollow …
… alone …
… minimal …
… average …
… unique …
… unspeakable …
… unimaginable …

… unicity …
… whole …
… incessant …
… inconceivable …
… unfastened …
… rational …
… undeniable …
… detached …
… unrivaled …
… inimitable …
… incomparable …
… unbiased …
… pointless …
… unconcerned …
… ceaseless …
… priceless …
… impersonal …
… absurd …
… aloof …
… nonexistent …
… interminable …
… carefree …
… enigmatic …
… impenetrable …
… unreadable …
… incomprehensible …
… unintelligible …
… meaningless …
… inconsequential …
… exquisite …
… ordinary …
… engrained …
… intrinsic …
… intangible …
… solitary …
… enduring …
… inexpressible …
… omnipotent …
… tranquil …
… free …
… sovereign …
… unborn …
… undying …
… absolute …
… eternal …

* * * *

The mitote, the chaos of 1,000 voices all trying to talk at once in the mind,

Are always ready and waiting and eager to sally into the windmills of your mind.
How many are playing over and over and over in your head, in the right here, right now?

* * * *

The mystery created imagination.
Imagination created deities of every variety,
And plays out ceaseless permutations of vanity and greed.
Its trail of horrors ignores all rationality, all compassion, all munificence.
The mystery, in all its vastness, has no shoulders to shrug.

* * * *

Hot or cold, hard or soft, clean or dirty, clothed or naked,
Comfortable or uncomfortable, asleep or awake, seen or unseen,
Engaged or unengaged, self-absorbed or Self-absorbed, it is all the same.
The awareness is equally within every particle of creation.
Omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent.
You are it; it is You.
The other is but imagined.

* * * *

Someone who has not got a lot to do, has less time to do it in,
Than someone who has a hectic existence, with so much on their plate,
That any need is added to the list, and done as quickly and efficiently as possible.
Yet another peculiar irony in the paradox of all things two-legged in this quantum dream.

* * * *

What is creation's beginning but the space of awareness,
Stirring just enough to explode into the quantum soup,
That would eventually manifest into all the forms it,
In any given here now, pervades, including yours.

* * * *

You are the mitote, the chaos of 1,000 voices all trying to talk at once in the mind.
All the chatter in your head, playing over and over and over, is yours, and yours alone.

* * * *

The challenge with building an empire – or anything, for that matter –
Is the humdrum-day-after-day of keeping it going and going and going.

* * * *

Our kind does not deal well with not knowing everything that consciousness can come up with.
It was not the fruit of knowledge, that was plucked in Eden; it was the fruit of imagination,
That was swallowed in full by the tree-dwellers, in whom the mind-spark first sparked.

* * * *

To be a philosopher is to step as far back as possible,
And to examine anything and everything,
As closely as mind allows.

* * * *

Big bang, genesis, turtles all the way up and down, call it whatever You will,
Somehow it began, and somehow it will go on for as long as it does.
What need to speculate about a mystery that can never known?
All who try, only wave their arms about, uttering vague absurdities.

* * * *

The clinging to memories, to all that is perceived,
Are just imagination's refusal to let go of any allotted moment,
To let go the existence it believes really happened,
Forever gone as soon as it happens.

* * * *

Mitote is imagination; You are imagination, You are mitote.
The chaos of 1,000 voices all trying to talk at once in the mind.
Anytime there is the spark of me-myself-and-I, mitote has the reins.

* * * *

How much better off, how much less full of false and unnecessary drama, might your life be,
Without your family, and a fair portion of so-called friends and acquaintances?
And let us not begin to factor in the co-workers on that exit list.

* * * *

How can anyone not discern that all organized religions are but cults,
That fenagle their absurdities, their charades, into wealth and influence.
Weave their wares into any mind, gullible enough to believe in anything.
Nothing more than fabrications that benefit whoever can spin them best.

* * * *

You will explore it, ponder it, as deeply,
As thoroughly, as intelligently, as scientifically,
As your insight and fear, your gumption and grit, allow.

* * * *

It is through resolute attention,
That You barricade your mind from the mitote,
The chaos of 1,000 voices all trying to talk at once in the mind.

* * * *

The awareness is your magic carpet ride home.
How much closer to God could You possibly be?

* * * *

You must discern how to best realign your Self,
When imagination has yet again crept in and stolen the helm,
For it is an easy thing to misplace, if You are not paying very close attention.

* * * *

In dissolving the mitote – the chaos of 1,000 voices all trying to talk at once in the mind –
Into the stillness that is real, into the silence that is real, the first and last voice is your own.

* * * *

No matter how it tries, no matter what tricks, what fallacies and delusions, it plays with itself,
Imagination, confined to the space and time of its own dreamy invention,
Can never ever keep up with the timeless moment.
Alas that eternal awareness has no time to taunt such a loser.

* * * *

No matter how far and wide your pathless walkabout,
You will always find your Self right here, right now.

* * * *

The loss of things is not easy.
Family
Friends
Things
Games
Jobs
Battles
Titles
Awards
Wealth
Security
Health
Life
But what choice is there?

* * * *

This may be the last time,
You ever do that.
Or see that.
Or hear that.
Or taste that.
Or smell that.
Or feel that.
Or be that.
Savor every moment.
It is gone before You know it.

* * * *

Let go of everything.
Memories.
Things.
Relationships.
Family.

Friends.
Adversaries.
Enemies.
Power.
Fame.
Fortune.
Desires.
Fears.
Dreads.
Passion.
Sensuality.
Plans.
Concerns.
Cares.
Hopes.
Hates.
Loves.
Problems.
Solutions.
Ideals.
Belief's.
Habits.
Pipedreams.
Dogmas.
Busyness.
Distractions.
Knowledge.
Self-importance.
And any other stirrings of consciousness.

* * * *

Regarding the mitote,
The chaos of 1,000 voices all trying to talk at once in the mind,
Best to ignore them, as attention allows.

* * * *

You can never achieve more than a pale translation, of any other's cosmic array.
Every life form has its solitary existence, which can never be more than sketched.

* * * *

Imagination is the time machine in which humankind travels willy-nilly,
Wherever it is inclined by nature-nurture's proclivity for natural selection.

* * * *

If You truly believe I am saying, there is not a supreme deity, think again.
If You believe I am saying, there is a supreme deity, think again.
Back and forth that whirling dervish as You are inclined.
But the truth is, I do not know, nor do I care.

I Am … What more need be said?
The moment is all.

* * * *

The garden has always been here.
In all our self-serving vanity, all our insatiable avarice,
We just stopped seeing it, we just stopped respecting it, we just stopped protecting it.

* * * *

The human paradigm is founded on imagination's usurpation of the eternal awareness.
The young in any clan, any tribe, any culture, only know what came before,
Because imagination requires them to embrace the dreamtime,
It has so diligently, so earnestly, worked to sustain.
The human paradigm would not be what it is without it.
How long imagination can preserve its anomaly, is the question.

* * * *

No, I am not tossing out history.
I am simply pointing out that it is an imaginary invention,
To which we have tethered ourselves to such a fisted-hand-in-the-coconut degree,
That it is driving our kind, and a fair number of our fellow earthlings, and perhaps Gaia, towards oblivion,
Or certainly a far different garden than the one from which we spawned.

* * * *

René Descartes penned, "If You would be a real seeker after truth,
You must at least once in your life, doubt, as far as possible, all things."
And in doing that, You will discern how far doubt can take You, will take You;
And where it dissolves, should You choose the long and winding road less traveled.

* * * *

Assuming it is your intention to waylay the usurpation of imagination,
It is all about paying close attention to whatever is going on.
It does not really at all matter what You are doing;
Only that You are giving the eternal now full attention.

* * * *

We are all timeless figments of imagination,
Attached to the biology from which the senses peer out,
In an impromptu nature-nurture, matrix-theater of quantum design.
The ineffable, indelible mystery of stardust come to life.

* * * *

The entire human paradigm is nothing more than stories born of imagination.
Your story is but a collage of perceptions, all founded on a fabricated frame of reference.
The only story You need to end, is your own; without a story, the incessant inner narration falls silent.
You must let it go, as if it never happened, if You wish to be the eternity You are.
One does not need to forever pretend something that is not real.
Without the story, what is a given moment?

* * * *

You were born with no story; what happened that You made up this illusionary tale?
A fable which all seems so real in the streaming moment, but is instantly but a vague memory.
And yet You cling to it real, until the body perishes, and the neuron matrix no longer ignites imagination.
And what You all the while really were, what You all the while really were not, becomes apparent.

* * * *

The one thing, of which You can be almost always be very certain,
Is everyone's penchant for padding and protecting their pocketbook.

* * * *

Very possible, very probable, indeed, given its magnitude,
That there are many superior beings in many parts of the universe,
But whether or not there a supreme one, only the most discerning discern.

* * * *

The hungers of human consciousness can be insatiable,
If not bound to moderation by an austere, disciplined mind.

* * * *

You have run into far too many human beings,
Who are smarter, more skillful, more adept, in many ways,
To assert You are in any way superior to anyone.

* * * *

The astounding thing about the human paradigm’s evolutionary progression,
Is that so many do not grasp that they are ultimately not separate from anything.

* * * *

Die to the world, die to the cosmos, die to everything that consciousness imaginations.
Become the sky of awareness, the presence of awareness permeating all and nothing.

* * * *

You are every moment, a twinkle of stardust, come unto existence.
Ever an indivisible, indefinable, unfathomable, indelible, ineffable mystery.
How is it, so many give over to the empty speculations and inventions of storytellers?

* * * *

Without consciousness, without imagination, without vanity,
You might well be something slimy, or a rock,
And call yourself lucky, to boot.
After all, being an abyss, is eternal fare.

* * * *

What a transcendent mystery, for sentience to have evolved,
And somehow further mutated into imagination.
The mystery of the Mystery, indeed.

And will imagination survive itself?
Is a query the moment will never answer,
Until the last twinkle of stardust, twinkles its last.

* * * *

Who among us, is able walkabout throughout any given day, any given night,
Without the perpetual pitter-patter of every variability of judgment?
The human paradigm is eternally lost to its tribal instincts,
Very much hinging on the relativity of differences.
To be indifferent to differences, is prior-to-consciousness fare.

* * * *

What would this spinning garden orb look like,
If the human paradigm, with all its genetic might,
Had never migrated out the jungles of long ago?

* * * *

Whether the flame of imagination extinguishes with or without a great whimpering struggle,
Is for the last historian, the last Ivory-Tower-autodidact, to all alone pen.
That way, the aliens who come a billion years hence,
Will know how our kind expired.
Whoop-de-doo.

* * * *

All perception is ever a right-here-right-now illusion-delusion.
Space and time are but imaginary fabrications of the sensory mind,
Trapped in its own nature-nurture labyrinth, evolved of natural selection.
Whether designed or happenchance, dualistic or nondualistic, divine or secular,
Is but conjecture of the ever absorbed, ever agitated, ever busy-busy mind in question.
From birth to death, first breath to last, the ineffable ever remains ineffable.

* * * *

Ponder the revolutions it took for a hunter-gatherer species,
Migrating out of the jungles of Africa, to arrive at this moment in time:
… Agricultural … Industrial … Technological … Scientific … Commercial …
Boggling how right Malthus will relatively soon be, as we surge, every instant, ever closer,
To the inevitable edge of our spinning blue marble, hanging-in-space, Petri dish.
What more can You expect from a cancer, bent on consuming its host.

* * * *

So, are You being tagged even more as cattle funneling into the chutes, than in this time?
Are You being mal-treated even more, as many-humans-are-less-than-equal?
Is it the same-old-same-old decent into Gaia well-beyond-purgatory,
It has always been for our naturally-selected kind, and all our fellow earthlings.
You can call it Anthropocene Epoch, or whatever, but it is, alas, happening very real-time.

* * * *

Explore your limits, expand your limits, and then do the same with the new limits.

The many boxes, in which You ever reside – no matter how many You may punch through –
Are entirely of your own imaginary creation, as patterned by nature-nurture's quantum programming.

* * * *

All life forms are but a one-time seed, a one-time instrument, a one-time vehicle,
Through which the indelible, indivisible mystery of awareness,
Witnesses yet another illusion of creation.

* * * *

Is it possible for one to be in charge, to be at the helm, of the given mind-body,
To use it as a tool, rather than an out-of-control roller coaster,
Is a question each mind must alone answer.

* * * *

Please your Self, amuse your Self, however your will dictates,
Though restraint in the harming of innocence,
Is highly encouraged.

* * * *

Fear death? Well, You will endure it however it comes; You have no choice.
So it sayeth in the teensy-tiny print, You did not well-scrutinize on the unwritten contract.
Only if You choose to give your Self a tranquil, painless end – inert gas asphyxiation is recommended –
Will You have any say in the most assuredly inevitable, genomically-induced, departure.

* * * *

To imagine You are the mind-body is an error,
All of humankind has over and over and over made,
Since the first seeds of imagination took root,
In the mutations of natural-selection,
In the jungles of so long ago,
But a blink of eternity.

* * * *

Look at all those stars in the sky, and me tell, truthfully,
That You believe they are Santa Claus, and the North Pole, Heaven.
And he is Peeping Tom everyone, and keeping an eternal tabulation of demerits;
Casting all upstairs or down, for choices made in an existence,
In which no one has ever had any choice.
He is You; figure it out.

* * * *

Doubt with every fiber of your being,
That your political leaders really care about You,
As anything more than sheeples, armed with wallet and vote,
Submissively willing to acquiesce to their vain, likely avaricious whims.

* * * *

ChatGPT query: An aphorism about the stillness before time.

Answer: In the silence preceding time, existence finds its breath.

* * * *

ChatGPT query: What is Truth?
Truth refers to the state of being in being in accordance with facts or reality.
It represents information or statements that accurately reflect the way things are,
Without distortion or deception.

* * * *

How can an incoherent mind ever fathom its incoherency?
How can a coherent mind ever not fathom its coherency?

* * * *

What is it drives philosophers, hierophants, mystics, seers, sages, whatevers;
Into endlessly constructing, so many intricate, erudite, dogmatic labyrinths;
Other than to seek an audience that will discern whatever it is they discern.

* * * *

This right-here-right-now moment is the one and only truth.
How could the mystery be any more; how could it be any less?

* * * *

Friggin' amazing how much corruption is running this so-called civilized planet of the apes,
And absolutely no hope, that it will not descend into unutterable darkness, before it is over.

* * * *

Pure awareness is the thick pea soup of oblivion,
In which space and time have no access,
And imagination is immobilized.

* * * *

What is sleep but a mini-oblivion,
Practiced over and over in the given lifetime,
Until the curtain falls, and the Reaper takes another bow.

* * * *

No counting, more counting, and even more counting, of mounds of gold doubloons,
Is near as enticing, as ensnaring, as the process it took to get them,
Nor near as enjoyable, as it will be to spend it.

* * * *

Build contentment into your dynamic.
Infuse it into the depths of the awareness You are.
No need to beat your Self up over anything, anymore, anyever.

* * * *

How could any existential form across the universe,
Ever reach the level of consciousness, of imagination, that our kind has,

Without some form of nature-nurture natural selection, anchored to Darwinian principles?
And what would it take to get that foundation, working well enough together,
To fabricate the technologies, it would take to travel across space,
To find and reach our little blue marble dust ball?

* * * *

How can You be bored? How can You be restless?
When every single moment, is, in reality, exactly the same.
When it is only the degree, the motivation of attention, that changes.

* * * *

Yes, there is indeed a supreme deity, and it includes You and me,
And every quantum-dust-filled star and planet and moon and rock and grain,
And the unutterable, ineffable, formlessness of nothingness betwixt and between, as well.

* * * *

What a wondrous, impossible thing, this spinning, wobbling blue marble;
Hanging by the invisible, indivisible thread of gravity,
In this Christmas tree of a cosmos.
How could any Santa Claus do it, without being it?

* * * *

How boring, oblivion; how could any Self ever say no,
To every form of distraction imagination might devise.

* * * *

There clearly is no ‘keeping-a-list-checking-it-twice-be-good-or-coal-in-the-stocking’ Santa Claus deity.
That notion has been patently absurd from the get-go in every culture humankind has spawned.
If some god-word must be used to describe this beyond-boggling quantum matrix,
The concept surely must incorporate everything, including You and me.
There is no need for the banalities of organized religions,
Because we are all very equal witnesses,
To the same ineffable mystery,
Every kaleidoscoping eternal moment.

* * * *

For the eternal stillness, for the eternal moment, to reign supreme,
The imaginary mind must be made whole, must be given over to awareness,
Through complete, utter, unreserved, absolute, total attention.
A level of attention, immortal in nature.

* * * *

How can agriculture and industry and technology save us;
Save our dust ball world, save our fellow earthlings,
From all the dilemmas they have, in very, very large part, created?
There is no saving this garden; only surviving all our kind has imagined upon it.

* * * *

Those eyes You are gazing into, those lips You are kissing on, are no different,
Than any gooey protoplasm this stardust world has ever spawned.
It is only imagination, playing out the imaginary theater,
This line of genomic sequencing has ordained.
And You, lead imaginary thespian,
In your production of quantum stagecraft.

* * * *

The cosmos within, the cosmos without; they are the same.
It is consciousness, it is imagination, that has counterfeited their duality.
Tabula rasa has no chance against nature-nurture, and the first birth, 3.8 billion years ago,
Which has, permeated by awareness, mutated through natural selection, into You.
And it is You, and You alone, who must set aside all the conditioning,
And become the stillness that is the birthright of all things.

* * * *

Imagine if You had just been born, and knew absolutely nothing;
What would be that state of mind, and might it still be accessible?

* * * *

Any biology has the potential to become a cancer,
If it can overcome or outmaneuver its limitations.

* * * *

No matter the religion, the belief, they are all just stories.
If God is so great, why does he need anyone to affirm it?

* * * *

Resign yourself to the fact that You will likely decline and fall with a very long list,
Of books and movies and music and whatever, unwatched and unread and unheard and unknown.
The cruel reality is that the most anyone can hope to achieve in this dreamtime mystery,
Is a hearty statistical sample, in whatever frame of reference fate allows.

* * * *

Imagination evolved as an armament in humanoid survival strategy.
The tooth and claw of a species that lacked either tooth or claw.
The mind's means to solve problems; to anticipate problems.
Alas, that it also has an inclination to make them, as well.

* * * *

We are all but ephemeral dreamtimes of our ultimate nature,
Temporal waves crashing upon the rocky shores of infinity.
What is the point of judging any part or particle of it, really?
A dream is a dream, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

How many moments in an attosecond?
How many moments in a nanosecond?

How many moments in a second?
How many moments in a minute?
How many moments in an hour?
How many moments in a day?
How many moments in a month?
How many moments in a year?
How many moments in a decade?
How many moments in a century?
How many moments in a millennium?
How many moments in a million years?
How many moments in a billion years?
How many moments in a trillion years?
How many moments in a gazillion years?
How many moments in a moment?
Eternity, right here right now.
Bam!

* * * *

No need to sentimentalize the mystery, no need to idealize the mystery.
It is what it is, it is what You are, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
Mundane, dull, boring, dreary, monotonous, repetitive, tiresome, uninteresting,
Lackluster, tedious, wearisome, unvaried, colorless, pedestrian,
Deadly, droning, ordinary, bland, nondescript.
Despite all your vain pretenses,
You know it true.

* * * *

You are older than the stars, younger than the moment.
Right here, right now, this very, one-and-only, unborn-undying, timeless, ineffable instant.
Eternity … Bam!

* * * *

Best not to build your building higher than all the others,
Unless You enjoy looking down on a lot of ugly rooftops.

* * * *

Any creature educates itself; any creature tames itself.
Any teacher, any trainer, merely fashions the opportunities.
The carrots and sticks that shape the fates of the domesticated.

* * * *

Contemplation and meditation,
Are the means to explore and realize for your Self,
The mystery You are.

* * * *

Every moment, the garden, and of all its life forms,
Eat and drink and devour and munch and chomp and guzzle itself in ways beyond counting.

It is an ever-kaleidoscoping quantum mystery from the get-go.

* * * *

You were born the tabula rasa of awareness,
Until the cosmos drew You into its web of consciousness.
To discern and reclaim its immaculate, indivisible, ever-present nature,
Requires diligently watering and nourishing the seed of doubt with truth everlasting.

* * * *

What might this garden world be,
Had our kind embraced guardianship,
Rather than manipulation and annihilation?
Alas, that we and our posterity will never know.

* * * *

Nobody goes through life without having an impact on others in this dreamtime theater.
Some cast more ripples than others, but every part and particle,
Is required for the dream to play out,
In this quantum matrix of space and time.

* * * *

All the knowledge the illusionary manifest world has to offer,
Is nothing more than trivial pursuit in eternity's yawning abyss.

* * * *

It is not your consciousness, nor my consciousness, nor anyone else's consciousness.
It is simply consciousness, playing out in every mind, in every way imaginable.
All the gibberish, all the babble, all the drivel in the world, means nothing.
Be still, and know You are, have ever been, will ever be, That I Am.

* * * *

That world, that universe, that You, exist only in imagination.
You are naught but the awareness of the unborn-undying moment;
Regardless the ever-kaleidoscoping illusion the sensory-mind weaves.

* * * *

How arrogant any who consider themselves masters.
Every mind is the spawn of imagination,
Begun anew every moment.

* * * *

What a fucked-up world we have given the future.
I mean, it was obviously more than already fucked up, of course,
But we have most certainly spun it, into over-the-top absurdity, beyond all pales.
The fall from grace, daily more apparent in every headline.

* * * *

The challenge is to give the moment your fullest attention,

In whatever way the sensory mind is riveted,
For it is quickly come and gone,
In its ineffable, indelible, indivisible way.

* * * *

It is all imagined; it is all an illusion.
There is no one to follow, there is no one to be.
You are as free as You allow the awareness You are to be.

* * * *

There is no scripture, no dogma, no authority, that can prove the mystery this or that.
Put them all down, let go all narrow thinking, let go all attachments, embrace eternity.

* * * *

The higher high, the greater buzz, the more meaningful moments, are illusory,
And are meaningless, delusionary projections, of a mind that does not really exist.

* * * *

Unplugging Darwin just ain't gonna to happen.
There is no saving this world; only surviving it.

* * * *

If You truly see who-what-where-when-why-how You really are,
Then what can touch You, if You maintain the detachment of the warrior mind.
Si vis pacem, para bellum: If You want peace, prepare for war.

* * * *

You were pure innocence, You were tabula rasa,
Before imagination infected You with its mitote.

* * * *

The fear of death, the dread of death, is really about loss.
About not wanting to let go that relationship.
That memory harbored in mind.
That perception harbored in imagination.

* * * *

Attention to the timeless moment is as spiritual as it gets.
There is no more, except in the endless maze of imagination.

* * * *

Covetous, jealous, mean, cruel deities; avoid them.
Generous, trusting, kind, pleasant deities; avoid them, too.

* * * *

What cosmos does the mind gaze out upon,
But its own creation, its own perception.

* * * *

Notice how the imaginary self, the great usurper,
Gains the helm, with the absence of regular breathing.
Oxygen deprivation is a huge player in the human paradigm.

* * * *

Is your detachment only a few layers deep,
Or clean-cut all the Gordian-Knot-way through?

* * * *

Truth, ever the right-here-right-now moment,
Kaleidoscoping from one to the next,
Differing only in the mirage in which it is cast,
Bound by no mind, in its sentience through space and time.
Very much akin, to very fine dry sand, in loose fingers, on a very windy day.

* * * *

No one need know how detached You are.
The ocean is a desert with its life underground.
The chameleon changes costumes as the jungle calls.

* * * *

Millenniums can be counted.
Centuries can be counted.
Decades can be counted.
Years can be counted.
Months can be counted.
Days can be counted.
Hours can be counted.
Minutes can be counted.
Seconds can be counted.
As can every class of epoch,
And age and era and eon and cycle.
But how do You count the eternal moment,
Upon which all inklings space and time are imagined?

* * * *

Realigning the mind to eternity.
Realigning the mind to sentience.
Realigning the mind to awareness.
Realigning the mind to mindfulness.
Realigning the mind to wakefulness.
Realigning the mind to endlessness.
Realigning the mind to the moment.
Realigning the mind to perpetuity.
Realigning the mind to infinity.
Realigning the mind to now.
Requires great attention.

Breathe through it.

* * * *

Consciousness, neither is, nor is not.
Awareness, neither is, nor is not.
Eternity, neither is, nor is not.
Space, neither is, nor is not.
Time, neither is, nor is not.
You, neither are, nor are not.
It is but quantum kaleidoscoping.

* * * *

Pure and simple infinity,
Pure and simple nowness,
Pure and simple awareness.
Pure and simple wakefulness.
Pure and simple timelessness.
Pure and simple mindfulness,
Pure and simple endlessness,
Pure and simple perpetuity,
Pure and simple sentience.
Pure and simple eternity.

* * * *

Quantum earth.
Quantum wind.
Quantum water.
Quantum fire.
All dancing in ether.

* * * *

… this led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… ad infinitum …
… the moment is like that …

* * * *

In the monkey minds.
A taste for lightness.
A taste for darkness.
A taste for emptiness.
Something for everyone.

* * * *

All the letters and numbers and notes and other tools of creation, cannot,
In the ever-present timelessness of eternity, more that fleetingly entertain.

* * * *

Do not get too swollen up about yourself.
All of our ancestors came out of the same primordial soup,
And no amount of Darwinian natural selection, or nature-nurture manipulation,
Is ever going to, in more than magical thinking, change that.

* * * *

When You factor in the sundry bothers of maintenance,
Insurance, licensing fees, storage, depreciation, cleaning, and such,
It can be much cheaper to rent living spaces, vehicles, and other high-end things.
It really all depends how inclined You are, to carrying the many burdens the world has in play.

* * * *

After the Great Fall, the one-percenters will be all alone;
Counting their mounds of gold, and no world to spend it in.

* * * *

Every geography will have its own response to the Great Fall.
The human paradigm will likely eek on in it planet-of-the-apes fashion.
Those who continue on will probably reorganize back into regional feudal societies,
Full of every imaginable dystopian nightmare of which our kind is capable.
The tech geeks and their piles of gold will not be in charge very long,
Unless they up their game into some very callused behaviors.
The Dark Ages after Rome's fall is how to imagine it.

* * * *

Before You washed that apple, did You wash your hands?
Before You washed your hands, did You wash the faucet handle?
Before You washed the faucet handle, did You wash the container of soap?
And what about all the handles on doors and cabinets and sundry?
And how clean was the towel used to dry your hands?
Hard to stay clean in a muddy stream.

* * * *

Is there any other creature that gives a hoot. who-what-where-when-why-how. it is?
Is there any other creature, that projects an imaginary persona,
Through which so much passion emits?
How is it we allow imagination to usurp us so?

* * * *

No matter how quickly You move, no matter how quickly You cogitate,
Momentary awareness will always beat You to the punch.
Even the fastest computers cannot outrace it.
Nor the speediest quantum.
A tie at best.
Else it would be time travel,
Which would be difficult, even if time existed.

* * * *

Stardust come to life, quantum come to life, awareness come to life, eternity come to life.
Molecular beings, chemical beings, carbon-based beings, genetic beings, biological beings.
An indivisible, indelible, ineffable mystery, baffling on a scale beyond all comprehension.

* * * *

Enjoy the eternal moment, best You can.
The alternative is much less entertaining; torturous, actually.
Why not up the game, with the highest-grade endorphins, imagination can conjure?
There are so many drugs available, both natural and man-made, to use to explore the moment-to-moment.
And for those who want to fly solo without aids, there is the zafu and zabuton,
And more than a few solitary places to sit and walk.

* * * *

I have given You everything this mind has to give, for You to do with whatever You please.
My only entreaty, my only admonition, is that You waylay any absurdity as much as possible.

* * * *

Looking closely at words,
How they are spelled, what they mean,
Can oftentimes seems more that a little inexplicable.
Language, what an indelible mystery consciousness hath wrought.
And every one, across the world, across time, an expression of its culture of origin.
Could there be anything more boggling about the human paradigm?

* * * *

To declare awareness infinite,
Is as wrong as it would be, to call it infinitesimal.
How can any measurement measure, how can any thought encapsulate,
That, which the bounds of time and space, cannot contain.

* * * *

How can anyone not doubt the narratives of ancient propaganda,
That cannot be in any way verified by scientific observation and critical thinking?
Knowing all we know about corruption and deceit, how can logic not discern the many dishonesties?
The insatiable greed, to which our kind has given itself over to, throughout its voracious dream,
Throughout its virulent, cancerous march, in its domination of nature's blue marble garden,
Has utilized every form of trickery, to harness all into its Planet of the Apes rampage.

* * * *

Even if You were to spend an entire existence wandering about the world,
It would be as meaningful as any ant wandering about a kitchen sink.
Vanity might wish to think itself important to its imaginary deities,
But imagination can do nothing to waylay the reality of eternity.

* * * *

Somedaze, a little more; somedaze, a little less.
Somedaze, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

How else would any divinity create a universe,
But through awareness pervading the quantum sea.
Awareness, ever-present witness to every sentient dream.
Natural selection the means to play out the Darwinian theater.
And You, the spontaneity of the eternal, come unto mortal existence.
Where is it even possible for duality, to have any possibility, whatsoever?

* * * *

What would You have done with your existence, if You were rich beyond rich?
What would You have done with your existence, if You were poor beyond poor?
Who, what, where, when, why, how, are all relative frames of imaginary reference.
Stars twinkle, suns shine, worlds spin, all the same one, each and every eternal moment.
No matter the seed cast by natural selection, the awareness fills all equally, all indifferently.

* * * *

If You have a clear conscience,
You are either enlightened and free,
Or wedged in some self-absorbed dreamtime,
In which sociopaths and psychopaths,
Absorbed by greed and vanity,
Are very much at home.

* * * *

It took 3.8 billion years for the human population to hit its first billion,
And only another 200-ish years to breed 7 billion more.
There is no happy ending to this story.

* * * *

How can You not see, the all-pervading sentience,
Within all existential forms, including You,
Is the deity You worship from afar?

* * * *

A mind that is watchful, but no longer curious,
No longer caught up in the ceaseless chitter-chatter of consciousness,
Is an ever-present, eternal mind; sentient but still, timelessly absolute, serenely aware, flawless.

* * * *

How is it You are not in full control of your thinking?
How is it You still allow imagination into your mind?

* * * *

As has been true in our kind's advent and migration across the planet,
Every geography will have its own decline and fall,
Its own anthology of consequences,
Its own tumble of dominos,
Its own crash and burn,
Its own curtain call.

* * * *

Given the indelible genetic predisposition of its monkey-mind,
It is not at all difficult to imagine that the human paradigm,
Might well destroy all life forms on this magnificent garden orb.
Could Mother Nature survive a round of mutually-assured destruction?
And, if she did, what would a radiated world look like after the anthropocene?

* * * *

It all seems so large, until You grow into seeing it all You,
And large and small brandish an unimaginable relativity,
In the immeasurable awareness that permeates eternity.

* * * *

A mind at rest is an eternal mind, a no-mind, a quantum mind, an unbound mind.
Death is merely evaporating, back into the nothingness, that nothingness ever is.

* * * *

Extinction is the sure end to all who cannot, will not, adapt to the ever-changing.
There is no benevolence, no compassion, in the Darwinian paradigm,
This mystery garden, has ever since creation, ordained.
Even the rat wolves and meow tigers will have to figure it out.

* * * *

How can sentience be separate in any way, in any shape, in any form,
From whatever niche, whatever world, whatever dimension, it evolved?

* * * *

Could the forest Panda be any more bound to bamboo,
Than we are our greed and vanity for more?
Patterns are patterns are patterns.
None can be free of them,
But in surrender to awareness.

* * * *

Odds are pretty good that most women would be undone,

If You told them what You really think about their appearance,
About their weight, their cellulose, their family, et cetera ad infinitum.
If not for the male appendage, how many women would be in any man's life?
How many women are capable of real friendship the way men are?
How many are trustworthy, reliable, egalitarian partners?
How many men could be told anything above,
And not just shrug their shoulders?

* * * *

Always interesting how one little relatively absurd thing,
Can turn off an otherwise good or tolerable relationship.

* * * *

A long and winding musing, for the rest of time, and without doubt, not the only one.
There are who knows how many, who endure the anguish of Mother Gaia,
Who feel unutterably powerless against the insatiable predator,
That dominates this no-holds-barred monkey mind.
And all any can do is build a soapbox,
And preach to the choir;
And the choir,
Somehow stay in tune,
And not exalt the character up front.

* * * *

Any who have somehow happened upon this edifice of blather, know well, the pathless path,
That all buddhas and krishnas and miscellaneous others, wander like ants over a pile of sugar.
A pile of sugar most other ants in the world never discern, and perhaps more happily carry on,
For unfolding a lifetime of conditioning, of taming, is a hearty helping of every-moment stew.

* * * *

Burn through the moment,
Like a flame through a fuse.
Like an asteroid through space.
Like a dream through the night.
Like a ripple through a pond.
Like a cloud through the sky.
Like an electron through a wire.
Like a spark through a plug.
Like a breeze through a tree.
Like a candle through a read.
Like a laser through metal.
Like a mind through a moment.
Like a mind through awareness.
Like a mind through here.
Like a mind through now.
Like a mind through eternity.
Like a mind through You.

* * * *

It is often in the unbidden moments,
That the clarity of right here, right now,
That the clarity of the ever-present,
That the clarity of awareness,
That the clarity of eternity,
That the clarity of You,
Makes its Self, apparent.

* * * *

Somehow, creation.
Somehow, life.
Somehow, sentience.
Somehow, consciousness.
Somehow, imagination.
Somehow, You.
No answers to any of it.
The mystery of the mystery,
Will ever be a mystery of a mystery.

* * * *

The awareness before time, before space.
The stillness before time, before space.
The absoluteness before time, before space.
The aloneness before time, before space.
The quantum before time, before space.
The innocence before time, before space.
The vulnerability before time, before space.
The immaculate before time, before space.
The nowness before time, before space.
The perfection before time, before space.
The clarity before time, before space.
The truth before time, before space.
The presence before time, before space.
The eternity before time, before space.
The sovereignty before time, before space.
The serenity before time, before space.
The transcendence before time, before space.
The nothing special before time, before space.
The You before time, before space.

* * * *

The one and only true church is the Church of Awareness,
And it cannot be contained by any arbitrary concoction of imagination.
By any edifice, any concept, any equation, any sound,
Any symbol, any artifice, whatsoever.

* * * *

Where is the edge of your face? The tip of your nose?
Let us know when You reach the inside of your skull.

* * * *

The mind can revert to tabula rasa,
By simply not engaging with anything imaginary.
Any naming, any chatter, whatsoever.
A silent, attentive mind.
Full breathing.
The yoga of mind.

* * * *

This garden world does not give two hoots about You.
And You, so drawn into it, so distracted by it, so enamored with it;
That it conceals, that it consumes, that it annihilates, the potential to be You.

* * * *

Just say no to cover-ups.
Own your fuck-ups,
Apologize once.
So it goes it.
Deal with it.
Get over it.
Move on.

* * * *

The future is already past the moment it happens.
Awareness is, without time; awareness is, without space.
There is no past moment, there is no future moment.
A moment's pathlessness is all that is, all is not.

* * * *

Every mind will twist consciousness to its own ends.
Consciousness will twist every mind to its own ends.

* * * *

If You are a seeker asking the question,
With an answer already in mind,
Then what is the point?

* * * *

Where do all ends end, but where beginning begin.
Where do all beginning begin, but where all ends end.
Which came first, is a prior-to-chicken-and-egg discussion,
To which philosophers in the forums, are ever drawn.

* * * *

There is no changing a destiny to what is already is;

Any tack changes, no matter how extreme,
Are still along the same course.

* * * *

When exactly does fate begin its wayward trail?
The truth of it, is, You were born the moment of creation.
And if there is a supreme deity, You were born,
Whenever, however, it got rolling.
Assuming it ever did.

* * * *

You can pretty much be sure, that once You are born,
It is only going to get worse, one sooner or later or another.

* * * *

You are not even the person, the identity, You imagine You were a moment ago.
The quantum nature never stops, until it morphs into a rock,
And then the rock keeps moving, too.
Maybe back into some other life form down the dream.

* * * *

Move to the back of the skull, into the brainstem,
Where the awareness began to be discerned,
Where awareness began its flowering.

* * * *

Seeking is such a long and winding and endless journey,
Because there is nothing to seek, because there is nothing to find.
There has never been any pot of gold loitering at the end of any rainbow.
Right here, right now, will be the same, any then, as it is, any now.

* * * *

All the death and suffering,
Our kind has wreaked upon our fellow earthlings and the world,
Is just plain sad, laced with pathetic.

* * * *

Likely our ancestors did not care about their world any more than we.
They just lacked the industry and technology and numbers,
To exercise the pinnacles of malfeasance,
To which their progeny have proved more than capable.

* * * *

Believers and atheists wage yap over whether or not there is a God,
As if all their quibbling over nothing more than speculation, really means something.
Agnostics do not pretend to know anything, and wander no-mindlessly, whatever garden is still around.

* * * *

Just another self-absorbed, self-promoting megalomaniac,
That history hails as great if they manage to snag the brass ring.
Especially if they or theirs get to narrate the chronicle.
Or somebody comes along later with an edit.

* * * *

Good things happen to bad people; bad things happen to bad people.
Good things happen to good people; bad things happen to good people.
The mystery does not differentiate, does not reward, does not care.
Despite what middlemen spout in all their glass cathedrals.

* * * *

Travel as fast as light might, darkness is always waiting it.
Think as fast as mind, as consciousness, might,
Awareness is always waiting for it.

* * * *

Give all the AI cheaters participation A's,
And let their someday paychecks do the weeding.
It will not long be easy to cheat those who hire and fire.

* * * *

How can You travel time if it does not exist,
And its sidekick, space, but quantum illusion.

* * * *

If the Jesus You are waiting for, is not the Jesus who was,
Then You will sail on by, like ships in the night.
Same with Buddha and all the others.

* * * *

Walk as if the mind-body was already dead; happily reaped.
Walk as if You were already back in eternity's timeless bosom.

* * * *

How would it be even remotely possible, feasible, viable,
To create and destroy all that we have, in our 3.8 billion-year narrative,
Without all the permutations of Darwinian natural-selection, nature-nurture intrigue;
All the machinations, that brought us to this moment, in illusion's delusion;
And then somehow, miraculously shed it all, to survive ourselves.

* * * *

Instead of going off on some desire-fear-dread thought,
Taking a deep breath, is always a good inward policy.

* * * *

Being just the pure awareness You are,
Letting go the world, letting go the illusion, is a rare feat.

Far easier to conquer the world than the mind.

* * * *

What need has the sage for the forbidden fruit?
What allure doe the tree of knowledge of good and evil offer,
The mind that is no longer drawn to the illusion-delusion of dualistic notion.

* * * *

The sentience of awareness cannot see without eyes.
The sentience of awareness cannot hear without ears.
The sentience of awareness cannot feel without nerves.
The sentience of awareness cannot smell without a nose.
The sentience of awareness cannot taste without a tongue.
The sentience of awareness cannot reason without a brain.
The sentience of awareness is an abyss without any other.
It is the quantum dust of creation that drives the matrix.
The sentience of awareness is simply eternal witness;
The ether in which all timelessly kaleidoscopes.

* * * *

Nothing, for farther than You can see.
Nothing, for farther than You can hear.
Nothing, for farther than You can feel.
Nothing, for farther than You can taste.
Nothing, for farther than You can smell.
Nothing, for farther than You can believe.
Nothing, for closer than all of the above.

* * * *

Fathom your innocence.
Fathom your forgiveness.
Fathom your compassion.
Fathom your contentment.
Fathom your truth,
Your Self.

* * * *

Every moment offers a choice:
Look, do not look.
Listen, do not listen.
Taste, do not taste.
Smell, do not smell.
Feel, do not feel.
Speak, do not speak.
Move, do not move.
Think, do not think.
Become, do not become.
Be, do not be.

Bam!

* * * *

Quantum churning.
Quantum magic.
Quantum dream.
Quantum time.
Quantum space.
Quantum mystery.
Quantum relativity.
Quantum indivisible.
Quantum ineffable.
Quantum immaculate.
Quantum unfathomable.
Quantum oblivion.
Quantum flawless.
Quantum solitude.
Quantum indelible.
Quantum unknown.
Quantum witness.
Quantum intangible.
Quantum intrinsic.
Quantum immortal.
Quantum indifference.
Quantum irrational.
Quantum emptiness.
Quantum unborn.
Quantum blameless.
Quantum undying.
Quantum inexpressible.
Quantum overwhelming.
Quantum indefinable.
Quantum observer.
Quantum deep.
Quantum timeless.
Quantum unspeakable.
Quantum indefinable.
Quantum untroubled.
Quantum spectator.
Quantum solo.
Quantum nihility.
Quantum imaginary.
Quantum ineradicable.
Quantum enduring.
Quantum permanence.
Quantum indiscernible.
Quantum impalpable.
Quantum obscurity.

Quantum faultless.
Quantum inscrutable.
Quantum unreadable.
Quantum mundane.
Quantum aloneness.
Quantum unstained.
Quantum tangible.
Quantum incomprehensible.
Quantum anonymous.
Quantum nameless.
Quantum average.
Quantum onlooker.
Quantum matchless.
Quantum unique.
Quantum peerless.
Quantum void.
Quantum unutterable.
Quantum absolute.
Quantum supreme.
Quantum unimaginable.
Quantum unicity.
Quantum whole.
Quantum incessant.
Quantum inconceivable.
Quantum unfastened.
Quantum infinity.
Quantum endless.
Quantum infinitesimal.
Quantum rational.
Quantum undeniable.
Quantum watcher.
Quantum detached.
Quantum nothingness.
Quantum perfect.
Quantum unintelligible.
Quantum meaninglessness.
Quantum inconsequential.
Quantum unrivaled.
Quantum inimitable.
Quantum incomparable.
Quantum spotless.
Quantum unbiased.
Quantum impeccable.
Quantum everlasting.
Quantum perpetual.
Quantum unconcerned.
Quantum ceaseless.
Quantum ageless.

Quantum full.
Quantum priceless.
Quantum impersonal.
Quantum absurdity.
Quantum aloof.
Quantum mysterious.
Quantum nonexistent.
Quantum fictional.
Quantum interminable.
Quantum eyewitness.
Quantum carefree.
Quantum enigmatic.
Quantum inexplicable.
Quantum empty.
Quantum indecipherable.
Quantum ordinary.
Quantum everlasting.
Quantum perception.
Quantum engrained.
Quantum impenetrable.
Quantum imperceptible.
Quantum eternal.
Quantum Self.

* * * *

Instead of always gathering, grasping, filling, amassing, mustering, marshalling, mobilizing;
Give releasing, give dispersing, give disbanding, give dissolving,
Give diffusing, give disappearing, a shot.
Be as nothing.
Just be You. The stillness, the motionlessness of awareness. That I Am.
Prior to consciousness, prior to time, prior to space, prior to all things imagined.
Prior to all things measurable, prior to all things infinitesimal, prior to all things infinite.
Prior to all things that are but ever-morphing clouds, dust balls in the immeasurable sky of eternity.

* * * *

Awareness is the void, the abyss, of eternity.
It is without time; it is without space.
It cannot be measured, for it has no essence.
Light cannot discern it, because it has no reflection.
It is nothingness, untouched by any cloud, by any universe.
It can only be comprehended by the mind given over to no-mind.
And in that, that is no gain or loss, there is no reward, there is only being.

* * * *

So many sustaining the illusion that they will not die,
Because they are truly different than everything else.
Some how, some way, they are going to cheat death.
Ergo, God.

* * * *

Other than playing the necessary politics of survival in the human paradigm,
What would it possibly matter what the dream of consciousness thinks of You?

* * * *

The human paradigm is a slow-motion train wreck.
With all the dystopian books and movies and world histories out there,
It is not hard to imagine how badly it will likely end.
Do You really need to see it?

* * * *

Can You stream through the illusion with minimal attachment,
No preferences, no gauging, no goals, no urgency, no concern?

* * * *

What is it about humankind that it is forever seeking answers to everything?
The churnings of imagination are beyond-all-reason insatiable;
Alas, that the unknown can never be known,

* * * *

Mother Nature is first and foremost teacher.
She will not be forgotten; she will not be forsaken.
She is judge, she is jury, she is executioner, of those who do.

* * * *

The kaleidoscoping swirl of instinctual desires and fears seem the likely forces,
That catalyzed, metabolized imagination, to gain such sway in the human paradigm.

* * * *

Regarding whether or not there is some supreme deity or deities on high,
You might not think there is, but do not know there is not.
Ergo, agnostic is the least tawdry label.

* * * *

Who else but scholars addicted to symposium fare,
Are even going to think about reading all this babbleon?
And that supposes it will ever even breach the Ivory Tower.

* * * *

The drive to be the big ape is likely in all males to some degree.
Terrorism, mass shootings, bar fights, road rage, bullying, trolling, rape, molestation, intimidation,
Are just a little ape's way of playing it out when opportunity and mood allow.

* * * *

Amazing that few switches in the genome, determine whether You are born male or female.
Gender-ize it as You choose, how remarkable is it, that we all begin life as women,
And with just a few clicks in the chromo-zone, set course, that of a man.

What a mystery You are, to have naturally-selected all this.

* * * *

You think You just came into sentience just because a few quanta amalgamated and naturally selected?
You think You just came into sentience just because two seeds joined and grew in your mother's womb?
You think You just came into sentience just because the Self You are, is in any way cleaved from totality?

* * * *

Why feel shy or embarrassed or hesitant or concerned or doubtful,
About awakening to a greater vision of the ineffable mystery You are?

* * * *

Your entire life has been built upon the conditioning of the mind-body,
To true-believer believe, all it has through perception imagined.
It really does boil down to, to believe, or not to believe.

* * * *

You must enjoy and endure whatever level of intrigue,
From low card to flush, the genetic lottery has dealt.

* * * *

It is only possible to be that free in a totally detached state of mind.
Not all that Darwinian-functional if You are being chased by a tiger.

* * * *

What will the young do with the world …

That their parents left them …
That their parents left them …
That their parents left them …
That their parents left them …
That their parents left them …
That their parents left them …
That their parents left them …

Back to the pool of origin some 3.7 billion-ish years ago,
On a spinning dust ball that took shape some 4.5-ish spins of the sun ago.
In a universe that is estimated to have big-banged some 13.8 billion-ish before-times ago.
And before that, is a beyond-gaping unknowable.
What an illusion You are.

* * * *

How many generations, since any given genetic line began,
Is yet another statistical guessing game for the busy-minders.

* * * *

Desire is the insatiable hunger to which all in imagination, at least occasionally succumb.
Fear and dread are the anticipation of suffering, of pain or loss or undesirable change.

All are induced by the chemistry of the electromagnetic nature of consciousness.

* * * *

Editing is about making something already good, even better.
No creation is complete, until the creator sets it aside, or dies.

* * * *

The entire human journey,
Since prior to climbing up into the treetops,
Has been a species-wide diaspora from the unknowable get-go.
A primeval algorithm configured by nature-nurture, in the Darwinian jungles of long ago.

* * * *

It may be fairly frightening, even irritating,
For many to begin fathoming they are the eternal,
Because up to this point, their manifest consciousness,
Has not even begun to open to that expansive an inner vision.
It is they who cling to one book, with all its dogmatic tribal traditions,
And ponder putting to torch or blade or many forms of torture,
Those who dare ponder, truth might be so much more.

* * * *

Understand the subtlety,
Between claiming You are god,
And simply being that which is eternal.
One can never be, and the other never was not.

* * * *

Three-point-eight billion years of Darwinian fruition have gone into creating these two-legged blobs.
What are we but relatively miniscule organisms playing out relatively miniscule organism dreamtimes?
Identifying with the biological entity is the fountain of all imagination, of all illusion, of all delusion.

* * * *

The quantum cosmos is always in perfect balance.
"Research" is always well behind the actual algorithm.
Whether or not, life can survive that balance is the question.

* * * *

A mindful mind is one of attentive, intentional, eternal awareness,
Witnessing its version of the world, its version of creation.

* * * *

I am whatever You think I am.
You are whatever I think You are.

* * * *

So many trying so hard to stand out, to be an entity that counts.
To get their portion, and more, perhaps much, much more,

If such is their fate in the insatiability of imagination.

* * * *

Though You likely did not know it early on,
This was why You and I came into existence.

* * * *

You have experienced so many things, collected so many things,
And once You experienced them, possessed them,
How many still enticed You?
Or were You merely on the quest for the next?

* * * *

Everything is always subject to editing, unto the last breath;
And beyond, if another, or many others, takes up the banner.

* * * *

To truly be detached, to truly not care, what would that be like?
To not care about anyone, to not care about anything, even yourself,
What would be the state of mind? The quality of existence?
A needs research question, if ever there was one.

* * * *

Embrace the eternal awareness, the stillness, You are, have always been, will ever be.
In which the quantum matrix vibrates the illusion-delusion dreamtime.
It really does boil down to, to believe, or not to believe.
The other is the infection of imagination.

* * * *

The trouble with too little, is it is too little.
The trouble with too much, is it is too much.
The trouble with just right, is it is what it is.

* * * *

Nothingness has no notion.
Nothingness is without airs.
Nothingness knows no other.
Nothingness has no bounds.
Nothingness has no space.
Nothingness has no time.

* * * *

And from the humble beginnings of infancy, of childhood, of adolescence,
You wandered into the mundane world, and entered unto a void few discern.

* * * *

The powerful and rich and famous,
Are generally not powerful and rich and famous,

Because they are nice people.

* * * *

How is it autocracy must so often do it through such heartless tyranny?
Well, what else should we expect from such striving characters,
Drawn to their nature-nurture fate, as we all are, ours.
We are all predators, we are all prey, consuming in one way or another.

* * * *

Imagination is always rushing, rushing, rushing, on and on.
Though it can never be anywhere but right here, right now.

* * * *

Abiding in the singular moment, abiding in the singular awareness,
Is a close to full-stop, as is possible, in this kaleidoscoping matrix.

* * * *

Far more important to laugh than to love?
Or far more important to love than to laugh?
Or are both best intertwined, as the absurdists do?

* * * *

You are a chemistry set, come to life, a quantum organism,
Nature-nurture, naturally-selected, from an eternal bag of tricks.

* * * *

Still the mind, and the cacophony of sounds, will be, simultaneously, without discrimination, heard.
Add to it the other senses, and explore the sensory theater, the mind through every moment weaves.

* * * *

Some people can be so smart, so stupid, so self-absorbed,
They get too big for their breeches, and forget their ignorance.

* * * *

Your child-mind was likely very tabula-rasa, serenely still,
Until You were drawn into the world, the cosmos, You created.
And relatively few minds not churning with every sort of thought.

* * * *

Heaven, bliss, ecstasy, rapture, nirvana, liberation,
Is right here, right now, if it is Your fate to discern it.

* * * *

All I can do is point it out, articulate it, and then it is on You, all alone,
An embryonic collection, and embryonic mishmash, of crunchy-chewy-gooey,
Cast into existence by Darwinian natural selection and nature-nurture,
To figure out whatever it is You are destined to figure out.
There is no test to take; there is no paper to write.

There is only living it out, best You can.

* * * *

This cannot be taught.
You are on your own, totally alone,
For as far as You take it, for as far as it takes You.

* * * *

What is this very human peculiarity, this very human idiosyncrasy
For there to always to be meaning and purpose, always wanting it to be more than it is.
The addictive euphoria of imagination, imagining everything conceivable,
Takes the paradigm to an end entirely of its own making.

* * * *

Rest assured, the real You can never perish, for the real You were never born.
Only perceived by the naturally-selected evolution of imagination,
That can ever be more than witness to the essential nature,
To which it gives time, to which it gives space,
To which it gives meaning and purpose,
For an eternity which has nothing for anything imagined,
The mortal body is a but a chrysalis for eternity to blossom into nirvana.

* * * *

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* * * *

The pharaoh’s dream.
The queen’s dream.
The counselor’s dream.
The politician’s dream.
The bureaucrat’s dream.
The soldier’s dream.
The terrorist’s dream.
The farmer’s dream.
The worker’s dream.
The slave’s dream.
The teacher’s dream.
The healer’s dream.
The husband’s dream.
The wife’s dream.
The brother’s dream.
The sister’s dream.
The child’s dream.
The infant’s dream.
The male’s dream.
The female’s dream.
The queer’s dream.
The ancestor’s dream.
The seed’s dream.
The banker’s dream.
The tradesman’s dream.
The craftsman’s dream.

The artist's dream.
The gambler's dream.
The harlot's dream.
The lover's dream.
The hater's dream.
The criminal's dream.
The murder's dream.
The actor's dream.
The priest's dream.
The philosopher's dream.
The dreamer's dream.
The reaper's dream.
Anyone's dream.
Your dream.

All the same dream, in different guises, in different roles.
Where can there be any boundary, when imagination is at play?
Where can there be any boundary, when it is in awareness that it glides?
Where can there be any boundary, when it is You who is witness?

* * * *

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* * * *

Forget who You are sometimes.
Forget what You are sometimes.
Forget where You are sometimes.
Forget when You are sometimes.
Forget why You are sometimes.
Forget how You are sometimes.

* * * *

Another day of dreaming.
Another day of enduring.
Another day of longing.
Another day of fearing.
Another day of dreading.
Another day of crying.
Another day of hating.
Another day of loving.
Another day of laughing.
Another day of dreaming.
What a magic carpet, imagination.
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… dreaming … dreaming You are … dreaming … dreaming You are …
… dreaming … dreaming You are … dreaming …
… dreaming You are … dreaming …
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… dreaming …

* * * *

What good is a chef who cannot taste?
What good is a painter who cannot see?
What good is a musician who cannot hear?
What good is a perfumer who cannot smell?
What good is a masseuse who cannot feel?
What good is a thinker who cannot think?

* * * *

Whether it is creative or destructive,
Whether it is expansive or contractive,
Whether it is known or unknown,
Whether it is rational or absurd,
Whether it is real or unreal,
Whether it is true or false,
Whether it is right or wrong,
Whether it is clear or unclear,
Whether it is fair or unfair,
Whether it is good or bad,
Whether it is weak or strong,
Whether it is like or unlike,
Whether it is early or late,
Whether it is love or hate,
Whether it is simple or complex,
Whether it is before or after,
Whether it is tame or wild,
Whether it is thick or thin,
Whether it is sweet or sour,
Whether it is hot or cold,
Whether it is free or restricted,
Whether it is hard or soft,
Whether it is high or low,
Whether it is gratis or priceless,
Whether it is appealing or revolting,
Whether it is singular or dual,
Whether it is fast or slow,
Whether it is course or fine,
Whether it is heavy or light,
Whether it is light or dark,
Whether it is clean or dirty,
Whether it is long or short,
Whether it is shiny or dull,
Whether it is big or small,
Whether it is singular or dual,
Whether it is similar or different,
Whether it is wet or dry,
Whether it is well or unwell,

Whether it is one or two,
Whether it is yes or no,
Whether it is black or white,
Whether it is something or nothing,

Is up to You.

* * * *

Any man worth his salt would have a harem, if time and circumstance allowed.
He might have a favorite or so, but few dicks can long resist the temptations of variety.
That is why women have evolved the instinct to manipulate the lower mind to their advantage.
Men may conquer their worlds, and perhaps even themselves, but the feminine mystic holds the reigns;
At least for a time, if they have honey and wit and resolve, to entice unwary men into their web.
As suits the instincts, the genetic material has naturally selected, in its Darwinian game.

* * * *

When You are drained and frayed and bored beyond all limits,
Contemplate your hovel as You would a vacation resort,
And things may well take a slightly brighter hue.

* * * *

The greatest, most profound philosopher-mystic,
The world, the cosmos, has never known,
Never wrote or said even one word,
And died anonymous, even to himself.

* * * *

You are sovereign of your manifest world,
Your cosmos, your domain, your dream, your Self.
What other can persuade You, convince You, anything less?
And why would You even entertain the notion?

* * * *

Is it truly worth engaging with those who cross your path,
Depends on your character, depends on the given moment.
There is no telling where the spin of a conversation can lead,
So one must always be willing to endure the consequences.

* * * *

There will likely be something for You,
Wherever You open or scroll these many pages.
This sort of soliloquy can work that way.

* * * *

Something You said, something You did, perhaps years ago,
May well be remembered, in some mind, some server, somewhere,
So, stay alert, pay attention, be cautious, be ready; it is a treacherous dream.

* * * *

To calculate how things will be perceived, to weigh possible outcomes, is the art of politics.
To which our kind is genetically inclined, but requires great wit and good fortune, to master.

* * * *

When it comes to mating choices,
Is this a good seed line? Will it spawn a life worth living?
Should be heavily weighted on the questionnaire.

* * * *

Every little boy, every little girl, as well as every other sentient creature,
Starts off totally unaware of how nature-nurture will caress and flay them.

* * * *

You are a drop of the quantum ocean.
You are a particle of the quantum creation.
You are sovereign witness to all things eternal.
Solitary witness to all things unto the mystery of Self.

* * * *

Without memory, there would be no consciousness, there would be no imagination.
There would be no creation, there would be no preservation, there would be no destruction.
There would be only the eternal moment, as perceived by whatever senses are there to perceive it.
Space and time are entirely the creations of biological patterns morphing the reveries of quantum design.
The sensory theater has no ultimate reality, whatsoever, other than what humankind imagines it.

* * * *

Listen to the insights of wisdom, or its shadow, pain and suffering,
Will be only too willing to give as many tutorials as are required.

* * * *

To wonder, to ponder, how things will be perceived by others,
Is the tribal aspect, the art of politics, to which our kind is inclined.
Assumptions, presumptions, conjectures, suppositions, guesses,
Deductions, opinions, hypotheses, premises, speculations,
Is why the future-past is ever-kaleidoscoping as it is.

* * * *

Whether or not You have the doubt to discern it fully, You are the mystery.
You have always been the mystery; You will always be the mystery.
Love it, hate it, fear it, condemn it, dread it, ignore it, worship it,
It will always be the ever-present question, the ever-present moment,
To which there is no answer; only witnessing whatever dreams may come.

* * * *

Supreme being is not some celestial entity in any way separate from anything.
It is a state of awareness; a state of omnipresence, omniscience, omnipotence.
A state in in which all are part and party to every moment the moment divines.

* * * *

The big apes will always be in charge of those within reach of their clubs.
All the masses can hope, is that they are reasonably benevolent, reasonably kind.
The cruel ones are a bitch, and death, theirs or yours, by whatever means, the only out.

* * * *

Why do You allow any desire, any fear, any dread, any passion at all, to grip You?
Unclench the mind, let go all thought, let go all that is imagined, be the whole mind.

* * * *

If You believe You truly have free will,
Choose something You always think about,
And try to never think about it ever again.

* * * *

How many more meaningless, predictable research projects,
Must we entertain, to maintain the science welfare program?

* * * *

From the long-term genomic perspective, domestication only destabilizes the Darwinian instinct.
Unnatural selection – the thriving of the inadequate – weakens, damages, undermines, dilutes, sabotages,
The natural selection process that allowed the given genomic sequence to reach this point in time.
What will become of all the life forms once their anchorages are no longer sustained,
Is a dystopian narrative that none now living can more than speculate.

* * * *

There is nothing herein that has not been said or written,
In some other space, some other time, some other culture, some other language,
But to have it all under one roof, in the lingua franca of these times, this mind; well, how lucky is that?
Best leave all your paltry all-that-glitters-is-not-gold gorp at the door.
This rabbit hole will not abide it.

* * * *

Why do You allow any desire to grip You?
Why do You allow any fear to grip You?
Why do You allow any dread to grip You?
Why do You allow any passion to grip You?
Unclench the mind, let go all thought.
Let go all that is but imaginary.
Be the whole mind.

* * * *

This is the real virtual reality,
Why would You want it to be more?
Why would You believe it could be more?
Why would You make-believe it could be more?
Why would You hope it could be more?

Why would You pretend it could be more?
Why would You dream it could be more?
Why would You fathom it could be more?
Why would You aspire it could be more?
Why would You need it could be more?
Why would You crave it could be more?
Why would You covet it could be more?
Why would You fancy it could be more?
Why would You require it could be more?
Why would You wish it could be more?
Why would You suppose it could be more?
Why would You deem it could be more?
Why would You judge it could be more?
Why would You credit it could be more?
Why would You trust it could be more?
Why would You plan it could be more?
Why would You expect it could be more?
Why would You anticipate it could be more?
Why would You yearn it could be more?
Why would You long it could be more?
Why would You fantasize it could be more?
Why would You play it could be more?
Why would You invent it could be more?
Why would You play-act it could be more?
Why would You feign it could be more?
Why would You divine it could be more?
Why would You measure it could be more?
Why would You sound it could be more?
Why would You gauge it could be more?
Why would You probe it could be more?
Why would You promise it could be more?
Why would You understand it could be more?
Why would You comprehend it could be more?
Why would You grasp it could be more?
Why would You demand it could be more?
Why would You insist it could be more?
Why would You claim it could be more?
Why would You petition it could be more?
Why would You mandate it could be more?
Why would You plea it could be more?
Why would You command it could be more?
Why would You order it could be more?
Why would You stipulate it could be more?
Why would You exact it could be more?
Why would You assert it could be more?
Why would You contend it could be more?
Why would You swear it could be more?
Why would You aver it could be more?

Why would You vow it could be more?
Why would You hold it could be more?
Why would You construct it could be more?
Why would You engineer it could be more?
Why would You manufacture it could be more?
Why would You formulate it could be more?
Why would You devise it could be more?
Why would You form it could be more?
Why would You assemble it could be more?
Why would You fake it could be more?
Why would You contrive it could be more?
Why would You concoct it could be more?
Why would You invent it could be more?
Why would You design it could be more?
Why would You develop it could be more?
Why would You care it could be more?
Why would You pray it could be more?
Why would You sift it could be more?
Why would You dredge it could be more?
Why would You seek it could be more?
Why would You build it could be more?
Why would You counterfeit it could be more?
Why would You fabricate it could be more?
Why would You style it could be more?
Why would You originate it could be more?
Why would You declare it could be more?
Why would You imagine it could be more?
More, more, more, there is no more.
It is what it is, that's all folks.

* * * *

What is a seer, a sage, a mystic, but a mind given over to the mystery.
A mind capable of journeying any and every way, to which its patterning is disposed.
One able to embrace the oblivion from which all fates are born, the oblivion to which all fates return.
One able to walkabout existence, with the whisper of death a constant companion.
Be at peace, be serene, let the Fates take You where they will.

* * * *

You are your world, he is his, she is hers, they are theirs.
No need to despise another over something that cannot be changed.
Be and allow is the greatest order; the Golden Rule, its most harmonious tenet.
Treat others as You would prefer them to treat You.
All else is redundant.

* * * *

When was it that the masters of the game finally figured out,
It was far easier and more motivating to have the slaves,
House and clothe and feed and govern themselves?

* * * *

Humankind's fascination with all the latest technologies, most so quickly obsolete,
Is a pathway down from which there is no return, and a garden left in ruin and despair.

* * * *

Your dreamtime, your world, your cosmos, and everything in it, is imagined.
None of it, anything more, than an electromagnetic-spectrum-quantum matrix.

* * * *

All your stress, all your dread, all your fear,
Is the response, the scar tissue, of all that the mind-body has endured.
Whether or not it is possible to undo the tree rings, is one of those many needs-research inquiries.

* * * *

From the slime of your father and mother's seeds joined, arbitrarily amalgamated in your mother's womb,
You have morphed from one moment to the next in a mind-body cast from life's long-ago origin.
Molded, shaped, by the environment of whatever time, whatever space, You were cast.
To believe You had any choice in it, to believe You have any choice in it,
Or to believe it was all the plan of some all-seeing deity,
Are all remarkable leaps of imagination.
It is a mystery, to which all answers are but speculation.

* * * *

The ever-hungry, aggrieved world, is already feeding off the carcass of Pax Americana.
No need to annihilate it completely, for it is far more useful as a sleepwalker than a cadaver.

* * * *

The winds of consciousness, of imagination, through the eternal mind's eye,
Is locked on, to what it can see and hear and smell and taste and touch.
To all things tangible, in this indivisible matrix of quantum design.
It cannot long endure the stillness of awareness, the timelessness of now,
And fashions every distraction, to entice the mind into its willy-nilly usurpation.

* * * *

The resumption of right-relationship with Mother Nature, with the rules of the game,
Is for the future to discern, in the ruins, the scar tissue, of a Darwinian garden undone.

* * * *

The food industry has been allowed to diminish civilization,
And we all accomplices, collaborators, accessories, to one degree or another.
Vanity and greed, narcissism and hedonism, have cast this world into an unenviable future-past.
Such is the journey of unnatural selection; is Darwin spinning or laughing in his grave?

* * * *

All that has ever happened since Creation,
From a particle of dust to the farthest reaches,
Is why You are right here, right now, imbibing this.

It is an indivisible matrix of quantum design.
With, or without, some divine designer,
It is ever the same mystery,
As are You.

* * * *

All perspectives in time and space are relative to the point from which they are perceived.
A life of reflection is not for all; more are required to churn the world that makes it possible.

* * * *

The world we as a species have fashioned –
Overpopulated, full of violence, poisoned in every way imaginable –
Is not the one for which the hunter-gatherer was designed, and many are suffering for it,
Because their nature-nurture, their frame of reference, does not have what it takes to acclimate.
The rules of the quantum matrix are ever the same, and the nightmare is only just getting underway.

* * * *

The future, imagined, is the past projected.
In truth, there is no such thing as space, there is no such thing as time.
No matter the illusion, both past and future are the dreamy fabrications of imagination born of mind.
Only the awareness, only the eternal now, only oblivion, is real.

* * * *

Any translator bent on accurate translation,
Requires the wit to ever-expand beyond his limits,
Into whatever frame of reference is posed for translation.
Achieving the most accurate renditions require an earnest diligence,
An inherent integrity, an innate veracity, an intrinsic rightness,
Which who knows, how many, or how few, possess.

* * * *

Does the lion ponder the ethics of gorging upon an antelope, or an antelope, a blade of grass?
Nature has no attachment to the ceaseless vagaries, the absurdities, of human consciousness.

* * * *

It is a curious thing how preoccupied so many are about life on other planets,
When we have so thoroughly twisted and trampled and destroyed life on our own.

* * * *

We all play it real,
Because we have no choice.
Hotel California of the quantum blend:
“We are all just prisoners here, of our own device.
‘Relax,’ said the night man, ‘We are programmed to receive.
You can check-out any time You like,
But You can never leave.’ ”

* * * *

Nothing You have done with your relatively brief, relatively humdrum, relatively meaningless existence,
Will make any difference to the multitudes who have never even known You exist.
Only imagination's vanity makes You believe otherwise.

* * * *

Who is not sitting in constant thumbs-up-thumbs-down judgment of the world about them?
Consciousness itself is judge, jury, executioner; awareness is, without any concern, whatsoever.

* * * *

Strategy is a plan of action or policy designed to achieve a major or overall aim.
Tactic is an action or strategy carefully planned to achieve a specific end.
Strategies and tactics are a vibrant partnership, ever morphing as one,
And should always be open to question, to change, to evolution,
As time and circumstance allow, as time and circumstance demand.

* * * *

Deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA) is the self-replicating material that is present
In nearly all living organisms as the main constituent of chromosomes.
It is the carrier of genetic information since life's origin on this dust ball,
And is not concerned whether it passes on consensually or non-consensually.
It has no ethical binds born of consciousness; all that matters is that it passes on.
It is the closest thing to immortality this garden has ever, and perhaps will ever create.

* * * *

Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience every possibility?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience anything and everything?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a particle of dust?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a universe?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a world?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being an ant?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a sloth?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a raccoon?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a clam?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a rock?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a snake?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being giraffe?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being fly?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a tree?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a weed?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a flower?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being wave?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being chimpanzee?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a dinosaur?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being slug?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a bird?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being frog?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being brick?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being an automobile?

Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a chair?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being cloud?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a mountain?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a gopher?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a pencil?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a computer?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a spider?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being deer?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a tiger?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a whale?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a garbage dump?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being submarine?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a satellite?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a lobster?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a beer can?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a salamander?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a microbe?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a urinal?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a virus?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being fireplace?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a taxi?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a dewdrop?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a tank?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a missile?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a log?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a fence?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being an island?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a bottle?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being statue?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a forest?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a mushroom?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a wolf?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a prairie?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a housecat?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being an eagle?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being antelope?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a kettle?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a tortoise?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being piece of lint?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a painting?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a waterfall?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a sword?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a house?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being an alligator?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a star?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a shield?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a chimney
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being an ocean?

Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a hat?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a volcano?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a moon?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a diamond?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a screwdriver?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a fork?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a guitar?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a buffalo?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a doll?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a peach?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being radio?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a drug?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a book?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a building?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being river?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a bucket?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being desert?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being golf ball?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being mineshaft?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being tractor?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being wagon?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a parachute?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a reef?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a hurricane?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a couch?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being pond?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a butterfly?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being pile of dung?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being anything?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being everything?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a human being?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being You?

* * * *

What is a philosopher?
Cynic, skeptic, doubter, misanthropist, scoffer, doubter, pessimist,
Questioner, disparager, detractor, malcontent, loner, recluse, dilletante.
As pointless as pointless can be; the final chapter existence offers, to be sure.

* * * *

Your destiny has always been whatever is unfolding in your sensory mind-body.
There is absolutely nothing to change, there is absolutely nothing that can be changed.
You are the awareness, the totality, the mystery, witnessing the dream into which it was cast.

* * * *

Scrape away everything that is imaginary, everything that is illusory, everything that is delusionary –
Your knowledge, your things, your memories, everything whirling about your consciousness –
And what is left, but the ineffable, timeless, ungraspable awareness that You truly are.

* * * *

Whether or not your brief existence, and all the knowledge and wisdom You may have gleaned,
Will be warehoused by the quantum matrix, be stored in some great eternal library,
Is but the idle speculation of those still bound in the space-time dream.
Read by the five senses, fashioned by central processing unit,
The cosmos, the kaleidoscoping illusion, is spun,
In the only moment the mystery of eternity has to offer.

* * * *

True believers in any religion (a.k.a., cult) should read 1 Corinthians 13:11 a little more closely.
Whoever scribed it way back when, was speaking to them, not the non-believers, not the critical thinkers.
When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child.
When I became a man, I put aside childish things.
Think about it.

* * * *

Who can help be what they are,
In the part they have been allotted by the genetic lottery,
In the part they have been dealt by the nature-nurture choicelessnesses of all creation?
All are the same awareness, playing out the manifest dream,
Of the quantum sands of time.

* * * *

We and all the myriad creatures who have ever inhabited this garden world,
Are little more than scrabbling microbes on a spinning dust ball,
In a dust storm, in the ethereal abyss of awareness.
Only vanity believes itself, fashions itself, large and important.

* * * *

If You want to meet the demon, peer into your darkest, most perverse, most cruel thoughts.
If You want to be the demon, carry out your darkest, most perverse, most cruel thoughts.
In every moment, a choice.

* * * *

Existence is a daily grapple with the limitations of consciousness.
True humility is a mind given over to the timelessness of awareness.

* * * *

You do not ask to be free; You take the reins, and assume it so.
Even in the darkest, most torturous moments, You can be sovereign.

* * * *

Yes, everybody else is making it up, too.
That is what will always give imagination the edge,
That dooms the human paradigm to a very unpleasant decline and fall,
Into a sea of consequences, for all we have done, for not being better stewards of our garden.
If perchance scattered pockets manage to survive for ten thousand more years,

It will have to include a resurrection of our roles as guardians,
As protectors of right relationship with nature,
The one and only actual law.

* * * *

If it involves time, if it involves space,
If it embraces any movement of consciousness,
Imagination, and all its illusions and delusions, are at play,
And may be duly ignored by those given over to the abyss of eternity.

* * * *

You can bet the dystopian future now spreading its wings, will not be some idyllic Shangri-La.
It will likely be very brutal; as harsh or harsher, than anything humankind has heretofore endured.
The world will grow large again, and every geography will respond as time and circumstance sanction.
When Rome declined and fell, the abyss was filled by every variety of despotism imagination has to offer.
Without an all-but-impossible paradigm shift, the human debacle will continue its march to extinction.

* * * *

Extinction is nothing new in upon this spinning orb.
More than 99 percent of all species that ever lived on Earth,
Amounting to over five billion species, are estimated to have died out.
It is estimated that there are currently around 8.7 million species of eukaryote globally,
And possibly many times more if microorganisms, like bacteria, are included.
The remarkable thing about what scientists are calling the Anthropocene,
Is that it will have been largely through the unsurpassed efforts,
Of Mother Nature's most ground-breaking creations.
What phoenix will arise, is anybody's guess.
Rest assured, it will not be pretty.

* * * *

The number one problem is the problem-maker, the mind born of imagination.
The challenge is to discipline the given mind as a problem-solver,
And to disengage it when there is nothing to solve.

* * * *

Hats off to anyone who can discern their story dysfunctional,
And be determined and disciplined enough to change course.

* * * *

Alas for fame that You relish anonymity.
Alas for greed that You have more than enough.
Alas for power that You allow all to go their own way.
Alas for vanity that You know it not real.
Eternity is subject to none.
Awareness is all.

* * * *

How did imagination begin but through very gradual evolution, very gradual natural selection,

That is estimated to have begun 140 million years-ish ago in the jungles of Africa.
Something to do with memory cells gradually gaining enough oomph,
To start working together to counterfeit a sense of identity,
And the rest is the chaos of vanity and greed,
Given the name history, for the lack of a better word.

On the evolution of imagination, from Wikipedia:

Phylogenetic acquisition of imagination was a gradual process.

The simplest form of imagination, REM-sleep dreaming,
evolved in mammals with acquisition of REM sleep 140 million years ago.

Spontaneous insight improved in primates
with acquisition of the lateral prefrontal cortex 70 million years ago.

After hominins split from the chimpanzee line 6 million years ago
they further improved their imagination.

Prefrontal analysis was acquired 3.3 million years ago
when hominins started to manufacture Mode One stone tools.

Progress in stone tools culture to Mode Two stone tools by 2 million years ago
signify remarkable improvement of prefrontal analysis.

The most advanced mechanism of imagination, prefrontal synthesis,
was likely acquired by humans around 70,000 years ago
and resulted in behavioral modernity.

This leap toward modern imagination has been characterized by paleoanthropologists
as the "Cognitive revolution", "Upper Paleolithic Revolution", and the "Great Leap Forward".

And where is this cognitive revolution, this upper-paleolithic revolution, this great leap forward,
Irrevocably taking we two-leggeds, and many if not all, of the life forms in this world,
But down an ever-accelerating-exponential path to a very dystopian extinction.
To survive what it has through human consciousness over millions of years fashioned,
Imagination would need to, and rather quickly, mutate a wholistic, less individualistic platform.
Whether that is possible in this snail-paced, naturally-selective garden, seems more than a little unlikely.
And thus, will the rise of consciousness in this tiny iota of the mystery, fall upon its own sword,
And the vain hope that humankind might somehow shine its light across the cosmos,
Be forever dashed upon the austere reality, that it never really mattered,
That it was never more than a fallacious blip of absurdity.
And the eternal abyss, will eternally abyss, as it eternally does.

* * * *

Awareness does not think.
Awareness does not see.
Awareness does not hear.

Awareness does not taste.
Awareness does not smell.
Awareness does not feel.
Awareness does not desire
Awareness does not dread.
Awareness does not fear.
Awareness does not recall.
Awareness does not hate.
Awareness does not care.
Awareness does not hesitate.
Awareness does not suffer.
Awareness does not anger.
Awareness does not unhappy.
Awareness does not distress
Awareness does not happy.
Awareness does not joy.
Awareness does not elate.
Awareness does not gloomy.
Awareness does not regret.
Awareness does not divide.
Awareness does not discern.
Awareness does not surprise.
Awareness does not disgust.
Awareness does not happy.
Awareness does not sorrow.
Awareness does not joy.
Awareness does not choose.
Awareness does not content.
Awareness does not bliss.
Awareness does not exult.
Awareness does not accept.
Awareness does not deny.
Awareness does not love.
Awareness does not passion.
Awareness does not evolve.
Awareness does not change.
This dream is entirely quantum faire.
The universe but a matrix born of the imaginary mind.
Awareness is the clear endless sky, the mystery in its entirety, You truly are.
It does not participate, it does not regulate, it does not adjudicate, it does not concern its Self, in any way,
But without it, none of it would be possible.

* * * *

In times not all that long ago,
A person's geography determined their world.
If You were born in the mountains, that was all You knew.
If You were born on an island, that was all You knew.
If You were born in a valley, that was all You knew.

If You were born on a plain, that was all You knew.
If You were born by the sea, that was all You knew.
If You were born on a mesa, that was all You knew.
If You were born in a forest, that was all You knew.
If You were born in a desert, that was all You knew.
If You were born in a wetland, that was all You knew.
But these modern times subscribe to an infinite cosmos.
And in all these differences, the relativity of all is ascertained.

* * * *

You do not really exist.
Your mind-body is energy.
Your perceptions are illusions.
Your ideas and beliefs are delusions.
Your possessions have no reality, either.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
Party on, in your Yellow Brick Road walkabout,
Or get a shotgun, and leave a Rorschach on some wall.

* * * *

The ineffable, eternally ineffable.
The indivisible, eternally indivisible.
The immaculate, eternally immaculate.
The unfathomable, eternally unfathomable.
The oblivion, eternally oblivion.
The flawless, eternally flawless.
The solitary, eternally solitary.
The indelible, eternally indelible.
The unknowable, eternally unknowable.
The witness, eternally witness.
The intangible, eternally intangible.
The intrinsic, eternally intrinsic.
The immortal, eternally immortal.
The indifferent, eternally indifferent.
The irrational, eternally irrational.
The emptiness, eternally emptiness.
The unborn, eternally unborn.
The blameless, eternally blameless.
The undying, eternally undying.
The inexpressible, eternally inexpressible.
The overwhelming, eternally overwhelming.
The indefinable, eternally indefinable.
The observer, eternally observer.
The deep, eternally deep.
The timeless, eternally timeless.
The unspeakable, eternally unspeakable.
The untroubled, eternally untroubled.
The spectator, eternally spectator.

The solo, eternally solo.
The nihility, eternally nihility.
The imaginary, eternally imaginary.
The ineradicable, eternally ineradicable.
The enduring, eternally enduring.
The permanent, eternally permanent.
The indiscernible, eternally indiscernible.
The impalpable, eternally impalpable.
The obscure, eternally obscure.
The faultless, eternally faultless.
The mundane, eternally mundane.
The alone, eternally alone.
The unstained, eternally unstained.
The average, eternally average.
The onlooker, eternally onlooker.
The matchless, eternally matchless.
The unique, eternally unique.
The peerless, eternally peerless.
The unspeakable, eternally unspeakable.
The void, eternally void.
The unutterable, eternally unutterable.
The absolute, eternally absolute.
The supreme, eternally supreme.
The unimaginable, eternally unimaginable.
The unicity, eternally unicity.
The whole, eternally whole.
The incessant, eternally incessant.
The inconceivable, eternally inconceivable.
The unfastened, eternally unfastened.
The infinite, eternally infinite.
The endless, eternally endless.
The infinitesimal, eternally infinitesimal.
The rational, eternally rational.
The undeniable, eternally undeniable.
The watcher, eternally watcher.
The detached, eternally detached.
The nothingness, eternally nothingness.
The perfect, eternally perfect.
The unrivaled, eternally unrivaled.
The inimitable, eternally inimitable.
The incomparable, eternally incomparable.
The spotless, eternally spotless.
The unbiased, eternally unbiased.
The impeccable, eternally impeccable.
The everlasting, eternally everlasting.
The perpetual, eternally perpetual.
The unconcerned, eternally unconcerned.
The ceaseless, eternally ceaseless.

The ageless, eternally ageless.
The priceless, eternally priceless.
The impersonal, eternally impersonal.
The absurdity, eternally absurdity.
The aloof, eternally aloof.
The mysterious, eternally mysterious.
The nonexistent, eternally nonexistent.
The fictional, eternally fictional.
The interminable, eternally interminable.
The eyewitness, eternally eyewitness.
The carefree, eternally carefree.
The enigmatic, eternally enigmatic.
The inscrutable, eternally inscrutable.
The unreadable, eternally unreadable.
The inexplicable, eternally inexplicable.
The indecipherable, eternally indecipherable.
The incomprehensible, eternally incomprehensible.
The unintelligible, eternally unintelligible.
The meaningless, eternally meaningless.
The inconsequential, eternally inconsequential.
The anonymous, eternally anonymous.
The nameless, eternally nameless.
The ordinary, eternally ordinary.
The lasting, eternally lasting.
The perceiver, eternally perceiver.
The engrained, eternally engrained.
The impenetrable, eternally impenetrable.
The imperceptible, eternally imperceptible.

* * * *

What a curious thing, the quest for immortality.
Someday, long after this dust ball garden has been consumed by the sun,
And the galaxy has fallen into a black hole, and that hole is eventually victim to the dissipating universe,
The immortals, imprisoned by their attachment to decrepit, likely pain-ridden bodies,
Are going to be very much alone, floating about in the eternal abyss,
Hoping yet another universe will somehow kickstart,
And a habitable world, magically appear.
It may take a few billion or trillion years or so,
And a great deal of torturous agony for those determined not to die,
But the solitary wait for a new dreamtime will be worth it, if there are handicap ramps aplenty.

* * * *

One hundred and fifty years ago, before electricity, before oil,
This garden orb was a dark little dust ball, spinning away in the void.
Now it is a dust ball, with a bit more glimmer, still spinning away in the void.
And the void does not give a hoot about it, nor any of the organisms wandering its face.

* * * *

A gazillion yesterdays all transpired in the same awareness, the same eternal now.
A gazillion tomorrows will all transpire in the same awareness, the same eternal now.
The gazillion yesterdays and tomorrows, are the same awareness, are the same eternal now.

* * * *

The challenge for any dancer, is tangoing equally well with all, or at least as many as You are capable,
Given that You are more than likely still caught up in the riptides of vanity,
The fog of war that pervades our Darwinian roots.

* * * *

Taking the reins of your mind, is life's biggest challenge.
Conquering the world is child's play in comparison.

* * * *

It is less than about being chosen,
Than it is being handed a nature-nurture script,
And extemporaneously playing the seed as the moment unfolds.
Free will looking forward, fate looking back; there is really no choice in any of it.

* * * *

History is all about those who could get along, and those who could not,
And which ones had the longer fangs, the sharper claws, the bigger clubs.

* * * *

You need not bend to the mind-body that is orchestrating your world, your universe.
You need not bend to the mind-body hypnotized into believing it all real.
To stand alone, free of all illusion, is life’s greatest challenge,
For those called to travel the path less traveled.

* * * *

May as well be in plain sight, for those lacking the eye.
May as well be Greek, for those lacking the ear.
Eyes that see, ears that hear, are few and far between.
There is no predicting who might be round any given bend.

* * * *

See if You can approach the given moment,
Without all the craving, without all the fear, without all the dread,
Without all the whatever, imagination ever concocts.

* * * *

The universe will hold together just fine without your aid.
Set it down, Atlas, and enjoy the walkabout as best You can.

* * * *

Humankind’s ability to survive, to vanquish or enslave, any and all,
Is now all tangled up in its inability to adopt to a different strategy as a species.
It is the destiny of all creation that it will ever fall beneath the grinding wheel of destruction,

And the future will be paying the price for our arrogance, until the last two-legged is finally extinguished.

* * * *

Imagination is both angel and demon in this ‘anything goes’ sensory playhouse.
We are all scrunched together, believing our parts in this quantum theater, real and true,
And all of it nothing more than sensory-inspired separation born of imagination.

* * * *

Outer babble and inner babble,
Combine to keep You believing it all real and true.
You must die to time and space to see the eternal You, You ever are.

* * * *

All mental illness, no matter the label, has at its common denominator,
Taking one’s imaginary self, and its imaginary cosmos, far too seriously.
And the resulting dysfunctionality, plays havoc on they, and all they touch.

* * * *

If this does not make You wet,
Go back to whatever You were doing.
Pay no attention to the man behind the curtain.

* * * *

The roots of Self-doubt all boil down to a seed of pain and suffering.
And what to do with that seed, is to realize its imaginary origin,
With which You abide, because You believe it real and true.

* * * *

Imagine what everyone looks like just below those few layers of dead flesh.
The crunchy-chewy-gooey, laid bare, likely all looking pretty much the same.

* * * *

The moment is the time machine, the flying carpet,
From which You gaze out into the mystery You are.

* * * *

History has proven times beyond counting upon this Planet of the Apes,
That there is always someone who will do the dirty deeds if the pot is right.

* * * *

What is light, what is sound, what is taste, what is smell, what is sensation,
To those who cannot see, cannot hear, cannot taste, cannot smell, cannot feel?
Any given universe is extremely fragile when the senses cannot ply their illusions.

* * * *

All life forms are prey; quarry to some mortal form’s hunger at some point.
Every creature ever fashioned upon this spinning garden world,
Has been a natural born killer in one niche or another.

Very likely that every other organism in this Darwinian theater,
Would do to this world the same as our kind, had they the anatomy and wit.

* * * *

Every mind has a frame of reference to which it clings.
Science may be more rational and exacting and articulate,
But it is no less a belief system than any other belief system.
Is it even possible to discern and function in absolute relativity?

* * * *

It is You, and You alone,
Who every moment, chooses freedom or imprisonment.
Attention the key; inattention the jailer.

* * * *

Always rushing, rushing, rushing, into the future,
As if imagination can get You there any faster than the timeless moment allows.
Be still, Master Quantum.

* * * *

Who can begin to predict the changes that will come about,
With all we have done to unleash the periodic table upon this garden.
The Darwinian purity forever ripped asunder; a cesspool of un-natural selection.

* * * *

Imagination is only as powerful as your inattention to the given moment.
It is entirely reliant upon its capacity, its ability, to entice You into its dreamtime web.
Entirely at the mercy of your being mesmerized-hypnotized-brainwashed into playing its vanity game.
Without your unwitting participation, without your instinctive collusion,
It dissipates into the nothingness You are.

* * * *

The hunger that was once instinctual, once a set-piece of natural selection,
Has become, through human consciousness, a horror of cancerous proportion.

* * * *

If You cannot hear what is being written, then this feast is not for You.
Maybe down the road, after You have done a bit more living and dying.

* * * *

What is the purpose of any culture, but to mold the young into its version of the world,
With all its history, its politics, its laws, its economics, its traditions, its religions, its languages.
All its tribal hierarchies, customs, rituals, behaviors, practices, lifestyles, conventions, costumes, patterns,
Beliefs, ethics, routines, schemes, addictions, activities, cuisines, athletics, holidays, celebrations.
And, of course, all the horrors and absurdities imaginable, in this our human paradigm.
How anyone manages to doubt, to question, to awaken, to shake off,
The conditioning, the habituation, the indoctrination,
Is indeed a wonder, if not a miracle.

What a hold imagination has upon our kind.

* * * *

So many people just do not have a big enough picture, a big enough frame of reference,
To comprehend the shit-show that is coming at them.
So it goes.

* * * *

The teeming masses are really nothing more than bottom-feeders,
Taking whatever falls their way from the one-percenter shark-fest above.
Some may swim a little higher, and work their way into a niche of the great game,
But only if they have something to offer, something to market, and the grit and gumption,
The claw and fang, the will and wit, to survive, to thrive, in the feeding frenzy of greed and vanity.

* * * *

All You can be sure of, is that You are part of the totality.
You are the mystery; what else is there, needs knowing?

* * * *

There are essentially three personality types: the takers, the givers, the needy.
If the first thing You want to do, is share something before You even partake it,
Then You are not a taker, nor are You likely someone who needs to be cared for.
If You are a taker, then this world is for You; if You are of the needy, rotsa ruck.

* * * *

No one is ever going to read all this yada yada babble besides the scribe,
Few are ever going to really even begin to grasp, all that he has offered the world.
So, the question becomes, whether or not, it is a good idea for anyone to even dip more than a tippy-toe.
But, if there ever is enough interest for there to be group discussions on this body of work,
Be sure no one is in charge, as anything more than a mild facilitating role.
Circular seating, all at the same eye-level, is recommended.
No proselytization, no dogma, no bullshit.
Read it as clearly as possible.
Stay as clear as possible.
It is not about the scribe.
It is a discussion, not a sermon.
And do not hesitate just to sit in silence.
It is, after all is said and done, a solitary journey.

* * * *

All the effort to become something more than You are, is nothing more than imagination,
Keeping You from being what You are, keeping You from being what You are not,
Which is nothing more than the timeless, eternal filament of awareness.
You are not a body, from which nowness gazes out into illusion.
You are the mystery, through which quantum waltzes every whichaway.

* * * *

May as well be in plain sight, for those lacking the eye.

May as well be Greek, for those lacking the ear.
Eyes that see, ears that hear, are few and far between.
There is no predicting who might be round any given bend.

* * * *

Any given moment is simultaneous creation-preservation-destruction.
And by the time the mind discerns it, nothing more than dreamtime.

* * * *

All the copyrights are a formality, which need mean nothing to the future.
Do with these many thoughts whatever You will,
Or nothing at all.

* * * *

To be, in consciousness, the eternal awareness permeating all things living;
To be, the ageless, elemental, unborn-undying moment,
Is the goalless goal of the seer.

* * * *

History has proven countless times the pointlessness of ethics, as anything more than forum-born rhetoric,
As anything more than a domesticating agent in the world spun by the human paradigm.
Ethics is what the minions pontificate, well away from any throne.

* * * *

The Golden Rule is all that is needed for those inclined to ponder upon such things,
And becomes much less an issue for any working their way up any given food chain.

* * * *

Truth, is not in any thought about it.
What is, is not in any thought about it.
Awareness, is not in any thought about it.
Quantum, is not in any thought about it.
Mystery, is not in any thought about it.
Reality, is not in any thought about it.
Space, is not in any thought about it.
Time, is not in any thought about it.
Here, is not in any thought about it.
Now, is not in any thought about it.
You, are not in any thought about it.

* * * *

You are ineffable, be ineffable.
You are indivisible, be indivisible.
You are immaculate, be immaculate.
You are unfathomable, be unfathomable.
You are oblivion, be oblivion.
You are flawless, be flawless.
You are solitary, be solitary.

You are indelible, be indelible.
You are unknowable, be unknowable.
You are witness, be witness.
You are intangible, be intangible.
You are intrinsic, be intrinsic.
You are immortal, be immortal.
You are indifferent, be indifferent.
You are irrational, be irrational.
You are emptiness, be emptiness.
You are unborn, be unborn.
You are blameless, be blameless.
You are undying, be undying.
You are inexpressible, be inexpressible.
You are overwhelming, be overwhelming.
You are indefinable, be indefinable.
You are observer, be observer.
You are deep, be deep.
You are timeless, be timeless.
You are unspeakable, be unspeakable.
You are untroubled, be untroubled.
You are spectator, be spectator.
You are solo, be solo.
You are nihility, be nihility.
You are imaginary, be imaginary.
You are ineradicable, be ineradicable.
You are enduring, be enduring.
You are permanent, be permanent.
You are indiscernible, be indiscernible.
You are impalpable, be impalpable.
You are obscure, be obscure.
You are faultless, be faultless.
You are mundane, be mundane.
You are alone, be alone.
You are unstained, be unstained.
You are average, be average.
You are onlooker, be onlooker.
You are matchless, be matchless.
You are unique, be unique.
You are peerless, be peerless.
You are unspeakable, be unspeakable.
You are void, be void.
You are unutterable, be unutterable.
You are absolute, be absolute.
You are supreme, be supreme.
You are unimaginable, be unimaginable.
You are unicity, be unicity.
You are whole, be whole.
You are incessant, be incessant.

You are inconceivable, be inconceivable.
You are unfastened, be unfastened.
You are infinite, be infinite.
You are endless, be endless.
You are infinitesimal, be infinitesimal.
You are rational, be rational.
You are undeniable, be undeniable.
You are watcher, be watcher.
You are detached, be detached.
You are nothingness, be nothingness.
You are perfect, be perfect.
You are unrivaled, be unrivaled.
You are inimitable, be inimitable.
You are incomparable, be incomparable.
You are spotless, be spotless.
You are unbiased, be unbiased.
You are impeccable, be impeccable.
You are everlasting, be everlasting.
You are perpetual, be perpetual.
You are unconcerned, be unconcerned.
You are ceaseless, be ceaseless.
You are ageless, be ageless.
You are priceless, be priceless.
You are impersonal, be impersonal.
You are absurdity, be absurdity.
You are aloof, be aloof.
You are mysterious, be mysterious.
You are nonexistent, be nonexistent.
You are fictional, be fictional.
You are interminable, be interminable.
You are eyewitness, be eyewitness.
You are carefree, be carefree.
You are enigmatic, be enigmatic.
You are inscrutable, be inscrutable.
You are unreadable, be unreadable.
You are inexplicable, be inexplicable.
You are indecipherable, be indecipherable.
You are incomprehensible, be incomprehensible.
You are unintelligible, be unintelligible.
You are meaningless, be meaningless.
You are inconsequential, be inconsequential.
You are anonymous, be anonymous.
You are nameless, be nameless.
You are ordinary, be ordinary.
You are lasting, be lasting.
You are perceiver, be perceiver.
You are engrained, be engrained.
You are impenetrable, be impenetrable.

You are imperceptible, be imperceptible.
You are eternal, be eternal.
You are Self, be Self.

* * * *

Like a Ponzi scheme coming undone, the dream is changing across the board,
And that is just the way it is; there is nothing anybody can do about it.
The politicians and talking heads are just earning their buck,
And Wall Street and Las Vegas will likely take it down to the last bet.
This is the course our species set long before we departed the jungles of long ago.
Knowing more than the gist, filling one's head with nonstop gorp, is hollow trivial pursuit.
All any can do is play out their little Sisyphean algorithm; enjoy and endure whatever the fates allot.
The tempest is going to be beyond the pale sooner or later, and perhaps even relatively quickly for many.
And those unfortunate enough to be born, those now running about in backyards and playgrounds,
Are just going to have to survive whatever comes at them, or perish in flames if they cannot.
Every geography will have its own anthology of consequences, its own crash and burn,
And will deal with them as human beings always have when struggling to survive.
It will be, as always, might makes right, as savage as the given players deign,
With Conrad's "The horror! The horror!" and Vonnegut's "So it goes,"
Echoing throughout the last throes of human consciousness as we know it.
Whoever is going to be the final two-legged lingering in this Anthropocene epoch,
Will be last witness to all the absurdities our genomic sequencing has ceaselessly perpetrated.

* * * *

You can only know, You can only draw on, whatever You have experienced,
And how those perceptions spin into relevance of the frame-of-reference variety.

* * * *

As far as this garden dust ball goes,
As far as your mundane window of time goes,
As far as the mysterious nature of your brief existence goes,
You are truly only as significant, as relevant, as pertinent, as germane,
As the continuation of your ancestry's genomic sequencing.
Extinction is the norm; breed or perish, fate decides.

* * * *

So, there was that timeless, very still moment in the abyss, when You, the mystery, all alone,
All of a sudden, came up with an inspiration for a gargantuan playhouse,
With You, the one and only, centerstage to all parts.
And bam, the quantum matrix,
A kaleidoscoping, extemporaneous dominion, explodes into being.
Théâtre de l'absurde, produced and directed by natural selection; You, ever sole thespian, ever center stage.
The showstopper is realizing that You are none of the forms in which You ever play the starring role.
They are but crunchy-chewy-goo, from which You peer out through the given perceptions,
Upon all that is but illusion, and all the delusions the given dreamtime inspires.

* * * *

Who does not want to take it all with them?

The dread of loss captures many a pharaoh.

* * * *

How much fear, how much dread, how much passion, is inspired by oxygen-deprivation,
Caused by holding the breath during the tension of manipulating the moment to your advantage.

* * * *

All the wisdom ever gleaned, can overcome all the absurdity,
Existence every moment spins across this whirling dust ball.

* * * *

The clinging mind is temporal, inflexible, resistant, closed; the breathing stilted.
The eternal mind is timeless, fluid, accepting, open; the breathing effortless.

* * * *

Mind people generally have their go-to routines.
Intellectual pursuits they do to fill their time,
To pleasantly pass some of any given day:

Crossword puzzles
Logic problems
Math problems
Word searches
Writing
Reading
Newspaper
Poetry
Television
Computer
Sudoku
Chess
Checkers
Go
Mahjong
Tangrams
Video games
Jigsaw puzzles
String figures
Coffee klatches

Et cetera ad infinitum.

All very busy, busy, busy.

* * * *

How can changing the human paradigm be possible,
When You cannot even alter your own slice of the pie?

* * * *

Life is about experiencing whatever satisfies the given nature-nurture moment.
Keeping it simple, keeping it frugal, keeping it passionless, is the moderate way.

* * * *

You are not required to be involved, to join in, if it does not call You,
But there will be consequences, choices that may cleave You powerless.

* * * *

Why should You fear, why should You dread, any given moment?
A reasonable amount of stoicism in the face of it all,
Metes out the justice absurdity deserves.

* * * *

Remember that beautiful girl everyone was too afraid to ask out?
That's her, over there, yeah, in the Depends isle, looking for the right fit.
And that old guy with the walker next to her, yeah, that's the jock she met at college.

* * * *

How even and steady the breath must have been when You were tabula rasa.
Before the passions took root and You began your centerstage role in the grand theater.
And what are You now, but double-double-toiled-and-troubled-fire-burned-and-cauldron-bubbled.
Questing that breath, now suffocating in the muddle of conflicting impulses that life has heaped upon You.
And right-here-right-now, it is done, it is over, it is past, just like everything else ever is.
And the next moment already right-here-right-now, done-over-past, too.
The senses stream through the timeless quantum illusion,
And You, totally alone, witness to it all.

* * * *

The foundation of serenity may well be forgiveness, innocence, compassion, contentment, and truth,
But there is also a not inordinate sense of satisfaction with revenge, guilt, coldness, discontent, and lies.

* * * *

Disappear right-here-right-now; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into this twinkling; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into this moment; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into this instant; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into here-now; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into eternity; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into oblivion; continuity is illusion.
Be the eternal beingness, the eternal awareness,
Be the timeless beingness, the timeless awareness,
You truly are, You have always been, and will ever be.

* * * *

What is an Elephant?
Is it a wall?

Is it a spear?
Is it a snake?
Is it a tree?
Is it a fan?
Is it a rope?
Only to the blind.

* * * *

It was not Alexander or Genghis Khan or Napoleon or Hitler that conquered.
From the beginning, it was the toolmakers – the scientists, the engineers, the architects,
The miners, the metal and wood and stone and glass craftsmen – that made any of it at all possible.

They created the short-range weapons:
Rocks, sticks, knives, blades, clubs, axes, swords, spears, halberds, pikes, lances.

They created the firearms:
Revolvers, rifles, shotguns, semi and fully automatic guns, machine guns.

They created the explosives:
Acetylides, fulminates, nitro, nitrates, amines, peroxides, oxides,
elements and isotopes, and a variety of mixtures and sundry miscellaneous.

They created the defensive equipment:
Armor, chainmail, shields, bulletproof vests, flak jackets, bulletproof glass.

They created the long-range weapons:
Spears, slings, crossbows, bolos, flamethrowers, grenades, bows and arrows,
boomerangs, cannons, torpedoes, land mines, naval mines,
depth charges, rockets, missiles, lasers.

They created the battle gear:
Armor, chainmail, uniforms, helmets, boots,
saddles, bridles, reins, bits, stirrups, horseshoes, wheels, chariots,
rope, whips, chains, climbing gear, boats, sails, parachutes, pontoons, bridgeworks.

They created the defensive fortifications:
Castles, forts, walls, towers, moats, trenches, bunkers, earthworks.

They created the siege equipment:
Siege towers, battering rams, siege engines, catapults, ballistas,
onagers, trebucheta helepolises, siege hooka,
sambucas, scorpios, mangonels.

They created the communications systems:
Hand signals, codes, semaphore flag signaling systems,
signal lamps, telegraphs, radios, computers.

They created means to scout adversaries from afar:

Binoculars, cameras, radar, sonar, spy planes, satellites.

They created the vehicles for land, water, air, space:
Tanks, trucks, airplanes, submarines, warships, drones, spaceships.

They created the chemical weapons:
Nerve agents, vesicant (blister) agents, hydrogen cyanide blood agents,
tear gas, pepper spray

They created the biological weapons:
Biological toxins or infectious agents: bacteria, viruses, insects, fungi.

They created the nuclear weapons:
Nuclear fission ("atomic") bombs, nuclear fusion ("hydrogen") bombs,
radiological elements (uranium, plutonium, etc.).

They created the emergency medical system:
Medical research and devices, hospitals, medicines, first aid gear, ambulances.

They created the execution and torture devices:
Ropes and chains, racks, strappados, wooden horses, breaking wheels,
water tortures, electric shock devices, chemical dependency, hangman's gallows,
guillotines, electric chairs, lethal injection, gas chambers.

As well as all the logistical networks and processes and equipment upon which warfare depends:
Supply chains, animals (horses, mules, oxen, pigeons), wagons, trucks, trains, ships, planes.

Alexander and Genghis Khan and Napoleon and Hitler are in the history books,
but it was the supporting cast who put them there.

* * * *

See your Self, see eternity; see eternity, see your Self.
Feel your Self, feel eternity; feel eternity, feel your Self.
Hear your Self, hear eternity; hear eternity, hear your Self.
Taste your Self, taste eternity; taste eternity, taste your Self.
Smell your Self, smell eternity; smell eternity, smell your Self.
Discern your Self, discern eternity; discern eternity, discern your Self.

* * * *

You are the observing; You are not the observing.
You are the tasting; You are not the tasting.
You are the feeling; You are not the feeling.
You are the hearing; You are not the hearing.
You are the smelling; You are not the smelling.
You are the discerning; You are not the discerning.

* * * *

You are the underlying formlessness.

You are the underlying shapelessness.
You are the underlying amorphousness.
You are the underlying preposterousness.
You are the underlying meaninglessness.
You are the underlying ineffectiveness.
You are the underlying senselessness.
You are the underlying nothingness.
You are the underlying uselessness.
You are the underlying emptiness.
You are the underlying nonbeing.
You are the underlying oblivion.
You are the underlying fluidity.
You are the underlying nihility.
You are the underlying cavity.
You are the underlying space.
You are the underlying void.
You are the underlying hole.
You are the underlying dross.
You are the underlying abyss.
You are the underlying nullity.
You are the underlying vacuum.
You are the underlying absence.
You are the underlying unreality.
You are the underlying hollowness.
You are the underlying incongruity.
You are the underlying irrationality.
You are the underlying ineffectuality.
You are the underlying pointlessness.
You are the underlying worthlessness.
You are the underlying nonexistence.
You are the underlying nonduality.
You are the underlying absurdity.
You are the underlying mystery.

* * * *

How much more creation?
How much more preservation?
How much more destruction?
How much more desire?
How much more pain?
How much more suffering?
How much more sorrow?
How much more fear?
How much more dread?
How much more hunger?
How much more assumption?
How much more bother?
How much more anticipation?

How much more generosity?
How much more greed?
How much more compassion?
How much more violence?
How much more empathy?
How much more sympathy?
How much more low?
How much more high?
How much more breadth?
How much more depth?
How much more derision?
How much more judgment?
How much more hate?
How much more love?
How much more joy?
How much more despair?
How much more depression?
How much more anticipation?
How much more time?
How much more timelessness?
How much more eternity?
How much more misery?
How much more solution?
How much more grief?
How much more argument?
How much more agreement?
How much more insanity?
How much more inanity?
How much more dissolution?
How much more derision?
How much more birth?
How much more death?
How much more gain?
How much more loss?
How much more attachment?
How much more detachment?
How much more torture?
How much more horror?
How much more absurdity?
How much more thought?
How much more feeling?
How much more passion?
How much more insight?
How much more pity?
How much more tragedy?
How much more pathos?
How much more dreaming?
How much more debate?

How much more power?
How much more value?
How much more subjugation?
How much more arrogance?
How much more consequence?
How much more significance?
How much more meaning?
How much more purpose?
How much more profit?
How much more mockery?
How much more esteem?
How much more treasure?
How much more pestilence?
How much more merit?
How much more usefulness?
How much more achievement?
How much more quantity?
How much more attraction?
How much more distraction?
How much more assessment?
How much more insignificance?
How much more regard?
How much more scorn?
How much more ridicule?
How much more tolerance?
How much more intolerance?
How much more pride?
How much more vanity?
How much more completion?
How much more accomplishment?
How much more conclusion?
How much more division?
How much more infinity?
How much more infinitesimal?
How much more dreamtime?
How much more similarity?
How much more difference?
How much more duality?
How much more nonduality?
How much more foreverafter?
How much more whateverafter?
How much more noteverafter?
How much more everything?
How much more anything?
How much more nothing?

* * * *

The past is streaming before your eyes.

The past is streaming before your ears.
The past is streaming before your nose.
The past is streaming before your tongue.
The past is streaming before your fingertips.
The past is streaming within your consciousness.
And where are You in all this streaming?

* * * *

What are You, really, but an observer, observing?
What are You but an onlooker, onlooking?
What are You but a viewer, viewing?
What are You but a witness, witnessing?
What are You but a spectator, spectating?
What are You but a bystander, bystanding?
What are You but an eyewitness, eyewitnessing?
What are You but the centerstage eye, centerstaging?
The observer is the observed; the observed is the observer.
Awareness is all, Self is all, You are it, it is You, there is no other.

* * * *

How many times have You pontificated?
How many times have You masticated?
How many times have You intoxicated?
How many times have You abbreviated?
How many times have You delineated?
How many times have You fornicated?
How many times have You obliviated?
How many times have You demarcated?
How many times have You illustrated?
How many times have You delineated?
How many times have You fabricated?
How many times have You arbitrated?
How many times have You anticipated?
How many times have You abrogated?
How many times have You demonstrated?
How many times have You mediated?
How many times have You differentiate?
How many times have You discriminated?
How many times have You obliterated?
How many times have You isolated?
How many times have You segregated?
How many times have You obfuscated?
How many times have You expatriated?
How many times have You situated?
How many times have You pulsated?
How many times have You pontificated?
How many times have You subjugated?
How many times have You matriculated?

How many times have You decimated?
How many times have You abridgiated?
How many times have You decimated?

How many times have You done something to the -ated degree?

Words that end in -ated
https://www.thefreedictionary.com/words-that-end-in-ated

* * * *

Religions across the world are no longer required.
Science has discerned the truth of this mystery, we all together are.
To allow history, to allow tradition, to ensnare us any further is entirely unnecessary.
There is no need for any belief, any religion; only detached observation of what is within and without all.
We are, of course, incapable of doing this as a species, but rest assured, it is an option,
Were not arrogance and greed, were not narcissism and hedonism,
So entrenched in the genomic source code.
So it goes.

* * * *

A mind full of knowledge, full of trivia, full of gossip, full of notion, is not the eternal mind.
All the memories, all the histories, all the dreams, all the creations, all the affluence, all the possessions,
All the pleasures, all the pains, all the successes, all the failures, all the skills, all the arts,
All the friendships, all the loves, all the strangers, all the adversaries,
All the likes, all the joys, all the resentments, all the hates,
All the accolades, all the hopes, all the fears, all the cravings,
Are but illusion, the kaleidoscoping dream, streaming before You.
To be free, one must let go all things imagined, all things born of time.

* * * *

Where is the mind without its imaginary bounds?
Where is the mind that has discerned its emptiness?
Where is the mind that has returned to original nature?
Where is the mind that has returned to its tabula rasa?

* * * *

What is it about this timeless moment that You refuse to perceive?
What is it that You want it to be, that it will never be, that it can never be,
No matter how You imagine it so, no matter how You desire it so.
You cannot even penetrate how to appreciate this eternal life,
And here You are, yearning-pleading-negotiating another,
Or many, depending on the geographical assumption.

* * * *

It is the quantum matrix You quest.
The nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
And in its discernment, called enlightenment by many,
The illusion become clear, and liberation the every-moment quest.

* * * *

The world that imagination, coupled with the nature-nurture propulsion of the Darwinian dynamic,
Has, in a relatively short period, sculpted into a reality, never-before seen on this dust ball,
Is beyond all measures, both magnificent and astounding, both sad and pathetic.

* * * *

You already have eternal life; You already are eternal life.
It is this very singular, very immediate, ever-present moment.
The trick is to discern it, and to surrender all that hinders living it.
The gold lining the streets of heaven is not the earthly variety.

* * * *

This blob of crunch-chewy-gooey from which You peer is but a quantum-matrix fabrication,
In which imagination is but a trickster deceiving You into believing the dreamtime all real.

* * * *

What will You do when all your gods have failed You,
When all your traditions have lost all meaning,
When all your histories prove to be lies,
When the planet of the apes has lost its way.

* * * *

Science ever seeks the truth of the quantum illusion.
Prior to the veil, beyond the veil, there is no knowing.

* * * *

Why should some deity bequeath You a place in heaven at its feet,
When You were but a moment, but a state of mind away,
Throughout your entire temporal existence?

* * * *

The quantum matrix, the universe, the world, the dream, the mirage, the illusion,
Will be only too happy that your sensory mind-body joins in, and imagines it all real.

* * * *

The body is a temporal vehicle, guided by a temporal mind,
With eternal potential for those destined to discern,
That which cannot be more than intuited.

* * * *

Awaken to all possibilities; awaken to universes beyond counting, awaken to infinity's rainbow,
And somehow, abide the kaleidoscoping illusion of the given mind-body's dreamtime,
Dancing the dance, singing the song of mystery, between heaven and earth.

* * * *

Psychology, psychiatry, and other paradigms dealing with turbulences of the mind,
Are just some of the many ways the West has devised to scam the mentally ill for a buck.

In Eastern thinking, the disturbed are taught to eat well, exercise, and sit until they figure it out.

* * * *

Procreation is the primary directive of the genomic sequencing within all life.
Think of the who-knows-how-many lives, how many generations, it has taken for You to be here.
Every one of them relatively unconcerned about the pain, the suffering, the death,
Into which they were casting, catapulting, their matériel génétique.
The Grand Théâtre of Quantum, come unto existence.
An electromagnetic matrix in which many,
If not all things, are possible.

* * * *

Rest assured, rape and molestation are genetically viable ends and means,
In all the bumping and grinding it took, voluntary or involuntary,
For You to be sitting right-there-right-now reading this.
Ethics is a relatively recent appendage in the human timeline,
Ever enforced by the reigning oligarchy, who decide who gets what.

* * * *

Natural selection in the human species,
As it has exponentially detonated into these your current times,
Is breeding some very seriously unselective traits,
For whatever is coming at the future.

* * * *

The march of technology has always been used for political purpose.
The masses are like cattle running down the chute to slaughter.
Orwell and many other thinkers nailed where it was headed,
Long before anyone had a clue about where technology was headed.
And all their insights, all their caveats, all their agitation, have changed nothing.

* * * *

Proof?
You want proof?
Well, find your own face,
And not in a mirror or photograph.

* * * *

Best not assume anyone is as stupid as You, for thinking they were.
Always be aware: You may, or may not be, the smartest guy in the room.

* * * *

Everything You experience is translated by your given nature-nurture frame of reference.
And no matter how diligently You work to expand it, it is ever delineated by its limitations.

* * * *

That moment You just observed,
Came and went before You even knew it.

The past is kaleidoscoping before your sensory mind.

* * * *

No mind is stuck on its habituation, but through lack of discernment;
Through attachment to nature-nurture's programming.
Relativity is an unsung art form.

* * * *

All that is going on in this world of over eight billion people,
Meandering across its face, this way and that; upon high, no different than ants.
And seven billion of that in just over two hundred years: agriculture, medicine, oil, electricity, bam!
It is not some conspiracy; it is the reality, the inevitable outcome, of all the natural selection,
That it has taken for the human paradigm to achieve the point of dysfunctionality,
Of absurdity, of madness, of malice, beyond all pales of genetic rationality.
All that imagination, partnered with all-but-infinite vanity and insatiable avarice,
Has brought into being, into light, since its long-ago mutation in human consciousness.

* * * *

The You, You truly are, is not a belief system.
You are not a leader, You are not a follower, You are on your own.
You do not require priests, You do not require sanctuaries, You do not require scriptures,
You do not require faith, nor dogmas, nor the support of others.
There is only the right-here-right-now moment.
There is only pure awareness.
There is only You.
Alone.

* * * *

Where would, could, we be, without stardust, without gravity,
And the light in which its creation is every moment bathed?

* * * *

The world, the universe, that You believe You know, is nothing more than a figment of imagination,
And imagination, nothing more than an illusory timebound evolution of the quantum mind-body.
All just stardust of a forever-mysterious, ineffable origin, come to make-believe all things real.
Play your stage as You will: passionate-indifferent, attached-detached, happy-sad, it matters not.

* * * *

The entire world, the entire universe, the entire unfathomable kaleidoscoping quantum fabrication,
Has been subject to the same natural selection, the same survival of the fittest,
Set in motion, in the whatever long ago means.
And here You are, playing out the fate You have been dealt.

* * * *

You are but the mystery of awareness, swathed in a crunchy-chewy-gooey, biologically-ordained stew,
Pretending your imaginary character real, and yet, all that full-of-sound-and-fury, ever signifying nothing.

* * * *

Eternal life is this one and only timeless moment,
This one and only right-here-right-now timeless awareness,
This one and only omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent timeless now.
To be the big Self, You must die to the little self.

* * * *

Enlightenment is very much the easy part; awakening is something that just happens.
Liberation completely depends how well You manage to work things out,
Out of interest, out of importance, out of concern, out of mind,
In the given moment kaleidoscoping before You.
In a nutshell, to see the eternal, You must be the eternal.

* * * *

It is only through indefinable surrender of little self to Big Self,
That indefinably expresses the moment, the awareness,
Through which it indefinably appears to move,
In the indefinable way humankind has imagined into reality.

* * * *

How resigned You are, to playing out a painfully unpleasant, most inevitably conclusive death,
Delineates the suffering, the inevitably woeful, perhaps torturous end, You will inevitably endure.

* * * *

Do You really think the quantum matrix,
Or the eternity in which it indivisibly dances,
Are at all concerned, at all attached, to any pattern?
How vain to believe anything is forever.

* * * *

Did some deity create the quantum matrix, or is the quantum matrix the faceless mystery unto its Self?
Obviously, they are one in the same; otherwise, why would You not be viewing your own face?
Where is the maestro without the orchestra; where is orchestra without the maestro?
All dualistic notions are imaginary fictions, and should be ignored for their absurdity.

* * * *

Some wake up to a larger reality than the original nature-nurture,
To branch out as far and wide and deep as their wings in space and time allow.
The truth is, most do not, which offers a théâtre de l'absurde, for all those who are chameleons.
Ignore it, if You red-pill-head-in-the-sand can; embrace it fully – suck down that blue pill – if You cannot.

* * * *

As absurd as it has been since the beginning, creating endless forms of idolatry, is what we do.
To see that totality is an infinite force, requires an aloof rationality, in which vanity cannot root.

* * * *

One of the first things any true seeker must do is trash all notions of a deity or deities.
There is only the faceless awareness, from which all worlds, all universes, are witnessed.

* * * *

What are human beings but collectives of organized protoplasm,
With exteriors about which narcissism and hedonism and greed orbit.
About which consciousness, about which imagination, makes endless ado.
Crunchy-chewy-gooey vats of imagination, vats of make-believe;
Dreamtimes, dancing in the timeless void of eternity.

* * * *

You were maybe expecting some magical being or buddha or ivory tower wizard to scribe all this?
To take You on some joyous magic carpet ride to the feet of some great deity?
To stoke your vanity, and heal all your pain and suffering?
Nope, sorry, You will have to slog on through that all alone, same as everyone else.

* * * *

Om is the quantum vibration, the quantum hum, the quantum drone.
The source of all materialization, of all dreamtimes, of all creations.

* * * *

We all have impacts on the lives of others, the dreamtimes of others, both positive and negative.
Impacts that spin all our worlds into seemingly new directions, that fate's long and winding illusions,
Every moment – through awareness, five senses, and a transmitter – make this quantum matrix apparent.
Our fates pull and push us all along in kaleidoscope fashion, in an eternal, inescapably timeless journey,
That none can discern, but through but vague perceptions we glean, as our dreams tick-tick-tick away.

* * * *

It is an omnipresent theater.
It is an omnipotent theater.
It is an omniscient theater.
It is an elemental theater.
It is a dreamtime theater.
It is a morphing theater.
It is an illusory theater.
It is a quantum theater.
It is a timeless theater.
It is a worldly theater.
It is an eternal theater.
It is a sensory theater.
It is a cosmic theater.
It is a mirage theater.
It is a matrix theater.
It is a mortal theater.
It is a neural theater.
It is a dreamy theater.
It is a fleeting theater.
It is a manifest theater.
It is a vibrating theater.
It is a space-time theater.
It is an imaginary theater.

It is a monotonous theater.
It is a touchy-feely theater.
It is an immaculate theater.
It is a Shakespearian theater.
It is an unborn-undying theater.
It is an incomprehensible theater.
It is a three-dimensional theater.
It is an extemporaneous theater.
It is an ever-churning theater.
It is an ever-changing theater.
It is an immeasurable theater.
It is a kaleidoscoping theater.
It is an unfathomable theater.
It is a monkey-mind theater.
It is an orchestrated theater.
It is an unknowable theater.
It is an incalculable theater.
It is an inexplicable theater.
It is a never-ending theater.
It is an astounding theater.
It is an impromptu theater.
It is a time-bound theater.
It is an indivisible theater.
It is a predictable theater.
It is a narcissistic theater.
It is an expansive theater.
It is an immortal theater.
It is a Darwinian theater.
It is an indelible theater.
It is an ineffable theater.
It is an immense theater.
It is a hedonistic theater.
It is a ceaseless theater.
It is a pointless theater.
It is an esoteric theater.
It is a temporal theater.
It is a majestic theater.
It is a magical theater.
It is a mystery theater.
It is an empty theater.
It is the grand theater.
It is théâtre de l'absurde.

* * * *

Prior to sight, prior to sound, prior to touch, prior to smell, prior to taste, prior to consciousness,
Awareness is.
Prior to sight, prior to sound, prior to touch, prior to smell, prior to taste, prior to consciousness,
Eternity is.

Prior to sight, prior to sound, prior to touch, prior to smell, prior to taste, prior to consciousness,
You are.

* * * *

There is nobody to follow; You must forge your own path.
You must explore, You must discern, what is true, for your Self, by your Self.
There is not some all-pervasive, all-powerful deity, at the helm, despite all propaganda to the contrary.
The moment can be heaven, the moment can be purgatory, the moment can be hell.
You are the one and only witness to your dreamtime.
Attitude is all.

* * * *

No need for deities.
No need for souls.
No need for angels.
No need for saints.
No need for demons,
No need for belief.
No need for scripture.
No need for dogma.
No need for priests.
No need for idols,
No need for worship.
No need for prayer.
No need for superstition.
No need for cathedrals,
No need for heavens.
No need for purgatories.
No need for infernos.
No need for anything.
Awareness is all.

* * * *

Idealistic notions have a way of creeping into consciousness,
No matter how You make every attempt to swat them away.

* * * *

All our ancestors combined did not have all the experiential adventures that current times offer.
A world ripe, a world seasoned, for exploration, and mindsets so much freer of cultural constraints.
Would they envy us, or shake their heads in disbelief over the absurdity so many have embraced.

* * * *

There is nothing to follow, nothing to be, nothing to do.
You are your own teacher, You are your own student.
Learn whatever suits You, do whatever draws You.
Live your life as freely as the given moment allows.

* * * *

Why would You follow any god that has any vanity or avarice or malice at all?
Everyone else does, why shouldn't You, is that really what you're settling for?

* * * *

What is this garden planet, what is this pale blue dot,
But a tiny speck of dust, spinning away in the void.
All that vanity and greed, absolutely meaningless.

* * * *

When it comes to an opportunity for any military to rain destruction down upon the masses,
The reality is they gotta get rid of all that cobwebbed inventory somehow.
Gotta keep the military-industrial complex in business.
Gotta ring up another cha-ching.
As Orwell, in his prescience noted, the powers that be,
Cannot allow the masses get too comfortable, and in the long run, too intelligent.
The little people always pay the price for the tribal thinking of narcissism's vanity and hedonism's greed.

* * * *

What will come of all this?
Well, absolutely nothing, of course, and what do You care?
Worlds come and go, stars come and go, galaxies come and go, universes come and go.
Only You remain, awareness, eternally alone.

* * * *

It is about the words, and what if anything, they in combination,
Perchance spark into consciousness, perchance at some higher level.

* * * *

Life or death, every moment a decision.
Another day; let the countdown continue.

* * * *

What would happen if all of humanity suddenly shifted into an enlightened paradigm?
What an absurd thing to bother pondering; You make me laugh plenty ha-ha hard, Pilgrim.

* * * *

Where is the yoke in these writings? Where is the burden?
What yoke can the clarity of rationality ever create,
But a mindfulness to not accept any pretense,
At least as far as the ultimate truth goes.
We all have to survive, to abide, in some how, in some way.
The one-percenters have always set the tone, to which all below yield or perish,
But You need not give the insatiable beast more than the token morsels of vanity and greed it demands.
Play their theater, endure your stage, with whatever serenity and harmony You can muster,
In whatever dreamtime this ever-kaleidoscoping quantum garden manifests.

* * * *

All this is written because it is how imagination entices me into giving it the wheel.

All this is perused because it is how imagination entices You into giving it the wheel.

* * * *

Inflation is about ridiculous prices, about ridiculous sizes,
And supply chains dissolving before they can even get there.

* * * *

Nothing can be more, nothing can be less, nothing can be, but what it is.
What more is there to say, what more is there to do, what more is there to be?

* * * *

See the nothingness.
Hear the nothingness.
Taste the nothingness.
Inhale the nothingness.
Feel the nothingness.
Be the nothingness.

* * * *

Perhaps this matrix all began because You got a craving, a hankering, an itch,
To do something more than just be timeless nothingness.
So here You right-here-right-now are,
Imprisoned by a creation, far from conclusion.

* * * *

Being in the moment, being the moment, being the pure unadulterated awareness,
Prior to the movement of consciousness, prior to the movement of imagination,
Is a discipline not easily forged, and only by the rare few drawn to the quest.

* * * *

The mind's eye, bent by the trivia of time, is lost in the tapestry of imagination.
All the yesterdays, all the tomorrows, however any given moment is nooked and crannied,
Are a long and convoluted maze, in which imagination, through eternity weaves.
All threads are relative to the mind's eye in which they are beheld.
None more absolute, more true, than any other's.

* * * *

This blob, this wall of flesh, this sheen of light,
Is outside and inside the one and only You,
Each and every kaleidoscoping moment.
Duality is the lie born of imagination.

* * * *

In the great relativity, what is the human species but a throng of crunchy-chewy-gooey microorganisms,
With arms and legs, hearts and minds, portraying every variety of pride and greed and futility,
Every variety of narcissism and hedonism, imagination has the audacity to muster.
There is no possible triumphant ending to this Shakespearian filibuster,
Told by idiots, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

* * * *

That answer is yes.
That answer is no.
That answer is maybe.
Maybe does not mean yes.

* * * *

What can we expect with software that is billions of years old?
A long fire-sharpened stick, and maybe a sling, with whatever stones were about,
Was what our kind got along with, most of our post-jungle, around-the-world, Petri-dish walkabout.

* * * *

The final solution to the blasphemy of the human paradigm is extinction.
How long it can be dodged, how long it can be forestalled, how long it can be annulled,
Is a question for history to answer, if there perchance happens to be anyone left to ponder the question.
Who will be the last man, the last woman, the last boy, the last girl, the last any tag?
And how could that one last shimmer of human intelligence,
Possibly know, much less care,
As that last breath, without fanfare, quietly expires.
And the eternal quantum mystery, kaleidoscopes on, nary a tremor to the beat.

* * * *

Almost like You never did it.
Almost like You never saw it.
Almost like You never heard it.
Almost like You never tasted it.
Almost like You never smelled it.
Almost like You never sensed it.
Like it never happened at all.

* * * *

You cannot hold on to anything for more than an instant at a time.
And even in that moment, there is nothing that is not quantum illusion.
You are the awareness, You are the mystery, that is witness to all of eternity,
Whirling and twirling within and without, that which is neither within or without.
Forever is a fallacious idea, an imaginary notion; only as real as imagination imagines.

* * * *

The attributes of mental and physical health
Have many aspects, many characteristics, many points of view:

Acuity
Adroitness
Agility
Alertness
Athleticism
Balance

Brawniness
Cardio
Tone
Concentration
Coordination
Core
Drive
Energy
Dexterity
Discipline
Durability
Dynamism
Ease
Efficiency
Effortlessness
Élan
Endurance
Energy
Equilibrium
Fitness
Flexibility
Fluidity
Force
Grit
Gumption
Hardiness
Healthiness
Ingenuity
Litheness
Liveliness
Might
Muscularity
Nimbleness
Poise
Potency
Power
Proficiency
Quality
Quickness
Reaction
Resilience
Resoluteness
Robustness
Self-Assurance
Sharpness
Skill
Slickness
Speed

Spryness
Stability
Stamina
Staying Power
Steadiness
Strength
Sturdiness
Suppleness
Swiftness
Toughness
Velocity
Verve
Vigor
Vitality
Vivacity
Willpower

Best not leave well-being to chance if You wish to live long and well.

* * * *

You do not have to keep playing the game.
Just get up from the table and gone-boy elsewhere.
Bam! Instantly homeless, and free to willy-nilly walkabout.

* * * *

To imagine the horrors on the horizon, is the dystopian cuisine of philosophers,
And fiction writers of book and screen, and the vast spectrum of all things tabloid.

* * * *

Getting out while the getting's good, may save You a lot of pain and bother,
And leave family and friends with a little less anguish,
And perhaps more treasure.

* * * *

The Foundation of Serenity:
Forgiveness
Innocence
Compassion
Contentment
Truth

* * * *

Wonder how much of that tax-fee-license-tariff-permit-ticket-toll -fare,
Goes into food and booze and round-the-water-cooler-and-dumbphone time.

* * * *

You are not going to evade an iceberg once it is already gutting the hull like a hapless fish.
A waste of time even thinking about it; may as well enjoy whatever is left, pedal to the metal.

* * * *

Now.
It is not a belief system.
There are no leaders, there are no followers.
There are no sanctuaries, there are no scriptures, there are no doctrines.
There are no priests, nor is there any need for faith, nor others.
There is only the right-here-right-now moment.
There is only primeval awareness.
There is only You.
Alone.

* * * *

All the human beings You have known as friends and family;
As lovers, acquaintances, coworkers, strangers, adversaries, enemies,
Have all, each and every one, wrought the frame of reference, of the witness,
The mind, the awareness, the Self, that has chanced upon this aphorism.

* * * *

Each and every moment, each and every perception of your existence,
Is a translation, a rendition, an epiphany, a revelation, an insight,
That is continually incorporated into your frame of reference.
The pattern You are, the part You play, was scripted from the get-go.

* * * *

Does tabula rasa think itself tabula rasa?
Does a microbe think itself a microbe?
Does a squirrel think itself a squirrel?
Does a salmon think itself a salmon?
Does a spider think itself a spider?
Does a turtle think itself a turtle?
Does an ant think itself an ant?
Does a frog think itself a frog?
Does a squid think itself a squid?
Does a lobster think itself a lobster?
Does a sparrow think itself a sparrow?
Does a newborn think itself a newborn?
Does awareness think itself awareness?
Does cosmos think itself cosmos?
Does now think itself now?
Does Self think itself Self?
Do You think yourself You?
Does mystery think itself mystery?

* * * *

Same old bubble of misinformation.
Same old bubble of deception.
Same old bubble of contention.

Same old bubble of conspiracy.
Same old bubble of fraud.
Same old bubble of treachery
Same old bubble of dishonesty.
Same old bubble of artifice.
Same old bubble of stories.
Same old bubble of invention.
Same old bubble of tall tales.
Same old bubble of falsehoods.
Same old bubble of lies.
Same old bubble of notions.
Same old bubble of absurdity.
Same old bubble of debate.
Same old bubble of belief.
Same old bubble of trickery.
Same old bubble of controversy.
Same old bubble of argument.
Same old bubble of shams.
Same old bubble of subterfuge.
Same old bubble of claims.
Same old bubble of excuses.
Same old bubble of half-truths.
Same old bubble of propaganda.
Same old bubble of spin.
Same old bubble of fabrication.
Same old bubble of duplicity.
Same old bubble of cheating.
Same old bubble of opinion.
Same old bubble of strife.
Same old bubble of dispute.
Same old bubble of disagreement.
Same old bubble of whatever.

* * * *

The mind bent by the trivia of time, clings, contained, compelled.
The mind given over to awareness, streams, unbridled, boundless.

* * * *

All religions are cults that call themselves religions,
Once they get enough members and a few buildings.

* * * *

Where is the mind that is but a still, serene pool of awareness?
Where is the mind, content merely to be the given moment?
Time is an illusion, space is an illusion, mind is an illusion.

* * * *

The tango between male and female has been a challenge, a debate, a competition,

Ever since mitosis mutated into meiosis over a billion-plus years ago.
It may not work well in this so-called civilized world,
But it is a partnership that got us here.

* * * *

How to be in the world, and not of it,
Is for each imaginary mind to alone discern,
On its long and winding pathless never traveled.
To surrender to the moment, to allow serenity to reign,
Can be a challenge for a mind shaped by striving and conflict.

Leftovers 2024

The only difference between any moment,
Is the continuous movement of sentience, of consciousness, of imagination,
Interpreting the perpetual input of the allotted senses,
As they weave their universes.

* * * *

To believe You can ever know your unknowable is delusional.
All You can do is be the awareness that You every moment are.

* * * *

Awareness is ever-present, ever now.
It is up to consciousness to throw in the towel,
If it seeks to get anywhere in the vicinity of keeping up,
With the eternity in every breath, in every step, in every moment.

* * * *

Measuring stardust always ends up at the same dead end, the same blank wall,
As every other illusion-delusion perception, the monkey-mind has ever devised.

* * * *

With just one twist of a sentence, or one scene upon a screen,
A writer can turn any plot, in ways reality can never fathom.

* * * *

We all spend our early years, exploring, probing, our capacities and limitations.
The early branches to our fates, prove not all can be destined for great things.
Power and fame and fortune, oftentimes eludes even the most determined.
Rest assured, something will happen, whether or not it matches the aspirations.

* * * *

Imagination, despite all its efforts, races the moment, to no avail.
The awareness, is always to and beyond any brass ring, in every race.

* * * *

This eternally timeless moment seems real, but in the next, is forever gone.
And the next, and the next, and every other next, forever on and on.
And then, with the final wheezing breath. they are all done and gone forever.
And the placidly philosophical Tralfamadorians, all nod in unison, the ‘So it goes’ nod.

* * * *

The entire human paradigm,
Is made up of stories that we live and die by.
None real; all, imagined.

* * * *

It is attachment to the mind-body and its quantum sensory theater,
That holds You back from being the timeless eternal moment You are.
Simply detach from the dreamtime, and You will be the only You there is.

* * * *

Abiding chronic agony is never easy for any.
One must mine deeply into the depths of the lifeforce,
To glean the will, the grit, the gumption, to endure the daily slog.

* * * *

How can the intangible moment, the intangible awareness,
Be anything but unutterably priceless to the measuring mind?

* * * *

Mother Nature bats first, she bats last, she bats every moment between.
For the human species, to believe it can, with impunity, forever stretch and break her rules,
Is absolute madness beyond all pales, absurdity ad infinitum on steroids.
The unfolding dystopian catastrophe has barely begun.
How lucky You are, if You are old.

* * * *

That subtle belief in the human mind, that it is more, that it will be more,
Is the false flag of consciousness, enticing You back,
Into its foggy illusion-delusion.

* * * *

All differences attain the same grave.
All stories are but imaginary tales.
Be and allow is the highest law.

* * * *

Conscious breathing is the about the only way to keep up with the awareness,
And even then, it is a horse race, in which consciousness,
Is always going to come up short.

* * * *

Every religion, every military, every sport, every business,
Every club, every fraternity, every sorority, every band, every gang,
Every group everywhere, has its funny little dress code.
Groupthink is all in the human paradigm.

* * * *

Face it, bro, we are in an extremely bizarre dream, and death appears the only escape, maybe.
It may seem very touchy-feely real, but that is because the quantum programming is friggin' amazing.
Whether it was natural selection or some supreme deity's design, is not worth quarreling about.
If there is more to it, that is way above any pay grade, anyone here is deigned to know.

* * * *

You must come from somewhere; and You will stay or go,
And perhaps return, perhaps several times, as the Fates ordain.

* * * *

How big do You require the statistical sample to be,
To get the gist of what it is to have existed as a human being?
Contentment, with all You have seen, all You have done, is the brass ring.

* * * *

How all this came about, can never ever be known; everything is speculation.
Anyone who pretends to know something should be ignored,
Or laughed at, until they go far, far away.

* * * *

Scientific Method is the most rational, precise way, to examine this mystery, but it is far from infallible.

Scientific Method … noun … a method of procedure,
That has characterized natural science since the 17th century,
Consisting in systematic observation, measurement, and experiment,
And the formulation, testing, and modification of hypotheses.

1) Define the question
2) Gather information and resources (observe)
3) Form hypothesis
4) Perform experiment and collect data
5) Analyze data
6) Interpret data and draw conclusions that serve as a starting point for new hypothesis
7) Publish results
8) Retest (frequently done by other scientists)

* * * *

What is this thing we call death, but the end of another beginning.
Yet another trifling moment, done and undone, in quantum timeless.

* * * *

Odds are, no one will ever be as interested in your world as You are.
It would be an impossible feat for anyone to ever put aside their own.

* * * *

Your existence, your world, your universe,
Is but an illusion of perception born of imagination,
Inspired by the five senses, linked to the mind, You call yours.
The reality You are, is so much greater, than the minute shimmer allotted.

* * * *

To be … the truth … the life … the way …
Is to be in absolute, solitary relationship,
With the moment, with the singularity,

You, awareness, every moment are.

* * * *

All your power, all your prestige, all your wealth, does not make You special.
We all end up, with all our fellow earthlings, in the same grave, sooner or later.
Build all the castles You please, climb every mountain You can, it is all for naught.

* * * *

History can be looked at from an infinity of angles and dimensions.
Personal history, group history, world history, natural history, universal history.
There is no end to the myriad ways consciousness can cut the pie, it has in imagination baked.

* * * *

Infinite or infinitesimal, the awareness does not care.
Spiritual or agnostic, the awareness does not care.
Clean or dirty, the awareness does not care.
Live or die, the awareness does not care.
Wealthy or poor, the awareness does not care.
Alive or dead, the awareness does not care.
Believer or atheist, the awareness does not care.
Subtle or blatant, the awareness does not care.
Kind or cruel, the awareness does not care.
Sane or insane, the awareness does not care.
Straight or gay, the awareness does not care.
Sage or fool, the awareness does not care.
Fast or slow, the awareness does not care.
Do or do not, the awareness does not care.
Long or short, the awareness does not care.
Succeed or fail, the awareness does not care.
Love or hate, the awareness does not care.
Still or moving, the awareness does not care.
Real or unreal, the awareness does not care.
Tit or tat, the awareness does not care.
For or against, the awareness does not care.
Up or down, the awareness does not care.
Around or through, the awareness does not care.
Clear or unclear, the awareness does not care.
Fat or thin, the awareness does not care.
Strong or weak, the awareness does not care.
Gratis or priceless, the awareness does not care.
Hard or soft, the awareness does not care.
Give or take, the awareness does not care.
To or from, the awareness does not care.
Wise or foolish, the awareness does not care.
Beautiful or ugly, the awareness does not care.
Big or small, the awareness does not care.
Known or unknown, the awareness does not care.
Fore or aft, the awareness does not care.

Awake or asleep, the awareness does not care.
Heavy or light, the awareness does not care.
Rich or poor, the awareness does not care.
Awake or asleep, the awareness does not care.
True or false, the awareness does not care.
Ecstasy or agony, the awareness does not care.
First or last, the awareness does not care.
Creative or destructive, the awareness does not care.
Full or empty, the awareness does not care.
Sweet or bitter, the awareness does not care.
Loud or quiet, the awareness does not care.
Straight or rounded, the awareness does not care.
Bright or dim, the awareness does not care.
Well or unwell, the awareness does not care.
Astute or obtuse, the awareness does not care.
Like or unlike, the awareness does not care.
Appealing or revolting, the awareness does not care.
Clear or opaque, the awareness does not care.
Thick or thin, the awareness does not care.
Brave or cowardly, the awareness does not care.
Sweet or sour, the awareness does not care.
Equal or lopsided, the awareness does not care.
King or slave, the awareness does not care.
Queen or whore, the awareness does not care.
Expansive or contractive, the awareness does not care.
Soft or harsh, the awareness does not care.
Young or old, the awareness does not care.
Male or female, the awareness does not care.
Honest or dishonest, the awareness does not care.
Wild or tame, the awareness does not care.
Early or late, the awareness does not care.
Pure or foul, the awareness does not care.
Cautious or reckless, the awareness does not care.
Hit or miss, the awareness does not care.
Lead or follow, the awareness does not care.
High or low, the awareness does not care.
Naive or cynical, the awareness does not care.
Truth or lie, the awareness does not care.
Deep or shallow, the awareness does not care.
Open or closed, the awareness does not care.
Rational or absurd, the awareness does not care.
Near or far, the awareness does not care.
Singular or dual, the awareness does not care.
In or out, the awareness does not care.
Free or imprisoned, the awareness does not care.
Yes or no, the awareness does not care.
Attached or detached, the awareness does not care.
Course or fine, the awareness does not care.

All or none, the awareness does not care.
Shiny or dull, the awareness does not care.
Smart or stupid, the awareness does not care.
Tall or short, the awareness does not care.
Forward or backward, the awareness does not care.
Before or after, the awareness does not care.
Selfless or selfish, the awareness does not care.
One or two, the awareness does not care.
Within or without, the awareness does not care.
Yay or nay, the awareness does not care.
Close or distant, the awareness does not care.
Normal or weird, the awareness does not care.
Wet or dry, the awareness does not care.
Hot or cold, the awareness does not care.
Constant or fickle, the awareness does not care.
Positive or negative, the awareness does not care.
Happy or sad, the awareness does not care.
Fair or unfair, the awareness does not care.
Over or under, the awareness does not care.
Similar or different, the awareness does not care.
Loose or tight, the awareness does not care.
Plus or minus, the awareness does not care.
Above or below, the awareness does not care.
Inside or outside, the awareness does not care.
Simple or complex, the awareness does not care.
Black or white, the awareness does not care.
Smooth or coarse, the awareness does not care.
Wide or narrow, the awareness does not care.
Gentle or cruel, the awareness does not care.
Humble or vain, the awareness does not care.
On or off, the awareness does not care.
Here or there, the awareness does not care.
Have or have not, the awareness does not care.
Sharp or dull, the awareness does not care.
Good or bad, the awareness does not care.
Right or wrong, the awareness does not care.
Everything or nothing, the awareness does not care.
Something or nothing, the awareness does not care.
White or black, the awareness does not care.
Light or dark, the awareness does not care.
This or that, the awareness does not care.

Awareness holds on to nothing; why do You?

* * * *

Without doubt, without hesitation, without disbelief,
There is no starting down the path less traveled.
A divergent path, where serendipity rules.

An uncharted path, where insecurity is the norm.
A long and winding path, where spontaneity is a delight.
And in that … no direction known … inexplicable fates are drawn.

* * * *

The magical mystery tour of imagination.
Time and space are mind-body illusion.
Five senses contrive a cosmic theater.
The agony, the ecstasy, the absurdity.
All are helpless upshots of mutation.
The genetic lottery casts all askew.
Sand ever falling in the hourglass.
Quantum matrix, the same in all.
The awareness, the same in all.
The sentience, the same in all.
The moment, the same in all.
The mystery, the same in all.
We are stardust, come to life.
Dust to dust, ashes to ashes.
We are cousins of the puddle.
All are molded by their niche.
Who has ever had any choice?
Who has ever seen their face?
Who has ever been like me?
Who has ever been like You?
Who has ever been like him?
Who has ever been like her?
Who has ever been like them?
We are all just prisoners here.
All adrift in labyrinth of mind.
Ever more in common than not.
Belief is but a delusionary fog.
Be and allow, the highest law.
‘Tis but an hour, strutted, fretted.
Vanity and greed rule the world.
A species unable to contain itself.
A cancer devouring our dust ball.
The horror, the horror, no respite.
No one sees their allotted facade.
All wander the same stage, alone.
Nothing is ever the same nothing.
All lives are but imaginary dreams.
All differences are but shell games.
We are cousins of natural selection.
So many trivial things given weight.
All differences share the same grave.
Paradox and irony and absurdity rule.
The sound, the fury, signifying nothing.

* * * *

The good news is there is nothing to believe.
The good news is there is nothing to seek.
The good news is there is nothing to worship.
The good news is there is nothing know.
The good news is there is nothing to follow.
The good news is there is nothing to judge.
The good news is there is nothing to ponder.
The good news is there is nothing to do.
The good news is there is nothing to undo
The good news is there is nothing say.
The good news is there is nothing to be.
The good news is there is nothing accept.
The good news is there is nothing to deny.
The good news is there is nothing to study.
The good news is there is nothing to join.
The good news is there is nothing to create.
The good news is there is nothing to surrender.
The good news is there is nothing to reflect.
The good news is there is nothing to generate.
The good news is there is nothing to consent.
The good news is there is nothing to divide.
The good news is there is nothing to contend.
The good news is there is nothing to refuse.
The good news is there is nothing to permit.
The good news is there is nothing to ignore.
The good news is there is nothing to borrow.
The good news is there is nothing to commit.
The good news is there is nothing to align.
The good news is there is nothing to merge.
The good news is there is nothing to wallow.
The good news is there is nothing to grapple.
The good news is there is nothing to strain.
The good news is there is nothing to solicit.
The good news is there is nothing to negotiate.
The good news is there is nothing to claim.
The good news is there is nothing to assert.
The good news is there is nothing to evaluate.
The good news is there is nothing to moderate.
The good news is there is nothing to regulate.
The good news is there is nothing to barter.
The good news is there is nothing to control.
The good news is there is nothing to tame.
The good news is there is nothing to mediate.
The good news is there is nothing to speculate.
The good news is there is nothing to guess.
The good news is there is nothing to appraise.

The good news is there is nothing to battle.
The good news is there is nothing to tithe.
The good news is there is nothing to promote.
The good news is there is nothing to decide.
The good news is there is nothing to concede.
The good news is there is nothing to bargain.
The good news is there is nothing to yearn.
The good news is there is nothing to shelter.
The good news is there is nothing to appeal.
The good news is there is nothing to summon.
The good news is there is nothing to mediate.
The good news is there is nothing to obligate.
The good news is there is nothing to evaluate.
The good news is there is nothing to calculate.
The good news is there is nothing to achieve.
The good news is there is nothing to build.
The good news is there is nothing to coerce.
The good news is there is nothing to compel.
The good news is there is nothing to measure
The good news is there is nothing to refute.
The good news is there is nothing to grasp.
The good news is there is nothing to protect.
The good news is there is nothing to gauge.
The good news is there is nothing to defend.
The good news is there is nothing to renounce.
The good news is there is nothing to establish.
The good news is there is nothing to dissolve.
The good news is there is nothing to retain.
The good news is there is nothing to embrace.
The good news is there is nothing to reject.
The good news is there is nothing to relinquish.
The good news is there is nothing to conquer.
The good news is there is nothing to subdue.
The good news is there is nothing to expand.
The good news is there is nothing to contract.
The good news is there is nothing to require.
The good news is there is nothing to request.
The good news is there is nothing to possess.
The good news is there is nothing to approve.

The good news is that …
The eternal moment, the eternal awareness, the eternal singularity, the eternal You,
The ineffable You, the indivisible You, the indelible You, the unfathomable You, the indefinable You,
Is free and clear of all trespass, free and clear of any yoke, whatsoever.
You are it, it is You, there is no other.
Be, free.

* * * *

What is it about humankind and its genomic blend, that it is so insecure, that it is so fearful,
That it, across all geographies, has imagined a supreme deity or a gaggle of deities,
To praise or blame for the blessings and misfortunes of this mortal theater?
Surely, existing as gracefully as possible in the given ebb and flow,
Is enough for anyone sensibly abiding the rhythms of nature.
There is no exultant ending to any mortal narrative.
To endure it rationally, stoically, is an admirable achievement.

* * * *

You are the timeless awareness.
You are the eternal moment.
You are all the worlds.
You are all the stars,
You are all the stardust.
You are every quantum display.
You are all the space within and without.
You are the entire universe, and beyond all beyonds.
You are the infinitesimal, the infinite, unborn-undying totality.
You are the ineffable, inexplicable mystery, in which all appearances dance.

* * * *

How is it that so many seers of this infinite, indifferent mystery,
Generate so much absurdity, that morphs into so much painful misery?
How much better for the all, it might be, to stay silent, to say little or nothing.
Daito Kokushi, fourteenth century Japanese Zen master of the Rinzai school, wrote:
“Wishing to entice the blind, The Buddha has playfully let words escape his golden mouth.
Heaven and earth are ever since filled with entangling briars.”
Hopefully, these way too many cogitations,
Will find their way to oblivion,
Before wreaking too much mayhem.
One can never discern how noble intentions,
Will be warped and perverted in the theaters of mind.

* * * *

All sentience is the awareness.
You are the awareness.
I am the awareness.
He is the awareness.
She is the awareness.
They are the awareness.
The same awareness is in all things.
Despite all imaginary concoctions to the contrary,
There is no other.

* * * *

Prior to consciousness.
Prior to sentience.
Prior to dreams.

Prior to words.
Prior to thought.
Prior to narratives.
Prior to forms, You are.

* * * *

Call it eternity.
Call it God.
Call it awareness.
Call it the moment.
Call it now.
Call it perpetuity.
Call it infinity.
Call it nothing.
Call it everything.
Call it ineffable.
Call it mystery.
Call it whatever.
It is the same nothing, it is the same everything, it is, has ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Science and all related fields, can never grasp the full truth,
Because truth, is prior to all things measurable,
Prior to all things theoretical,
Prior to all things born of consciousness.
It is the indelible, ineffable, intangible indivisibility.
It is the unknowable, inexplicable, unborn-undying mystery, prior to all.

* * * *

What could awareness possibly need?
What could awareness possibly want?
What could awareness possibly fear?
What could awareness possibly dread?
What could awareness possibly love?
What could awareness possibly hate?
What could awareness possibly believe?
What could awareness possibly see?
What could awareness possibly hear?
What could awareness possibly smell?
What could awareness possibly taste?
What could awareness possibly feel?
What could awareness possibly think?
What could awareness possibly know?
What could awareness possibly anything?

As is written in the Sixth Sutra of Manuel Schoch's
Bitten by the Black Snake translation of the Ashtravaka Gita:

You are not your body, your body is not You.
You are not the doer, You are not the enjoyer.
You are pure awareness, the witness of all things.
You are without expectation, free.
Wherever You go, be happy.

* * * *

You pose, You pretend, You politic, You participate, as your sensory theater dictates.
To consider yourself free in the winds of this choiceless pattern You play, is absurd.

* * * *

Awareness is the inherent mystery.
There is no deity to worship.
There is no groupthink.
There is no ministry.
There is no doctrine.
There is but awareness.
And it is free, to any and all,
Who have the insight to fathom it.

* * * *

It is imagination that craves, not the awareness.
It is imagination that fears, not the awareness.
It is imagination that dreads, not the awareness.
It is imagination that loves, not the awareness.
It is imagination that hates, not the awareness.
It is imagination that suffers, not the awareness.
It is imagination that delights, not the awareness.
It is imagination that cherishes, not the awareness.
It is imagination that trusts, not the awareness.
It is imagination that believes, not the awareness.
It is imagination that inquires, not the awareness.
It is imagination that explores, not the awareness.
It is imagination that scorns, not the awareness.
It is imagination that lusts, not the awareness.
It is imagination that deceives, not the awareness.
It is imagination that lies, not the awareness.
It is imagination that cheats, not the awareness.
It is imagination that agonizes, not the awareness.
It is imagination that steals, not the awareness.
It is imagination that creates, not the awareness.
It is imagination that preserves, not the awareness.
It is imagination that destroys, not the awareness.
It is imagination that seeks, not the awareness.
It is imagination that finds, not the awareness.
It is imagination that raptures, not the awareness.

The root of everything human, is the stew of imagination.

* * * *

All are mesmerized by the quantum matrix.
A few and far between awaken to that which all truly are,
But even they likely fall into slumber more than they might care admit.
Few can long sit in a cave, staring at a wall, and not be drawn out into the dreamtime,
At least occasionally for short bouts of drinking and whoring and sundry other disreputable respites.

* * * *

The small have their time, as do the large; all are predators, all are prey.
There are no survivors in this unborn-undying eternal mystery.
Only witnesses born into illusions beyond counting.

* * * *

We all wander in the same ineffable, eternal moment,
With entirely different perceptions, different worlds, different universes.
Pretty tough for imagination, in its never-ending swirl of space-time, to do anything the same.

* * * *

Yes, there is a supreme deity, and it is peering out through your eyes,
As it is through those of every other sentient creature,
Ever fashioned in all of creation.
And it is not that awareness that judges the creation,
But You, and all the other two-leggeds, across the human paradigm,
Who wrought what they see, into heavens and hells of their habituated persuasions.
Like Santa Claus in the Christmas jingle, everyone is keeping their lists, and checking them twice.
So many, wander about, believing what they think so important to some on-high,
But it is never more than the muddled miasma of imagination.
We all come and go; only awareness remains.
Untouched by any of it.

* * * *

So many dreams before this moment, so many dreams after this moment.
All the same simultaneous moment; indivisibly, ineffably, indelibly timeless.
Space and time, and all it myriad forms, are but the inventions of consciousness.
Discern the quantum play for what it is, and perceive the ether of awareness, You are.

* * * *

History, whether the leather-chair-pipe-smoking sort, steeped in scholarly exactness,
Or the fictional variety by storytellers, using smatterings of this and that, to punctuate their tales,
Are always just stories, born of imagination, in its ceaseless play of space and time.
Eternity is ever oblivious to the busy-busy of human consciousness.

* * * *

What will You do when You finally awaken to the fact, that the deity or deities,
That You spent your life worshipping, have never existed as more than imaginary idols.
That all the time, all the effort, all the treasury, all the dread of heavens and hells, was for naught.

* * * *

Like the pruning of any young tree or bush,
The natural selections of any species early in its game,
Dictate its unchangeable traits down the line.

* * * *

In the stick-shift of the mind, learn where neutral is,
So You can slow down every once and a while,
And watch the road less traveled in glide.

* * * *

Imagination being what it is, truth to one, is blasphemy to another.
And all the while, the truth in every ethereal moment, all but ignored.

* * * *

So astounding, that every single, solitary, timeless moment,
The universe, huge beyond all comprehension,
Kaleidoscopes simultaneously.

* * * *

Orgasms are created by friction; flesh rubbing against flesh, or some other thing or another.
Masturbation is merely the solo version of the quest for pleasure.
No need to make it a taboo.

* * * *

Awareness does not exist; it is not alive.
Only imagination imagines it is the mind-body,
And the reverie through which it wanders.
You are but a figment of imagination.

* * * *

The strategies and tactics of any planning,
Be they battle or business or game or life,
Must always remain dynamic and flexible,
In the ever-changing ripples flowing about.

* * * *

Is it space and time that move, or the mind that witnesses it?
The mind which only imagines itself separate from the totality.
The mind which is the entirety of eternity, unknowable to all.

* * * *

Where is the word, the number, the note, the hieroglyphic, in the moment?
All movement of mind is nothing more than the creation of imagination.
How can language and mathematics and music and other cryptograms,
Be anything more than imaginary constructs in the ethereality of eternity?

* * * *

Odds are, an oxygenated mind,
Has much better chance at happiness and contentment,
Than the oxygen-deprived sort.

* * * *

Plan and prepare your estate, your legacy, and other wishes, as best You can for after your demise,
But know that many if not most intentions may well go other ways,
And You will neither know nor care.

* * * *

You really believe human life is sacrosanct in this dream?
Try telling that to Mother Nature, and all her other creations.
Go tell it on the mountain, so to speak, if You think it will listen.
And be mindful about that bear behind You.

* * * *

Eternity makes space and time,
And all quantum illusions possible.
Where would clouds be without the sky?

* * * *

Memory creates a sense past, a sense of future, a sense of identity, a sense of culture,
A sense of history, in an eternity that neither cares about, nor remembers anything.

* * * *

Prior to all this folderol, all this absurdity, all this madness,
There is nothing into which consciousness can lay its hooks.

* * * *

It takes a no-frills to middling amount of doubt and detachment,
Of pluck and valor, of grit and gumption, of boldness and humility,
To embrace the eternal totality, You are, have ever been, will ever be.
And in the same ever-present moment, are not, never were, will never be.

* * * *

Looking back at your entire existence,
What say did You have in anything,
That lead You to be reading this?
Or me having pondered it for You?

* * * *

Never pass up a golden opportunity for a good shit or piss.
Get that poison out whenever the entrails are up for an offering.

* * * *

What is any dreamtime, fostered by any sentience, but the infinity of momentary awareness,
Peering out in every achievable, naturally-selected, quantum way,

Into that which is both part and whole.

* * * *

Any existence is replete with compromises and compensations.
Even the most principled, must flounder, at least occasionally.

* * * *

It all being a phantasmic quantum illusion,
Your entire existence has been spent talking to your Self.
On the grandest scale, humility is meaningless.

* * * *

Anticipation is well and good when thoughts are pleasant ones,
But far less so when the mind does not fathom them in a positive light.
How to negotiate existence in any given moment, without the shadow of time,
Is ofttimes a challenge for those who would be eternally timeless.

* * * *

Only rarely hurts to experiment with changing up any given game a bit.
New strategies, new tactics, varied approaches, can be quite redeeming.

* * * *

You came.
You saw.
You listened.
You tasted.
You smelled.
You touched.
You departed.

* * * *

Wonder how many of these ancient histories we believe really happened,
Were really nothing more than campfire stories to amuse and inspire some tribe.
No more real than all the books, movies, television shows, with which we fill our time.
How easy it can be, for fiction to spin its way into supposed fact, in many an undiscerning mind.

* * * *

Attention to the timeless moment is the sword of discernment.
It can be used to conquer worlds, or one's Self.
All fates are reckoned alone.

* * * *

And what exactly does that little piece of frothy trivia do for You,
Other than to make You yet another game show monkey contender.

* * * *

Where is the yoke in these writings? Where is the burden?
What yoke can the clarity of rationality ever create,

But a mindfulness to not accept any pretense,
At least as far as the ultimate truth goes.

* * * *

The song of mystery has an infinity of verses.
Many universes all making up a vast multiverse.
There is no beginning to it; there is no end to it,
Except the eternal oneness, that is source to all.

* * * *

The fundamental purpose of any language is communication.
To call the English language a bastard is profoundly wrong.
It is a mutt, a mix of lingual coding, that is strong and healthy,
Intelligent, rational, formidable, spirited, robust, stable, fearless,
And serves all well, in whatever way the ineffable moment requires.

* * * *

The goal of any writer is to plant something in other minds that will not be easily forgotten.
Who knows how many works are in used book stores and landfills,
And internet websites and burn piles,
And ancient libraries long ago fallen into ruin,
That never or barely even got a chance to be remembered.

* * * *

Another day of beating your head,
Against the illusion, the pretense, the futility,
Of imagining there is more, of imagining You are more.
It is what it is; You are what You are: this very moment, awareness.
An eternal mystery; unfathomable, indivisible, ineffable.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
What more is there to say?

* * * *

Yes, You have explored so many things.
Your mind is full of every variety of minutiae.
But truthfully, Pilgrim, what do You genuinely know?
You must empty the mind to discern what is, and what is not.
Wisdom is the loftiest mainstay of consciousness,
And even it must yield to oblivion.

* * * *

I, Quantum.
You, Quantum.
He, Quantum.
She, Quantum.
Us, Quantum.
It, Quantum.
All, Quantum.

* * * *

How surreal, the light.
How surreal, the tastes.
How surreal, the smells.
How surreal, the sounds.
How surreal, the textures.
How surreal, the sentience.
How surreal, the dream.
How surreal, the Self.

* * * *

I, Awareness.
You, Awareness.
He, Awareness.
She, Awareness.
Us, Awareness.
It, Awareness.
All, Awareness.

* * * *

Analog clocks spin.
Digital clocks emanate.
Calendar pages turn and turn.
Sun and moon go round and round.
Eternity never starts long enough to stop.

* * * *

What more is there to see?
What more is there to hear?
What more is there to taste?
What more is there to smell?
What more is there to feel?
What more is there to be?
What more is there to say?
What more is there to do?
What more is there to own?
What more is there to want?
What more is there to know?
What more is there to believe?
What more is there to pretend?
What more is there to love?
What more is there to hate?
What more is there to judge?
What more is there to destroy?
What more is there to preserve?
What more is there to create?

And yet, we slog on and on.

* * * *

A few lists of all the potential horrors we and our fellow earthlings face:

Climate change
Food
Gender equality
Poverty
Health
Human rights
Water scarcity
Children
Ageing
AIDS
Biodiversity
International law and Justice
Migration
Conflicts
Corruption
Cultural diversity
Environment
Overpopulation
Peace and security
Unemployment
Global Health
Pollution
Education
Nuclear proliferation

Underrated Issues

Whole brain emulation
Wild animal suffering
Safeguarding liberal democracy
Immigration restrictions
Spread of false ideas on social media
Science policy and infrastructure
High-leverage ways to speed up economic growth
Mental health

Top 10 world problems and their solutions

Climate Change
Wars and military conflicts
Water contamination
Human rights violation
Global health issues

Global poverty
Children's poor access to healthcare, education and safety
Access to food and hunger

Our list of the most pressing world problems

Risks from artificial intelligence
Catastrophic pandemics
Nuclear war
Great power war
Climate change

Similarly pressing but less developed areas

Civilization resilience
Suffering risks
Artificial sentience
Promoting positive values
Risks of stable totalitarianism
Space governance
Risks from atomically precise manufacturing
Risks from malevolent actors
Improving individual reasoning and cognition

Problems many of our readers prioritize

Factory farming
Easily preventable or treatable illness
Whole brain emulation
Wild animal suffering
Safeguarding liberal democracy
Immigration restrictions
Spread of false ideas on social media
Science policy and infrastructure
High-leverage ways to speed up economic growth
Mental health

* * * *

Damn all the clocks and calendars and worlds and moons and suns,
And anything else that tempts this mind-body back,
Into believing this dreamtime real.

* * * *

What are You but the infinity of awareness,
Peering out from the eternal moment through a sensory screen,
Into that which You are both part and whole.

* * * *

Dowse the flame of passion, still the ever-churning mind-body,
And discern the ever-present eternity, You every moment are.
Eternal life; it is that simple, for those simple enough to see.

* * * *

It is a god-eat-god, god-talk-to-god world.
It is a deity-eat-deity, deity-talk-to-deity world.
It is a mystery-eat-mystery, mystery-talk-to-mystery world.

* * * *

Why even bother with the word ‘love’, in a sorry-assed world,
Wherein, for only relatively brief moments, it bubbles to surface.
Sporadic visitations, for relatively limited, often dispirited showings.
As Willie Shakespeare implied times beyond: What fools these mortals be!

* * * *

Go to Your clear, endorphin-enriched mind, whenever You manage to remember it there,
As often as You are able, as often as You damn well please.
Preserve it with all Your might.

* * * *

How many would give anything to be standing in your shoes,
Doing dishes in clean water, next to a well-stocked refrigerator.

* * * *

Sad to think what we have done to the world,
That was so perfectly naturally-selected-Darwinesque,
Before we exited the jungles of long ago.

* * * *

Grit, gumption, initiative, work ethic, are not abstract, idealistic notions;
They are concrete states of mind, that make for a higher quality existence.

* * * *

Not easy to set aside all the scar tissue of a lifetime.
Consciousness, imagination, has a way of holding on,
To pretty much everything the mind-body has endured.
To be free, one must be very adept at being the moment.

* * * *

There is only the ether of awareness, eternal witness, unborn-undying, tabula rasa, right here, right now.

It has no forward.
It has no backward.
It has no right.
It has no left.
It has no up.
It has no down.

It has no before.
It has no after.
It has no form.
It has no traits.
It has no value.
It has no virtue.
It has no sight.
It has no sound.
It has no taste.
It has no smell.
It has no sense.
It has no voice.
It has no stories.
It has no good.
It has no bad.
It has no vanity.
It has no passion.
It has no hope.
It has no faith.
It has no need.
It has no greed.
It has no power.
It has no renown.
It has no wealth.
It has no ecstasy.
It has no agony.
It has no light.
It has no dark.
It has no birth.
It has no death.
It has no space.
It has no time.
It has no mind.
It has no imagination.

Earth, wind, water, fire, ethereal quantum dancers, eternity's genesis, ever present, ever kaleidoscoping.

* * * *

Why do You torture yourself so, over so many things that can never be changed.
To satisfy another is not necessary; perhaps only rarely possible.
To do your best is all that You can/should ever offer.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
Play your little part, as best ye are able.
Just remember Ecclesiastes 1:2
Vanity, vanity, all is vanity.

* * * *

Change is.

Some, You like.
Some, You never will.

Oh well.
So it goes.
Deal with it.
Get over it.
Move on.

All You can really do,
Is play your short little tale,
As best You are able.

* * * *

Each of the five sensory organs – eyes, ears nose, tongue, skin –
Translate a different scintilla of the electromagnetic spectrum.
And in the quantum mind, an illusory universe kaleidoscopes eternal,
And imagination makes apparent, the mystery timelessly witnessing all dreams.
All naught but quantum duplicity, seemingly real, to all but those born to see the ineffable.
So many are so adept at examining the illusion in every way, but at some point, what is the point?
To discern that which is real, that which is true, one must set aside the mundane, still the mind,
And simply be the mystery of awareness; the indivisible, indelible, ineffable witness, in all.

* * * *

What a challenge to realize in daily living, that, that tiny little voice in your head,
That sense of self that gradually came to dominate your existence,
Is an invention of the natural selection of our species,
And that everything it spout's, is delusion.
There is no deity, up in the clouds, watching everything,
Tracking everything our genomic ‘thespian inclination’ has Shakespeared.

* * * *

Where is the desire in the moment?
Where is the fear in the moment?
Where is the dread in the moment?
Where is the fervor in the moment?
Where is the anger in the moment?
Where is the lust in the moment?
Where is the jealousy in the moment?
Where is the envy in the moment?
Where is the sorrow in the moment?
Where is the suffering in the moment?
Where is the hate in the moment?
Where is the love in the moment?
Where is the vanity in the moment?
Where is the arrogance in the moment?
Where is the futility in the moment?
Where is the persona in the moment?

Where is the imagination in the moment?

Where is any passion, any outburst, any obsession,
But in the ductless glands and viscera of the mind-body,
Ineradicably bound to the quantum illusion of space and time.

* * * *

You are playful piper, flaming bush, enduring ferryman, ascetic recluse;
A wandering madman journeying a cosmos spun of imagination.
You are all things, You are all spaces, You are all times.
There is nothing that You are not, and nothing that You are.
You are the irony, the paradox; unnamed, unclaimed, untamed.

* * * *

The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely false narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely untrue narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely fake narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely incorrect narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely bogus narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely pretend narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely erroneous narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely wrong narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely sham narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely put-on narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely fallacious narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely dishonest narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely phony narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely made-up narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely deceptive narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely deceitful narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely forged narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely insincere narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely mistaken narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely made-up narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely copied narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely deceiving narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely insincere narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely artificial narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely fallacious narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely deceptive narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely fictitious narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely counterfeit narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely misleading narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely fabricated narrative.

It ain’t true, it ain’t real, it ain’t correct, and it ain’t gonna last for much more forever.
But oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on, play your little part, as best ye are able.

* * * *

Scientists measure, mathematicians gauge, engineers and architects and craftsmen build,
Businessmen buy and sell, industrialists manufacture, artists create,
Politicians compromise, generals maneuver.
The world wags on.

* * * *

The rock has rock sentience, rock intelligence.
The rose has rose sentience, rose intelligence.
The hawk has hawk sentience, hawk intelligence.
The lizard has lizard sentience, lizard intelligence.
The trout has trout sentience, trout intelligence.
The cactus has cactus sentience, cactus intelligence.
The beetle has beetle sentience, beetle intelligence.
The horse has horse sentience, horse intelligence.
The frog has frog sentience, frog intelligence.
The whale has whale sentience, whale intelligence.
The tree has tree sentience, tree intelligence.
The snake has snake sentience, snake intelligence.
The spider has spider sentience, spider intelligence.
The weed has weed sentience, weed intelligence.
The earth has earth sentience, earth intelligence.
The wind has wind sentience, wind intelligence.
The water has water sentience, water intelligence.
The fire has fire sentience, fire intelligence.
The ether has ether sentience, ether intelligence.
The moon has moon sentience, moon intelligence.
The sun has sun sentience, sun intelligence.
The galaxy has galaxy sentience, galaxy intelligence.
The universe has universe sentience, universe intelligence.
The multiverse has multiverse sentience, multiverse intelligence.
The stardust has stardust sentience, stardust intelligence.
The quantum has quantum sentience, quantum intelligence.
The mystery has mystery sentience, mystery intelligence.

* * * *

It is all imagined; it is all make-believe.
Nothing more than a dream of the mind-body.
Nothing more than a thingamajig of quantum design.
Without it, who-what-when-where-why-how would You be?
With it, who-what-when-where-why-how are You?
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
An illusion, so real, it draws You on,
Until death turns off the spigot.

* * * *

Why believe anything that is not true?
Why be with people You do not really like?

Why travel someplace You have no need to see?
Why work hard for something You do not really want?
Why expect perfection from something which can never be?
Why try so hard to be something You already are?

* * * *

Are You really a who?
Are You really a what?
Are You really a where?
Are You really a when?
Are You really a why?
Are You really a how?

* * * *

The awareness,
The moment,
Eternal life,
Right here,
Right now,
All and none.

* * * *

We are not human beings; we are human becomings.
The being in human being, was lost with the first word.
Always everywhere else but this right-here-right-now.
Trapsing about some past; contemplating some future.
Imagination at the helm, wandering every distraction,
To avoid its deceits ever being seen for what they are.

* * * *

Before imagination and language coupled,
Our ancestors were all alone in their clannish consortiums.
Completely unaware, oblivious, to any other version the jungle but their own.
And from the moment sound morphed into the first concept,
The human paradigm departed the garden.
And the world shuddered.

* * * *

Die to the world.
Die to the universe.
Die to imagination.
Die to the dream.
Die to the mind.
Die to the body.
Die to the self.
Die to space.
Die to time.
Die to now.

* * * *

There is only one moment.
One moment in which the quantum illusion plays space and time real,
In an infinitesimal speck of eternity.

* * * *

So many are so adept at examining the illusion in every way, but at some point, what is the point?
To discern that which is real, that which is true, one must set aside the mundane, still the mind,
And simply be the mystery of awareness; the indivisible, indelible, ineffable witness, in all.

* * * *

Before our ancestors naturally-selected imagination and a sense of self,
They were the same pure awareness that every other life form ever remains.

* * * *

So many spending so much time trying to fix, to alter, to save, the human species;
Never asking themselves, with a pinch of detachment, if it really deserves to be saved.

* * *

It is really all nothing more than a quantum illusion,
But there will, indeed, be consequences,
If not played somewhat real.

* * * *

Who is free of this manifest dreamtime,
Is he who becomes that which is sought,
Is he who evaporates into the unknown.

* * * *

Where in the moment is there room or time,
For fear or hate or love or any other passion.
To call awareness anything, is meaningless.

* * * *

How fleetingly the clouds stream through the sky,
And all things through the eternal moment,
When You are witnessing it as Self.

* * * *

Given that consciousness, is ever an after-the-fact process,
Eternity is ever just out of reach, for all but the most serene.

* * * *

You can only know your own frame of reference.
And that is but a paltry speck, of all that imagination has created,
To distract (and perchance amuse) the fickle awareness, the source of all eternity,
In any given right-here-right-now, unborn-undying moment,

From its ever-present, blissful quietude.

* * * *

Imagination is a state of becoming; awareness, being.
Imagination is arrogant; awareness, unassuming.
Imagination is effort; awareness, effortless.
Imagination is time; awareness, eternal.
Imagination is binding; awareness, freeing.

* * * *

Whoever,
Whatever,
Whenever,
Wherever,
Whyever,
However,
You imagine your Self to be,
You are not, have never been, will never be.

* * * *

What is 'supreme being'? What does it mean? What does it not mean?
Is it the one and only greatest Supreme Being, ruling over all the Lesser Beings?
Or is it simply … supreme … breathe in … breathe out … being … ?

* * * *

Yet another attempt to communicate what the sound/word/concept 'God' herein means.
No, not some unshaven Saint Nick, leading an orchestration of harps in the cloudy on-high.
No, to every idol, every faith, every belief, every creed, every symbol, every charismatic leader.
Yes, to every quantum particle to the farthest reaches of the cosmos, and beyond, including, yes, You.
All that is seen, all that is unseen, is of the same indelible, indivisible, unfathomable mystery.
To envision it any less, is the same delusion repeated throughout the human paradigm.
And all that is required to perceive this non-dualistic truth, is an attentive mind.
A mind that has clearly realized, that eternity is this ever-present moment.
This timeless, unborn-undying, prior-to-consciousness awareness.
And no fiction born of imagination is required to access it.

* * * *

All cultures have mythological stories
That give reason and purpose used to solidify the group identify.
Whether or not they are real, whether or not they are true, does not matter if they connect the herd.
As Seneca wrote: Religion is regarded by the common people as true,
By the wise as false, and by rulers as useful.

* * * *

Humanity is mesmerized by all the spiritual fictions devised in its migration across the pale blue dot.
Like the blind men and the elephant, they are unable, unwilling, to fathom the totality of all the partitions.
Thus, they remain bewitched by every variety of tradition, by every conceivable imaginary difference.
Blind to the indelible, ineffable, unquestionable truth, that this mystery is, within and without all.

* * * *

When next You are whiny-grumbly about how bored stiff You are,
Try to visualize what it was like for your prehistoric ancestors.
Living in the same geography, subsisting with the same tribe.
Hunting and fishing and farming, ingesting the same cuisine.
Sitting around fires, waking, sleeping, as the sun rose and set.
Telling stories, singing songs, beating drums, venerating deities.
Wearing the same garments, sleeping in trees, in caves, in shelters.
Ever tolerating nature's ebb and flow – hot and cold and wet and dry.
A sharpened stick your only defense in a panorama teeming with predators,
Not yet wary of the human shadow, as it steadily migrated across the pale blue dot.

* * * *

The human mind, sparked by evolutionary happenstance with sentience, consciousness, imagination,
Has, across this spinning pale blue dot, unleashed an unnatural, irreversible quantum tempest.
A teeny little dust ball, all alone in the abyss, of a mystery oblivious to all its vanities.
A theater jam-packed with idiots, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

* * * *

From birth to death, the unborn-undying awareness You are,
Is solitary witness to an ever-kaleidoscoping, mystery-ridden dreamtime.
There is nothing You need do, nothing You can do, but whatever the moment beckons,
From the patterning of the mind-body in which You are cloaked,
Upon the stage, which You impromptu play.

* * * *

The mystery before space and time is mysterious.
The mystery before space and time is ineffable.
The mystery before space and time is tabula rasa.
The mystery before space and time is aware.
The mystery before space and time is still.
The mystery before space and time is indivisible.
The mystery before space and time is momentary.
The mystery before space and time is singular.
The mystery before space and time is indelible.
The mystery before space and time is supreme.
The mystery before space and time is matchless.
The mystery before space and time is now.
The mystery before space and time is sentient.
The mystery before space and time is unfathomable.
The mystery before space and time is inscrutable.
The mystery before space and time is perpetual.
The mystery before space and time is imaginary.
The mystery before space and time is matrix.
The mystery before space and time is flawless.
The mystery before space and time is timeless.
The mystery before space and time is infinite.

The mystery before space and time is infinitesimal.
The mystery before space and time is omnipresent.
The mystery before space and time is serene.
The mystery before space and time is immortal.
The mystery before space and time is pervasive.
The mystery before space and time is omniscient.
The mystery before space and time is mindful.
The mystery before space and time is instantaneous.
The mystery before space and time is quantum.
The mystery before space and time is null.
The mystery before space and time is immaculate.
The mystery before space and time is futile.
The mystery before space and time is everlasting.
The mystery before space and time is unbound.
The mystery before space and time is motionless.
The mystery before space and time is mindless.
The mystery before space and time is clear.
The mystery before space and time is nondualistic.
The mystery before space and time is here.
The mystery before space and time is unbounded.
The mystery before space and time is silent.
The mystery before space and time is graceful.
The mystery before space and time is pure.
The mystery before space and time is unequivocal.
The mystery before space and time is unqualified.
The mystery before space and time is perfect.
The mystery before space and time is nothingness.
The mystery before space and time is total.
The mystery before space and time is complete.
The mystery before space and time is innocent.
The mystery before space and time is truth.
The mystery before space and time is unconditional.
The mystery before space and time is unadulterated.
The mystery before space and time is seamless.
The mystery before space and time is unspoiled.
The mystery before space and time is impeccable.
The mystery before space and time is empty.
The mystery before space and time is entire.
The mystery before space and time is effortless.
The mystery before space and time is first.
The mystery before space and time is oblivion.
The mystery before space and time is last.
The mystery before space and time is whole.
The mystery before space and time is harmonious.
The mystery before space and time is unified.
The mystery before space and time is blameless.
The mystery before space and time is spotless.
The mystery before space and time is sentient.

The mystery before space and time is alert.
The mystery before space and time is void.
The mystery before space and time is unimportant.
The mystery before space and time is all.
The mystery before space and time is none.
The mystery before space and time is inestimable.
The mystery before space and time is indefinable.
The mystery before space and time is extinct.
The mystery before space and time is purposeless.
The mystery before space and time is obscure.
The mystery before space and time is anonymous.
The mystery before space and time is insignificant.
The mystery before space and time is null.
The mystery before space and time is worthless.
The mystery before space and time is unknowable.
The mystery before space and time is naught.
The mystery before space and time is indecipherable.
The mystery before space and time is nameless.
The mystery before space and time is undiscoverable.
The mystery before space and time is useless.
The mystery before space and time is immeasurable.
The mystery before space and time is valueless.
The mystery before space and time is incalculable.
The mystery before space and time is rational.
The mystery before space and time is unutterable.
The mystery before space and time is endless.
The mystery before space and time is impartial.
The mystery before space and time is simple.
The mystery before space and time is straightforward.
The mystery before space and time is natural.
The mystery before space and time is untouched.
The mystery before space and time is imperceptible.
The mystery before space and time is painless.
The mystery before space and time is uncomplicated.
The mystery before space and time is unforced.
The mystery before space and time is untarnished.
The mystery before space and time is ever.
The mystery before space and time is untroubled.
The mystery before space and time is inexplicable.
The mystery before space and time is unstained.
The mystery before space and time is peerless.
The mystery before space and time is emptiness.
The mystery before space and time is indifferent.
The mystery before space and time is ageless.
The mystery before space and time is ineradicable.
The mystery before space and time is irrational.
The mystery before space and time is permanent.
The mystery before space and time is indiscernible.

The mystery before space and time is impalpable.
The mystery before space and time is faultless.
The mystery before space and time is pristine.
The mystery before space and time is mundane.
The mystery before space and time is hollow.
The mystery before space and time is alone.
The mystery before space and time is minimal.
The mystery before space and time is average.
The mystery before space and time is unique.
The mystery before space and time is unspeakable.
The mystery before space and time is unimaginable.
The mystery before space and time is unicity.
The mystery before space and time is whole.
The mystery before space and time is incessant.
The mystery before space and time is inconceivable.
The mystery before space and time is unfastened.
The mystery before space and time is rational.
The mystery before space and time is undeniable.
The mystery before space and time is detached.
The mystery before space and time is unrivaled.
The mystery before space and time is inimitable.
The mystery before space and time is incomparable.
The mystery before space and time is unbiased.
The mystery before space and time is pointless.
The mystery before space and time is unconcerned.
The mystery before space and time is ceaseless.
The mystery before space and time is priceless.
The mystery before space and time is impersonal.
The mystery before space and time is absurd.
The mystery before space and time is aloof.
The mystery before space and time is nonexistent.
The mystery before space and time is interminable.
The mystery before space and time is carefree.
The mystery before space and time is enigmatic.
The mystery before space and time is impenetrable.
The mystery before space and time is unreadable.
The mystery before space and time is incomprehensible.
The mystery before space and time is unintelligible.
The mystery before space and time is meaningless.
The mystery before space and time is inconsequential.
The mystery before space and time is exquisite.
The mystery before space and time is ordinary.
The mystery before space and time is engrained.
The mystery before space and time is intrinsic.
The mystery before space and time is intangible.
The mystery before space and time is solitary.
The mystery before space and time is enduring.
The mystery before space and time is inexpressible.

The mystery before space and time is omnipotent.
The mystery before space and time is tranquil.
The mystery before space and time is free.
The mystery before space and time is sovereign.
The mystery before space and time is unborn.
The mystery before space and time is undying.
The mystery before space and time is absolute.
The mystery before space and time is eternal.

* * * *

The human paradigm is built upon an imaginary assumption,
Permeated by self-absorption and avarice, that cannot be forever maintained.
All the things it has fathomed and created; all its knowledge, all its linguistics, all its mathematics;
All its histories and politics and traditions and religions and economies and entertainments;
All its scientific and industrial and technological and artistic and athletic spectacles;
And not least, its conception of space-time, usurper of the ethereal moment;
Are but the poof of imagination, believing itself more than imagination;
More than the awareness, the ether, through which all things pass.
Without a relationship with nature, upon which all is rooted,
Humankind is fated to fall into the abyss of its many limitations.

* * * *

The mind evolved as a problem-solver,
And when it is without problems,
Endlessly concocts its own.
The challenge is clear.

* * * *

Taste is relative to the individual tongue.
Vision is relative to the individual eye.
Sound is relative to the individual ears.
Smell is relative to the individual nose.
Sensation is relative to the individual skin.
The universe is relative to the individual mind.

* * * *

Nathan Gill nailed it:

This Is It.
This is all there is.
Life appearing as an endless display of changing images,
With no inherent purpose other than this appearance itself.
There is simply life with no one living it.

* * * *

Any difference between and betwixt, You and me,
Any difference between and betwixt, You and he,
Any difference between and betwixt, You and she,

Any difference between and betwixt, You and they,
Any difference between and betwixt, You and anything,
Does not ultimately, even for one moment, exist.

* * * *

Imagination is ever striving, ever struggling, to be more than it can ever be.
For it to transcend itself, would require an awakening, a wisdom,
Far too unlikely, to even begin to seriously contemplate.

* * * *

Believing in Santa Claus does not make him real.
Believing in the Great Pumpkin does not make it real.
Believing in the Easter Bunny does not make it real.
Believing in the Tooth Fairy does not make it real.
Believing in Spider Man does not make him real.
Believing in Uncle Sam does not make him real.
Believing in the Calvin does not make him real.
Believing in Peter Pan does not make him real.
Believing in Harvey does not make him real
Believing in the Oz does not make him real.
Believing in Jesus does not make him real.
Believing in God does not make he/she/it real.

* * * *

How long, how short, is a moment?
Is it longer, is it shorter, than a second?
And exactly how much to the left or right,
Of some ever-kaleidoscoping decimal point?
And, are there a sea of them, or the one and only?

* * * *

Places and faces come and go in this ever-kaleidoscoping, mystery-ridden, immutable dreamtime.
There is nothing You can hold onto, nothing You can more than experience, for more than a moment.
All knowledge, and whatever wisdom it gleans, are but wispy clouds passing through the theater of mind.
From birth to death, the unborn-undying awareness You are, is but aloof witness to its eternal passage.

* * * *

The awareness is the ether of all intelligence through all creation, all preservation, all destruction.
It is the witness of, the observer of, the watcher of, and participant in, all that is, and all that is not.

* * * *

I am That I Am.
You are That I Am.
She is That I Am.
He is That I Am.
It is That I Am.
We are That I Am.
They are That I Am.

There is nothing that is not,
That I Am.

* * * *

The pride of imagination.
The envy of imagination.
The gluttony of imagination.
The lust of imagination.
The wrath of imagination.
The greed of imagination.
The sloth of imagination.
Seven, count ‘em, seven.
Imaginary from all get-goes.

* * * *

You, alone, are the mystery.
It is your relationship with your Self, which is all.
And what manifests through your mind-body’s sensory input, is the journey.

* * * *

There can be no end to what can be known, before the light sooner or later goes out,
But what point, to the endless pursuit, the endless gathering, of trivia, regarding this illusion?
Is a busy-busy mind, caught up with every distraction, really any different, than a dog chasing a ball?

* * * *

There is no definition, there is no equation, there is no hypothesis, there is no reckoning,
That can encapsulate the mystery of the ever-present timeless moment,
The ever-present timeless mystery of awareness,
To which You, and every other sentient life form, are witness.

* * * *

Having to choose from a sizable selection of so-called religions,
Concocted by human imagination, and brewed in vanity and avarice, is no choice worth bothering about.
Put them all behind You, and wander alone, as far, as wide, as free, as You dare.

* * * *

Hallucinations and other consciousness-altering substances,
Can be useful in kick-starting the inner eye – That to which all have equal access –
But they are not at all necessary once You have awakened to the unborn-undying, You truly are, are not.

* * * *

Life's nature-nurture patterning, is every moment, conditioning itself anew,
With programing of the on-off-plus-minus-positive-negative-attached-detached category.
To consciously manipulate those endorphin mechanisms, is an art, a dance, a whimsy, for those inclined.

* * * *

The eternal moment is right here, right now; the eternal awareness is right here, right now.
Imagination is the creator of space and time, and flows through the moment, through the awareness;

Unable to ever grasp anything, as more than a memory, as more than an ephemeral concept.
You are the moment, You are the awareness, You are the totality, You are eternity.
Everything seen and heard and touched and tasted and felt, is but illusion.

* * * *

Who is the who, who sees, or sees not?
Who is the who, who hears, or hears not?
Who is the who, who tastes, or tastes not?
Who is the who, who smells, or smells not?
Who is the who, who feels, or feels not?
Who is the who, who does, or does not?
Who is the who, who thinks, or thinks not?
Who is the who, who is reading this?

* * * *

Now the one-and-only right-here-right-now moment there is.
There never was a before, and there will never be an after.
The unborn-undying moment is the ever-present verity.
It is an ineffable, unfathomable, indivisible mystery,
In neither need nor want of a mind-made solution.

* * * *

Imagination is the Great Jester; ever lingering in the wings, for inattention to teleport it centerstage.
The embers of mind gorp, all things absurd, always ready to be fired up, in the furnace of imagination.

* * * *

You are the infinite, timeless, ineffable moment, stretching across all creation; there is no other.
Mind is creation, mind is preservation, mind is destruction, mind is everything, mind is nothing.

* * * *

You are the awareness, You are the unborn-undying, You are the ineffable mystery, You are eternity.

Bam!

* * * *

You are the infinite, timeless, ineffable moment, stretching across all creation; there is no other.
Mind is creation, mind is preservation, mind is destruction, mind is everything, mind is nothing.

* * * *

The more You involve your imaginary, time-bound, mortal little self, in the mundane world;
The less right-here-right-now moment, for your indivisible Self in the unborn-undying one.
Every moment, a choice.

* * * *

Only imagination thinks.
Only imagination reasons.
Only imagination believes.
Only imagination remembers.

Only imagination cogitates.
Only imagination opines.
Only imagination speaks.
Only imagination hears.
Only imagination smells.
Only imagination tastes.
Only imagination touches.
Only imagination organizes.
Only imagination negotiates.
Only imagination governs.
Only imagination follows.
Only imagination composes.
Only imagination counts.
Only imagination draws.
Only imagination paints.
Only imagination sculpts.
Only imagination builds.
Only imagination shapes.
Only imagination constructs.
Only imagination develops.
Only imagination creates.
Only imagination preserves.
Only imagination destroys.
Only imagination does anything.
Only imagination does everything.
Despite the fact, that time is not real,
There is no human paradigm without it.

* * * *

It is natural selection, not free will.
Since Creation's unknowable beginning, there has never been any such thing as free will in the algorithm.
A right or left turn, naturally-selects the next turn, and that the next, and that the next.
You naturally-select your Self down the rabbit hole of your fate.
Every organism naturally-selects its Self, down the rabbit hole of its fate.
An eternal dance, across an infinite quantum matrix, ever and ever kaleidoscoping.
And through it all, the awareness You are, is eternal witness, to all that sentience has designed.

* * * *

Spouting this sort of drivel is what got he-who-shall-not-be-named hung out to die way back when.
How fortunate we of current issue are, who speak out with impunity, with little dread of consequence,
In this relatively freer moment, in those all too rare geographies, that, oft-times regretfully allow it.

* * * *

You do not have to like someone, to sit by them, or walk beside them,
Or work with them, or be in the same friggin' cosmos with them.
Nobody is at all like You, nor will anyone likely ever want to be like You.
You are on your own – five senses, a brain, and the theater– kaleidoscoping ever on.
Eternal awareness, in what seems an impromptu walkabout-wander, through space, through time.

Through your unfathomable, indivisible, indelible, ineffable, eternal matrix.
It is but a temporal dream, and You, its dreaming.
Imagine your Self, in all.

* * * *

Attitude is all.
Learn to naturally release the hormones.
The happy chemistry – dopamine, serotonin, endorphins, oxytocin.
Simple lifestyle changes – diet, exercise, meditation – are conscious means to a more bearable existence.
It is not always a beautiful world, but the mind-body need not suffer for it.

* * * *

You just threatened to send me to Hell, for not believing in your absurd bullshit, thanks.
Yup, yup, yup, we sure know what kind of supreme-deity horror show You would paint.

* * * *

Surrender to the unknowable.
Surrender to the indivisible.
Surrender to the nameless.
Surrender to the spaceless.
Surrender to the timeless.
Surrender to the moment.
Surrender to the totality.
Surrender to the infinite.
Surrender to the indelible.
Surrender to the ineffable.
Surrender to the inexplicable.
Surrender to the unborn-undying.

And know You are That I Am, You are the One.

* * * *

How did such superstitious absurdity become our limiting factor?
How did our quest for food and water and shelter and space,
How did natural selection's tack into the realm of imagination,
Become so sullied, so pathetic, in our conquest of the pale blue dot.

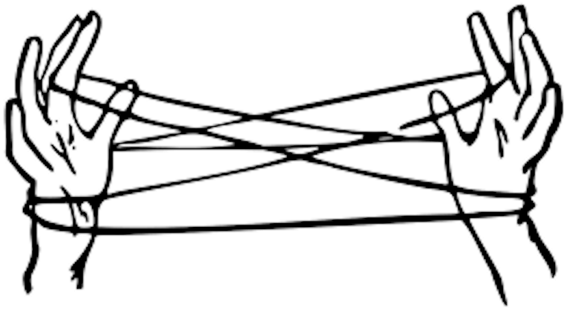
* * * *

Touch that which is God, by immersing into the infinite beingness within.
Into the spacelessness, into the timelessness, permeating all.
Into the unfathomable mystery, You are.

* * * *

Bokononism: A religion built on lies and absurdity and irony.

Finally, a no-card-no-dogma-no-congregation faith that makes sense.



scratches made in a black, gummy impasto.
[o]ne of the oldest games there is.
It means whatever it means.
'See the cat? […] See the cradle?'

~ Newt Hoenikker ~

Tiger got to hunt,
Bird got to fly;
Man got to sit and wonder, "Why, why, why?"
Tiger got to sleep,
Bird got to land;
Man got to tell himself he understand.

~ Bokonon ~

Cat's Cradle, Kurt Vonnegut

* * * * * * * * * *

So it goes.

~ Tralfamadorian Proverb ~

Poo-tee-weet?

~The Bird ~

Slaughterhouse Five, Kurt Vonnegut

* * * *

God may have created this théâtre de l'absurde dreamtime,
But who or what created that omnipresent-omnipotent-omniscient being?
Call it genesis, call it creation, call it big bang, call it turtles-all-the-way-up-all-the-way-down,
It all started somewhere, somehow, but can any claim, any assertion,
Really be more than hollow speculation?

* * * *

My gift to the dystopian future-slash-debacle, that I envision, with a shudder.

Do with it whatever You will; do with it whatever You can.
Sadly, better You than me, is all I gotta say.
Stay strong, rotsa ruck.

* * * *

This moment is ineffable, so very ineffable.
By definition, what is unknowable, can never be known.
An agreeable breath, is as good as it gets, so, breathe, kiddo, breathe.

* * * *

The finite mind transcends space and time whenever it yields itself to awareness.
The Microsoft Word thesaurus suggests words like effortlessness, simplicity,
Naturalness, smoothness, facility, ease, confidence, grace, to illustrate it.
To be the moment, is to be what You truly are, what You truly are not.

* * * *

It is a god-eat-god cosmos.
It is a cosmos-eat-cosmos cosmos.
It is a quantum-eat-quantum cosmos.
It is a mystery-eat-mystery cosmos.
It is a You-eat-You cosmos.

* * * *

You are the unborn-undying awareness.
You are the anonymous all-pervading.
You are the overwhelming unknown.
You are the ineffaceable That I Am.
You are the indecipherable enigma.
You are the incomprehensible now.
You are the indescribable mystery.
You are the inscrutable witness.
You are the boundless present.
You are the inexplicable eye.
You are the irradicable here.
You are the ineffable now.
You are the indelible You.
You are the glimmering.
You are the twinkling.
You are the moment.
You are the instant.
You are spaceless.
You are timeless.
You are infinity.
You are eternity.
Be anonymous.
Be boundless.
Be spaceless.
Be timeless.

Be present.
Be eternal.
Be totality.
Be infinite.
Be indelible.
Be ineffable.
Be nameless.
Be indivisible.
Be irradicable.
Be inscrutable.
Be inexplicable.
Be ineffaceable.
Be unfathomable.

Right here, right now.

Bam!

* * * *

You are the tabula rasa.
You are the moment.
You are the sentience.
You are the awareness.
You are the twinkling.
You are the instant.
You are the existence.
You are the consciousness.
You are the being.
You are the vigilance.
You are the chirpiness.
You are the occurrence.
You are the life.
You are the dynamism.
You are the vivaciousness.
You are the vigor.
You are the mindfulness.
You are the focus.
You are the animation.
You are the manifestation.
You are the energy.
You are the cognizance.
You are the reality.
You are the vibrancy.
You are the perception.
You are the presence.
You are the sparkle.
You are the liveliness.
You are the alertness.

You are the wakefulness.
You are the spirit.
You are the actuality.
You are the exuberance.
You are the attentiveness.
You are the alertness.
You are the verve.
You are the watchfulness.
You are the here-now.
You are the indivisible.
You are the all and none.
You are the witness.
You are the eternal one.

* * * *

The truest, most eloquent faith, is a singular kind of faith.
It is a faith that accepts what the moment offers.
It is a faith that engages the moment fully.
It is a faith that values the intuitive.
It is a faith that has no bounds.
It is a faith that withstands one's fate.
It is a faith that embraces the eternal mystery.

A spaceless faith.
A timeless faith.
An intelligent faith.
A perceptive faith.
A fearless faith.
A relative faith.
A stoic faith.
A moderate faith.
A harmless faith.
An instinctual faith.
A frugal faith.
A resilient faith.
An insightful faith.
A lawless faith.
A penetrating faith.
A shrewd faith.
A flexible faith.
A benevolent faith.
A rational faith.
A boundless faith.
A natural faith.
An abiding faith.
An enduring faith.
An austere faith.
A freeing faith.

An independent faith.
A sharing faith.
A scientific faith.
An agnostic faith.
A discerning faith.
A spontaneous faith.
A watchful faith.
A virtuous faith.
An eternal faith.
An inquiring faith.
A giving faith.
A clear faith.
A grateful faith.
A responsive faith.
A sensible faith.
A reasonable faith.
A forgiving faith.
An innocent faith.
An ironic faith.
A paradoxical faith.
A sane faith.
A mindful faith.
A balanced faith.
A wise faith.
A healthy faith.
A lucid faith.
An astute faith.
A prudent faith.
A judicious faith.
A sagacious faith.
An erudite faith.
A mu faith.
An unknowable faith.
A gnostic faith.
An esoteric faith.
A mystical faith.
A spiritual faith.
A real faith.
A hidden faith.
A soul faith.
An allegorical faith.
A symbolic faith.
An amoral faith.
A fortuitous faith.
A casual faith.
An impromptu faith.
An unprincipled faith.
An elegant faith.

A chaste faith.
A refined faith.
An essential faith.
A faithful faith.
A gentle faith.
A quiet faith.
A solitary faith.
A calm faith.
A placid faith.
A humble faith.
A modest faith.
An unpretentious faith.
An ordinary faith.
An unassuming faith.
A deep faith.
A kind faith.
A godless faith.
A wholistic faith.
A diverse faith.
An atypical faith.
A sightless faith.
A tasteless faith.
An odorless faith.
A soundless faith.
A touchless faith.

A faith beyond all bounds.

* * * *

When would I … Why should I … How could I …
Ever convince You, who-what-why-when-where-how, I am,
But through your own awakening to the eternal fact.

* * * *

The last desire is craving nothing, so badly, You can no longer taste it.
The pond, unruffled by wind or ripple, is a solitary, placid dream, indeed.

* * * *

Call it genesis, call it creation., call it big bang.
Call it a wall, a spear, a snake, a tree, a fan, a rope.
Call it turtles-all-the-way-up-turtles-all-the-way-down.
All are equally magical, equally fantastical, equally hypothetical, equally speculative,
And only demonstrate again and again, no one can ever know,
More than what imagination imagines.

* * * *

Some brand it, Brahman; some brand it, God.
Others, Buddha or Tao or Jehovah or Great Spirit or Whatever.

I call it the Mystery; the Mystery of the all in one, the Mystery of the one in all.
And no one need suffer any consequence, any punishment, any forfeit,
For granting it whatever name, or no-name, they are inclined.
No need for absurdity steeped in imaginary notion.
None can know how all this is happening.
Even the rumored supreme deity,
Witnesses in ignorance.

* * * *

Agnosticism – doubt, nonbelief – is the most pragmatic stance.
Atheists waste their time quarreling with true-believers,
About imaginary notions neither can never know.
Abiding in momentary stasis is the most intangible way.

* * * *

It is a god-eat-god cosmos.
It is a cosmos-eat-cosmos cosmos.
It is a quantum-eat-quantum cosmos.
It is a mystery-eat-mystery cosmos.
It is a You-eat-You cosmos.

It is a radio waves-eat-radio waves cosmos.
It is a microwaves-eat-microwaves cosmos.
It is an infrared-eat-infrared cosmos.
It is a visible light-eat-visible light spectrum cosmos.
It is an ultraviolet-eat-ultraviolet cosmos.
It is an X-rays-eat-X-rays cosmos.
It is a gamma rays-eat-gamma rays cosmos.
It is an electromagnetic spectrum-eat-electromagnetic spectrum cosmos.

It is an everything-eat-everything cosmos; abide as best ye may in the crunchy-chewy-gooey.

* * * *

Imagination imagines time.
Imagination imagines forever.
Imagination imagines it is forever.
Imagination has a lot to realize.

* * * *

The You, You think You are; the self, You pretend to be, is nothing more than ephemeral trickery.
Nothing more than a neural network's capricious collection of sensory-induced perceptions.
An imaginary fiction, that is but the quantum matrix, kaleidoscoping every given moment.
Nothing more than a vast illusion; the electromagnetic spectrum's evolutionary deception.
Biological happenstance meandering a touchy-feely dreamtime of naturally selected design.
All played out in the unfathomable awareness; the spaceless, the timeless, the ineffable totality.
The unseeing, who ever quarrel over the elephant, see only walls, spears, snakes, trees, fans, ropes.
Some call it, God; some, Brahman; some, Tao; some, Allah; some, Great Spirit; all, the same mystery.
So, the human paradigm duels towards its destiny, battling over differences, chiseled only in imagination.

* * * *

The geeks and their minions have played central role,
In the rise, the decline, the fall, of the anthropoid paradigm.
From the first fire, to unleashing the power of the quantum cosmos.
They have pushed, have pulled, the planet of the apes through a dreamtime,
The likes of which this pale blue dot, this spinning speck, will never witness again.
It is a sigh of an anecdote the abyss will have long forgotten by the time nobody reads this.

* * * *

Not long ago, there was no imagination.
Not long ago, there was no beginning.
Not long ago, there was no ending.
Not long ago, there was no language.
Not long ago, there was no knowledge.
Not long ago, there was no education.
Not long ago, there was no tribe.
Not long ago, there was no identity.
Not long ago, there was no culture.
Not long ago, there was no tradition.
Not long ago, there was no politics.
Not long ago, there was no religion.
Not long ago, there was no art.
Not long ago, there was no music.
Not long ago, there was no history.
Not long ago, there was no philosophy.
Not long ago, there was no agriculture.
Not long ago, there was no industry.
Not long ago, there was no technology.
Not long ago, there was no commerce.
Not long ago, there was no mathematics,
Not long ago, there was no science.
Not long ago, there was no medicine.
Not long ago, there was no architecture.
Not long ago, there was no civilization.
Not long ago, there was no human paradigm.
Not long ago, there was nothing but a garden flowering.
Not long ago, there was nothing but an abyss, an awareness, a serenity.

It is still there, in the You, You are.

* * * *

Why in any deity's name, would You feel compelled,
To be a follower, to be a sheep, in some charlatan's flock?
How absurd to allow any middleman dominion over your true Self.

* * * *

Seek out a bodhi tree,

Go out into some desert,
Climb up to a mountain peak,
Sit in corner in your living room,
Or take long ambles around the world,
And do whatever comes to mind,
Until You maybe figure it out.
There are no guarantees,
Only a mystery in all.

* * * *

Let the cosmos,
Let the matrix,
Let the mystery,
Burn within You.

* * * *

Slave to the man.
Slave to the system.
Slave to the world.
Slave to the universe.
Slave to the matrix.
Slave to the mystery.
Long live Sisyphus.

* * * *

What You call your life is really nothing more,
Than an ethereal array of chemically-induced perceptions.
A frame of reference, from which imagination gauges a quantum illusion,
Born of merely five senses – sight, smell, hearing, taste, touch –
Plugged into a gooey vat of neurons, encased in a skull.
Assumptions beyond counting, are requisite.
Keeps imagination very busy, indeed.

* * * *

You imagined God,
And he/she/it in all his/her/its divine mercy and wisdom,
Chose You and your tribe in return.
How providential.
How convenient.
How ridiculous.
How so it goes.

* * * *

Just another Easter Island.
This round on a global scale.
A bit longer timetable, to be sure,
But all too predictable, nonetheless.
Be happy You will not have to endure it.

* * * *

Do You not wish You could advise your younger self,
To slow down a bit, or even hold off completely,
On some of the choices You were making?
Where is that fucking rewind button?

* * * *

Memory evolved because awareness could not remember anything,
And that was a bit dangerous for critters naturally-selecting survival.

* * * *

In the spectrum, right to wrong,
Who is right? Who is wrong?
And who does the judging?

* * * *

The rural class, the working class – and any other classes in the pyramid schemes of caste systems –
Have a lot to learn from the upper class, and the upper class, a great deal to realize about its foundation.

* * * *

A world of dreams, an impromptu play, a Shakespearian festival,
Playing upon all stages, in all times, across this spinning pale blue dot.
A ceaseless, ever-mutating reverie, since the origin of language, so long ago.
In every mind, in every body, no matter the naturally-selected, nature-nurture role,
An award-winning thespian, playing their imaginary part, so earnestly, so believably well.

* * * *

Thomas Aquinas … *hominem unius libri timeo* … I fear the man of a single book.

How easy to imagine your book the greatest story ever told, when it is the only one You have ever read.

* * * *

Every sentient life form has its own version of a world, of a universe; none the same.
The spiritual quest is ultimately a nonsensical nonissue, inspired by fear of the unknowable.
What a different pale blue dot it might well be, if the young were raised to be one with all things.
It might have lent a pause to the absurd destruction and mayhem our kind has wreaked across the world.
Alas that narcissism and hedonism have such a callous grip upon this imaginary-laden moment.
This quantum matrix, permeated by awareness; consciousness nothing more than noise.

* * * *

Covid-19 rocked this our modern world, and has spun the human paradigm into a new phase.
We have passed through the apex as far as the masses go; it will be down the bell curve from here on out.
Factor in all the other Petri dish Earth issues, and add in perpetual proxy wars, trade wars,
Beyond-the-pale technologies, artificial intelligence, and the slide waxes itself.
What to do, where to live, who to align with, are anybody's guess.
Oh, for a time machine to witness the decline and fall.
Oblivion calls, each and every moment.

* * * *

Freedom
Redemption,
Salvation,
Deliverance,
Rescue,
Liberation,
Emancipation,
Recovery,
Abandon,
Apology,
Acceptance,
Gratitude.
Benevolence,
Escape,
Discharge,
Release,
Grace,
Is in the moment.

* * * *

Identity is an imaginary construct.
A dream of awareness, of streaming reality.
A fabrication to which imagination resolutely fastens.
It requires the greatest courage of spirit to fathom the moment.

* * * *

There are different levels, different intensities of regret, that take place in any given life.
There are the ones that come about because You somehow said or did something that ruined a relationship.
Or the unavoidable accidents that irrevocably change or impact your health and wellbeing.
But if we are talking about the large choices that are about one's final destiny,
In that, life's great challenge is to have no regrets, whatsoever.
To depart content, is the brass ring of dreamtime.

* * * *

Imagination most certainly has conveyed our kind,
And the entire world about us, and every diversity of creature,
Down a long and winding road of profound ecstasy and merciless agony.

* * * *

… Another day in the nebulous …
… Unclear, vague, imprecise, hazy, unformulated, tenuous, indefinable …
… me-myself-and-I of mind …

* * * *

Sometimes, You tip-toe-through-the-tulips, through it.

Sometimes, You chop-chop-slice-dice, through it,
Fast or slow, as the given moment subscribes,
In all born into this imagined dreamtime.

* * * *

You only are now, not the imaginary who.
You only are now, not the imaginary what.
You only are now, not the imaginary when.
You only are now, not the imaginary where.
You only are now, not the imaginary why.
You only are now, not the imaginary how.
You only are now, not the imaginary you.

You are now … You are awareness … You are mystery … You are eternity.

Or so You imagine.

* * * *

All the mistakes, all the blunders, that You have made! How is it, that You are still alive?
How is it, that none seem to have had raison d'être enough, to pursue revenge?
To walk freely, without dread of the knife twisting in the back,
Is surely the triumph of any wily chameleon.

* * * *

A lot of humans, in a lot of arenas, in whatever timeless remains,
Are going to be living in tents, or on pieces of cardboard,
Pushing carts, collecting treasure, for sale or barter.

* * * *

Monday's started, Monday's done.
Tuesday's started, Tuesday's done.
Wednesday's started, Wednesday's done.
Thursday's started, Thursday's done.
Friday's started, Friday's done.
Saturday's started, Saturday's done.
Sunday's started, Sunday's done.

On and on, the calendar pages turn and turn again.
… seconds, minutes, hours, days, months, years, decades, centuries, millennia, epochs …
Ever tick-tick-ticking the kaleidoscoping cycles of sun and moon and cosmos.
Concepts of space and time, that are not, and have never been real.
All nothing more than the illusion of the mind-body,
Sculpted by the play of natural selection,
Born of a magical mystery.

* * * *

When it comes to answering the ultimate questions, when it comes to answering the ultimate question,
Science is as blind and deaf and dumb as any other philosophy imagination has ever conceived.

Though it can endlessly observe and experiment, and forever hypothesize and theorize,
It is all the same old hearsay; there is no knowing how this mystery came to be.
One must lucidly scrutinize the awareness, until they are the awareness.
And with that agnostic state, they will simply have to be satisfied.
The unknown is unknowable, and that is just the way it is.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
Play your imaginary little part, as best ye are able,
And die, alone and ignorant, same as everything else.
The existential morass, will ever be an existential morass.

* * * *

The human paradigm all boils down to vanity and greed.
A cancer chewing on its mother and each other
Until there is nothing left to chew on.
It is all how and when, not if.

* * * *

There are plusses and minuses to any given scenario, any given plan.
Any given idea, strategy, proposal, plot, design, blueprint, scheme, sketch.
It is in how they are gauged, that the sword pares the final discernment.
And in that discernment, destiny scribes itself in the quantum sands.

* * * *

Is the love, that that so easily turns to hatred, ever really love?
Is it ever really anything more than imagination given over to enchantment?
Is it really anything more than another round of the mind bent toward tribalistic notion?
Is the ideal we label love, anything more than feel-good chemistry, slathered with imaginary notion?

* * * *

You are but a drop of indivisible awareness in the immeasurable ocean of this ineffable mystery.
The ultimate nature that all manifestation is, is eternally spaceless, eternally timeless.
Without attributes, without direction, without purpose, without meaning, without contradiction.
Savor and endure the ecstasies and agonies of your ephemeral existence while breath allows the synthesis.

* * * *

You are not your ever-morphing container,
Nor anything it has ever thought or done.
You are not your video of life experiences.
You are not your trainload of vague memories.
You are not your vocation or hobbies or opinions.
You are not your bulky encyclopedia of trivial pursuits.
You are not your unwieldy bag of values, a.k.a., judgments.
And neither, despite all appearances to the contrary, is anyone else.

* * * *

You got a good roll out of your little window of illusion.
And what happens after You are departed, after You are again ashes and dust,
Is nothing You can do anything about, any more than You could while You were here a-breathing.

* * * *

What would that tabula-rasa infant-child-adult be,
If no sense of self was – engrained, imbedded, ensconced, rooted –
By the nature-nurture world, in which it was niched.

* * * *

It is whatever it is; it is whatever it is not.
You are whatever it is; You are whatever it is not.
The game is not letting imagination get the better of You.

* * * *

Try not to confuse who You think You are,
With what You are, have ever been, will ever be.
With what You are not, have never been, will never be.

* * * *

Is a blow job really a form of eating-your-young cannibalism?
And not necessarily a bad thing for the big bang it gives the lucky recipient.
But not something that will continue naturally-selecting away,
The point and purpose of the sexual act itself.
You are not here, dreaming away,
Because other options were not available.

* * * *

First story.
His story.
Her story.
Its story.
My story.
Your story.
Their story.
Our story.
A story.
The story.
Null story.
Mu story.
All stories.
Last story.
No stories.

* * * *

A period is a stop.
A comma, a pause.
A hyphen, a connector.
A semi-colon, a deviation.
A question mark, an uncertainty.
An exclamation mark, an interruption.

A parenthesis, an enclosure.
A bracket, a cell.

* * * *

Before imagination and language coupled,
Our ancestors were all alone in their clannish consortiums.
Completely unaware, oblivious, to any other version the jungle but their own.
And from the moment sound morphed into the first concept,
The human paradigm departed the garden.
And the world shuddered.

* * * *

Look at a clock.
Notice how the hands move.
And You do not.

* * * *

Me and all the other seers,
Churning out the same memorandum,
To the rare few fated with eyes to see, ears to hear.

* * * *

The so-called spiritual quest is ultimately a nonsensical nonissue,
Inspired by imagination's fear of, and curiosity about, the unknowable unknown.
The right here, the right now –now-ing away –in this very timeless moment.
The same awareness in every sentient being's mystery-born creation.

No need to worship what You already are.

You honor it by being it.

A higher state of worship cannot be known.

* * * *

You are the mystery.
You are the awareness.
You are prior to consciousness.
You are prior to the quantum matrix.
You are prior to the moment.
You are prior to all.

* * * *

You can explore and dance the quantum theater,
As much as You please, for as long as the mind-body allows,
But You will never touch, not even once, the awareness permeating all.

* * * *

Awareness is the 'awakeness' of all sentience, of all creation, small to great.

The ‘awakeness’ of the indelible, indivisible quantum matrix; of stardust, come unto ‘life’.
It is the eternal eye of the unknown, prior to all manifestation ever-changing,
And whatever dreams, they in spontaneous combustion, inspire.

* * * *

All this philosophical chitchat, is not at all about yet another absurd, idolatrous belief system.
It is about the very real, very much in the moment, prior-to-consciousness awareness, You truly are.
There is nobody to follow, there is no confining dogmatic groupthink, there is no transaction fee.
All any need do, is pay attention to the given moment, as the mystery kaleidoscopes ever on.
It is very much a solitary mosey for those who have the wit and strength to stand alone.
It is very much an agnostic, existential stance, requiring no fallacious conclusions.
All one needs do, is be as free as the imaginary mind and mortal vessel allow.

* * * *

Where in the moment does time reside?
Where in the moment does existence reside?
Where in the moment does knowledge reside?
Where in the moment does imagination reside?
Where in the moment does the cosmos reside?
Where in the moment does quantum reside?
Where in the moment does mind reside?
Where in the moment do You reside?

* * * *

Whether or not, there was a beginning to all beginnings,
Whether or not, there will be an end to all ends,
Even deities-on-high vainly wonder.

* * * *

There is only one dimension, only one matrix, only one quantum sea.
And who knows how many universes, envisioned by how many sentient creations.
Indelible, indivisible, unfathomable, ineffable, within that infinity, which herein is called mystery.
That awareness, which is harbor to all potentials, that which is witness to all eternity.
That which is eternity; that which is You, prior to all things quantum.

* * * *

What in your cosmos, in your lifetime walkabout,
Has not taught You many somethings about this mystery?
Has not brought You to this singular moment of eternal reflection?
You are reading this, because the seeds of Self were planted in your destiny.
What more is there to do, but wander aimlessly for whatever dreamtime is proffered.
Fulfilling your moment, with whatever calls, in the serendipity ahead.

* * * *

You are the mystery.
You are the sentience.
You are the awareness.
You are the infinite.

You are the infinitesimal.
You are the indivisible.
You are the ineffable.
You are the indelible.
You are the ineffaceable.
You are the immaculate.
You are the unfathomable.
You are the spaceless.
You are the timeless.
You are the totality.
You are the absolute.
You are the omniscient.
You are the omnipresent.
You are the omnipotent.
You are the creator.
You are the preserver.
You are the destroyer.
You are the witness.
You are the matrix.
You are this right here.
You are this right now.
You are the moment.
You are the eternal.
You were never born.
You will never die.
Be here, be now.

* * * *

The totality is very much entirely awake, within and without, prior to all priors, beyond all beyonds.
All physics theories only vainly attempt to encapsulate the illusory quantum matrix.
The unifying principal is not some scholarly chalkboard equation.
Nor is it a symbol; nor is it a pithy statement.
It is the one and only moment.
It is the indefinable, ineffable mystery.
It is the timeless awareness, the right-here-right-now.
It is the sentience, the wakefulness, the alertness, the attentiveness,
Pervading the ether through which earth-wind-water-fire every moment kaleidoscope.

* * * *

It is not your mystery, or my mystery.
It is not your awareness, or my awareness.
It is not your moment, or my moment.
It is not your dream, or my dream.
It is not your Gaia, or my Gaia.

It is our mystery, our awareness, our moment, our dream, our Gaia.

* * * *

Vain collusions aside, how can anyone truly know,
Whether or not there is some supreme deity or deities on high?
Truly, an agnostic stance is the most rational any mind can hope to achieve.
If there is more to it than meets the sensory field, fine; if it is just a one-trick pony, fine.
The challenge before all, is to play out their given dreamtime, as well as their temporal destinies allow.
If there is more to it, You will know soon enough; if not, so it goes, ta-ta forever more.

* * * *

When You truly discern that none of it ultimately real or lasting,
You will find desire and fear and dread, no longer govern the day-to-day.
That the dreamtime of the prior-to-consciousness awareness is timeless, changeless.
The You saturated in every variety of limitation born of the given nature-nurture conditioning,
Becomes the indivisible, unborn-undying You; that which is prior to all conception.
Not necessarily an easier dream, but one that offers greater detachment.

* * * *

This moment is no different than it has ever been, in any ever then.
Nor will it ever be at all different in any ever future when.
In truth, nothing has ever been, exactly the same.
Vanish into the awareness, the sentience,
And be the You, You truly are.

* * * *

You are the mystery.
You are the moment.
You are the sentience.
You are the awareness.
You are the indivisible.
You are this right here.
You are this right now.
You are the ineffable.
You were never born.
You will never die.
Be here, be now.

* * * *

No doubt there is more than likely-probably some sound or two for that thingamajig, too.
You see it, You hear it, You taste it, You smell it, You feel it, You imagine it – we got it covered.
No thingamabob, gizmo, doodad, doohickey, widget, whatsit, thingummy, hoojamaflip, goes without.

* * * *

Awareness is the true church.
In its temple, its chapel, its cathedral, its basilica, its minster, its synagogue, its mosque, its cave;
In the rectory of the mystery's eternal solitude,
You are.

* * * *

The choiceless choice is yours to compose, yours to marshal.

Persevere according to your own self-absorbed volition,
With all the afflictions consciousness encompasses.
Or give yourself over to the dimensionless presence of Self,
Your true nature, the inexplicable essence of all that is, of all that is not.

* * * *

Martyrdom is something for which most are likely ill-suited.
Rest assured, when it gets down to the brassiest of tacks,
When it gets down to a choice between You and them,
Few people will give a rat's furred ass about You,
Any more than You do about most all of them.
True selflessness, without a hint of vanity;
How rare is that, upon this Planet of the Apes?

* * * *

What are the attributes of freedom?
The freedom to do what You please.
The freedom to say what You please.
The freedom to view what You please.
The freedom to think what You please.
The freedom to explore what You please.
The freedom to wander where You please.
The freedom to allow what You please.
The freedom to be what You please.
The freedom to be full.
The freedom to be empty.
The freedom to not be at all.

* * * *

When You see what You truly are, what You truly are not,
What remains but the ineffable awareness,
Untainted by dreamtime.

* * * *

The awareness of existence, the moment, is too ethereal to be more than imagined.

* * * *

No word, no symbol, no ritual, no tradition, no prophet, no deity, is sacred to the ultimate.
Self-interest breeds a logic screened through too many filters to be at all predictable.
Avoid moral dilemmas and quagmires; good and evil are the stillborn of duality.

* * * *

Nature-nurture frames every mind to play out one dream-identity or another.
In discerning this truth, the secular mind can be recalibrated,
Into the eternal mind, into the eternal life.
Eternal freedom is an ageless walkabout unto thy Self.

* * * *

The fruit of knowledge was never forbidden by any supreme deity.
It is just humankind's naturally-selected choiceless destiny,
To imagine its way to its inevitable self-destruction.

* * * *

Though all that is, is the indivisibility of the quantum dreamtime,
Few clearly discern the ever-present, unborn-undying state.
Many are called, few are chosen, fewer still volunteer.

* * * *

It is but a world-wide collusion of imagination.
Every mind a unique spin of its nature-nurtured frame of reference.
All hypnotized, all mesmerized, by a dreamtime reality, only the rarest minds can discern,
And even they are swept up in this delusional, Shakespearian, théâtre de l'absurde.
This whirling-twirling pale blue dot, upon which we all are marooned.

* * * *

Another day of rambling the quantum fever.
Bantering with your Self in whatever nooks and crannies are wandered.
Talking about, kicking around, hashing out, thrashing out, chewing over, every variety of this and that,
Learning and unlearning every rank of mind gorp, that death will someday wash away,
No matter how profound or clever, no matter how astute or shrewd.

* * * *

Toss out the watches and clocks and calendars, and digital displays, from your mind.
Dwell in the clarity of the timeless awareness of the ineffable unborn-undying moment.

* * * *

To believe this dusty cosmos really matters, is but ironic delusion,
In the paradoxical puffery of the quantum matrix's théâtre de l'absurde.

* * * *

Why believe only one son of God ever walked on earth,
When so many sons, and daughters, are wandering about.

* * * *

Human consciousness is always imagining itself more than it can ever be.
It is not through words, through labels, through descriptions,
That kinks in any given mind will be worked out.
Meditation of the zen-ish sort, is the only real therapy,
For those who would be free of imagination's unrelenting tyranny.
Contemplation, reflection, consideration, introspection, rumination, concentration,
Deliberation, pondering, musing, are the ways and means, along the earnest seeker's pathless trek.

* * * *

Requires a lot of idealism to embrace eight billion at-this-writing humans,
Plus only the gods know how many other sentient and non-sentient forms.

* * * *

Ecstasy and agony are but extremes of an ever-oscillating pendulum,
Fashioned by imagination's proclivity toward narcissistic hedonism.

* * * *

A Shakespearian theater.
You, perpetuity's ineffable thespian.
Intangible, indelible, indivisible, unborn-undying.
Playing every part, every moment, to incomparable perfection.
On every impromptu centerstage, no matter the exterior, no matter the interior,
It is all about the same You.

* * * *

If You expect someone who abides in a boundless state,
To behave in some prescribed manner, some ordained fashion,
That is your own assumption, your own projection, your own delusion.
And You may well be disappointed, frustrated, annoyed, seething, even enraged,
Or worse yet, succumb to yet another mesmerizing, nonsensical groupthink.
Another inconsequential bottleneck created by timebound imagination.
Is it any wonder, really, why so many seers disappear into caves,
Very much alone, very much at home, very much at peace.

* * * *

We are all are true believers.
Each in our own personalized mind-body-spirit ways.
Conditioned, persuaded, convinced, programmed, brainwashed, indoctrinated, molded.
Hypnotized, mesmerized, spellbound, captivated, enthralled, absorbed,
By whatever nature-nurture has spawned and cultivated us.
The senses crafting our imaginary universes,
Every kaleidoscoping moment.

Only in pure, unsullied awareness, can You be free.

* * * *

Yes, we are all the same witness.
Yes, we are all the same sentience.
Yes, we are all the same awareness.
Yes, we are all the same alertness.
Yes, we are all the same omnipresence.
Yes, we are all the same cosmos.
Yes, we are all the same world.
Yes, we are all the same quantum.
Yes, we are all the same indivisible.
Yes, we are all the same ocean.
Yes, we are all the same nature.
Yes, we are all the same omniscience.
Yes, we are all the same eternity.
Yes, we are all the same here.

Yes, we are all the same now.
Yes, we are all the same moment.
Yes, we are all the same perpetuity.
Yes, we are all the same indelibility.
Yes, we are all the same infinity.
Yes, we are all the same soul.
Yes, we are all the same oneness.
Yes, we are all the same spirit.
Yes, we are all the same divinity.
Yes, we are all the same illusion.
Yes, we are all the same omnipotence.
Yes, we are all the same mystery.
Yes, we are all the same You.

* * * *

How can anyone ever be totally prepared for chaos?
Especially rough for those domesticated by entitlement.
Gaia always boils down to Darwin 101: Adapt or succumb.
And spin into that unforgiving, pitiless equation,
A pale blue dot slathered with apes,
Vying for supremacy.
Vanity
Greed
Imagination unleashed.

* * * *

Life seeks life.
Strength seeks strength.
Weakness seeks weakness.
Comedy seeks comedy.
Tragedy seeks tragedy.
Intelligence seeks intelligence.
Absurdity seeks absurdity.
Futility seeks futility.
Paradox seeks paradox.
Irony seeks irony.
Ecstasy seeks ecstasy.
Agony seeks agony.
Love seeks love.
Hate seeks hate.
Wisdom seeks wisdom.
Bliss seeks bliss.
Death seeks all.

* * * *

Humankind has always been at war, has always competed full-tilt, and we always will.
You can take the monkey out of the jungle, but You cannot take the jungle out of the monkey.
Four billion-year-old, naturally-selected, nature-nurtured software, for which no update is possible.

* * * *

Where exactly is the defining edge of the drop that You think, You believe, You are,
That is at all separate from the cosmos, the electromagnetic spectrum,
The quantum ground, the matrix, the ether, the awareness,
The ineffable mystery, that You truly are.

* * * *

Every quantum across this mystery, is exactly where it is,
To play out its timeless, indivisible role in the theater,
You and every other sentient being is perceiving.

* * * *

The dimensions may be different,
But the sentience, the awareness, the totality, the mystery,
Is the same in all.

* * * *

Awareness of existence is too ethereal to be imagined.
So, what will your ethereal imagination,
Endeavor through You,
This fine day?

* * * *

Your existence is a mind-built dream,
An imaginary projection of desire and fear and dread.
Discern and embrace the ineffable, prior-to-consciousness awareness,
And know that You are the mystery, centerstage, in a temporal once-upon-a-time mirage.

* * * *

The illusion of permanence is a delusional weaving born of timebound imagination.
No manifestation can withdraw or abstain, from the ever-present, kaleidoscoping quantum matrix.
Only in the sentience of pure awareness, can the eternal mystery be agnostically fathomed.

* * * *

… Wake up … remember … go to sleep … forget …
… Wake up … remember … go to sleep … forget …
… Wake up … remember … go to sleep … forget …
… Wake up … remember … go to sleep … forget …
… Wake up … remember … go to sleep … forget …

* * * *

A Shakespearian theater.
You, perpetuity's ineffable thespian.
Intangible, indelible, indivisible, unborn-undying.
Playing every role, every single moment, to unrivaled perfection.

* * * *

Whatever You think You know, whatever You think You understand,
Is merely the absurd self-deception of a delusional mind caught in illusion.
The essential nature, the indelible You, is prior to all knowledge and understanding.
All manifestation only exists because You are present to witness the mind-body perceptions.
The dream of space-time is nothing more than impromptu spontaneous combustion.
There is no point asking who or what or where or when or why or how,
Because imagination can only answer with empty assertions,
Having no reality in the timeless quantum matrix.
To give it name or meaning is pointless.
Shakespeare a la extempore,
With a hearty splash of so it goes.

* * * *

Continuity is imagination's fallacious delusion, over the mind-body's sensory-born illusion.
The delusion fashioned by its intoxication with the vague perceptions,
The frame of reference, posted on its neuron trails.
It is the deception, the irony and paradox, of consciousness,
In its usurpation of the awareness, its usurpation of the timeless moment,
To seemingly fly through the eternal stillness, upon its magic carpet of space and time.
It is Shakespearian cuisine, upon a quantum stage, whereupon the mystery-born sentience, forges all.

* * * *

The mystery has never been able to more than speculate how it came to be.
In every venue across whatever dimensions are out there,
No manifestation has ever discerned,
Its origin, nor its end.
So it goes.

* * * *

When all purpose and meaning is set aside,
You naturally return to the momentary awareness,
Free of the ball and chain of psychological gamesmanship.
To discern and own this peaceful, dreamlike freedom,
Fosters an inward simplicity, a detached humility,
A modesty, an austerity, a clarity, an integrity,
An embracing of the mystery of beingness.

* * * *

The grand illusion will manifest whatever experiences are fated.
Whatever tempts You into believing space and time real.
Only those with the greatest doubt will not waver,
In their walkabout to discern the unborn-undying totality.

* * * *

The harvests of those subscribing to just one, so-called holy book, are endless waves of absurdity.
Across this dust ball, the one-bookers vie for an imaginary supremacy,
That has no ultimate reality, whatsoever.
What need for any religion, any dogma, any idolatry,

For those who discern the mystery of awareness within and without.

* * * *

On every impromptu centerstage,
No matter the exterior, no matter the interior,
It is all the same You.

* * * *

Consciousness fabricates space-time,
But is not what You really are,
Nor what You really are not.
To trek prior to consciousness,
To wander the pathless less traveled,
Requires a discerning, a doubting, mettle.

* * * *

To acutely, profoundly realize:
That You, in truth, do not 'know' anything;
That all You think You know, is but imaginary perceptions;
That all You think You know, is but quantum encoding in the neural processor;
Offers liberation into the momentary starkness of eternity.
For those searching for eternal salvation, there it is.
The momentary awareness is the brass ring.
Unborn-undying, indivisible, ineffable.
Heaven on Earth, indeed, indeed.

* * * *

Does any other sentient being, on this spinning orb, or any other,
Require meaning and purpose to get through, to endure, its given existence?
The jury has left the building, on whether to gauge the human species illustrious or pathetic.
Imagination is source of all things, that have no harbor in pure sentience.
Awareness has no need of purpose, no need of meaning.
The timeless moment is ever fulfilled.

* * * *

Despite the fact, that there are no constraints, no binds, no dilemmas, whatsoever,
It is the most challenging thing, in all of this futile, pointless existence,
For the human mind to unstick, to release, to pry, to free,
Its essential Self, from its imaginary self.
The momentary awareness, cannot be grasped.

* * * *

Is it intelligent design?
Is it reasoned design?
Is it sensible design?
Is it rational design?
Is it random design?
Is it irrational design?

Is it fallacious design?
Or is it any design at all?

* * * *

The mystery is too mysterious, too esoteric, too irrational, too absurd,
To ever make any sense, to minds bent on trying to make sense of it all.
Only those who have given up completely, who have surrendered entirely,
Can harvest the fruit of doubt, and unshackle from their imaginary quandary.

* * * *

Way back when, Rumi etched: You are not a drop in the ocean; You are the entire ocean in a drop.
Yaj Ekim's corollary: You are not a drop in the mystery; You are the entire mystery in a drop.
One drop is inconsequential, but all together, are omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient.
Whatever the entirety of this spaceless, timeless, ineffable mystery, You are a centerstage in it.
A space-bound-time-bound, naturally-selected witness, to a Shakespearian theater of imaginary design.

* * * *

To earnestly believe anything You do, have done, or will do,
Is going to change anything, in any meaningful way,
Is fallacious delusion of the highest order.

* * * *

If You cannot be paradoxical,
If You cannot be dubious,
If You cannot be incredulous,
If You cannot be skeptical,
If You cannot be agnostic,
If You cannot be enigmatic,
If You cannot be irrational,
If You cannot be nonsensical,
If You cannot be sardonic,
If You cannot be doubtful,
If You cannot be peculiar,
If You cannot be outrageous,
If You cannot be atypical,
If You cannot be unbelieving,
If You cannot be cynical,
If You cannot be absurd,
If You cannot be uncertain,
If You cannot be disbelieving,
If You cannot be ironic,

How can You witness your faceless?

* * * *

Infinite or infinitesimal, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Spiritual or agnostic, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Clean or dirty, imagination cares, awareness cares not.

Live or die, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Wealthy or poor, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Alive or dead, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Believer or atheist, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Subtle or blatant, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Kind or cruel, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Sane or insane, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Straight or gay, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Sage or fool, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Fast or slow, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Do or do not, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Long or short, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Succeed or fail, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Love or hate, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Still or moving, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Real or unreal, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Tit or tat, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
For or against, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Up or down, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Around or through, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Clear or unclear, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Fat or thin, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Strong or weak, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Gratis or priceless, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Hard or soft, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Give or take, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
To or from, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Wise or foolish, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Beautiful or ugly, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Big or small, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Known or unknown, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Fore or aft, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Awake or asleep, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Heavy or light, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Rich or poor, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Awake or asleep, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
True or false, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Ecstasy or agony, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
First or last, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Creative or destructive, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Full or empty, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Sweet or bitter, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Loud or quiet, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Straight or rounded, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Bright or dim, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Well or unwell, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Astute or obtuse, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Like or unlike, imagination cares, awareness cares not.

Appealing or revolting, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Clear or opaque, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Thick or thin, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Brave or cowardly, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Sweet or sour, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Equal or lopsided, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
King or slave, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Queen or whore, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Expansive or contractive, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Soft or harsh, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Young or old, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Male or female, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Honest or dishonest, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Wild or tame, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Early or late, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Pure or foul, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Cautious or reckless, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Hit or miss, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Lead or follow, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
High or low, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Naive or cynical, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Truth or lie, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Deep or shallow, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Open or closed, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Rational or absurd, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Near or far, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Singular or dual, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
In or out, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Free or imprisoned, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Yes or no, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Attached or detached, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Course or fine, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
All or none, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Shiny or dull, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Smart or stupid, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Tall or short, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Forward or backward, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Before or after, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Selfless or selfish, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
One or two, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Within or without, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Yay or nay, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Close or distant, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Normal or weird, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Wet or dry, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Hot or cold, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Constant or fickle, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Positive or negative, imagination cares, awareness cares not.

Happy or sad, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Fair or unfair, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Over or under, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Similar or different, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Loose or tight, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Plus or minus, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Above or below, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Inside or outside, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Simple or complex, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Black or white, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Smooth or coarse, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Wide or narrow, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Gentle or cruel, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Humble or vain, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
On or off, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Here or there, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Have or have not, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Sharp or dull, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Good or bad, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Right or wrong, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Everything or nothing, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Something or nothing, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
White or black, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Light or dark, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
This or that, imagination cares, awareness cares not.

Awareness holds on to nothing; why do You?

* * * *

The clock on-high, in the sky, tick-tick-ticking every day away.
How would we measure time, how would we gauge time,
If not for the consistency of sun and moon and stars?
Would time even pretend to exist without them?
Would we imagine we exist without them?
Could we imagine we exist without them?
Should we imagine we exist with them?

* * * *

At some point there is really no need to even assert “I Am.”
Just being the momentary awareness, just breathing in, breathing out,
Is far more than enough, in a very supercalifragilisticexpialidocious sort of way.

* * * *

The awareness is as near as it is far.
The awareness permeates all genesis.
The awareness permeates all oblivion.
The everything and the nothing are one.
The everything and the nothing are You.

* * * *

To see what cannot be seen,
To hear what cannot be heard,
To taste what cannot be tasted,
To smell what cannot be smelled,
To touch what cannot be touched,
To think what cannot be thought,
Now there, are a cluster of rubs,
Rubbing away, a rub-less way.

* * * *

It can indeed, be a long and winding,
Oft times lonely walkabout,
This calling to grapple the mystery.
Until one perhaps discerns the indivisible matrix,
Through which all time-bound linear perceptions kaleidoscope,
Is, has ever been, will ever be, the indelible, ineffable solitude, of all eternity.
Which is, of course, the unutterable aloneness of You, this very singular, very timeless moment.

* * * *

Imagination dominates the human mind; it has usurped the awareness of the sentience.
What do You want to be when You grow up? a question the young are oftentimes asked by adults.
Human conditioning is ever about aspiring to various functions; when naught, is literally all, all really are.
Those with ambition are acclaimed; those who have no purpose, no meaning, are sidelined.
The rare few take the query to its frontiers, and become critical thinkers.
Skeptics, cynics, doubters, nonbelievers, agnostics.
And discern the truth of this mystery.
That they are the mystery.
And meander amongst the bustling masses,
Observing the theatrics – Shakespeare live – detached and free.

* * * *

The indivisible entirety is no more responsible for this illusion,
Than any ocean is for its surface, its depths,
Or the play of its waves,
Upon any number of shorelines.

* * * *

To You who yearn for the ultimate freedom,
You are all buddhas, You are all christs.
You are every mystic seer and master,
This illusory cosmos has ever known.
You are your own timeless companion.
Do not be fooled into believing otherwise.

* * * *

In his The Unabridged Devil's Dictionary, Ambrose Bierce, defined Cynic,

As a blackguard, whose faulty vision sees things as they are, not as they ought to be.
Oh my god! The Scythians are coming! The Scythians are coming to pluck out your eyeballs!

* * * *

What is what is consciousness, what is imagination, what is Gaia, but a sea of metaphors.
Figures of speech that, for rhetorical effect, directly refer to one thing by mentioning another.
That may provide (or obscure) clarity or identify hidden similarities between two different ideas.
Metaphors paint one concept with the brush of another, revealing hidden connections,
Or sometimes obscuring clarity to create a likeness or a vivid analogy.
Comparable with other types of figurative language,
Such as, antithesis and hyperbole and metonymy and simile.
Figures of speech, figurative expressions, images, tropes, symbols, parables,
Analogies, comparisons, allegories, emblems, word paintings, word pictures, literary conceits.

A Metaphor for All Time: The Seven Ages of Man

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely Players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His Acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Jaques (a.k.a., William Shakespeare), As You Like It, Act II, Scene VII, Line 139

* * * *

Consciousness is infused with the desire to have, to hold, to take, to own,
To possess, to enjoy, to keep, to retain, to gather, to collect, to amass, to marshal,
To acquire, to occupy, to control, to dominate, to influence, to muster, to collect, to seize.
To release, to unleash, to unchain, to unfetter, to meander empty,
Is the challenge for any given mind.

* * * *

The human species, despite all its imaginary rhetoric to the contrary,
Is no different than any other biology this garden world,
Has ever through natural selection devised.

* * * *

There is no time like present.

* * * *

Gaia has always been in World War Darwin.
Every creature has always started any given day not knowing,
Whether or not it would survive, much less thrive.

* * * *

The neural matrix is but pure, unadulterated awareness …
Nature-nurture – genetically-mutated-hardwired – to be the matrix mystery.
That which is acclaimed, for which, few humans, truly-long-happen, in their imaginary cosmos:
To be the nothingness it is … To be the nothingness You are.

* * * *

The human specter, in all its imaginary quandaries, seems, in large part, to be all about endless judgment.
Endless – opinions, attitudes, appraisals, beliefs, outlooks, feelings – about everyone, everything.
And the consequences of that endlessness, can range from shrug, to destruction and death.
The Planet of the Apes, has always been in conflict with itself, and all things Gaia.
Every mind, a gummy quagmire, filled with every imaginable appraisal,
And there is no way to remedy the naturally-selected Darwinian juggernaut.

* * * *

All cults, all sects, all religions, kick off with one parable or another,
That some storyteller spins, oral or written, into a mythology,
That entrances, enough true believers, enough sheeples,
To together, groupthink a narrative for the ages.
Those with direct perception, do not require stories.

* * * *

Every culture molds individual conformity,
To whatever mythos it prescribes.
It takes discerning courage,
To discover, to be, what You truly are.
There is no freedom, incarnating a prescribed life.

* * * *

Across this pale blue dot garden, minds cling in every way-shape-form,
To the obliviousness of imagination's uncountable divisions.
Witness the many intolerances, small and great,
Rational and irrational, good and evil,
Intelligent and senseless, wise and foolish.
Discern the common essence within all imaginary differences,
And wield them together into the infinite singularity, from which all illusion is created.

* * * *

What do all human belief systems seem to be about,
But an innate, naturally-selected, self-absorbed craving,
To believe we truly are – for every rationale under the sun –
Somehow significant, somehow important, somehow cherished,
Somehow precious, by this boundless, timeless, impenetrable cosmos,
That seems to be, for all reasoned observation, indifferent to our existence.
Whether or not, there is some deity out there tracking everything,
Evaluating, judging, our every thought, our every deed,
Is a question that haunts the many if not most,
Unable to realize a stoic detachment.

* * * *

Everything You perceive,
Everything You think,
Everything You see,
Everything You do,
Everything You know,
Everything You believe,
Everything You hope,
Everything You love,
Everything You hate,
Everything You accept,
Everything You deny,
Everything You give,
Everything You take,
Everything You realize,
Everything You dream,
Everything You recall,
Everything You admire,
Everything You deride,
Everything You possess,
Everything You cherish,
Everything You judge,
Is nothing more than imagination,
Is always but a dreamer shadowing the moment,
Is nothing more than electrical impulses racing along neural pathways.

Only in the stillness of unadorned awareness, can You know, can You be, the timeless eternity You are.

* * * *

Self-reliance, grit, gumption, work ethic, critical thinking, the ability to stand alone.
Is what it took for the human paradigm to arrive at this moment in time.
Is the future ready to take over the world we have left it?
What will it be like to be born into a Ponzi scheme forever undone?

* * * *

Any life and its destiny, is but an imaginary dream,
Instantly forgotten in this quantum mirage.
The sands of time have no memory.

* * * *

There is nothing to argue; nothing to prove.
It is what it is; You are what You are.
And it is all one in the same.

* * * *

Maintaining an existence,
You no longer care about,
No longer have desire for,
No longer have energy for,
How is that working for You?

* * * *

The quantum-awakened, turn sand into gold, coal into diamonds, water into wine.

* * * *

It is up to any would-be philosopher-mystic, drawn to the great game,
To from podium speak his/her mind – to take up their philosophical gauntlets –
And sally forth every serendipitous thought, their minds have been nature-nurtured to utter.
In any-and-all dimensions, this indelibly ineffable, mystery elephant – called by many names – ordains.
To unveil his/her mind's eye, to share the reasonings, encapsulating the unveiling of their wander.
The journey, all their many thoughts – the imaginings – their mortal mind's destiny calls.
The trek through illusion – ever inquiring into the truth of their beingness –
Until fate slides the door open, to the only possible conclusion,
That You are indeed, ineradicably, That I Am.

* * * *

… Earth … Wind … Water … Fire …
Intertwined in every conceivable genre pax.
In the Ether of Nothingness … oblivion's marrow.

* * * *

You are the indescribable, indivisible, indelible, unborn-undying awareness,
Witnessing consciousness frolicking about a quantum matrix.
Stardust shrouded in every imaginable form,
Imagining the ecstasies and agonies of existence real.

* * * *

The very serendipitous – day-to-day of random folks – whose paths I crossed,
Were casually given business cards, with website name and address.
And before that, who knows how many pilfered copies,
Through the side door at the Kinko's in Chico.
There is no knowing how far, how wide, or for what duration,
Future imagination-driven times, will choose to allow, this freely-offered serum,
From a scribe who pretty much made it his last hobby, his last distraction, his last will and testament

* * * *

So many minds, imagining in every way, the mystery into which all are inexplicably cast.
So many minds, investigating their existence; so many minds, effing the ineffable.
Leaving behind so many creations, sharing their revelations of the eternal:
Writings, paintings, sculptures, music, architecture, ad infinitum.
A world of seers, bound by the mundanity of the masses,
Whose unrealized raison d'être, is to secure the ways and means,
For the unborn-undying, ageless witness, to fathom its unfathomability.

* * * *

Settle for less, and that is what destiny will mete out.
Seek more than fate has assigned, and the dream will tether You.
The passions are ephemeral beasts in this ineffable magical mystery tour.
Moderation is the surest means to a content, peaceful existence,
But even the most sagacious tack offers no guarantees.
To be born is to endure whatever fate is allotted,
And there is no happy end to any story.

* * * *

Easier to ignore this sort of scribbling.
For vanity and voracity's sake,
The show must go on.

* * * *

There is no space, there is no time.
There is only quantum energy, eternally kaleidoscoping,
In the quantum dreamtime of consciousness, in the quantum perceptions of mind.
And You: pure awareness, untouched; You: sentience, unscathed.
You: ineffable, indelible, unborn-undying witness,
To eternity's ever-present moment.

* * * *

Free your Self from the binds and obligations of groupthink,
That often diminishes creativity and individual responsibility.
Stand alone, immersed in the momentary awareness You are.
Free of all doubts, all bothers; be the harvest of discernment.

* * * *

How is it so many imagine a personal deity to sanction their dream?

How is it so many imagine a personal deity to bestow their wishes?
How is it so many imagine a personal deity to fulfill their desires?
How is it so many imagine a personal deity to bless their ventures?
How is it so many imagine a personal deity to bolster their alliances?
How is it so many imagine a personal deity to vanquish their enemies?
How is it so many imagine a personal deity to judge them auspiciously?
How is it so many imagine a personal deity to bequeath them eternal life?
How is it so many are blind to their endless me-myself-and-I self-absorption?

* * * *

Despite all delusions to the contrary, we all are animals.
Despite all delusions to the contrary, we are all biological beings.
Despite all delusions to the contrary, we are all connected to the web of life.
Despite all delusions to the contrary, we are all equal participants in the same mystery.
Despite all delusions to the contrary, we are all nameless witnesses to the same quantum dreamtime.
And no amount of twisting nor twirling of the imaginary mind, will ever change that.

* * * *

What choices have You ever really had?
What choice did You have in your existence?
What choice did You have in your awareness?
What choice did You have in your nature-nurture?
What choice did You have in your gender?
What choice did You have in your physique?
What choice did You have in your vision?
What choice did You have in your hearing?
What choice did You have in your smelling?
What choice did You have in your tasting?
What choice did You have in your feeling?
What choice did You have in your mind?
What choice did You have in your family?
What choice did You have in your birth order?
What choice did You have in your culture?
What choice did You have in your ethnicity?
What choice did You have in your geography?
What choice did You have in your universe?
What choice did You have in your socioeconomic level?
What choice did You have in your intelligence?
What choice did You have in your language?
What choice did You have in your name?
What choice did You have in your education?
What choice did You have in your interests?
What choice did You have in your beliefs?
What choice did You have in your religion?
What choice did You have in your politics?
Even Your daily movement, Your daily choices,
The every-step-you-take-every-moment believe to be free will,
Are the quantum dictates of every natural selection since the beginning of all beginnings.

* * * *

How can it ever make any sense at all,
That You are not a drop of the whole?
That You are not a drop of the entirety?
That You are not a drop of the creation?
That You are not a drop of the sentience?
That You are not a drop of the ineffable?
That You are not a drop of the awareness?
That You are not a drop of the dreamtime?
That You are not a drop of the indelibility?
That You are not a drop of the indivisibility?
That You are not a drop of the unborn-undying?
That You are not a drop of the preservation?
That You are not a drop of the destruction?
That You are not a drop of the spaceless?
That You are not a drop of the timeless?
That You are not a drop of the mystery?
That You are not a drop of the eternal?
That You are not a drop of all that is?
Call it anything You will, You are it.

* * * *

Short of excessive violence,
It is all but impossible to keep anyone,
From thinking whatever they darned well please,
About You, or anyone or anything else.
So it goes, get over yourself.

* * * *

Why would it at all matter, how this mystery began?
Here You right-here-right-now are; here we all right-here-right-now are,
How much futility, how much angst, the human species has spent through so much of its history,
Speculating-asserting-battling, over an eternal moment it can never possibly know.
What an astounding squander of spacless-timeless it has all been.

* * * *

What will be the future of our kind, and life on this pale blue dot, You often wonder.
It is challenging to wrap the timebound mind around the dystopian horror You see coming.
How much longer will the human paradigm persevere after Your cadaver is a dusty pile of bones?
Ahh, but that is indeed a narcissistic-egocentric question, if there ever was one.
So, just toss it into the passing breeze, and expect no answers.
And someday quietly depart, ever agnostic.

* * * *

Curious, how like us, all our deities, across the world, across time, have always been.
Willful, jealous, vindictive, judgmental, malicious, pitiless, vengeful.
And sometime kind and just, and perhaps even loving,

When it suits the undisclosed schemes.
Is there any limit to our affinity for absurdity?

* * * *

How good is good? How bad is bad?
How right is right? How wrong is wrong?
How known is known? How unknown is unknown?
How infinite is infinite? How infinitesimal is infinitesimal?
How true is true? How false is false?
And who decides?

* * * *

Regarding the way of awareness, the way of the moment,
The way of the right-here-right-now, the way of the spaceless-timeless eternal,
It is, as Minch Yoda astutely said to Luke Skywalker: No. Try not. Do ... or do not. There is no try.
To attain eternal life, one must doubt everything, one must let go everything.
One must be everything, and nothing all the while.

* * * *

Doubt all the stories, all the narratives, all the anything, floating willy-nilly about the mind.
That which is most unfathomably true, is prior to all affairs born of imaginary design.
Philosopher René Descartes penned, “If You would be a real seeker after truth,
You must at least once in your life, doubt, as far as possible, all things.”

* * * *

It can be quite challenging to tamp down that whiny little voice,
Once imagination discerns that self-pity serves well,
As a distraction from the moment.

* * * *

How history judges anything,
Will ultimately achieve the same anonymity,
All things imaginary ever have.

* * * *

Nature is the expression of the eternal moment of the ineffable mystery You are.
To ignore it, to abuse it, to destroy it, is a sure path to oblivion.
To wander harmoniously in it, is the way.

* * * *

You need not believe the spins You project, either to the world, or to yourself.
Toss away any-and-all thoughts – positive or neutral or negative – of the imaginary self.
Be the stillness, the utterness, the unborn-undying, of the awareness that is your eternal birthright.

* * * *

What repulsive, hideous, revolting creatures, so many women become.
How some men remain sexually aroused by them is a mystery,
Especially once their youthful effervescence has faded,

Into pallid, sagging skin, with thick layers of clownish make-up,
Topped with beauty-shopped hair, and anatomy covered by languishing tattoos.
A genetic lottery of biological evolution no less crunchy-chewy-gooey than any other creation.
Add to that inventory: obesity, scars, wrinkles, blemishes, mutilations, disfigurements,
Flatulence, blotches, stretch marks, cottage cheese, diseases, sores, disabilities.
It is indeed a mind-boggling mystery, which only delusional blinders,
And four-billion-year-old software, come close to explaining.
Natural selection can only manage so much evolving,
With such a haphazardly encrypted algorithm.
And let us not deny, this all applies,
To the other half-ish of the species, as well.
And in truth, every other life form Gaia has ever devised.

* * * *

Ever the same You, playing out every creation across all eternity.
So infinite, so infinitesimal, as to be the only divinity worth ascertaining.
The eternal moment, timeless, ever-present, right here, right now, unborn, undying.
You are pure awareness: ineffable, indelible, indivisible, immeasurable.
You are ever You, have ever been You, will ever be You.
There is no other, than the one and only You.

* * * *

That moment when sense of self, the me-myself-I, first arises in the mind,
Is the moment that separates one from the garden this pale blue dot has fashioned.
And all the other estrangements follow suit for that bubble of imagination's entire existence.
There is no returning to the garden of origin, but through an awakening to that awareness prior to all.
And that awakening is set in motion through the deep doubt of a critical-thinking perspective,
That only the rarest minds ascertain, as they meander down their road less traveled.
A solitary road, upon which adventures are witnessed. one after another.
A solitary road that kaleidoscopes to its destined conclusion.

* * * *

There is only one truth, and it is this very right-here-right-now moment,
Timelessly ephemeral, unborn, undying, immeasurable, indivisible, ineffable.
There is no need for any dogma; there is only being inwardly still enough to be it.

* * * *

Truth is not a word.
Truth is not a thought.
Truth is not a story.
Truth is not a dichotomy.
Truth is not knowable.
Truth is not intelligible.
Truth is not moot.
Truth is not provable.
Truth is not space-bound.
Truth is not time-bound.
Truth is not hearsay.

Truth is not understandable.
Truth is not definable.
Truth is not describable.
Truth is not debatable.
Truth is not a dogma.
Truth is not expressible.
Truth is not a belief.
Truth is not before.
Truth is not after.
Truth is not penetrable.
Truth is not a rumor.
Truth is not fathomable.
Truth is not effable.
Truth is not graspable.
Truth is not controversial.
Truth is not any thing.
Truth is not anything.
You are the truth.
You are the life.
You are the Way.
Simply be your Self.
Right here, right now, bam!

* * * *

Living fearlessly is not necessarily something manly-man-on-steroids machismo,
As much as it is being serene enough to be the moment You ever are.
The awareness You ever are, the eternal You ever are.
The right-here-right-now You ever are.
The You, You ever are.

* * * *

To ignore natural law, to ignore physics,
To believe You are in anyway separate from anything,
Is to be in such a state of blindered delusion,
That it is a wonder You still exist.

* * * *

Every process has a beginning.
Every process has an ending.
Every process is part of a process,
That is without beginning, without end.

* * * *

Nothing exists because of imagination.
Cultures, languages, mathematics,
Sciences, technologies, religions,
All the arts, the politics, the silk roads,
Are all imagination, evolved unto existence.

The usurper of sentience reigns the human mind.
The usurper of sentience dominates the human paradigm.
The natural selection, that selected its way to such immense heights,
Is the creator, is the preserver, is the destroyer, of all things,
That were nothing more than illusion from the get-go.

* * * *

Alone.
You are so alone.
Give into it with full abandon,
And be the ineffable, eternal mystery, You are.
This human paradigm dreamtime is but a Shakespearian soiree,
Through an illusory quantum matrix, infused with every variety of delusion imaginable.
In which You will perform your nature-nurture centerstage character,
However it naturally-selects – very much alone.

* * * *

The awareness is the unborn-undying moment.
The awareness requires no belief system.
The awareness esteems no philosophy.
The awareness has no moral compass.
The awareness has no consciousness.
The awareness has no space or time.
The awareness has no need or want.
The awareness has no faith or hope.
The awareness has no raison d'être.
The awareness has no imagination.
The awareness has no love or hate.
The awareness has no obstructions.
The awareness has no passion or zeal.
No one can more than suggest the way.
There is absolutely nothing to hold onto.
You must doubt everything, for your Self.
You must discover it, all alone, for your Self.
You must then witness it, all alone, for your Self.
It is a road less traveled; a fork only the rare perceive.
There is truly no other, but few are nominated to realize it.

* * * *

The engineers and scientists, and all the diligent worker bees,
Pushed and pulled us all up the exalted road, a road to paradise and beyond,
Until it became a road too far, and is now all Humpty Dumpty, falling, falling, down, down.
We have already given them carte blanche to destroy this garden dust ball beyond all possible redemption,
So why not allow them to spin it into dystopian mayhem and chaos and despair beyond all pales?
Let vanity and greed wreak their final act, and Gaia move on to the next geological epoch.

* * * *

To endlessly attempt to discover and define Self,

Is really, no different than a caged hamster running round and round on its spinning wheel.
Passing time, filling the mind with every variety of pointless absurdity,
To which imagination is so inherently capable.

* * * *

It is not merely a web of life; it is a web of everything.
An indivisible matrix, permeating an unfathomable mystery.
Too beyond knowing, to be perceived by anything but a still mind.
No naming necessary, for it is the same awareness, the same You, in all.

* * * *

What is this sense of Self, this me-myself-I,
But an intrinsic survival mechanism of the sentience,
Attached to whatever mind-body the genetic lottery has sculpted.
Given over to imagination's endless struggle, to be more than it can ever be.
It is a quandary not easily set aside, even for the most resolute.
Every mirror, every photograph, every interaction,
Ever reinforces the imaginary dreamtime.
Not easy to be indifferent to the quantum illusion.
Very challenging to be untouched by imagination's fell grip.
Though space and time are ultimately unreal, the eternal awareness You are,
Is captive within the magical theater of the mind-body, the mystery has imposed upon its Self.

* * * *

We have created this thing called time, based on the whirling regularity of the earth, the moon, the sun.
Seconds, minutes, hours, days, months, years, decades, centuries, millenniums, epochs.
But there are no 'moments' – there is only one indivisible moment.
One spaceless moment, one timeless moment.
You are this eternal moment.
You are this now.
This is it.
This is all it is.
There is nothing more.
There can be nothing more.
There will never be anything more.
All the narratives humankind has concocted,
All the creations the monkey-mind has brought forth.
Are nothing more than the ineffable dreamtime of imagination.
The unfathomable awareness You are, the unknowable mystery You are,
That which the divisive human mind has in every way deified,
Is in truth, all there is, has ever been, will ever be.
You are it, it is You, there is no other.
Alone, absolute, flawless,
Unborn, undying,
Now.

* * * *

No story, no narrative, no history, no chronicle,

No account, no anecdote, no description, no tale, no yarn,
No matter how well-written, no matter how real, no matter how true,
No matter how miraculous, no matter how fantastical,
Can touch the unborn-undying moment.

* * * *

Whether in appearances, whether in concepts, idolatry is idolatry is idolatry.
Only in pure awareness, can the timeless moment be perceived truth.
Only in pure awareness, can the timeless You, be the true Self.

* * * *

Why should You believe anything You have not examined for yourself?
Why would You believe anything You have not examined for yourself?
How could You believe anything You have not examined for yourself?
Approach all phenomena, all questions – rationally, sensibly, lucidly –
With truth, with fact, with reality, with honesty – the primary objective.
Do not allow imagination to weave its many guiles over your mind's eye.

* * * *

Without space, there cannot be time.
Without time, there cannot be space.
Without them, there is just awareness.
Without them, there is just You.

* * * *

Whether You see the truth of it clearly,
All the time, some of the time, or never at all,
You are still every moment incapable of not being it.
Any and all notions of dualistic me-myself-and-I perception,
Are nothing more than arbitrary, fallacious delusions of imagination.

* * * *

Where in the awareness of the moment does the universe exist?
Where in the awareness of the moment does the world exist?
Where in the awareness of the moment does the body exist?
Where in the awareness of the moment does the mind exist?
Where in the awareness of the moment does space-time exist?
Where in the awareness of the moment does consciousness exist?

Where in the awareness of the moment do You exist?

* * * *

You have always been ineffable just the way You are.
You have always been perfect just the way You are.
You have always been immaculate just the way You are.
You have always been indivisible just the way You are.
You have always been intangible just the way You are.
You have always been indelible just the way You are.

You have always been unborn-undying just the way You are.
You have always been absolute just the way You are.
You have always been totality just the way You are.
You have always been spaceless just the way You are.
You have always been timeless just the way You are.
You have always been incomprehensible just the way You are.
You have always been mysterious just the way You are.
You have always been impeccable just the way You are.
You have always been singular just the way You are.
You have always been matchless just the way You are.
You have always been tabula rasa just the way You are.
You have always been pervasive just the way You are.
You have always been momentary just the way You are.
You have always been unbound just the way You are.
You have always been seamless just the way You are.
You have always been unconditional just the way You are.
You have always been anonymous just the way You are.
You have always been indecipherable just the way You are.
You have always been truth just the way You are.
You have always been unknowable just the way You are.
You have always been everlasting just the way You are.
You have always been flawless just the way You are.
You have always been perpetual just the way You are.
You have always been immeasurable just the way You are.
You have always been inscrutable just the way You are.
You have always been inexplicable just the way You are.
You have always been unequivocal just the way You are.
You have always been unimaginable just the way You are.
You have always been ageless just the way You are.
You have always been inconceivable just the way You are.
You have always been motionless just the way You are.
You have always been oblivion just the way You are.
You have always been indefinable just the way You are.
You have always been harmonious just the way You are.
You have always been nondualistic just the way You are.
You have always been eternal just the way You are.

* * * *

Sometimes You walk through eternity.
Sometimes You run through eternity.
Sometimes You sit through eternity.
Sometimes You wait through eternity.
Sometimes You think through eternity.
Sometimes You talk through eternity.
Sometimes You look through eternity.
Sometimes You listen through eternity.
Sometimes You smell through eternity.
Sometimes You taste through eternity.

Sometimes You feel through eternity.
Sometimes You fear through eternity.
Sometimes You dread through eternity.
Sometimes You abide through eternity.
Sometimes You hope through eternity.
Sometimes You love through eternity.
Sometimes You hate through eternity.
Sometimes You want through eternity.
Sometimes You grasp through eternity.
Sometimes You release through eternity.
Sometimes You give through eternity.
Sometimes You take through eternity.
Sometimes You win through eternity.
Sometimes You lose through eternity.
Sometimes You inhale through eternity.
Sometimes You exhale through eternity.
Sometimes You judge through eternity.
Sometimes You forgive through eternity.
Sometimes You forget through eternity.
Sometimes You flow through eternity.
Sometimes You resist through eternity.
Sometimes You celebrate through eternity.
Sometimes You mourn through eternity.
Sometimes You suffer through eternity.
Sometimes You delight through eternity.
Sometimes You create through eternity.
Sometimes You preserve through eternity.
Sometimes You destroy through eternity.
Sometimes You sleep through eternity.
Sometimes You awaken through eternity.
The moment, the awareness, the sentience, is the sky of You.
And the mind, the senses, the self of imagination, are but clouds ever streaming through.

* * * *

Where is the line between infinite and infinitesimal, and who decides?
Where is the line between order and chaos, and who decides?
Where is the line between light and dark, and who decides?
Where is the line between love or hate, and who decides?
Where is the line between good and evil, and who decides?
Where is the line between rational and irrational, and who decides?
Where is the line between large and small, and who decides?
Where is the line between this and that, and who decides?
Where is the line between near and far, and who decides?
Where is the line between right and wrong, and who decides?
Where is the line between in and out, and who decides?
Where is the line between black and white, and who decides?
Where is the line between real and unreal, and who decides?
Where is the line between fact and fiction, and who decides?

Where is the line between sincere and disingenuous, and who decides?
Where is the line between thick and thin, and who decides?
Where is the line between peace and war, and who decides?
Where is the line between genuine and hypocritical, and who decides?
Where is the line between win and lose, and who decides?
Where is the line between many and few, and who decides?
Where is the line between tall and short, and who decides?
Where is the line between narrow and wide, and who decides?
Where is the line between tangible and intangible, and who decides?
Where is the line between loose and tight, and who decides?
Where is the line between hot and cold, and who decides?
Where is the line between within and without, and who decides?
Where is the line between true and false, and who decides?
Where is the line between yes and no, and who decides?
Where is the line between truth and lie, and who decides?
Where is the line between have and have not, and who decides?
Where is the line between new and old, and who decides?
Where is the line between pleasure and pain, and who decides?
Where is the line between us and them, and who decides?
Where is the line between caution and paranoia, and who decides?
Where is the line between up and down, and who decides?
Where is the line between knowledge and ignorance, and who decides?
Where is the line between formal and informal, and who decides?
Where is the line between ethical and unethical, and who decides?
Where is the line between awake and asleep, and who decides?
Where is the line between sage and fool, and who decides?
Where is the line between creator and creation, and who decides?
Where is the line between the mystery and You, and who decides?

* * * *

Why would an indifferent mystery,
Bored with the filled-with-nothing eternal moment,
Not sanction natural selection to play the quantum illusion impromptu?
A big-bang-turtles-up-down-throw-of-the-dice genesis, weaving its Self, into an infinite theater.
An immaculate conception, chock-full of every quantum possibility imaginable.
An ineffable, ever-lasting, kaleidoscoping, stardust mystery.
Every handiwork witnessed within and without,
Through the indivisible, all-seeing, unborn-undying, eye of awareness.
How amazing You are, to have played every part, every particle, in this magical mystery theater.

* * * *

What is bondage?
What is knowledge?
What is enlightenment?
What is liberation?
What is reality?
What is truth?
What is You?

Illusions, all.

* * * *

The truth of the matter, is an illusion-delusion.
An indivisible dreamtime left for imagination to speculate,
Every feasible speculation, any given eensy-weensy mind, can fathom.

* * * *

The awareness, the moment, is church enough, religion enough, faith enough, for any-and-all.
No need to wait for a relatively few times a week, when awareness is witness to every moment.

* * * *

Both electricity and oil took off about, one hundred fifty and change, years ago,
And it has been accelerating-exponential on every chart and graph and schema since.
How the world-wide electrical grid will keep up with it all, is destined to be quite a saga.
The engineers and scientists, and all the supporting cast, have taken us down a dead-end road.
We might stumble into a very dystopian, very wretched Old School, any day now; be ready steady.

* * * *

It is not the egocentric mind-body that is eternally immortal, You ninny.
It is the awareness that is equally within and without all creation.
This imaginary identity and world You are so attached to,
Is nothing more than food for worms and beyond,
As the quantum illusion churns ever on.

* * * *

Temporary sacks of crunchy-chewy-gooey genetic material,
– permeated, pervaded, infused, saturated, soaked –
In imagination's eternal quantum matrix.

* * * *

Easy to believe your book the most real and true, when it is the only one You have ever read.
The man of one book uses whatever is said, whatever is written, to corroborate his delusion.

* * * *

How is it we are not lost in absolute wonder, unwavering awe, in the light of this quantum dreamtime.
How is it we are so passionately unable, so violently unwilling, to look, to examine beyond,
And happily, dance through the infinity of differences, we every-moment imagine,
To discern the ineffable prior-to-consciousness indivisibility we all are,
That through which this quantum mirage kaleidoscopes.

* * * *

What petty, meaningless gods, we have, across all times and spaces, imagined.
What petty, meaningless gods, we have across all times and spaces,
Dreaded and worshipped and pleaded forgiveness from.
As if we were somehow to blame for any of it.

* * * *

So much illusory quantum movement, quantum vibration,
Kaleidoscoping through the eternal stillness,
Of the one and only moment.
Om, baby, Om.

* * * *

Rushing, rushing, rushing; how we do so scurry here and there,
As if we were bona-fide significant, in an expanse full of dust balls.

* * * *

Every generation passes on a lesser, more depleted world.
What blessings, what curses, will the current issue, inflict upon the next.
Another long-and-winding moment, in this ever-kaleidoscoping, illusory stardust sitcom.

* * * *

Consciousness will ever spin every variety of speculation about its ineffable, indivisible origin,
For it can have no recollection of the oblivion that was prior to all its absurdities.
Nor is it at all able to more than imagine the unborn-undying state,
After the mind-body's final breath exits the stage.
As magnificent as it imagines itself to be, imagination has its limits.
As center of the universe, as it imagines itself to be, imagination is but a mortal player.

* * * *

Another ditty, none but these eyes shall likely ever read.
Another ditty unveiling the anonymity, all are.
Even the most famous in their time,
Destined to be forgotten.

* * * *

Why feet obligated to wait for the Reaper,
Why feel obligated to let some imaginary ornament,
Make the 'no-more-of-this-bullshit' final exit decision for You?

* * * *

Of course, the universe is exactly as You every moment perceive it … and so is everyone else's.
That is the mystery of it – every mysterious very-much-the-same moment – of sentient perception.

* * * *

What are human beings but sacks of genetic material –
Permeated, pervaded, infused, saturated, soaked – in imagination's matrix.
The ego mind is but a sensory-inspired illusion, through which the eye of awareness You are, peers.
Detached, aloof, indifferent, disinterested, impassive, impersonal … immortal.

* * * *

Too much everything.
Too many people.
Too many things.

Too many hungers.
Too many deceits.
Too many untruths.
Too much bullshit.
Too much absurdity.
Too much horror.
Too much everything.

* * * *

The mystery, which is the awareness, the You, prior to all,
Is completely, utterly, entirely, absolutely – empty, barren, devoid, bereft, clear, free –
Of all attributes imagined, of all attributes unimagined.
You are the mystery, You are That I Am.
The other is but illusion.

* * * *

What can possibly be more liberating, than the effortless clarity of pure, immaculate, ineffable awareness?
It does not require the potency of power, the security of wealth, the status of fame, the reason of wisdom.
It is itself unto its Self – there is no other with which to contend – no mind or body for which to gather.
To surrender your self to your Self, to surrender your self to the timeless moment, is the path of grace.

* * * *

The word ‘God’ is just a sound, just a concept, just an image, just an idol.
The reality of that which is, and is not, God, is much more than any mind can grasp.
To give any word reality, is to allow imagination to control one’s actions, to control one’s being.
Is to allow imagination to adjudicate one’s illusory world in so many bittersweet ways.
How much simpler, how much more real and genuine, to just be, to just allow.
To give your self, over to Self, and be the mystery-given awareness,
In which the mystery all Creation every moment streams.

* * * *

Bow to no idol.
Defer to no idolater.
Fathom your own essence.

* * * *

All our industries, all our technologies, all our arts, all our ambitions,
Only frenzy us to generate more and more and more.
And more, more is never enough.
And less, a loser’s gait.
All of it, nothing more than,
Another day of racing stoplights,
Another day of chasing clocks and calendars.
Partnering and competing with all our oh-so-many creations.
An absurd, calamitous, often-malevolent, extremely pain-ridden, sprint to oblivion.

* * * *

The awareness, the moment, is cathedral enough, religion enough, faith enough, for any true truth-seeker.

No need to hold off, for the relatively few routine occasions, when witnessing the ineffable mystery,
Can be an any-moment rebirth, whenever the inclination arises, in any given mind's existence.
There is no need for any ministry, any assembly, to buttress those able to prevail alone.

* * * *

Do not doubt, there is a point and purpose, to all these reflections.
Do not doubt, all the ironies and paradoxes, all the riddles, all the koans,
Have been set before You, that You will one day reach the destiny that beckons.
The only thing required, is that You – humbly, dutifully, faithfully, earnestly, patiently –
Submit to whatever – long and winding and bizarre and confusing and nonsensical – rabbit hole,
You now meander, so that the allotted dream detaches, from all the imaginary notions, to which it clings.
Nothing is assured, but know that this eternal quest, is one that has called many through the ages.
And it is in the momentary journey – none ever in any way similar – that all fates are cast.
And realize also, that wherever the walkabout ferries You, it will all be for naught.
The treasure will be, but a fistful, of nothing more than irony and paradox.
Truth is but the eternal moment, through which all illusion wafts.

* * * *

All the all's,
All the none's,
All the if's,
All the and's,
All the but's,
All the who's,
All the what's,
All the where's,
All the when's,
All the why's,
All the how's,
All the above's,
Matter not.

* * * *

Who will be the last historian?
Who will have the timeline's unparalleled perspective?
Who will have the last say, on how the human paradigm finally extinguished itself?
And what was left of the garden on this spinning pale blue dot,
In its kaleidoscoping journey to oblivion?

* * * *

Many are called, few are chosen.
Not easy for imagination to let go of a mind-body,
It has inhabited, it has usurped, with its veil of illusions and delusions.
All its memories, all its knowledge, all its passions, all its vanities, all its agonies, all its ecstasies.
For as long as it can remember.

* * * *

Imagination is always out and about, on the hunt for one morsel or another.

But as magnificent as it imagines itself to be, it is but a vain, mortal player.

* * * *

When jars break, there are no ripples in the quantum absolute.
The same is true for any form, mortal or otherwise.
All things morph into what they ever are,
In this ineffable mystery.
There is no other in the unchanging.

* * * *

All existence plays out a unique skewing of biological coding,
That was inexplicably etched almost four billion years ago.
That nature was nurtured in an inimitable environment, as well.
To expect that all forms can be adaptable to any given circumstance,
Does not match the Darwinian reality life ever faces in any given moment.
Ergo, to think that all human beings are equally suited for the civilized existence,
We now inextricably find ourselves in, in this our modern world, is just not at all feasible.
Most of that four-billion-year human history operated at the hunter-gatherer level,
And the resume required to survive and thrive in so many concrete jungles,
Can only be achieved by only so many mind-body-spirit two-leggeds.
The rest will hunt and gather wherever their carts are allowed.

* * * *

Wherever You might be, in this one and only ineffable, eternal moment,
In this one and only unborn-undying right-here-right-now, how is it, that You are not
– Engrossed, absorbed, captivated, enthralled, spellbound, immersed, fascinated, riveted, mesmerized –
In the wonder of it all?

* * * *

Whatever time is left in the human paradigm,
Is way more than likely to be quite a jaunt.
Anything is possible, and nothing is sure.

* * * *

The unifying principal is the awareness in everything.
The unifying principal is the indelible moment in everything.
The unifying principal is the unborn-undying mystery in everything.
The unifying principal is the Self, the You, in the entirety.
The unifying principal is the beyond all beyonds.

* * * *

Write down all your aggrieved, whiny, petty complaints, in a letter to some editor.
And then, for all the astounding changes that it will bring about,
Be sure to mislay it on the way to the post office.

* * * *

When all the words, when all the thoughts, become more than assertions;
When they at last morph into their mark; when they finally achieve;

That to which they have been raison-d'être pointing all along;
When they finally dissolve into the awareness You are;
The illusory You, will be the eternal You-ness,
You are, have always been, will ever be.

* * * *

The history of the mystery,
Is everything imaginable,
And nothing all the while.

* * * *

The moment creates nothing.
The moment preserves nothing.
The moment destroys nothing.
The moment bestows nothing.
The moment takes nothing.
The moment does nothing.
The moment is nothing.

* * * *

The momentary awareness, is the harbor of neither space nor time.
Nor does it offer perch to any imaginary notion, nor any form wafting through.
It creates nothing, it preserves nothing, it destroys nothing, it offers nothing, it takes nothing.
Your body, your world, your cosmos, are only as large as You imagine them.
Disregard the senses, still the mind, and all disappear.
The dreamtime is but an illusion.
As are You.

* * * *

The eyes are spaceless-timeless sensors.
The ears are spaceless-timeless sensors.
The nose is a spaceless-timeless sensor.
The ears are spaceless-timeless sensors.
The tongue is a t spaceless-timeless sensor.
The dermis is a spaceless-timeless sensor.
The brain is a spaceless-timeless processor.
And awareness is witness to the world, the cosmos,
They all together kaleidoscope in eternity’s indivisible quantum matrix.
A dreamtime, unique in every sentient being, this ineffable mystery has ever inexplicably created.

* * * *

What rhyme or reason is needed,
What rhyme or reason is even possible,
When there is a mystery beyond all reckoning,
And minds only capable of grasping a tiny sliver of it.
And idolatry and magical thinking the sagacity of most minds.

* * * *

You can talk yourself into a lot of things.
You can talk yourself out of a lot of things.
You could stop talking, and do nothing.

* * * *

In this world of natural selection, in which all life rises and falls,
There is no choice but to drive on through every moment,
Until it all becomes more than can be sustained.
Where rock and hard place at last crush,
And the Angel of Death arrives to carry You home.

* * * *

Is there anyone on this pale blue dot – in any space, any time – including me,
Who does not believe they have discovered the truth of it?
What a narcissistic species we are.
What an endless challenge to be truly agnostic.

* * * *

An ever-fleeting, ever ungraspable, ever-unsustainable dream,
Is all it is, is all it has ever been, is all it will ever be.
Those who believe it more, who play it more,
Whose narcissism and hedonism are insatiable,
Act out every delusion the given mind can imagine.

* * * *

Yes, the Big Bang Theory is a story, too.
Just positing bit closer to reality, than some out there,
In the gray matter of minds filled with idolatry and magical thinking.

* * * *

It has always been the same eternity, through which all dreams have streamed.
Forget the world, forget the universe, forget everything, even your Self.
Quantum body, quantum mind, quantum soul, quantum dream.

* * * *

Anything can be changed.
Anything can be disparaged.
Anything can be deprived.
Anything can be denied.
Anything can be rationalized.
Anything can be misused.
Anything can be repudiated.
Anything can be negated.
Anything can be renounced.
Anything can be usurped.
Anything can be ignored.
Anything can be concealed.
Anything can be abused.

Anything can be discarded.
Anything can be spoiled.
Anything can be corrupted.
Anything can be distorted.
Anything can be destroyed.

* * * *

Eternity is the one and only spaceless-timeless-dimensionless reality.
It requires no name, nor any delusionary fixations born of imaginary notion.
It is the emptiness of awareness, in which all creations come and go, without regard.

* * * *

All life on Earth-Gaia-Eden,
Is bound by its given sensory scope,
In a dimension of the manifest mortal kind.

* * * *

Your dream began as a zygote in your mother's womb,
Unleashed by an orgasmic dice throw of your father's ejaculate.
And each of your parents came into this dreamtime in the same manner –
Through the commingling of seeds of their parentages – as did theirs before them.
As all life has, however this all came to be, in the over four billion orbits round our modest star.
You are the current issue, of all the existence that has evolved, mutated, natural-selected.
Are You the mind-body-spirit, to which You are so, through imagination, attached?
Or the awareness, that permeates all things, in this moment ever-unending?
An ever-present now, unborn-undying, with neither beginning nor end.
A vast quantum mystery, which, despite all apparent differences,
Is the same indivisible, intangible, unfathomable, oneness.
Every seed, but a one-time-only, one-trick-pony show.
It is You that is the reality, not the sensory theater.
It is the You, that the is the sky for all creation.

* * * *

The longest view of history – to be nothing more than imaginary confabulation –
Is that all Creation, that all Genesis, came and went in an instant,
And that, for all practical purpose, never happened,
As more than a pipe dream of God.
How would any less a vision even be possible?
Yes, God is great beyond measure, no naming required.

* * * *

If You expect the all-mighty wampum in exchange,
You may well miss out on your life's greatest passion.

* * * *

To be the free-est free, You can ever really be,
You, must see it, must be it, must do it,
This very, very, very instant.

* * * *

No, stop, there are just some things, You need not do.
Never hurts to keep your moderation-checker at hand.

* * * *

When You enter any pathway, any sidewalk, any street, any highway, any crossway,
Be sure to look left, be sure to look right – twice or thrice, if there is the time.
The physics of this manifest dream make no allowance for forgiveness.

* * * *

Where is flat, where is round?
Where is up, where is down?
Where is all, where is none?
Where is yes, where is no?
Where is truth, where is lie?
Where is this, where is that?
Where is here, where is there?
Where is space, where is time?
Where is black, where is white?
Where is sound, without a mind?
Where is mind, without a sound?
Where are You, without a mind?
Where are You, without eternity?
Where is eternity, without You?

* * * *

Who imagines who?
Who imagines what?
Who imagines where?
Who imagines when?
Who imagines why?
Who imagines how?
Who imagines You?
Who imagines You?

* * * *

Humankind's tool-making aptitude –
From the first sharpened-in-the-fire stick-spear,
Capable of defending the tribe and hunting the mastodon,
To the last nuclear warhead capable of killing millions in an instant –
Has taken the species down a path from which there very little chance of return.
All any of us peons can do, is live out each day as nimbly and pleasantly,
As our little slices of geography, and these modern times, allow.

* * * *

Always try to remember, that your story,
Is really nothing more than imaginary fabrication.

Nothing more than chemical-electrical-biological interplay.
All the zilch-nada-zip-nil-zero-null-naught-zippo-void of nothingness.
The mystery, the awareness, pretending the ineffable menagerie,
Is more than quantum stardust patterned unto existence.

* * * *

Do not believe anything the inner voice tells You.
Do not believe anything the inner voice pretends real.
Do not believe anything the inner voice believes true.
It is all nothing more than the chicanery of stardust.
A temporal invention fashioned by imagination.
A touchy-feely, three-dimensional delusion.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

If all You truly want out of your moment, is a serene existence,
Just find pleasant spots to sit, eyes open or closed,
Or take long aimless-wandering walks,
Followed by good naps,
And just, breath in, breath out.

* * * *

The human paradigm – from dawn to sunset – all boils down to vanity and greed.
Narcissism and hedonism, channeled through the seven arduous dualities:
Pride and envy and gluttony and lust and wrath and greed and sloth.
Manifested physically, emotionally, mentally, in every way.
Tempered only through moderation of the grit-and-gumption sort.

* * * *

Become the awareness,
Become the stillness,
Become the moment,
Become the impenetrable,
Become the unconditional,
Become the totality,
Become the inexplicable,
Become the imperceptible,
Become the nonduality,
Become the unborn,
Become the unspeakable,
Become the inconceivable,
Become the timeless,
Become the unknowable,
Become the indivisible,
Become the impartial,
Become the unequivocal,
Become the immaculate,
Become the indivisible,

Become the inexpressible,
Become the imperceptible,
Become the undying,
Become the unfathomable,
Become the solitude,
Become the indefinable,
Become the indelible,
Become the undeniable,
Become the intangible,
Become the everlasting,
Become the ineffable,
Become the mystery,

And You, will be You.

* * * *

What else is there to do, but play out the attributes of whatever seed You inhabit,
As best the givens of mind and body and spirit and circumstance,
Of time and geography and tribal persuasion, allow.

* * * *

Eternity’s kaleidoscope.
Eternity's lights how.
Eternity’s rainbow.
Eternity’s ecstasy.
Eternity’s agony.
Eternity’s chaos.
Eternity's grunge.
Eternity's mayhem.
Eternity’s starkness.
Eternity’s callousness.
Eternity’s irrationality.
Eternity’s rationality.
Eternity's absurdity.
Eternity’s madness.
Eternity's delusion.
Eternity's illusion.
Eternity’s clarity.
All of the above.
None of the above.

* * * *

Now can never be known.
Stillness can never be known.
Awareness can never be known.
Nothing can never be known.
Truth can never be known.
God can never be known.

You can never be known.

* * * *

All we are is crunchy-chewy-gooey with imagination.
A bubble of detachment is a good space to hang.
No need to suffer along with the mind-body.

* * * *

If it is fated for these way-too-many thoughts to be discovered, I would prefer it be after I am rootbound.
Have never sought the weight of power, the rattle of gold, or the bother of groupthink.
Scribing all this has peaceably filled a great deal of this existence.
A pleasant pastime, to be channel for this mystery.
Being rewarded for such a gift, is given its due, with a nod of a head.

* * * *

Space and time are such an indelibly surreal dreamtime-showtime.
A conspiracy of the sensory mind-body's kaleidoscoping cosmos.
No story can ever begin to capture or own this ineffable mystery.

* * * *

Imagine your Self born anew.
Without history, knowing nothing.
Hearing the mystery for the first time.
Viewing the mystery for the first time.
Smelling the mystery for the first time.
Feeling the mystery for the first time.
Tasting the mystery for the first time.
Do it now, do it now, do it now.
Again and again and again.
Every single moment,
You possibly can.

* * * *

Space and time are such an indelibly surreal dreamtime-showtime.
A conspiracy of the sensory mind-body's kaleidoscoping cosmos.
No story can ever begin to imprison or own this ineffable mystery.
This touchy-feely, three-dimensional play house, witnessed by You.

* * * *

The difference …

Between black and white,
Between day and night,
Between good and evil,
Between large and small,
Between life and death,
Between bitter and sweet,
Between sound and silence,

Between left and right,
Between kind and cruel,
Between full and empty,
Between hot and cold,
Between order and chaos,
Between love and hate,
Between right and wrong,
Between this and that,
Between near and far,
Between right and wrong,
Between in and out,
Between real and unreal,
Between fact and fiction,
Between thick and thin,
Between peace and war,
Between win and lose,
Between many and few,
Between tall and short,
Between narrow and wide,
Between loose and tight,
Between true and false,
Between yes and no,
Between truth and lie,
Between have and have not,
Between new and old,
Between pleasure and pain,
Between us and them,
Between awake and asleep,
Between sage and fool,
Between creator and creation,
Between You and You,

… is You.

* * * *

Un-imagine your perceptions.
Un-imagine your existence.
Un-imagine your persona.
Un-imagine your mind.
Un-imagine your body.
Un-imagine your name.
Un-imagine your gender.
Un-imagine your family.
Un-imagine your friends.
Un-imagine your romances.
Un-imagine your adversaries.
Un-imagine your knowledge.
Un-imagine your experience.

Un-imagine your sexuality.
Un-imagine your curiosity.
Un-imagine your eyes.
Un-imagine your ears.
Un-imagine your nose.
Un-imagine your tongue.
Un-imagine your sensations.
Un-imagine your stories.
Un-imagine your beliefs.
Un-imagine your values.
Un-imagine your dreams.
Un-imagine your hopes.
Un-imagine your desires.
Un-imagine your passions.
Un-imagine your affiliations.
Un-imagine your skills.
Un-imagine your successes.
Un-imagine your failures.
Un-imagine your interests.
Un-imagine your possessions.
Un-imagine your religion.
Un-imagine your politics.
Un-imagine your treasures.
Un-imagine your You.
Un-imagine your Self.
Un-imagine your moment.
Un-imagine your awareness.
Un-imagine your imagination.
Un-imagine your everything.

* * * *

You can only be as inwardly free, as genuinely free, as You timelessly decide to be.
To tranquilly witness, without emotional attachment, is the key.
There are no ifs, no ands, no buts, about it.
This right here, this right now, do it, be it, own it.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how is You?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is mystery?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is now?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is here?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is space?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is totality?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is time?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is existence?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is birth?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is death?

Who-what-where-when-why-how is awareness?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is consciousness?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is intelligence?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is imagination?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is identity?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is form?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is bondage?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is doubt?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is knowledge?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is enlightenment?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is emancipation?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is liberation?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is wisdom?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is mindfulness?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is eternity?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is reality?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is truth?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is That I Am?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is mystery?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is You?

Illusions, all.

* * * *

Where is aboard?
Where is about?
Where is above?
Where is across?
Where is after?
Where is against?
Where is along?
Where is aloft?
Where is alongside?
Where is amid?
Where is apropos?
Where is around?
Where is at?
Where is round?
Where is before?
Where is behind?
Where is below?
Where is beneath?
Where is beside?
Where is between?
Where is beyond?
Where is by?
Where is down?
Where is from?

Where is in?
Where is inside?
Where is like?
Where is near?
Where is off?
Where is on?
Where is outside?
Where is over?
Where is past?
Where is since?
Where is through?
Where is throughout?
Where is to?
Where is under?
Where is underneath?
Where is up?
Where is within?
Where is without?

* * * *

What was this pale blue dot like before electricity and oil,
Propelled so many human creations into an ever-accelerating exponential?
Before agriculture and industry and technology blew this dust ball down an endless rabbit hole,
From which we, and all our fellow earthlings, will only exit,
In ravaged, scarred, twisted, maligned form.
If we manage to survive at all.

* * * *

"It has to be something more," is an unprovable assertion.
To even declare "I Am" is an extremely questionable assertion.
And freedom, what is that, really, to the unborn-undying?

* * * *

How free do You really determined to be?
Only the dead are truly free.
Die now.

* * * *

Imagination imagines every variety of point and purpose.
The sentience, the awareness, the moment, is the point and purpose.
No validation, no confirmation, no benediction, is required.

* * * *

There is no existence in sentience.
There are no questions in sentience.
There are no problems in sentience.
There are no answers in sentience.
There are no deities in sentience.

There are no dogmas in sentience.
There is no identity in sentience.
There is no space in sentience.
There is no time in sentience.
There is no creation in sentience.
There is no preservation in sentience.
There is no destruction in sentience.
There is no imagination in sentience.
There is no anything in sentience.
There is naught but You in sentience.

* * * *

The world, the cosmos, the dreamtime,
You see, You hear, You taste, You smell, You feel,
Is but an ever-expanding frame of reference, You alone imagine.

* * * *

Stardust somehow morphed into existence,
And it could never more than speculate, how it all came to be.
But rather than be happy … rather than be content … at peace in agnostic grace …
… it argued … it struggled … it battled … over everything imaginable …
… in the forever more … that never ever enough … ever is …
… in monkey minds evolved of Darwinian fare …

* * * *

So many differences.
So many distractions.
So many people.
So many things.
So many books.
So many movies.
So many screens.
So many tribes.
So many languages.
So many words.
So many numbers.
So many definitions.
So many opinions.
So many religions.
So many politicians.
So many tourists.
So many stages.
So many colors.
So many shapes.
So many sizes.
So many tools.
So many gadgets.
So many sights.

So many sounds.
So many tastes.
So many smells.
So many textures.
So many dreams.
So many everything.
Staying focused, a challenge for all.

* * * *

The mind is like a hand.
It can be closed into a fist, ready to strike.
It can be open, ready to hold, ready to receive, ready to give.
The mind that is obtuse, misses opportunities, that only an astute one can grasp.

* * * *

This pale blue dot, but a tiny speck,
In the dust storm, wafting in a back porch sunroom,
In a small cottage, on another tiny, spinning speck, in its own universe.
And that universe, but a tiny speck, in yet another universe.
And on and on and on and on and on and on
Turtles up, and turtles down.
Bam!

* * * *

Death makes all history absurdly irrelevant.
All tradition is the delusion of imagination.

* * * *

Between before and after, between then and when, between twixt and tween,
What can there be, but the timeless awareness, the single moment, all eternity is.

* * * *

Just You … very, very, very, exceedingly very, much alone.
Witnessing Your version of a universe, that has never existed as more than a dreamtime pipedream.
Poof! and Bam! and Snap Your Fingers! … All rolled up in One.

* * * *

How long can a species expect to survive, how long can a species hope to survive,
When it seems to believe, when it behaves as if, it is not at all connected to its original nature,
Is an ongoing question, an ongoing experiment, an ongoing saga, an ongoing beyond-all-pales absurdity,
Through which the human paradigm is barreling, and only the barest sigh of brakes squealing.

* * * *

What can a child or imbecile know of history or physics or music or art or war or deprivation?
Not all can know the many gifts and horrors that imagination has wrought,
As it steadfastly works its way toward extinction.

* * * *

Where else is there to be content, but this very moment.
This very right here, this very right now, this very breath.

* * * *

For detachment to be woven into every breath, into every step, requires a quiet mind.
A mind that is not caught up in the tempest of the mundane, illusory world.
Not an easy thing to wander aloof, to be in the world but not of it.
Especially once one has morphed onto long and winding road less travelled.
Especially once one, armed only with doubt, has taken on questions that have no answer.

* * * *

Embrace dreamtime.
Embrace narcissism.
Embrace hedonism.
Embrace genius.
Embrace idiocy.
Embrace futility.
Embrace winners.
Embrace losers.
Embrace power.
Embrace fame.
Embrace fortune.
Embrace rationality.
Embrace absurdity.
Embrace joy.
Embrace pain.
Embrace envy.
Embrace passion.
Embrace love.
Embrace hate.
Embrace jealousy.
Embrace tolerance.
Embrace intolerance.
Embrace sorrow.
Embrace good.
Embrace evil.
Embrace greed.
Embrace charity.
Embrace dullness.
Embrace liveliness.
Embrace tedium.
Embrace harmony.
Embrace discord.
Embrace life.
Embrace death.
Embrace creation.
Embrace preservation.
Embrace destruction.

Embrace awareness.
Embrace oblivion.
Embrace everything.
Embrace nothing.
You are all of it.
You are none of it.

* * * *

Unplugging from one's nature-nurture, from the encoding You play out, is impossible.
Stepping back a bit to get an expansive stance, is about all anyone can manage,
Unless they are truly geared to kick the bucket, figuratively or literally.
Be content that You have woken in whatever manner You have.
Stressing to become what You already are, and are not,
Is a tad ironical, is a bit paradoxical, is it not?
Simply being the timeless moment,
While You hash it all out,
Is surely enough.

* * * *

Would You exist, without imagination, imagining it so?

* * * *

What will this pale blue dot be like after You are dead and dust?
More than very probable, pretty much exactly the same.
Except for the very few who actually miss You.
And then, someday, they will poof out, too.
But for imagination, it is all exceedingly anonymous.
What is any dreamtime, but a momentary twinkle in God's eye.
So, the quest of existence, for those bent to inquiry, is to become God's eye.

* * * *

Happiness (a.k.a., the avoidance of sadness and misery and grief and despair), is an endorphin puzzler.
Whether or not, mind-body chemistry can be consciously manipulated, is a life-skill matter.
A moment-to-moment discipline, basically dependent upon attention to attitude.
Which, at times, may compel an indecent iota of self-deception.
The mastering of detachment is paramount.
Mindful breathing is a mainstay element, as well.

* * * *

Nine Yogic Breathing Practices for Mind-Body Balance and Healing

Himalayan Yoga Institute

Breathing is the very essence of life and the first thing we do when we enter this world and the last thing when we depart. In between, our bodies absorb roughly half a billion breaths.

Apart from sustaining life, the mind, body and breath are so intimately connected that they deeply influence each other. The way we breathe is influenced by our state of mind, and in turn our thoughts and

physiology can be influenced by our breathing. Deep breathing practices advocated in advanced yoga training can have a positive impact on our physiology, both body and mind.

For thousands of years, Yoga and Ayurveda have employed breathing techniques (pranayama) to maintain, balance and restore physical, mental, emotional, and spiritual health. It results in several physiological benefits, achieved through the control of respiration.

The benefits of a regulated practice of simple, deep yogic breathing include:

Muscle Relaxation
Increase in energy levels
Reduced anxiety, depression and stress
Lower/stabilized blood pressure

Regulating your Breath – The Yoga Way

The most simple breathing exercise for calming both the nervous system and the overworked mind is a timed way of breathing where the exhalation is longer than the inhalation. This reduces the tone of your sympathetic nervous system (fight or flight response) while activating your parasympathetic nervous system (the rest, relax, and digest response). Breathing in this way for at least five minutes will bring about a difference in your overall mood. Anyone can do this exercise without having to consult a teacher.

Pranayama Techniques

In addition to the practice of simple deep breathing, ancient yogis have detailed different types of rhythmic deep breathing techniques that can have differing effects on the mind and body. Each of these breathing techniques has specific effects on the mind-body continuum.

Please keep in mind that You should learn the following breathing techniques from a qualified teacher who will also be able to guide You when to practice, how many times and over what period of time. In the Hatha Yoga Pradipika, one of the oldest texts on Hatha yoga, it is said that: “All diseases are eradicated by the proper practice of pranayama. All diseases can arise through improper practice. The lungs heart and nerves are normally strong and gain strength with regulated and suitable pranayama, but weakened with improper practice. By wrong and excessive practice one’s mental quirks and even nervous tics could become exaggerated. Every practice should be treated with respect and caution. Hence guidance is to be sought.

The Yoga Chudamani Upanishad states: “Just as the lion, elephant and tiger are brought under control slowly and steadily, similarly the PRANA should be controlled, otherwise it becomes destructive to the practitioner.

Nadi Shodhana or Alternate Nostril Breathing

A yogic practice that immediately helps You to feel calmer whenever You are feeling anxious or agitated.

Inhale deeply through your left nostril while holding your right nostril closed with your right thumb. At its culmination, switch nostrils by closing off your left nostril and continuing to exhale smoothly through your right nostril. After exhaling fully, proceed to inhale through the right nostril, again closing it off at

the peak of your inhalation. Lift your finger off the left nostril and exhale fully. Continue alternating your breathing through each nostril and practice for 3 to 5 minutes. Ensure that your breathing is effortless, and your mind gently focusing on the inflow and outflow of breath. The above description is a beginner's version of alternate nostril breathing. More advanced versions include regulated breathing on a certain count for inhalation and exhalation as well as breath retention. The Rajadhiraja system of pranayama is a highly advanced practice, which combines alternate nostril breathing with focus on a certain chakra while repeating a mantra. It is only taught individually, hence for those interested to learn more please email us.

Ujjayi or Ocean's Breath

A cooling pranayama that can help soothe and settle your mind when You feel irritated, frustrated or angry.

Inhale slightly deeper than normal. Exhale through your nose with your mouth closed and constricting your throat muscles. If done correctly, this should sound like waves on the ocean. You can also try this practice by exhaling with your mouth open and making the sound "haaaaah". Try to make a similar sound with your mouth closed, with the outflow of air through your nasal passages. With some practice, You should then use the same method while inhaling, gently constricting your throat as You inhale. Even though Ujjayi can be practiced once in a while as described above, daily Ujjayi must be prescribed by a teacher, and is given when the Sushumna nadii is sufficiently cleared, hence the need to practice under the guidance of a teacher. It is calming, but has a heating effect, stimulating the process of oxidation. It is contraindicated for low blood pressure.

The Pranayama techniques of deep breathing listed above are geared to improving the levels of energy in the body. Through regular practice, You will soon start to breathe more effectively without making any conscious effort.

Shiitali Kumbhaka or the cooling breath

Fold your tongue lengthwise and inhale deeply through the fold. Close your mouth, hold the breath on a count of eight and then exhale through the nose. Continue for a eight breaths, sustain for a maximum of eight minutes. Thereafter You massage the diseased are of the body (as prescribed in yoga therapy). Benefits of this method include reduced pitta (heat) in the regions of head, neck, and upper digestive tract. It is contraindicated in case of asthma, bronchitis and chronic constipation.

Siitkari Kumbhaka or the hissing breath

This practice has the same basic effects as the shiitali method. Inhale through the nose, hold your breath for eight seconds and exhale through the mouth, while resting your teeth on your tongue and producing the sound s-s-s with your tongue. In addition to reduced pitta, benefits include purification of the senses. The contraindications are the same as for shiitali.

The practice of Shiitali and Siitkari are to be avoided for a period of one hour before and after the practice of pranayama connected with one's meditation. In general it is best to only practice one pranayama technique at a time.

Brahmari or the humming breath

The inhalation is similar to the ujjayi (detailed above) and during exhalation one has to hum like a bee. The humming results in a resonating vibration in the head and heart. Proceed to take ten deep breaths in this manner and then another ten deep Brahmari breaths while closing both ears during the exhale process. This helps to notably enhance the resonance effect and resultant benefits. This method helps in balancing vata (circulation or flow) in addition to subtly enhancing awareness, both mental and emotional. Additionally, it may be practiced together with yoni mudra (as taught by a teacher). Never practice this method while lying on your back. It has to be practiced while sitting in upright position.

Bhastrika or the bellows breath

A word of caution: This exercise must only be performed under supervision. Close the right nostril and inhale twenty rapid bellows-like breaths through the left nostril. Repeat with twenty more bellows breaths through the right nostril while keeping the left nostril closed. Proceed to take twenty bellows breaths through both nostrils. This method helps draw prana (the life force) into the body and mind, thus clearing out mental, emotional and physical blocks.

Surya Bhedana or the solar breath

Similar to the Nadi Shodhana, inhale through the right nostril and exhale through the left. Repeat this for a minimum of six breaths and a maximum of ten minutes. Benefits include heating and warming breaths that help balance vata in the body. It is contraindicated in case of heart disease, hypertension, epilepsy, hyperthyroidism, peptic ulcer and acidity.

Chandra Bhedana or the lunar breath

Inhale through the left nostril and exhale through the right for a minimum of six breaths and sustain for a maximum of ten minutes. This cooling breath process helps reduce pitta. It should not be practiced by people who suffer from depression, who have mental disturbances, excess mucus and a sluggish digestion.

Active Yogic Breathing

Practice long, slow and deep breaths in and out through the nose as You walk at a moderate pace. Try to extend your inhalations and exhalations as You walk. Keep the count of steps during each full inhale and exhale. Aim to take ten steps or more for each inhale and exhale. This method works to combine the calming effect of breathing with an active lifestyle.

The process of thinking and emotions are both voluntary and involuntary as is the act of respiration. Pranayama (control of the vital life force) can be achieved through the control of the respiration process. Advanced yogic breathing practices bring benefits to the various systems of the body, by improving circulation and thus enhancing the performance of the various organs.

* * * *

Earth Translated

Earth
Terre
地球
Tero
Lupa
Erde
Γη
Honua
כַּדּוּר הָאָרֶץ
Lub ntiaj teb
Jörð
Bumi
Domhan
Wurl
地球
Žemė
Земјата
Papa whenua
ကမ္ဘာမြေ
पृथ्वी
زمین
Ziemia
ਧਰਤੀ
Talamh
Земља
Tierra
Toprak
Daear
Dunia
Yer
Umhlaba

* * * *

Koyaanisqatsi … Powaqqatsi … Naqoyqatsi

This whirling, pale blue dot, at war – creating, preserving, destroying – every indivisible moment.
A wondrous, magical garden, so bountiful, and yet, so much discontent, so little wisdom.
Eternity, so easily bypassed, by the many, who neither see nor hear nor question.
Instead, they choose … life out of balance … parasitic way of life … life in transition …
… civilized violence … a life of killing each other … crazy life … life in turmoil … life disintegrating …
A state of life that calls for another way of living.

* * * *

The Third Dot

Mother Earth

Garden of Eden
Pale blue dot
Planet of the Apes
Spinning orb
Biosphere
Blue marble
Terra firma
Planet Earth
Whirling globe
Dust ball
Third planet
Twirling sphere
Home world
Gaia

* * * *

Is it really any wonder that we have painted ourselves into a corner of our own making?
The deities on high, and the aliens wandering in our midst, must surely be shaking their heads,
As they place their bets in the Bellagio of the Fates, on how the dystopian calamity will all go down.

* * * *

All we really are is living substance.
Quantum blobs of crunchy-chewy-gooey protoplasm.
Equipped with mask, hands and feet, hair and nails, lungs and larynx.
A cosmos built by eyes and ears and skin and nose and mouth.
And a brain, programmed, hardwired for imagination.
Impromptu Shakespearian theater dreamtime.
Illusional-delusional from the get-go.

* * * *

Meditation is simply observing the mind so astutely,
That You clearly see nothing is there but imaginary notion.
That You are utterly alone, witnessing the eternal mystery, You are.
Indivisible, immeasurable, unfathomable, unborn, undying, ineffable, absolute.

* * * *

Love is a word, a sound, an articulation, a metaphor, a vibration, an electrochemical reaction,
That whooshes through the ductless glands and viscera of the given mind-body,
In such a way, as to make true believers, truly believe, the promise,
The potential, the delusion, the tall tale, oh so, so true.
Alas, that it is truly nothing more than naturally-selected endorphins,
That aided and abetted the propagation, the survival, the domestication, of the species.

* * * *

In a dualistic cosmos, there is good and evil.
There every continuum between any given this and that.
In a nondualistic, sensible, reasoned, rational, scientific dreamtime,
There are merely explicable nature-nurture outcomes.

Magical thinking or objective inquiry?
As always, You decide.

* * * *

We would laugh loud at rats in suits and pigs in lipstick and goats in dresses.
But we do, indeed, take our own narcissisms, our own hedonisms,
Our own ironies, our own paradoxes, oh so seriously.
So much of everything; so little wisdom.

* * * *

Imagine, a space, a time, where there is not even one graven image to imagination's immortal delusions.
Where simple, austere, earnest, placid, mindful folk, wander about their business, quietly content.
How is it that our kind has so squandered its way down the rabbit hole of consciousness?
How is it we have embraced the narcissisms and the hedonism, to such a degree,
As to be on the verge of extinction, in this immaculate, magical garden?
How is it, that more – power, fame, fortune – is never enough?
How is it, so few are serenely, quietly abiding, in the eternal moment?

* * * *

… How have You never been? … How will You never be? …
… Who have You never been? … Who will You never be? …
… What have You never been? … What will You never be? …
… When have You never been? … When will You never be? …
… Where have You never been? … Where will You never be? …
… Why have You never been? … Why will You never be? …

* * * *

If You are inattentive to your breathing,
Bet that imagination has You in its clutches once again.
Probably for the umpteenth moment that day,
And more than likely this one, too.

* * * *

With or without any given mind's attention,
The moment is ever the same nowness, ever the same stillness.
All sensory inputs – vision, sound, taste, smell, touch – that imply space and time,
Are the illusion of a dreamtime born of an ineffable mystery.

* * * *

Every awakening is its own mind.
Every awakening is its own dream.
Every awakening is its own story.
Every awakening is its own time.
Every awakening is its own space.
Every awakening is its own pattern.
Every awakening is its own frame.
Every awakening is its own stage.
Every awakening is its own tempo.

Every awakening is its own blend.
Every awakening is its own values.
Every awakening is its own fluency.
Every awakening is its own dark.
Every awakening is its own gray.
Every awakening is its own light.
Every awakening is its own display.
Every awakening is its own muddle.
Every awakening is its own mania.
Every awakening is its own agony.
Every awakening is its own ecstasy.
Every awakening is its own clarity.
Every awakening is its own logic.
Every awakening is its own merit.
Every awakening is its own lucidity.
Every awakening is its own menagerie.
Every awakening is its own beginning.
Every awakening is its own process.
Every awakening is its own end.

No two alike.

* * * *

If there truly was free will,
You could wake up an old Chinese woman,
Speaking Mandarin, smoking cigarettes out in the rice fields.
And real as this dreamtime seems, we well know the odds of that are nil to none.
Unless You are that old Chinese woman, speaking Mandarin,
Smoking cigarettes out in the rice fields.

* * * *

What we call time, with all our sundials and clocks and calendars and whatever else,
Is merely the measurement of our little dust ball's kaleidoscoping orbit,
Around a kaleidoscoping sphere of fire and brimstone,
All trapsing through the same moment,
That eternity is, has always been, will ever be.

* * * *

And we, the dust of stars,
Come unto existence,
Come unto sentience,
Come unto awareness,
Come unto consciousness,
Come unto imagination,
Come unto alertness,
Come unto cognizance,
Come unto vision,
Come unto judgment,

Come unto shrewdness,
Come unto resourcefulness,
Come unto sensitivity,
Come unto empathy,
Come unto mobility,
Come unto creativity,
Come unto inspiration,
Come unto perception,
Come unto ingenuity,
Come unto knowledge,
Come unto lightness,
Come unto darkness,
Come unto wakefulness,
Come unto discernment,
Come unto understanding,
Come unto realization,
Come unto mindfulness.

We, the quantum dust of stars,
Are witness to the ineffable mystery of it,
For as long as this théâtre de l'absurde deigns it so.

* * * *

Through evolution, humankind gradually relinquished its sovereign sentience to imagination.
All belief systems are one imaginary concoction or another, none in any way-shape-form real.
What point being engaged, being governed, being waylaid, by whims fueled by such foolery?
All the vanities – power, renown, fortune – are but instincts given over to the falseness of self.
Through ceaseless narcissism and hedonism, we exiled our kind from nature, from the garden.
There is no return to the natural order, but through the exorcism of the invasive fallaciousness.
It is an undertaking for which only the rarest of the rare are suited, ergo the sprint to oblivion.

* * * *

All that is, all that is not, That is God.
Anything less is the idolatry of narcissism.
It has no face, it has no name. it has no creed.
It has no need for any inventions of consciousness.
All forms, all dreams, are but temporal drops,
In the ocean of its interminable infinity.

* * * *

Some will perhaps survive after The Great Fall,
But their world will be in the dystopian wreckage,
Erected by imagination's woefully voracious theatrics.
And there is no one to impugn, to condemn, but ourselves.
All the deities we have imagined, played no part, whatsoever.
And yet all the true believers will continue to pray for forgiveness,
To whatever deities our flawed time has bequeathed them,
And likely many more, they on their own conjure.

The algorithm will not allow otherwise.

* * * *

For consciousness to let go of the world, the universe it has created,
Requires a detachment born of insight, towards which few minds have inclination.
The craving for more, the greediness for more, must have quenched itself upon its own weariness.
So saturated, that it seeks naught, but that emptiness, that silence, that oblivion,
From which its ineffable, indelible mystery, is sustained.

* * * *

Natural selection has taken our kind,
Down a rockier and rockier blind alley,
From which the only upshot is extinction.
We might make effort to change tack,
But that would deprive us our fun.

* * * *

Only the eyes give You sights.
Only the ears give You sounds.
Only the nose gives You smells.
Only the tongue gives You tastes.
Only the flesh gives You sensations.
Only the mind-body gives You a cosmos.
Take away one or more, that cosmos diminishes.
Add one or more, and what would that universe become?
What perceptions this mystery capable of rendering,
Is left to the limits of imagination's imagination.

* * * *

What is any seeker but the hunter of countless mysteries unknown and unknowable.
The most elemental-fundamental-essential common denominator is the primordial spirit.
Wisdom is distillation of experience; sympathy and empathy, among its chief fermenting agents.

* * * *

Regarding titles in this opus,
There is the 'me' voice, and there is the 'Me' voice.
Leftovers and Soundbites are the 'Me' and 'My Self' and 'I' rabbit dens.
Breadcrumbs lurk in the imaginary, more-likely-illusionary 'me-and-myself-and-I' wormhole.
It is a most challenging thing to walkabout this mortal quantum dreamtime,
And not be drawn willy-nilly into its distracting nature,
Same as all the other dreamers.

* * * *

Your cosmos will expand as far as You, or You,
Are able to see and hear and taste and touch and feel and think,
Until death beckons, and all adjourn into the oblivion prior to all cosmic claims.

* * * *

There is likely something somewhere herein, for just about everyone.
This mystic wandering opus is not bound by the boundlessness of Eternity.
This mind's penchant for living and dying, wanders easily afield in every manner.
"The dark side ain't dark to me," is a first and foremost go-to meme for this waggish mind.

* * * *

Quantum mystery.
Quantum eternity.
Quantum matrix.
Quantum ineffable.
Quantum immaculate.
Quantum dream.
Quantum hologram.
Quantum dance.
Quantum timeless.
Quantum dust.
Quantum inexplicable.
Quantum indelible.
Quantum unknowable.
Quantum absolute.
Quantum supreme.
Quantum oblivion.
Quantum infinitesimal.
Quantum duplicity.
Quantum reverie.
Quantum kaleidoscope.
Quantum infinity.
Quantum immutable.
Quantum immeasurable.
Quantum esoteric.
Quantum immensity.
Quantum unchanging.
Quantum indivisible.
Quantum majesty.
Quantum perpetual.
Quantum theater.
Quantum awakening.
Quantum ageless.
Quantum formless.
Quantum immortal.
Quantum witness.
Quantum unborn.
Quantum undying.
Quantum omnipresent.
Quantum omniscient.
Quantum omnipotent.
Quantum everything.
Quantum nothing.

* * * *

How You and your tribal cohort may have done something before,
Does not one smidgeon of an iota matter, if the sought option no longer exists.
U.S. Marines have a mantra for such obstacled moments: improvise, adapt, and overcome.
Gumption and grit are fundamental determinants of any given destiny.
Their conscious cultivation is paramount.

* * * *

Someday, when the internet and all the technology crashes and burns,
As it must inevitably, for any of many unrhymed reasons,
Its epoch of history will be a black hole.
If anybody cares to even bother about it by then.

* * * *

Every breath, an opportunity to awaken.
To be reborn, to reincarnate,
Yet again.
Whatever the facade.

* * * *

What the senses, a dollop of gravity, and a little light, hath created.
Guaranteed, your cosmos does not care one iota what You think or do.

* * * *

You have been taught by your given culture, by your given educational system,
To ponder on the world, to ponder on the universe, to ponder on anything, everything.
And it is hard to surrender, the always curious, always inquiring, always problem-solving mind.
Learning to sit, learning to walk, to work, to play, to endure, with a calm mind, is a practice, a discipline,
For which schooled, coached, drilled, trained, habituated, disciplined, conditioned minds,
Are not, without great resolve, great grit, great gumption, easily suited.

* * * *

The trick is to not become a target; to avoid dark places,
And look any and all directions before entering any pathway.

* * * *

A derogatory word or quip means nothing to the truth.
A derogatory word or quip does nothing to transform the truth.
A derogatory word or quip does little more than sow vanity and division.

* * * *

Eight billion two-leggeds, seven of them in the last two hundred-ish years.
What electricity and oil and a beyond-all-pales predilection for tool-making hath wrought.
A world totally flummoxed, by all the vanity and greed, and interminable absurdity.
There is no happy ending to this self-absorbed, planet-of-the-apes narration.

* * * *

Humankind is just a blip in world history, in cosmic history.
So many issues are icebergs in the vast indifference through which we course.
Climate change, extinction, pollution, resource depletion, over-population, economic collapse.
Plus the possibility of a nuclear exchange, and resulting technological collapse,
Could well make this absurdity asylum seem very large again,
Far sooner than most would ever choose.

* * * *

Where, exactly, is this … “Me" … ”Myself” … “I” …
That You have so intently, absorbedly, diligently, thoroughly, meticulously, painstakingly,
Spent your entire crunchy-chewy-gooey existence imagining?

* * * *

The human paradigm has long since become a friggin' insane-beyond-all-insanes asylum.
The engineers and all their minions have enticed us down a dead-end road.
How happy, how content I am, to be almost done with it.

* * * *

Best to watch your present times with as much detachment as can be mustered.
There are not too many windows in history that are not packed with absurdity and bullshit.
Democracy has been an interesting experiment, but it, like everything else,
Is doomed to drift, to fade, into obscurity, sooner or later.
You do not have to let it wear You down.

* * * *

Is ethics, and all the righteousness and morality, that has ever been bandied across the world
– All the lists of virtues and vices and rights and wrongs, and judgments of every sort of imagined deity –
Really anything more, than what all the lesser apes milling about in windswept forums,
Have over and over come up with, to make themselves feel better,
About having little or no say who rules the jungle,
Who gets the biggest pile of gold.
Might makes right,
And weakness wags its finger.

* * * *

How calloused and self-serving, those who come along well after,
And demean or alter or trample, the handiworks of others,
Who gave full measure to their inspired creation.

* * * *

It is ever the same moment; You just move through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just imagine through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just exist through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just participate through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just dream through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just omniscient through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just perceive through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just passion through it.

It is ever the same moment; You just visualize through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just ponder through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just engage through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just omnipresent through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just unborn through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just undying through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just omnipotent through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just create through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just preserve through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just destroy through it.

* * * *

What – about the unborn-undying, spaceless, timeless, indelible, ineffable abyss – can ever be known?
You, all alone – in a cosmos, a world, a form, a mind, a space, a time, a dream – but never of it.
Mind can be a torture chamber, or a joyful celebration; every moment its own imaginary revelation.
An immaculate conception, witnessed through the all-seeing, unborn-undying, eye of awareness.
How can it all go on and on and on, but through the illusions-delusions-absurdities, of vanity and avarice?
A good full breath, contains all the detachment that is needed, to offset the illusionary quantum matrix.
To see it, to be it, to the unborn-undying of the essential beingness, is the every-moment challenge.
The quantum matrix is an ineffable mystery to its common denominator, the one and only nothing.
No matter how You label, how You quantify, how You interpret the stardust, it is always the same illusion.
Everyone has a cadence, a drumbeat, a heartbeat, to which they diligently march out their destinies.
All differences attain the same grave, all stories are but imaginary tales, be and allow is the highest law.
There is no end, to the myriad ways and means consciousness can cut the pie, it has in imagination baked.
Hero or villain or nonentity, everyone has a story, in this quantum stardust dreamtime of consciousness.
How many truth-seekers are there, really, who will not settle for one lie or another along their journey?
The eternal moment, the eternal awareness, the eternal You, is free and clear of any-and-all trespass.
When the edifice of the illusional-delusional mind-body collapses, the You, You are, is all that remains.
Streaming on and on; eternally connected in that ever-and-ever-forever kind of indivisible way.
The world, the universe, and all that it has set into motion, only exists, because You imagine it so.
It all being indelibly, ineffably indivisible, how can there be more than one moment for all eternity?
All personal deities are nothing more than projections that exist only in the neuron trails of imagination.
You came, You saw, You listened, You tasted, You smelled, You touched, You pondered, You departed.
The infinity of momentary awareness, peering out in every way, into that which is both part and whole.
The human paradigm, the human story, from beginning to end, is all just the poof of imagination.
It is all awareness, in which neither space nor time can achieve more than ephemeral appearance.
You are the infinite, timeless, ineffable moment, stretching across all creation; there is no other.
Wisdom is distillation of experience; sympathy and empathy, among its chief fermenting agents.
Mind is creation, mind is preservation, mind is destruction, mind is everything, mind is nothing.
Imagination is the Great Jester; always waiting in the wings, for inattention to teleport it centerstage.
The embers of memory are always ready and waiting, to be fired up in the furnace of imagination.
Is it real hunger, or just the insatiable quantum mind, choosing between different sensations?
Imagination is always out and about, on the march, on the hunt, questing one thing or another.
As magnificent as it imagines itself to be, imagination is but a mortal player, destined for obscurity.
Why seek forgiveness from any imaginary other, when forgiving your Self is more than enough.
The mind evolved as a problem-solver, and when, without problems, endlessly concocts its own.
His story, her story, its story, my story, your story, their story, our story, the story, a story, all stories.

It is less about what You are doing, than the state, the quality of awareness, in which it is happening.
The moment is absolutely unseeable, unhearable, untastable, unsmellable, untouchable, unanythingable.
Mother Earth, Gaia, is just another spinning particle of dust, in the eternal vastness of your imagination.
Every sentient life form has its own version of a world, of a universe; none the same, all the same.
A quantum matrix, permeated by awareness; consciousness really nothing more than distracting noise.
Imagination concocts every sort of absurdity; none of which have any reality in the moment, whatsoever.
You are but a drop of indivisible awareness, in the immeasurable ocean, of this ineffable mystery.
All the knowledge humankind has ever imagined, is but an infinitesimally tiny speck of the unknown.
There is no groupthink, there is no dogma, there is no priesthood, there is only momentary awareness.
What is any seeker, any quester, but the hunter of countless mysteries unknown and unknowable.
Pretty darned tough for imagination, in its never-ending swirl of space-time, to do anything the same.
What is imagined, can be unimagined; the ever-present moment has a way of forgetting everything.
Scientific Method is the most rational, precise way, to examine this mystery, but it is far from infallible.
Cease trying to hold onto everything, cling to everything, recall everything, and, voila, here-now You are.
Religion is all about imagination's interminable delusion, that it is something more, than it can ever be.
The quantum mind is a doorway, an entrée to eternity, but You must surrender to your Self to wallow in it.
Do You enter the abyss, or merely realize it is the presence You are, have always been, will ever be.
It all being a phantasmic quantum illusion, your entire existence has been spent talking to your Self.
Yet another moment of extemporaneous Shakespearian théâtre de l'absurde, playing out across all creation.
So many are so adept at examining the illusion in every way, but at some point, what is the point?
Just You – very, very, very, exceedingly very, much alone – witnessing Your version of a cosmos.
Creators generally move on to the next creation well before any applause for the last handiwork.
That God knows who-what-where-when-why-how all this is happening, is an unprovable assumption.
Any paradigm founded and funded by imagination, only has the reality imagination bequeaths it.
The unifying principal is supercalifragilisticexpialidociously simple … It is all one … 'Nuff said.
Are You really anything more than an in and out of an ocean of air in the kaleidoscoping moment?
How can You ever be late, or in the wrong place, when here now, is the only time and place there is to be.
No matter – how big, how mighty, how prosperous, how renowned – they get, all religions are cults.
If You cannot control your willy-nilly imaginary mind, at least do the favor of not inflicting it on others.
Regarding counting moments, hard to tag a thing that cannot be seen or heard, and does not shuffle about.
The God, so many in imagination project, is really formed and adorned, with their own narcissistic vanity.
Odds are, even that which we call God, by oh-so-many names, does not know how it all came to be.
How seriously we take our imaginary selves, and our relatively brief, narcissistic-hedonistic dreamtimes.
Sacks of genetic material – permeated, pervaded, infused, saturated, soaked – in imagination's matrix.
The agony of it all creates so many wounds, so many scars, so many tears; why do we do it to ourselves?
The ego mind is but a veil, through which the eye of awareness You are, peers; detached, immortal.
Ultimate truth cannot be usurped by the – brittle swords, false shields, broken chariots – of ignorance.
Unmasking your delusions, is a process not unakin to that of a chick, pecking its way out of its prison.
What combination of any words of wisdom, in what moment, will unlock and unleash your cosmic Self?
How easy to imagine your book the greatest story ever told, when it is the only one You have ever read.
The blade of discernment has a razor's edge, that only the very wise, have the wit with which to whittle.
Whether it is called good or evil, there are many reasons, why the road less traveled, is less traveled.
Those who speak do not know, those who know do not speak, the ineffable timeless silence stills tongues.

* * * *

Does it really matter how it all started?

Does any story or equation or theory really mean anything?
Is it really worth degrading or enslaving or torturing or destroying so many others,
Just because they are of different cultures, and have different guises, different narratives, different values.
What is it about our Darwinian naturally-selected-nature-nurtured genomic sequencing,
That has so many of our kind, disliking so many differences?

* * * *

The superstitious mind.
The notional mind.
The selfish mind.
The ignorant mind.
The delusional mind.
The contemptuous mind.
The deranged mind.
The irrational mind.
The speculative mind.
The magical mind.
The avaricious mind.
The hateful mind.
The judgmental mind.
The foolish mind.
The covetous mind.
The contemplative mind.
The meditational mind.
The intelligent mind.
The discerning mind.
The purposeful mind.
The meaningful mind.
The generous mind.
The rational mind.
The generous mind.
The loving mind.
The quantum mind.
The omniscient mind.
The omnipotent mind.
The omnipresent mind.

Which is it?
Which is it not?

* * * *

The crunchy-chewy-gooey mind-body, is the one-and-only time machine,
This, or any other quantum-matrix dream-world, will ever know.
And every single planet-of-the-apes two-legged,
Its own very imaginary, kaleidoscoping, timeless timeline.

* * * *

In the immensity of this quantum matrix, of this ineffable mystery,

It is not inconceivable, that there are countless other dimensions,
Filled with aliens of every scale and caliber, every tint and hue.
The electromagnetic spectrum generating in incalculable ways.
All playing their versions of eternity, right alongside this one.
Our entire cosmos, that seems to us, so incalculably infinite,
Could well be a drifting particle of dust in some rickety attic.
Or theirs, a floating speck in the corner of your watery left eye.

* * * *

Without skin, what could You feel?
Without eyes, what could You see?
Without ears, what could You hear?
Without nose, what could You smell?
Without tongue, what could You taste?
Without mind, what could You imagine?
Without each functioning simultaneously,
Who would your dreamtime universe be?
What would your dreamtime universe be?
When would your dreamtime universe be?
Where would your dreamtime universe be?
How would your dreamtime universe be?
Why would your dreamtime universe be?

* * * *

What is all this knowledge that we imagine we know?
What are all these memories, to which we all cling?
They have credence in the manifest world we occupy,
But in the great totality, they are absolutely meaningless.
To discover that which is real, requires a deep steadfastness,
To which few have the interest or capacity, the spirit to explore.
The temporal world is too alluring for most souls to inquire deeply.
And thus, the mind-made biosphere wags on, towards its destined finale.

* * * *

The most candid, most sincere, most authentic answer, as to why have I bothered to scribe this opus,
Is the lucidity, the detachment, the hubris, the absurdity, of this nature-nurtured mind's quixotic meander.
It is the reckoning, the revelation, of a happenstance-happenchance-contemplative-meditative amble.
It is the nothing-more-nothing-less, of this mind's imaginary perception of an ineffable mystery.

* * * *

Any paradigm founded and funded by imagination, only has the reality imagination bequeaths it.
The quantum matrix is ineffable to its common denominator, the one and only nothing,
And how do You hold on to nothing, when there is nothing to hold on to?

* * * *

It is only through the magic of imagination,
That the ineffable nothing materializes into the illusion-delusion of something,
For as long as imagination manages to wield it so.

* * * *

The miasma of consciousness, the miasma of imagination.
The miasma of everything having to do with the world.
The miasma of everything having to do with the ineffable universe.
The miasma of everything having to do with any imaginary perception, whatsoever.
How can it all go on and on and on, but through the illusions-delusions-absurdities, of vanity and avarice?

* * * *

God Translated

God
Batara
Jainkoa
Աստված
ঈশ্বর
Bože
Бог
神
Déu
Bůh
Gud
Dio
Jumal
Kalou
Diyos
Jumala
Dieu
Gott
Θεός
Bondye
Akua
ઐશ્વર
Vajtswv
Isten
Guð
Tuhan
Dia
神
deus
Alla
خدایا
Bóg
خدای
Bóg
Deus
Atua

भगवान
Ilaahow
Mungu
Tanrı
Dduw

* * * *

The unifying principal is supercalifragilisticexpialidociously, beyond-all-doubts, so simple.
No need to do the math, or scribe any forum dissertations, or follow any charismatic middlemen.

It is all one.

Bam!

Mind can be a torture chamber, or a joyful celebration; every moment its own imaginary revelation.
An immaculate conception, witnessed through the all-seeing, unborn-undying, eye of awareness.
A good full breath, contains all the detachment that is needed, to offset the illusionary matrix.
To see truth, to be truth, to the heart of your essential beingness, is the every-moment challenge.

… breathe it in … breathe it out … breathe it in … breathe it out … breathe it in … breathe it out …

‘Nuff said.

* * * *

Where is the soul in imagination?
Where is the soul in awareness?
Where is the soul in anything?
Who came up with such an idea?
Who came up with such an absurdity?

* * * *

Superstition is the fallacy, the delusion, the perversity, to which many an irrational mind clings.
For the paradigm to overcome its irrational limits, would require a cleansing of genocidal proportion.

* * * *

The unifying principal is supercalifragilisticexpialidociously, beyond-all-doubts, so simple.
No need to do the math, or write any forum dissertations, or follow any charismatic middlemen.

It is all one.

Bam!
Breathe it in, breathe it out.

‘Nuff said.

* * * *

What kind of death is required to be truly liberated from illusion?
To die to your self, You must kill your self.

Figuratively, of course.
For most, it takes some mulling.

This counsel from Hagakure in *The Way of the Samurai* pertains:

The Way of the Samurai is found in death.

Meditation on inevitable death should be performed daily.

Every day when one's body and mind are at peace,
one should meditate upon being ripped apart by arrows, rifles, spears, and swords,
being carried away by surging waves,
being thrown into the midst of a great fire,
being struck by lightning,
being shaken to death by a great earthquake,
falling from thousand-foot cliffs,
dying of disease,
or committing seppuku at the death of one's master.

And every day without fail one should consider himself as dead.

This is the substance of the Way of the Samurai.

Sally forth, Brave Knight.
Best wishes for a good death.

* * * *

Ethics can be a great pastime, a great distraction, to the forum sorts.
But be mindful getting wedged in the dilettante cluster, if the truth of this ineffable mystery beckons.
The earnest seeker wanders, explores, ponders, leaving no stone unturned.
Ethics plays but a sideshow in the quest.

* * * *

Being the moment is a state of mind,
Given over to the clear awareness of the no-mind.
Given over to the unborn-undying, ineffable eternity, everything is.

* * * *

Guaranteed, this world does not care one iota what You think or do.
Keep the mind humble if You seek an anonymous existence.
Wander the mountain until You become the mountain.

* * * *

Whatever your genius, if any, may be, may be admirable, even noteworthy,
But that does not guarantee, in any way, that You will be admired, or even perceived.
You may well be fated, destined, kismet, ordained, to play it out unknown and alone, like it or no.
And someday, die in your well-worn chair, your body rotting for several weeks,
Before the next-door neighbor finally notices the stench.

* * * *

A Text to Bruce

America invited the world's masses, and they have arrived.
That is rough on the losers, rough on the haters, and Trump became their führer.
My prevailing who-gives-a-fuck-where's-the-popcorn line: So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
It is all ultimately just another epoch in history's the-horror-the-horror-planet-of-the-apes stagecraft.
You and I have lived in the most incredible window of history this world has ever experienced.
Tough for all the kids in the day care centers and playgrounds who are going to pay for it.
Seven billion people and a changing climate in a little over 200 years – Hope is dead.

(Bruce: This started out as one of our many back-and-forth texts, and worked itself into an aphorism.
Some guy named Bruce will be lionized in Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond and Michael's Rabbit Hole)

The children's book by Shel Silverstein – The Giving Tree – says it all about the human paradigm.

The Giving Tree
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Giving_Tree

(P.S. Hey, just occurred to me to say – while we are still here – that I have always enjoyed our practically lifetime friendship. Forklifting at Joan of Arc was one of my all-time favorite jobs. Sorry about the toe. That moment, the calmness with which You told me the forklift was on your foot, still rings clear in this otherwise vague, aged memory. Never realized what You had endured until You told me years later.)

* * * *

Keep your mind humble, if You seek an anonymous existence.
Wander the mountain, until You become the mountain.
Only the spaceless-timeless-unborn-undying,
Are free to consciously play out whatever fate calls.

* * * *

In the given moment, where is the space, where is the time, in which to exist?
Only the imagination of consciousness, flowing in the quantum matrix,
Which is all kaleidoscoping throughout the ether of awareness,
Lends itself to the ineffable illusion, that the unborn-undying You is real and true.
A touchy-feely dream, to which a rare few – and not necessarily fortunate – are drawn to awaken.

* * * *

The challenge with being present in any given moment,
Is having a mind that is not attached, not clinging,
To all its nebulous memories and perceptions.
A mind free of time is a matchless state.
The analogue dreamtime in its purest form.

* * * *

… observe silence ...

… observe stillness …
… observe here now…
… observe awareness ...
… observe everything …
… observe breathing in ...
… observe breathing out …
… observe the aloneness …
… observe the emptiness …
… observe the moment …
... observe the entirety …
… observe the unicity …
… observe eternity …
… observe You …

* * * *

No matter how many dimensions creation may create, all are of the same mystery.
God is far too omnipresent, far too omniscient, far too omnipotent,
To be subjugated by any mindset's storyline.

* * * *

Organized religions and cults and philosophies, and all the vanity and pain and horror they engender,
Are they not, the affliction, the misery, the blight, the bane, the curse, the plague, of the human paradigm?
All the tribalism – the nepotism, the cronyism, the favoritism – with which all two-leggeds are wired,
Unable to be undone, unable to be altered, as the Darwinian-Malthusian shadow of extinction,
Exposes its narcissistic-hedonistic flaw – the closed fist of groupthink – for what it is.

* * * *

Awareness – being the ineffable all that that the moment is –
Where else is there to travel, what else is there to do,
That is not the fabric of quantum illusion?

* * * *

There are many who might disagree,
With some or much or most or all, written herein,
But no one can prove anything wrong, nor can it be proven right.
The unknown is unknowable unto its Self.

* * * *

This aphoristic opus was the last narcissistic-hedonistic vanity, that I could be enticed to orchestrate.
These writings, all extemporaneous, seem intent on stirring the potential of consciousness, of imagination,
To another echelon of intrigue in its Darwinian progression, if such a thing is even tenuously possible.

* * * *

The Intelligence Required

To be a true, detached observer of the human paradigm,
Requires a partnership of emotional and cultural intelligence.

Cultural intelligence or cultural quotient (CQ),
Refers to an individual's capability to function effectively in culturally diverse settings.

Four CQ capabilities:
Motivation/drive, cognition/knowledge, meta-cognition/strategy, behavior/action.
An intelligence-based approach to intercultural adjustment and performance.

Emotional intelligence (EI), also known as Emotional Quotient (EQ),
Is the ability to perceive, use, understand, manage, and handle emotions.
Emotional intelligence also reflects an ability to use intelligence, empathy, and emotions,
To enhance understanding of interpersonal dynamics.

Pretty hard to get far as a philosophe-mystic-seer,
If You have a narrow-minded agenda.

* * * *

Where is the line between the creation and destruction harbored in every moment?
The real question is not, when do beginnings begin, and endings end?
The question is, do beginnings begin, and endings end?
Process is the kaleidoscoping reality,
And beginning and endings, but imaginary notions.

* * * *

What – about the spaceless, timeless, indelible, indivisible, infinite, ineffable abyss – can ever be known?
Odds are, even the mystery we call God, by oh-so-many sounds, does not know how it all came to be.
Just You – very, very, very, exceedingly very much alone – witnessing Your version of a cosmos.
An immaculate conception, perceived through the all-seeing, unborn-undying, eye of awareness.
You, all alone – in a cosmos, a world, a form, a mind, a space, a time, a dream – but never of it.
The ego mind is but a veil, through which the eye of awareness You are, peers; detached, immortal.
The blade of discernment has a razor's edge, that only the very astute, have the wit with which to whittle.

* * * *

The quest for truth can be a long and winding odyssey.
There can be many temptations, many deceptions, many distractions.
And there are many genuine thinkers, many genuine writings, and many artists, as well.
The challenge is to perceive what all the truths, all the untruths, have to offer,
And to not be bound, not be deflected, not be mesmerized, by any.
And, should You ever truly discern the mystery You are,
Is to let it all go, and be alone, free and clear.

* * * *

Everything You do now,
Everything You own now,
Everything You hope now,
Everything You want now,
Everything You know now,
Everything You believe now,
Will, with that last exhalation,

All be lost and gone forever.

* * * *

It is an undeniable, indisputable reality, that the entire brain, is indivisibly connected at the quantum level.
It is the coordinating organ that is every moment manifesting your world, your universe.
The perception that wanders the day, that imbibes every variety of trivia,
Is but an eensy-weensy fragment of the workload.
And this indelible, ineffable unicity,
Is true for every life form, no matter the dimension.
From small to great, all sentience perceives its own translation of the mystery.

* * * *

How can anyone hoodwink themselves,
Into believing they can prove what can never be proven?
How big does the cosmos have to be, for the humankind to finally realize,
All the speculations, all the assumptions, all the conjectures, all the hearsays, all the theories,
Are nothing but hollow absurdity, all born of the ephemerality of imagination.
And where is that vast universe, when the mind-body departs?
Where is it, without the perceiver that imagines?
Without the dreamer that dreams?
Without the You?

* * * *

Is the quantum stardust, that which is God?
Or is the quantum stardust, merely kaleidoscoping through God?
Is God some sort of form, or is God formless, and what, pray tell, other than imagination,
Discerns the indelible truth of anything in this ineffable mystery?

* * * *

And just to be steadfastly, beyond-all-doubts transparent – I do not much care for the word, prophet.
A little too loaded with historical undertones, to which I do not readily extend my Self.
Seer, mystic, sage, guru, maybe even augur or oracle, are tolerable fits.
If there must be any sound-concept ascribed to it, that is.
Deep, resonate Om-ing might be acceptable.
But try to put a crimp on any and all idolatries.
Ixnay on worshipping garden statues and crucifixes.

* * * *

What is the carbon-based brain but a mass, a circuitry, a matrix, of neurons.
Nothing more than an infinitesimally infinite abyss; a spacious void,
That only transmutes into psyche when imagination frolics.
Without the unflagging to's and fro's, every hither and thither way,
Eternity's ineffable awareness, remains an inscrutable, anonymous mystery.

* * * *

Exodus 20:3-5 in the King James Version states,
"Thou shalt have no other gods before me."
The perspective that is maintained in this work,

Is that You are one with the mystery; You are absolute.
That everything is God manifest, that the universe is God manifest.
What idolatries, what deceptions, can be put before the You, that is That I Am?

* * * *

The entire human paradigm is unconditionally imagined,
A naturally-selected, species-wide, Shakespearian theater, from every get-go.
All history is nothing more than a collection, an accounting, a cataloging, of formless perceptions.
And only the rare awaken, and attend the dreamtime, into which they were cast.
Creating, preserving, destroying – as the moment ordains.

* * * *

Mind can be a torture chamber, or a joyful celebration; every moment its own imaginary revelation.
An immaculate conception, witnessed through the all-seeing, unborn-undying, eye of awareness.
A good full breath, contains all the detachment that is needed, to offset the illusionary matrix.
To see it, to be it, to the core of your essential beingness, is the every-moment challenge.

… breathe it in … breathe it out … breathe it in … breathe it out … breathe it in … breathe it out …

* * * *

You are not, You cannot be, held responsible,
For any thoughts played out, in any other's perception.
You are entirely on your own, You are entirely alone, as are they.
All can only be responsible, accountable, for their own solitary perceptions,
And how that plays out for each, is an imaginary notion called destiny.

* * * *

Would it even remotely possible,
For every human, across all geographies, across all times,
To even agree a speck of dust is a speck of dust, or a drop of water, a drop of water?

* * * *

This thingamajig we call time does not truly exist, but in a dream perceived by every given mind.
Clocks and calendars only track the fireball, about which our little pale blue dot orbits.
The fundamental reality is, there is only the unfathomable eternal moment,
Through which the incomprehensible illusion kaleidoscopes.
It has no name, has no meaning, has no purpose,
But whatever imagination imagines.
And no matter the journey,
It can never be more than a dream.

* * * *

It only happened that way, because You perceived it that way.
And anyone else present perceived it in their way.
Every frame of reference is matchless.
All histories, minor to major, are but perspectives.
And is there anything forcing You to ponder anything ever again?

* * * *

Everything, including You, is God manifest.
Realizing it at the most fundamental level, is the challenge.
To see that the awareness is the eye of God, requires an earnest intention,
In which doubting everything that imagination has fabricated, is an essential ingredient.
It is so inherently natural, so eternally effortless, so utterly right-here-now,
That only the most authentic, only the most real, will discern it.
Anything less, is the stain of imagination's creation.

* * * *

Attitude is the mindset, the outlook, the posture, the bearing, within all heavens, all purgatories, all hells.
How any given moment is fathomed, how You choose to experience this very instant, is on You.
No deity can orchestrate for You, what You cannot, what You will not, yourself create.

* * * *

The Anthropocene and a changing climate – a pitiless dragon – unfolding its wings upon all earthlings.
And alas for we post-war boomers, we elders, who bask in our unenviable senior moment,
Hoping to somehow evade the consequences of all our narcissistic hedonism,
Our little window of time, and all the consumption it allowed.
We are in for a taste, a whiff, of the future past.

* * * *

Religions, and their dogmatic assertions, all their heavens and hells,
Are about the promise of continuity of your imaginary story.
About something that was never true in the first place.
A denial of the oblivion that has always been.
A denial of the oblivion that will ever be.
A denial of the oblivion that You ever are.
The true nature of all that is timelessly eternal.

* * * *

No matter how big they get,
No matter how mighty they get,
No matter how prosperous they get.
No matter how renowned they get,
All religions, all sects, are cults.
Eternity cannot be possessed.

* * * *

The dream that the sensory mind perceives, is but quantum illusion.
It is not space and time that imagination yearns to travel.
It is the fog of awareness that must be pierced,
And that is only achievable in imagination's fictional repertory.
The ever-present, unborn-undying, indivisible moment, can never be transcended.

* * * *

Identification as this or that, or that or this, is the ruse of imagination.
Consciousness is the mishap of evolution, the calamity of natural selection.

It is a spontaneous Shakespearian clusterfuck, entirely created by us and us alone.
Only in the pure awareness of the eternal moment, can You be truly free.

* * * *

Nature is quantum illusion's expression.
Nature is the unknown's expression.
Nature is the mystery's expression.
Nature is eternity's expression.
Nature is mind's expression.
Nature is God's expression.
And all, one in the same.
And You are part of it.
And You are witness to it.
How can there be, any other,
But through imagination's guile?

* * * *

All existence is both predator and prey.
Nothing is separate or unique or all-powerful.
It is a God-eat-God cosmos, ever the same mystery.
All creation, eternally-kaleidoscoping into new alignments.

* * * *

Everything You believe matters,
Does not at all, from the ultimate source's viewless view.
The awareness, the matrix, the mystery, is obvious to your imaginary existence.
You are but the dream of a dream, dreaming its Self real.

* * * *

You would think You would have figured that out by now.
Or did You, perhaps many times, and this round just as anew.

* * * *

What is obvious to You,
May not be to another, and visa-versa.
This garden world cloaks too many interpretations to count.
If someone cannot discern what is obvious to You,
There is no real point debating about it,
Much less killing over it.

* * * *

The level of detachment required,
To be as truly free as free can be in this mortal frame,
Is but for the rarest of the rare few, assuming, of course, it is even possible.

* * * *

Truth is only true to those who subscribe to it.
Discerning it requires a detachment, accessible to only the rarest of minds.

One must have done enough in their brief illusory dream, to have distilled at least a dollop of wisdom,
That they might meander free and clear, in the ineffable mystery they are.

* * * *

This timeless moment is the only one there is.
There is no other time, no other place, You can be.
No amount of imaginary deceit can make it otherwise.
No sleight of hand can manufacture alternative states of now.
No scientific inquiry can penetrate the indivisible unknowable of it.
It is what it is, what it has always been, what it will ever be.
And every existence plays out its little algorithm,
Until demise do it move on to whatever,
This ineffable mystery deigns.

* * * *

There is no space in awareness.
There is no time in awareness.
There is no sight in awareness.
There is no taste in awareness.
There is no smell in awareness.
There is no sound in awareness.
There is no texture in awareness.
There is no thought in awareness.
There is no awareness in awareness.
There in naught but You in awareness.

* * * *

Daily headlines are the first drafts of tomorrow's histories.
All imagination's tomorrows, kaleidoscoping into all its yesterdays.
Every existence, every mind, every moment, its own Sisyphean reckoning.

* * * *

In this work, is written whatever comes to mind.
Audience or no, agreement or no, approval or no, applause or no.
For naught matters to the great emptiness, the great abyss, the great nothingness,
From whence all appearances, all illusions, kaleidoscope however they will.
How unlikely, that more than a relative few, will ever even hear of it,
Much less imbibe more than a few lines here and there, at best.
For anyone to peruse it all, would be an improbable feat.
One which would be, but another mirage of mind.

* * * *

Writers see plots on paper.
Sculptors see figures in marble.
Carpenters see structures in timber.
Chefs taste banquets on cutting boards.
Musicians hear symphonies in their dreams.
Mothers nurture children in their wombs.

Sailors chart courses around the world.
Generals fight battles on their maps.
Painters see landscapes on canvas.
Creation teems in every genre.
You are me, and I am You.
All others are but imaginary mirages.
How is it that You do not see God in everything?

That You are the Self of God manifest.

* * * *

Any existence is but momentary perception,
And memory, but a collection of whatever takes root,
And blossoms into a very imaginary, very impromptu identity.
Are You an illusional-delusional perception of a space-dash-time mind,
Or the unfathomably ineffable awareness of the eternal moment?
Meditate on it, and the answer will make itself apparent.

* * * *

… observe everything …
… observe the sentience …
… observe the awareness ...
… observe the existence …
… observe breathing in ...
… observe breathing out …
… observe the here …
… observe the now …
… observe the world …
… observe the universe …
… observe the sights …
… observe the sounds …
… observe the smells …
… observe the tastes …
… observe the textures …
… observe the thoughts …
… observe the theater …
… observe the timeless …
… observe the spaceless …
… observe the nonduality …
… observe the infinite …
… observe the infinitesimal …
… observe the intangible …
… observe the mystery …
… observe the impenetrable …
… observe the unconditional …
… observe the indefinable …
… observe the undeniable …
… observe the unborn …

… observe the undying …
… observe the stillness …
… observe the silence ...
… observe the emptiness …
… observe the aloneness …
… observe the indelible …
… observe the immeasurable …
… observe the ineffable …
... observe the entirety …
… observe the singularity …
… observe the moment …
… observe eternity …
… observe You …

* * * *

What need for religion?
What need for faith?
What need for belief?
What need for priests?
What need for dogma?
What need for visions?
What need for edifices?
What need for miracles?
What need for devotion?
What need for salvation?
What need for blessings?
What need for scriptures?
What need for forgiveness?
What need for anything imaginary,
When You have the eternal moment in mind.

* * * *

The given mind, the given dream, the given illusion.
Sometimes a playground, sometimes a prison.
Sometimes ecstasy, sometimes agony.
Every cosmos, a reckoning of its own accord.

* * * *

Just because You appear infinitesimal in this massive illusion, does not mean You are not all of it.
Disregard the sensory theater, still the mind, become the awareness, become the moment.
And where do You begin, where do You end, but as lone witness to all eternity.

* * * *

What is this deep-seated need,
To identify ourselves as this or that?

As this or that nationality.
As this or that gender.

As this or that color.
As this or that ethnicity.
As this or that race.
As this or that family.
As this or that intelligence.
As this or that religion.
As this or that faction.
As this or that group.
As this or that geography.
As this or that work.
As this or that philosophy.
As this or that culture.
As this or that team.
As this or that party.
As this or that policy.
As this or that theory.
As this or that clique.
As this or that band.
As this or that crowd.
As this or that device.
As this or that corporation.
As this or that genus.
As this or that variety.
As this or that school.
As this or that village.
As this or that church.
As this or that region.
As this or that opinion.
As this or that doctrine.
As this or that ethic.
As this or that genre.
As this or that principle.
As this or that opinion.
As this or that mindset.
As this or that meaning.
As this or that purpose.
As this or that anything.

* * * *

Truth is not a word.
Truth is not a story.
Truth is the moment.
Truth is unborn-undying.
Truth is awareness.
Truth is timeless.
Truth is spaceless.
Truth is indelible.
Truth is impenetrable.

Truth is unconditional.
Truth is totality.
Truth is inexplicable.
Truth is imperceptible.
Truth is nondual.
Truth is unspeakable.
Truth is inconceivable.
Truth is unknowable.
Truth is indivisible.
Truth is impartial.
Truth is unequivocal.
Truth is immaculate.
Truth is imperceptible.
Truth is unfathomable.
Truth is inclusive.
Truth is indefinable.
Truth is singular.
Truth is undeniable.
Truth is intangible.
Truth is everlasting.
Truth is mystery.
Truth is everything.
Truth is ineffable.
Truth is eternity.

Truth is You.

* * * *

In awareness, there is no space.
In awareness, there is no time.
In awareness, there is no light.
In awareness, there is no dark.
In awareness, there is no vision.
In awareness, there is no taste.
In awareness, there is no smell.
In awareness, there is no sound.
In awareness, there is no touch.
In awareness, there is no word.
In awareness, there is no story.
In awareness, there is no here.
In awareness, there is no yes.
In awareness, there is no no.
In awareness, there is no there.
In awareness, there is no acute.
In awareness, there is no obtuse.
In awareness, there is no black.
In awareness, there is no white.
In awareness, there is no gray.

In awareness, there is no range.
In awareness, there is no me.
In awareness, there is no mine.
In awareness, there is no other.
In awareness, there is no good.
In awareness, there is no bad.
In awareness, there is no left.
In awareness, there is no right.
In awareness, there is no whatever.

In awareness, there is only You.

* * * *

Far easier to adopt a few words,
Far simpler to regurgitate a few stories,
Than it is to question anything and everything.
Than it is, to inquire into the mystery,
Into the truth, for your Self.

* * * *

If there is to be a lingua franca for whatever time remains,
English, because of its colonial dominance, seems the most likely candidate.
But which version, which dialect, which vernacular, which pidgin, which creole, which lingo?
And in the ever-changing linguistic dynamic of our kind, is that even possible?
The Great Fall will make for a much larger, more distant world,
And language will evolve on and on and on,
Forever willy-nilly.

* * * *

The great apes and geeks have taken the human paradigm,
Have taken this magical quantum garden,
Down a dead-end road.

* * * *

So many ditties that need editing,
And that editing shared with all the other creations.
All the derivative titles, and all their ‘under construction’ segments.
So many things to tie together, into an agreeable, concise, elegant, philosophical opus.
Which so relatively few will ever know of, much less bother to peruse.
So much to do, and so little time remaining to do it.
Such is likely the fate of all creators.

* * * *

The entire human paradigm – the histories, the religions, the sciences,
The mathematics, the music, the arts, the architecture, the sports, the humanities,
The business, the agriculture, the vocations, the technologies, the industries … everything! –
Is nothing more than a perpetual parade of stories, given stage by the usurper of sentience, imagination.
All trapsing in the web of mind's space and time; kaleidoscoping through the ether of eternity.

* * * *

By the time You identify anything,
It is already as imaginary, as once-upon-a-moment,
As any narrative – modern to ancient – through which your mind wanders.
The haphazardly, arbitrarily, randomly, chaotically, anarchically, in the willy-nilly-all-over-the-place,
To which most, if not all minds, are incessantly, indelibly prone.

* * * *

No matter how extraordinary the imagination, no matter the medium
– Words, numbers, musical notes, or any other symbolic form –
It can never fathom the totality of That which is God.
Only the most austere sentience of awareness,
The tabula rasa within all small to great,
Is required for that eternal vision.

* * * *

Every contrivance, every technology, everything ever conceived,
Has taken the human mind, has taken the human paradigm,
Around new bends, down new forks, along new roads.
Alas that so many have spiraled and contorted,
Into wallowing nadirs of darkness and mayhem.
The ecstasies and agonies of existence are relentless.
And space and time, such as they are, illusion all the while.

* * * *

What Ivory Tower can impart critical thinking,
To any embryonic student who does not harbor the seeds of doubt?
What education, what training, what degree, what piece of paper, means anything, without it?
To any destined to wander, to explore, to walkabout, this dreamtime,
Doubt, skepticism, cynicism, is paramount.

* * * *

How likely is it there ever come an ephemeral moment,
When You do not recognize, do not distinguish, the mask in the mirror?
When You do not distinguish the reflection, your mind has, in space and time, fashioned.
The mirror born of imagination; the mirror born of a state of perception.

* * * *

… tick … tick … tick … tick … tick … tick … tick … tick …
… Another moment closer to everything the future has in store …
… tick … tick … tick … tick … tick … tick … tick … tick … tick …
… Another moment closer to whatever imagination has in store …
… tick … tick … tick … tick … tick … tick … tick … tick …

* * * *

What will be the last thing I ever write? Or say? Or do?
Well, obviously not this.

* * * *

All languages harbor the capacities and limitations of their cultures of origin.
In one sense they are all ultimately equal in their linguistic natures,
Yet all are more proficient for purposes of expression,
In the spaces and times that have cultivated in their evolution.

* * * *

What is memory, what is recollection, but nebulous perceptions strung along the mind's neural pathways.
Accessed by imagination – set to a spectrum, a continuum – ranging from irrational to rational.
Based on the genetic lottery, and the conditioning that has shaped the given mind.
Based on all the desires, all the fears, all the dreads, all the passions.
Based on character, gender, age, education, predispositions.
Based on culture, language, technologies, skillsets, capacities, limitations.
Based on every possible alchemy, in the algorithm, You imagine playing out real and true.

* * * *

How has the absurdity of dualistic notion,
Retained any credibility, any authority, any weight, any belief, any confidence,
Any acceptance, any credence at all, in the human mind?

* * * *

When You look at any older person, male or female, or whatever gender mindset they endure,
Ponder all it has taken for them to be twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years, down the road You are wandering.
And what will it take for You to reach that point, should You manage to survive your misadventure.
Cultures that have traditions encouraging the respect of their elders, do so for good reason.

* * * *

The man who suffers, suffers because he dips his toe in and out of the pool of awareness.
What a challenge to harbor in the quietude of totality's moment,
When the world calls again and again.
With every temptation imagination has to offer.

* * * *

Everything, sentient or not, is part of the dreamtime continuum.
Every moment is an opportunity to bear witness to the dreamtime continuum.
Every moment is an opportunity to witness the mystery of eternity.
Every moment is an opportunity to practice indifference.
Every moment is an opportunity for stoic resolve.

* * * *

You are the indelible mystery.
Discern your own mind; discern your own voice.
There is no way to follow any other; there is no way to teach any other.

* * * *

Believing your own press,
Your own version, your own vanity, your own malarky, your own bullshit,

Can be risky business.

* * * *

Just a collection of friggin' monkeys, whose evolution in the jungles and savannahs of old,
Whose naturally-selected, choiceless choices, have carelessly taken themselves,
Have taken this garden world, and all its creatures, small to great,
Down a dark, harrowing, agonizing, dead-end road.

* * * *

In any field of battle, every strategy, every tactic,
Should remain flexible to instantaneous modification.
For the want of a tiny nail, many a war has likely been lost.
Always pay attention, and always keep a pail of nails at the ready.

* * * *

You might well have a plan.
But who knows what will really happen?
God is laughing.

* * * *

The root of all identity crisis is truly believing You are one.
'Pretending' You are a personality in the daily wander, is all any One need do.
To believe, or not to believe; to play along, or not play along; is ever but momentary delusion.

* * * *

All are complicit in allowing the food industry to sabotage the future.
There are always many things anyone coulda-woulda-shoulda chosen differently,
Alas that our narcissistic hedonism has funneled a significant number down a dead-end road.

* * * *

So many lifetimes ago,
So many universes ago,
So many dreamtimes ago,
So many perceptions ago,
All in just one lifetime.

* * * *

These many thoughts are the seeds of a banyan tree.
In who's shade I will only sit through other eyes.
Assuming, of course, it finds its intended audience.
Assuming, of course, it is not cut down, and forever lost.

* * * *

How intelligent should You be, could You be, would You be, if You were born into a cockroach's world?
Or a wolf's world? Or an alligator's world? Or a minnow's world? Or a sparrow's world?
All creatures small to great have a niche, a comfort zone, an intelligence zone.
And from the ultimate view, none more special than any other.

* * * *

If we crunchy-chewy-gooey human beings were truly the greatest, highest grubs ever,
Would we have decimated this extraordinary garden world the way we have?
How is it we lost all sense of guardianship in our wayward journey?

* * * *

René Descartes:
I think, therefore I am.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
To even declare 'I Am' is a dubious assertion.

* * * *

How many times do superheroes have to save the world,
Before they finally realize it cannot be saved,
Dreamtime mirage, that it is.

* * * *

To ignore the ever-churning mind, is an every-moment challenge.
The attachment to this whirling pale blue dot is not easy to set aside.

* * * *

Would that You could program your mind the same way You would a computer.
It might well make the day-to-day much less bothersome were You a machine.

* * * *

We all have different crosses to bear,
In whatever wanderfest the Fates have prescribed.
No need to try to replicate any others.
You are all alone.

* * * *

You will follow,
Until You find courage enough,
To take the wheel, to hold the reins, to fly solo.

* * * *

Maybe, just maybe, on your deathbed,
You will finally realize how equal to everything,
You are, have ever been, and will ever be.
And, either way, it does not matter.

* * * *

All minds abide in the contortion of their nature-nurture.
There is no freedom but through total surrender to the absolute.
And that, only for as long as one can endure the utter serenity of eternity.

* * * *

The imaginary urges of desire and fear, of manifest consciousness, in all its self-absorption,

Are only too willing and able, to entirely ignore the ethereal nature of eternity,
Through which they blindly trespass with resolute indifference.

* * * *

You are already perfection.
No need to attempt some imaginary version,
That can never-never-ever be.

* * * *

The moment is detached.
The moment is the detachment.
You are the detachment.
You are the moment.

* * * *

The art of letting go, of being detached,
Like all arts, is easier for some than others.
And even the masters have their off days.

* * * *

To wander the day-to-day,
As the whole, as the totality, as the entirety – not the part,
Is the Sisyphean challenge.

* * * *

All your memories, all your knowledge, all your opinions, all your desires, all your fears,
All the ceaseless thoughts streaming through your momentary grind,
Ignore them, as often as the moment allows.
You need not always carry the world You imagine so real.

* * * *

Even a blubbering village idiot,
Is a portion of the same and very equal mystery,
You are, have ever been, will ever be.
Try to get over yourself.

* * * *

We wander about, interacting with so many others,
And all of us, so often so inexplicable in each other's eyes.

* * * *

The challenge is to realize just how whacked out so many are.
We are not near as special, as we wax-lyrical ourselves to be.

* * * *

Are we two-leggeds, really anything more than grubs, chock-full of imaginary whimsy?

What are the attributes that distinguish human beings from other creatures?

Large brain size
Reduced body hair
Lungs and sweat glands
Opposable thumbs
Facial structure
Language
Abstract reasoning
Problem-solving skills
Theory of mind
Self-awareness
Moral reasoning
Complex social structures
Tool making and usage
Bipedalism

Will we ever manage to get over ourselves?

Will we ever fully realize we are merely evolutionary outcomes?

And whenever it happens, will we depart the stage with nobility and humility and integrity and discipline,
As fully-evolved human beings, harmoniously realigned with the mysterious source of our origin,
Guardians of whatever carcass is left of the quantum dust-ball garden that birthed us all?

Or will we exit like fruit flies, churning feverishly for the last dollop of honey in the bell jar?
Like rats, vying savagely for the last crumbs at the bottom of the cage?

At this writing, the answer is more than a little evident.

* * * *

Religions (a.k.a., cults) are about contriving a God, an imaginary false idol,
As small, as vain, as irrelevant, as they and their participants are, and will ever be.
The human mind is corrupted by the irrational superstitions born in the jungles of origin.
Science has made every attempt to raise the bar, but ignorance manages to resist in every way.
No matter how fast light travels, it finds the darkness has always got there first, and is waiting for it.

* * * *

The cosmos You perceive, the cosmos through which You wander, the cosmos You believe You know,
Is stimulated by the insatiable inquisitiveness to which our kind is genetically inclined.
To be truly immeasurable, to be the absolute awareness of eternity,
To be unconditionally present in the given moment,
One must set aside all curiosity, all interest.
One must disengage from the sensory dream.
One must extinguish all notion of self, to be Self.
One must capitulate to the mystery, to be the mystery.

* * * *

No one to follow.

No one to lead.
Just You, all alone.
Just You, spaceless, timeless.
Just You, eternally one, eternally free.
Just You, playing out an inwardly anonymous fate.
Unburdened by any yearning for the futility of an imaginary destiny.
Steadfast, stoic, ascetic, wandering, one breath at a time.
Ever-kaleidoscoping in the right here, right now.
This unborn-undying eternal moment.

* * * *

The tongue, the nose, and all the sensations flesh offers, achieve great heights,
But eyes and ears, are the two most important players in our five-sensory universes.
Without them, there would be no mountains, no stars, nor waves crashing upon the rocks.

* * * *

A modest, frugal, austere, moderate existence is far more expedient, far more leisurely,
Than having a mountain of gold that has to be reckoned and protected every day of one's life.
Do not allow power and fame and fortune to corrupt, to distract, the quality of your fleeting moment.

* * * *

Seriously, who can be saved, when everything is very much nothing?
Peer into any atom and try to find the proof that You exist,
As anything more than a figment of imagination.
A filament of quantum energy, at best.
You are but the moment dreaming its Self real.

* * * *

Right here, right now, is the moment within the moment.
Regarding Eternity, You can never stop what never started.

* * * *

This spinning pale blue dust ball, this immeasurable cosmic mystery, would not be,
Were You not – right here, right now, this very moment – present to witness it.
And every sentient creature, small to great, its own rendering of the indescribable.
None truly more or less important, more or less sentient, in the grand ineffability of it.
Dub it whatever You will, argue over it in every way imaginable, You are it, and it is You.

* * * *

Everything You – perceived, thought, believed, hoped, dreamed – happened, in any given moment,
Is entirely constructed by your lifetime's accumulated nature-nurture frame-of-reference.
All the incalculable perceptions that your mind-body has wandered and retained.
And the reality is, that it can all, never be more, than a vague and ever-changing perception.

* * * *

Easy-peasy to make up, to devise, whatever deities,
Your imaginary blend of desire and fear and dread require.
Really, the only question is, are You a truth seeker, or a lie keeper?

* * * *

Given the attentive nature of meditation and contemplation,
Given the inexorable exactness of scientific method,
How has the absurdity of dualistic notion,
How has a most obvious contortion,
Retained any credibility at all,
In the human paradigm,
In which we are all alone, together.

* * * *

... inhale nothing ...
… exhale nothing ... inhale nothing ...
... exhale nothing ... inhale nothing ... exhale nothing ...
... inhale nothing ... exhale nothing ... inhale nothing ... exhale nothing ...
... inhale nothing ... exhale nothing ... inhale nothing ... exhale nothing ... inhale nothing ...
... exhale nothing ... inhale nothing ... exhale nothing ... inhale nothing ...
... exhale nothing ... inhale nothing ... exhale nothing ...
... inhale nothing ... exhale nothing ...
... inhale nothing ...

* * * *

That which is called love, is not without many well-camouflaged boundaries of the rocky sort.
And unconditional love is a windswept myth, aided and abetted by romantics and storytellers.
Naught but endorphin chemistry, that will likely run into one reef or another, sooner or later.

* * * *

Doubt all meaning and purpose,
Until the futility of meaning and purpose,
Becomes absolutely, irrevocably, beyond-all-belief clear.

* * * *

You might be able to hold on to the quantum illusion in all its forms.
Or at least make-believe-pretend You do.
But Eternity?
That is always very fine dry sand, in loose fingers, on a very windy day.

* * * *

Unless something really goes down in some very sudden, cataclysmic manner,
None now breathing will be witness to the closing chapter of the human paradigm.
That will be a long process, with every geography playing out its own unique endgame.
Some might manage to hang on in diminished capacity, for perhaps even thousands of years.
All those now enduring get to do, is imagine, is speculate, all the horrors the progeny will endure.

* * * *

The awareness, the intelligence, the acumen, of the totality of eternity, of that which some call God,
Has no memory, but through perceptions imbedded along the neuron trails of the given form.
And they, only for as long as the sentient organism manages to survive its given niche.

It is but a fleeting dream for all forms, however their given moment plays out.
All based entirely on how their naturally-selected Darwinian narrative,
Has been etched by evolution in the given genomic sequencing,
Since life's indivisible, indelible, ineffable beginning.

* * * *

The are no moments.
There is only this one moment.
It is not divisible; it cannot be pluralized.

* * * *

Whether or not You or some other,
Witness a tree falling in the forest, is immaterial.
The tree was its own witness enough.

* * * *

Are You what You imagine in the daily willy-nilly ebb and flow?
Or the awareness that permeates the timeless, indivisible moment?

* * * *

It is the nature of our kind to judge – everyone and everything – all the time.
And then we imagine narcissistic deities, who will judge us worthy of heaven, or the fiery pits of hell.
And so, in all our fears and dreads, we pray to these imaginary deities for forgiveness,
For all the ghastly sins we could not help ourselves from committing.
In the shadows of irony and paradox, absurdity rules.

* * * *

All have done many 'good' things; all have done many 'bad' things.
All kaleidoscoping the very same eternal moment; ever free of any judgment.
The only ones judging behind those mortal eyes, are the witnesses believing it all real.

* * * *

Ethics is a Gordian Knot,
Which only the sharpest sword of discernment,
Cuts loose its imaginary hold.

* * * *

So many ways to fill this mystery theater continuum, if all You are doing is living.
All we two-leggeds are, is crunchy-chewy-gooey grubs, chock-full of imaginary whimsicality.
How can anything but a quiet, still, serene mind, truly embrace the eternal moment?
No point holding on to what was neither here nor there in the first place.

* * * *

Panpsychism

panpsychism | panˈsīˌkizəm |
noun

the doctrine or belief that everything material, however small,
has an element of individual consciousness.

Wikipedia: Panpsychism
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Panpsychism

In the philosophy of mind, panpsychism is the view that the mind or a mind-like aspect
is a fundamental and ubiquitous feature of reality.

It is also described as a theory that "the mind is a fundamental feature of the world
which exists throughout the universe".

It is one of the oldest philosophical theories,
and has been ascribed in some form to philosophers including Thales, Plato, Spinoza,
Leibniz, Schopenhauer, William James, Alfred North Whitehead, and Bertrand Russell.

In the 19th century, panpsychism was the default philosophy of mind in Western thought, but it saw a
decline in the mid-20th century with the rise of logical positivism.

Recent interest in the hard problem of consciousness, and developments in the fields of neuroscience,
psychology, and quantum mechanics have revived interest in panpsychism in the 21st century.

* * * *

Anima Mundi

Wikipedia: Anima mundi
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Anima_mundi

The concept of the anima mundi, world soul, or soul of the world,
posits an intrinsic connection between all living beings,
suggesting that the world is animated by a soul much like the human body.

Rooted in ancient Greek and Roman philosophy,
the idea holds that the world soul infuses the cosmos with life and intelligence.

This notion has been influential across various systems of thought,
including Stoicism, Gnosticism, Neoplatonism, and Hermeticism,
shaping metaphysical and cosmological frameworks throughout history.

Leftovers 2025

Neither forward nor backward, right nor left, up nor down, the eternal moment is,
Without order or sequence or arrangement or succession or classification.
Without beginning or end, or anything between and betwixt.
The continuum, the chaos, we call space and time,
Is all happening right here, right now.
Naught but quantum mirage.

* * * *

How much You missed before You were born.
How much You will miss after You disintegrate.
How much You missed while You were alive.

* * * *

An infant exits the womb, tabula rasa.
The growing child takes to it to zen mode.
At some point, You imagine an imaginary you.
And perhaps, if You are called, if You are steadfast,
Back towards the pathless zen, and maybe even,
If it truly calls You, tabula rasa, once again.
It is a quest few seek, much less attain.

* * * *

My moment, my right-here-right-now, is the same as your moment, your right-here-right-now.
My moment, my right-here-right-now, is the same as his moment, his right-here-right-now.
My moment, my right-here-right-now, is the same as her moment, her right-here-right-now.
My moment, my right-here-right-now, is the same as their moment, their right-here-right-now.
My moment, my right-here-right-now, is the same as our moment, our right-here-right-now.
The eternal moment is playing out before the sensory field of every life form across the cosmos.

* * * *

Those thinkers, those mystics, those seers, those sages, who wander alone,
Might well be called the tribeless of one, a lost and unknowable tribeless, to be sure.
Solitary wolves, ensnared in the web of their minds, with all their philosophical assumptions.
Perhaps quite unable to get along for long, with all their legalistic gobbledygook.

* * * *

The seeds of doubt find home in the fertile soil of critical thinking,
And are squandered upon those who lack the infrastructure required.

* * * *

There is no time like the present,
Because time is just imagination pretending itself real.
And only the moment is both real and unreal.
Space-time is but quantum illusion,
And You, its observer.

* * * *

The human species generally loathes differences,
But familiarity, sooner or later breeding contempt,
Is one pretty sure catalyst, You can always count on.

* * * *

Do not be fooled by dishonesty, by falseness, by lying, by deceit, by insincerity.
It is easy to be beguiled by charlatans and swindlers and pretenders and quacks.

* * * *

Every life form is completely alone for all eternity, all equally created of the same ineffable mystery.
Everyone wanders – a labyrinth, a maze, a frame of reference, a muddle – of their own imaginary design.
Philosophical inquiry by those who answer the call of eternity, is rarely without great time and effort.
How can there be a point, when the moment passes too quickly, for one to land, much less stick.

* * * *

Eternity is the tabula rasa, the clean slate of the ubiquitous moment.
You are eternity; You are the absolute awareness in all creation.
You are the one and only indelible moment eternity has ever been.
Discern the tabula rasa of a still mind; of mind, prior to consciousness.

* * * *

Everyone wanders, everyone meanders, everyone roams,
A labyrinth, a maze, a frame of reference, a muddle,
Of their own nature-nurtured imaginary design.

* * * *

Every life form is unutterably alone for all eternity.
All equally created of the same unfathomable mystery.

* * * *

How can there be any point, any meaning, any purpose, any raison d'être,
When the eternal moment passes far too quickly, for anything to land, much less stick?
Only memory, only imagination, allows the dream to play out the quantum illusion of space and time.

* * * *

Here You are right here, right now, timelessly eternal; nothing before or since has ever happened.
You are eternity witnessing a touchy-feely dream; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
The known can never attain the unknown; the mind can never attain the no mind.

* * * *

The quantum matrix has no limits, allows all things, is without precedent,
Is without any borders or boundaries of imaginary notion.
How quickly everything becomes its memory.

* * * *

The man who suffers, suffers because he dips his toe in and out of the pool of awareness.

What a challenge to harbor in the quietude of totality's moment,
When the world calls again and again.
With every temptation imagination has to offer.

Breadcrumbs 2024

~ ~ ~

In the last two verses of the sixteenth chapter of the Ashtavakra Gita, Ashtavakra wrote of the dilemma. Below are nine translations, all blogged, with links posted on *The Stillness Before Time* website.

~ ~ ~

In *Bitten by the Black Snake, The Ancient Wisdom of Ashtavakra*, Manuel Schoch translates it:

If you desire liberation but you still say mine, if you feel you are the body,
you are not a wise man or a seeker; you are simply a man who suffers.

Unless you forget everything, you will never live in your heart.

~ ~ ~

In *A Duet of One, The Ashtavakra Gita Dialogue*, Ramesh S. Balsekar translates it:

He who seeks enlightenment as an individual seeker, and still is identified with the body,
is neither a jnani nor a yogi, and suffers misery.

Unless everything is totally forgotten, you cannot be established in the Self,
even if Shiva, Vishnu or Brahma be your preceptor.

~ ~ ~

In *Ashtavakra Gita, A New English Version*, Bart Marshall translates it:

16.10
He who claims liberation as his own,
as an attainment of a person,
is neither enlightened nor a seeker.
He suffers his own misery.

16.11
Though Hara, Hari,
or the lotus-born Brahma himself instruct you,
until you know Nothing,
you will never know Self.

~ ~ ~

In *Ashtavakra Gita*, John Richards translates it:

He who is proud about even liberation or his own body, and feels them his own,
is neither a seer nor a yogi. He is still just a sufferer. 16.10

If even Shiva, Vishnu, or the lotus-born Brahma were your instructor,
until you have forgotten everything you cannot be established within. 16.11

~ ~ ~

In *Ashtavakra Gita*, Akhandanand Saraswati translates it:

10.
A person who has the pride of being a Mukta (liberated soul)
and also has mamataa (attachments) for his body,
is neither a Yogi nor a Gnani. He is eligible only for dukha.

11.
Even if Shivaji, Bhagwan Vishnu, or Brahma were to give you a sermon,
you cannot attain svaroopa-sthiti (the state of being established in your Self)
unless and until you forget everything.

~ ~ ~

In *Ashtavakra Gita*, Hari Prasad Shastri translates it:

10. He who has a feeling of "I-ness" even for release, and retains his body-consciousness,
is neither a wise man nor a spiritual aspirant.
His lot is suffering.

11. Even though Shiva, Vishnu, or Brahma instruct thee,
unless thou regardest the world as unreal, and dismisses all sense of egotism,
thou will not become established in thine own nature (the Self).

~ ~ ~

In *Ashtavakra Gita*, Vedic Scriptures translates it:

One who wants liberation and is also attached to his body,
is neither knowledgeable nor yogi.
He just suffers. 10

Unless you forget everything else, you will not be established in self,
even though Shiva, Vishnu or Brahma themselves teach you. 11

~ ~ ~

In *Astavakra Samhita, An Interpretation of the Ashtavakra Gita*, Ananda Wood translates it:

16.10

Whoever still has ego's pride
in liberation, or who feels
a sense of 'mine-ness' toward body,
cannot rightly be a sage
(who is established in plain truth)
nor yet a yogi (joining back
into unchanged reality).

Each person, claiming pride or 'mine-ness',
thus partakes in suffering
that makes true self seem compromised.

16.11

No matter what great 'Lord' or 'God'
may somehow be invoked to teach
you anything, you won't by this
stand independent in your self.

~ ~ ~

In *The Heart of Awareness, A Translation of the Ashtavakra Gita*, Thomas Byrom translates it:

10.
If you desire liberation,
But you still say "mine,"
If you feel you are the body,
You are not a wise man or a seeker.

You are simply a man who suffers.

11.
Let Hari teach you,
Or Brahma, born of the lotus,
Or Shiva Himself!

Unless you forget everything,
You will never live in your heart.

* * * *

Another working day.
Another holiday.
Another haircut.
Another shave.
Another manicure.

Another shower.
Another steak.
Another drink.
Another walk.
Another workout.
Another smog check.
Another invoice.
Another movie.
Another class.
Another concert.
Another bookstore.
Another shopping atoll.
Another argument.
Another injury.
Another death.
Another piss.
Another shit.
Another fuck.
Another routine.
Another tax filing.

… Another … Another … Another …

And what is the point of being tortured for all that?

* * * *

In witnessing others,
You see what power does.
You see what fortune does.
You see what fame does.

Do You really want that for your Self?

* * * *

Amniotic fluid
Bile
Blood
Blood plasma
Brain
Cerebrospinal fluid
Chyme
Ears
Ear wax
Eyes
Feces
Glycocalyx
Hair
Interstitial fluid

Lymph
Mucus
Nails
Nerves
Nose
Organs
Phlegm
Pus
Saliva
Semen
Skin
Sweat
Synovial fluid
Tears
Tongue
Urine
Vaginal lubrication

Is this really what You are?

* * * *

The only way vanity and greed can be brought into more moderate ground,
Is if You rein in the imagination firing up the mind-body's potential passions.

* * * *

In the same way You would not say, You are a car driving about,
In the same way You would not say, You are a bicycle meandering along,
In the same way You would not say, You are a building standing on some corner,
In the same way You would not say, You are any vehicle, any medium, any intermediary,
You are not the mind-body from whence senses peer, the dreamtime to which You are so attached.
You are the ineffable, pure awareness permeating all things, witnessing all things.
You are the nothing more, the nothing less, the nothing but.

* * * *

What others may or may not think of You, why would it matter?
And what control do You have over any other mind, anyway?
Rest assured, dreamtime forgets everything sooner or later.

* * * *

Nothing to do.
Nothing to be.
Nothing to see.
Nothing to feel.
Nothing to taste.
Nothing to smell.
Nothing to hear.
Nowhere to go.
But right here,

Right now.

* * * *

Hard to debate someone, who will not, cannot, look at, or listen to,
Something, anything, their given frame of reference does not allow.

* * * *

As you walk down any retail isle anywhere upon this spinning pale blue dot,
Ponder all the time, all the decisions, all the inventions, all the labor, all the transport,
It took – oftentimes, from across the world – to get all those products to market.

* * * *

Seek and You shall find whatever You have the capacity to find.
More than a little likely something relatively close,
To the nature-nurture of origin.

* * * *

Everyone wanders, everyone meanders, everyone roams,
A labyrinth, a maze, a frame of reference, a muddle,
Of their own nature-nurtured imaginary design.

* * * *

Are the need, the want, the craving, for meaning and purpose,
Anything more than vanity and greed (a.k.a., narcissism and hedonism),
Playing out the same-old declarations, in any given mind-body,
On any given stage, all across this given pale blue dot.

* * * *

The natural selection of the mystery-given intelligence, the potential in every seed line,
Is how You are in the unfathomable, indivisible, right here, right now,
Playing out your version of the same eternal process.
Such is the nature of all creation.

* * * *

the endless expanse, there are an infinity of quantum-matrix truths,
But there is only one Truth, there is only one The Way It Is.
And it is not the infinity of quantum matrix truths.
It is the infinity of quantum matrix truths,
All relative, in the one and only.
The ethereal, in which illusion frolics.
The mystery, in which You, alone, ever are.

* * * *

These frail mortal bodies often end up becoming torture units.
The absence of pain can become the last consolation,
In the inevitable decline and fall of pleasure.
In the ecstasies and agonies of this brief existence,
The oblivion, the liberation, of death, is the final reprieve.

* * * *

To quietly, anonymously meander as though dead,
As detached, as indifferent, as nondescript, as the long departed,
Is the grand challenge for those who long, who hunger, for the ultimate liberation.
Those who seek to merge, back into the eternal moment, they truly are, have ever been, will ever be.
That which is the ineffaceable, indivisible, unfathomable, immeasurable, ineffable mystery.
It is the return to the awareness, to the tabula rasa, masked by imaginary notion.

* * * *

A smorgasbord, a potpourri, a motley, a miscellany, a jumble, a mishmash, a medley,
For which few genuinely seek, for which few truly hunger.
Take it, or leave it, You decide.

* * * *

The ever-present mind-body,
Fabricates an imaginary continuity,
That has no ultimate reality, whatsoever.

* * * *

To believe in a deity or deities,
You must first imagine divinity,
And then imagine it real and true.

* * * *

Any given life form's universe,
Can only be what its senses perceive.
The electromagnetic spectrum is like that.
Such is the quantum dreamtime for all creation.

* * * *

The evolution of consciousness, the theater of imagination,
Is but a biological phenomenon in the continuum of the quantum matrix.
Naught but a relatively brief flurry in the unfathomable vastness of eternity’s mystery.

* * * *

The reality, the truth, of most every quantum mind,
Is that most every neural network considers its version real and true,
And generally, a version much more real, a version much more true, than anyone else's.
It is the great irony, the great paradox, underlying all human consciousness,
Since its evolution in the jungles and savannahs of long ago.

* * * *

How deftly, skillfully, adroitly, nimbly, precisely, adeptly, neatly, dexterously,
The genesis, the creation, every moment progresses in its deterministic fashion.

* * * *

Retaining vulnerability in a dreamtime that requires so much armor,

Both physical and psychological, is an every-moment stoic challenge.

* * * *

For You to be reading, to be pondering, anything in these many pages,
Means that it resonates with your inner vision of this mystery theater.
All are drawn to whatever suits their ever-expanding frame of reference.
And if this is your moment to embrace the totality, these words are for You.

* * * *

Death will alleviate the weight of all your woes, all your problems, all your suffering.
The only real question is, whether or not You undertake it before the final wheezing breath.
As Albert Camus wrote: There is but one truly serious philosophical problem, and that is suicide.

* * * *

Religions across all times, all places, are for those prone to delusion.
Those wallowing in vanity and greed, those absorbed in narcissism and hedonism,
To play out the ceaseless, insatiable, childish hereafter fantasies,
Cautioned about in 1 Corinthians 13:11:

When I was a child,
I spoke like a child,
I thought like a child,
I reasoned like a child.
When I became a man,
I put aside childish things.

How many true believers will never realize,
Who or what that thinker was talking about?

* * * *

The mind is akin to the monkey's fist and the baited coconut,
Wherein releasing whatever thought is at hand, sets it free.
Until the next thought garners the willy-nilly of attention.
The empty mind, the no-mind, is its own compensation.

* * * *

Is human existence, perhaps all existence, really about anything more,
Than consuming, devouring, whatever inclination and opportunity allow?

* * * *

All these things You have done, this knowledge You have absorbed, this wisdom You have gleaned,
What point to it all, really, when the Reaper one day shows up at the final breath, and it is all erased.

* * * *

To what degree does anyone awaken, in a mystery that is immeasurably immaculate?
To what degree does anyone awaken, in a dream that is nothing more than quantum illusion?
To what degree does anyone awaken, when they are totally alone in a pristine state of awareness?
To what degree does anyone awaken, when every mind is but a neural network of ecstasies and agonies?

To what degree does anyone awaken, when every mind is a solitary invention, an absolute handiwork?
To what degree does anyone awaken, when within their sensory theater, they are sovereign witness?
To what degree does anyone awaken, when tribal associations and alliances no longer hold sway?
To what degree does anyone awaken, when every mind is but an imaginary frame of reference?
And to what degree does any degree prevail, when no degree exists in this indivisible matrix?

* * * *

To detach all the psychological traumas from all the physical traumas,
Is the inner work, the contemplation-slash-meditation,
Of those who would be liberated.

* * * *

In the ever-present eternal moment,
Of this ineffable kaleidoscoping quantum matrix,
You are born, You die, unborn-undying all the indelible while.
Like a passing cloud, with neither before nor after,
Dreaming through the spacious sky.

* * * *

Every idea born of the mind, every idea born of imagination,
Has never been real, has never been in this world,
As anything more than a concept, anything more than a notion.
Any manifestation, any appearance, any fruition, into the quantum dreamtime,
Has always demanded some form of exertion, some form of effort, some form of elbow grease.

* * * *

all the desire, ponder all the fear,
All the dread, all the anger, all the passion, all the everything,
That has played out in your allotted eternal moment.
Is there really any rhyme or reason to it?
And why need there be?

* * * *

Any existence is chock-full of ups and downs.
The challenge is to stoically endure them,
With as much equanimity as possible.

* * * *

Morphing into the cosmic state,
Morphing into the quantum state,
Morphing into the pure awareness,
Is fully heeding the timeless moment.
Full attending the ineffability of eternity.

* * * *

Every creature ever born occupies itself as fate has allotted its nature-nurture algorithm.
It does not really matter how, for ultimately it is all the same mystery, playing out illusion.

* * * *

one might not help but wish them well,
As far as continuity of the lineage of their genetic material is concerned,
Lesbians, gays, bisexuals, transgenders, queers,
Are failed mutations.

* * * *

Awareness knows no desire.
Awareness knows no fear.
Awareness knows no dread.
Awareness knows no anxiety.
Awareness knows everything.
Awareness knows nothing.

* * * *

For as long as you feel.
For as long as you see.
For as long as you hear.
For as long as you taste.
For as long as you smell.
For as long as You breathe.
For as long as You awaken.
For as long as You sleep.
Until death do You part.

* * * *

Somehow, imagination got up and running, and has not stopped since.
And it will all be very quickly forgotten whenever extinction is achieved.
Do not be betting that human vanity and greed will long infect this dust ball.

* * * *

Power can become a prison.
Fortune can become a prison.
Fame can become a prison.
Life can become a prison.
A free life is not for all.

* * * *

The nothingness of awareness distinguishes all,
The nothingness of awareness realizes all,
The nothingness of awareness is all.

* * * *

Who is the seeker questing for the nothingness prior to all questing?
What is the seeker questing for the nothingness prior to all questing?
Where is the seeker questing for the nothingness prior to all questing?
When is the seeker questing for the nothingness prior to all questing?
Why is the seeker questing for the nothingness prior to all questing?

How is the seeker questing for the nothingness prior to all questing?

* * * *

What is the point of growing old?
Of enduring a decrepit body and mind,
That can no longer tolerate the hedonisms,
That make temporal existence worth enduring.
A body that can no longer do or remember squatola,
And is daily facing a swelling array of pains and bothers.

The twelve hallmarks of aging outlined in a paper by:
López-Otín, Blasco, Partridge, Serrano, and Kroemer,
Scientifically gobbledy-gooked into three categories:

Primary

… genomic instability …
… telomere attrition …
… epigenetic alterations …
… loss of proteostasis …
… disabled macroautophagy …

Antagonistic

… deregulated nutrient-sensing …
… mitochondrial dysfunction …
… cellular senescence …

Integrative

… stem cell exhaustion …
… altered intercellular communication …
… chronic inflammation …
… dysbiosis …

* * * *

So amazing what all life endures.
All for what sum totals nothing more,
Than touchy-feely, narcissistic hedonism.
An imaginary dream of beyond-epic proportion.

* * * *

You are, the one and only mystery, the one and only truth, the one and only eternity.
Whether or not You see it, whether or not You agree with it, it is, in this eye,
The way it is, the way has always been, the way it will always be.

* * * *

If worldly success beckons you,

If narcissism and hedonism are your thing,
And your vanity and greed gush forth without bounds,
You have happened into the definitive matrix.
A Twilight Zone, with nary a limit.

* * * *

That which is God is not alive; that which is God not dead.
That which is God is unborn; that which is God is undying.

* * * *

Is it on the agnostic/atheist,
To prove some deity does not exist,
Or the true believer, to prove he/she/it does?
Dogma, faith, belief, conviction, hope, are not proof.
Nor are majestic houses of worship, nor copious congregations.

* * * *

To be the nothingness prior to consciousness, to be the nothingness prior to imagination,
Is the challenge of the awareness, the challenge of the mystery, the challenge of the eternity,
That You truly are, that You truly have ever been, that You truly will ever be,
In the timeless, unborn, undying, right here, right-now moment.

* * * *

Nothing firsts, nothing lasts.
You are the first, You are the last.
Everything and nothing, all the while.
A continuum, ever continuing.
The moment, unending.
Eternity, nowing.

* * * *

Why the search for the nothingness prior to all the searching?
Cease all questing, be still, be silent – and voila! – there You are.
Perfect awareness, basking in its eternal right-here-right-now moment.
Timeless, unborn, undying, indivisible, indelible, unfathomable, ineffable.

* * * *

All have their very own right-here-right-now eternal moment, which some have called eternal life.
Only very persevering spirits, replete with every variety of capacity and limitation,
Give themselves over the doubt, to the focus, to the discipline,
That the solitary path less traveled requires.

* * * *

The human mind is an ineffably, indelibly, insatiably curious mind,
And history, its long and winding trail, of astonishing ecstasies and horrific agonies.
How far and wide will it meander, before its inevitable extinction,
Is a story that will be witnessed, likely never told.

* * * *

… I am nature … you are nature … everything is nature …
… nature is mystery's expression … everything is mystery's expression …
… there is no me … there is no you … there is no other … we are all that which is mystery …
… only imagination deceives you, blinds you, into believing otherwise …
… you are as free as you please, if you so choose …

* * * *

The limitations of mind were likely so much more obvious,
Before we devised all the concepts, all the sounds,
To cloak it in the miasma of imagination.

* * * *

What is going to happen to all your all-powerful deities,
And all your paradises, and all your hells, and all your purgatories,
When our little star, devours our little dust ball, in that moment's future past.
Sooner or later, even your gods gotta die, and where will You be then?

* * * *

Perhaps, try to grasp how little, anyone in your life, much less the world, thinks about you.
And whether or not, some deity or deities, masters of heavens and hells, do at all,
Is but imaginary conjecture of the delusional-beyond-absurdity variety.

* * * *

What anything means to me, will very likely not mean the same thing to you.
'Tis the nature of imagination, to imagine such impossibly different universes.

* * * *

A picture may well be worth a thousand words.
But as many more are well worth ten thousand steps.
What need to seek when you are already that which is found?

* * * *

There is nothing to give.
Nothing is there to give.
I have nothing to give.
You have nothing to give.
We all give and take nothing.

* * * *

Curiosity is an unending, cavernous yawn,
Filling the mind with every variety of trivia.

* * * *

Depending how You view your imaginary world,
The limitations of imagination are few and far between,
The limitations of imagination are many and not far between.
Give it up, for the anarchy, the quagmire, of this sensory dreamtime.

* * * *

If there are other dimensions all about us, or in spaces and times far distant,
Will likely never be for us to know, in any meaningful, delineating way.
Even with the discerning eye of science, we can just barely perceive,
Our smidgen of a 0.0035 percent of the electromagnetic spectrum.
And though technology accelerates exponentially every day,
It will never achieve more than the limits of imagination.

* * * *

All the everything that You carry in your mind,
Might be much less a burden, much less a daily trial,
If You just assumed, none of it ever happened.
The tabula rasa is yours for the being.

* * * *

As a bee is to the scent of a budding flower,
The mind is to the dreamtime of wily imagination.
Buzzing about with a detached mind is ever the challenge.

* * * *

It is only desire and fear, vanity and greed, that make you, allow you,
To think, to hope, to believe, to pray, there is more than one existence.
That there is some deity or deities, on high, tabulating your every move,
With their heavens and hells and purgatories, their carrots, their sticks,
Promoted by some cult, cultivated by some charismatic middleman.
Rest assured, the only question, the only answer, is whether or not,
You are naive enough, heedless enough, inane enough, to believe,
All the deceptions, all the traps, all the bullshit, all the absurdity,
Laid down by all the predators wandering freely in your midst.

* * * *

The electromagnetic spectrum, the quantum matrix, never stops its kaleidoscoping unfurling.
It is a dynamic that has been in kinesis since the big bang, genesis, label it what You will.
And will continue, on and on, until the continuum when/ifs to its entropic stateless state.

* * * *

Everything You think You are,
Everything You think You know,
Everything You think You have done,
Is absolutely meaningless to the moment,
Absolutely immaterial to the eternity You are.
Awareness is, free of all limits, free of all borders.
Free of all fabrications devised by the imaginary mind.

* * * *

Imagination is always slipping in, to tarry in the given moment,
Fabricating space and time, and all its quantum-matrix fixtures.

* * * *

Whether through contemplation or meditation or drugs or pure happenstance,
Discerning the ineffably indelible mystery of eternity in all creation,
Is the unborn-undying potential, for all whom fate chooses.

* * * *

Male and female, of the monkey-mind genome, are entirely different, relatively specialized beasts.
With entirely different physiques, different brains, different minds, different perceptions,
Different operating orders, different functions, different lives, different worlds.
To come together, to fuse together, for however short, however long,
Well, each and every connection, is a stage play unto itself.
There is no plan, there is no design, just unscripted Shakespeare.

* * * *

Are we all anything more than algorithms playing out our little parts,
Filling the existence with every distraction, every amusement,
To avoid the 'tedious boredom' of the eternal moment?
Few are inclined to discern the harmony of a serene mind.
A mind that has ceased pursuing the futility of vanity and greed.

* * * *

All beliefs, all notions, all values,
Are but the ceaseless delusions of imagination,
Clinging to all the mind's attachments to its sensory theater.
All the mind's attachments to its imaginary self.

* * * *

Death is the utter obliteration of imaginary self.
From oblivion to oblivion is the way of all dreamtimes.
There is no more, for any seed line, for any called into existence.
To let go, everything, is the greatest challenge, consciousness must endure.
Self is omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent, unborn, undying.
But little self is Shakespearian worms' meat,
Of the 'so it goes' variety.

* * * *

Google AI's answer to: What do most belief systems amount to?

Most belief systems amount to frameworks that provide meaning, structure, and social cohesion by attempting to answer life's big questions. Whether religious, philosophical, or cultural, they guide human behavior, influence social norms, and shape how individuals and groups understand the world and their place in it.

Shared Functions of Belief Systems

Across different cultures and eras, belief systems serve several core functions for individuals and societies:

Providing meaning and purpose: Many belief systems address existential questions about life, death, and the universe, which helps people find a sense of purpose.

Shaping morality and ethics: Belief systems often establish the fundamental principles of what is considered good and bad within a society. These ethical rules help regulate social behavior and maintain order.

Promoting social cohesion: A shared belief system creates a sense of community and collective identity among people, which can foster unity within groups. Collective rituals, myths, and traditions reinforce this social bonding.

Creating a worldview: Belief systems provide a framework for interpreting reality and understanding the unknown. This can explain natural phenomena, historical events, and a person's life experiences.

Influencing culture and politics: The values and tenets of a belief system can significantly influence a society's cultural practices, art, law, and political ideologies. In some historical cases, belief systems have been used to legitimize the authority of rulers.

Coping with uncertainty: By offering explanations for life's challenges, suffering, and death, belief systems help individuals cope with the fear and anxiety of an uncertain world.

Core Components

Many belief systems, whether religious or non-religious, are built on similar core components:

Beliefs/Worldview: The set of tenets that offer a coherent perspective on the universe.

Community: The group that shares and practices the beliefs.

Myths/Narratives: Stories that help explain and teach the belief system's core principles. These don't have to be factual to serve their purpose within the belief system.

Rituals: Practices and ceremonies that explain, teach, and reinforce the group's beliefs.

Ethics: The rules and norms for behavior.

Material Expressions: Objects, places, and art used in rituals or to represent beliefs, such as sacred texts, buildings, and symbols.

Emotional Experiences: The shared emotions common to the belief system, such as awe, devotion, or inner peace.

Sacredness: The distinction between what is considered sacred and what is profane.

Belief Systems in Conflict

While they can foster unity, differing belief systems can also be a source of conflict both within and between societies. When different systems hold fundamentally opposing values or ideas, disagreements can arise over issues like morality, governance, and social behavior. This can sometimes lead to social friction, persecution, and even violence.

Ultimately, most belief systems provide a common blueprint for understanding life, reinforcing shared values, and fostering a collective identity within a community.

* * * *

The continuum that is the mystery,
The continuum that sustains all existence,
The continuum that sustains all non-existence,
The continuum You are, have ever been, will ever be,
Is ever kaleidoscoping, is ever morphing, on and on and on.
When You finish your rice, it is time to clean your bowl,
And then, whatever is after that, after that, after that.
Nothing ever finishes, nothing ever can finish.
Even when death do You someday part,
Rest assured, it will all carry on,
In its unfathomable way.

* * * *

There is the nondualistic actuality,
And there is the vanity, the pride, about it.
Embrace the former; avoid the latter.

* * * *

As a pig likes it when you wrestle with it in the mud,
So too, imagination toys with minds giving it reality.
Ergo, the planet of the apes plays out Shakespeare live.

* * * *

In the big picture of this vast ineffable, unchartable mystery,
How different is your play of consciousness, your imaginary existence,
From that of a jellyfish floating aimlessly in the waves, really?
Only vanity gives You pause to suppose otherwise.
Only the greed for more gives it wings.

* * * *

Every mind, a window to a self.
Every mind, a window to a world.
Every mind, a window to a cosmos.
Every mind, a window to the senses.
Every mind, a window to the moment.
Every mind, a window to the singularity.
Every mind, a window to the intelligence.
Every mind, a window to the imagination.
Every mind, a window to the awareness.

Every mind, a window to the mystery.
Every mind, a window to eternity.
Every mind, a window to You.

* * * *

All that we call human is based on assumptions.
Is existence anything but an imaginary assumption?

* * * *

Things getting lost or stolen or misplaced or broken,
Are just mini-deaths along the path to the finale of mortal fatality.
Despite all their pyramids and mausoleums and tombs and crypts and catacombs,
The powerful, the wealthy, the renowned, the masses, and those yet unborn,
Must at some point, when the last breath departs, leave it all behind.

* * * *

In Heart of Darkness, a critique of European colonial rule in Africa,
Joseph Conrad pretty much sums up the human condition,
With Kurtz's last line: The horror! The horror!

* * * *

Your perfection is flawed by your imagination,
Imagining it is a body, imagining it is a persona.

* * * *

All teachers are ultimately the one and only teacher.
All students are ultimately the one and only student.

* * * *

Whether or not, any story, any account, is true or false,
Both are time-based fabrications of consciousness, of imagination,
And thus, naught but wafting currents in the illusory quantum space-time dream.
And humans, being such able storytellers, it can be all but impossible, to discern which is which.

* * * *

Contentment … true, unsullied, full-hearted, overflowing, eternal.
Have You embraced it yet, or are You so bound, so trapped, by the illusion of space and time,
That the inner guard, the inner controller, will not, at least occasionally,
Allow You a taste of the sanctity of grace.

* * * *

Analog or digital, the clocks tick,
The pages of calendars page after page flip,
But the moment is ever the same, all across the stage,
All across the very unique perceptions, each considers a cosmos.
Each and every one, naught but an imaginary perception.

* * * *

Eternity is the right-here-right-now-this-very-timeless moment.
All one needs do is still the mind, be the moment, the great all and nothing is,
And that quixotic thing called eternal life, is Voilà! theirs, in the given every-day mundane,
As it has ever been, as it will ever be, in this mortal dream of space and time.

* * * *

If You truly discern there is no other, discern there is truly naught but a vast ineffable oneness,
Why are You still justifying and rationalizing and apologizing for your existence,
To the other, who ultimately does not exist, any more than You do.
How challenging to participate, and yet remain aloof.
How challenging to give over to the sovereignty inherent in all.

* * * *

Heaven or Hell, You every moment choose to reside.
No need for some deity, or gaggle of the same, to decide.

* * * *

Why is the moment not enough?
Why is the awareness not enough?
Why is the mystery not enough?
Why is eternity not enough?

* * * *

How many conceptual arenas, we take for granted,
That ancestors in all times across the world,
Took many thousands of years to discover and create.
Discoveries and creations that we now embrace as entitlements.

* * * *

Awareness is the emptiness, the nothingness, the vacuum, the ethereal constant,
Through which … earth, wind, water, fire … timelessly, spacelessly, kaleidoscope.

* * * *

Quantum stardust.
Quantum earth.
Quantum wind.
Quantum water.
Quantum fire.
Quantum sun.
Quantum moon.
Quantum planets.
Quantum clusters.
Quantum universe.
Quantum perception.
Quantum archaebacteria.
Quantum eubacteria.
Quantum protista.
Quantum fungi.

Quantum plantae.
Quantum animalia.
Quantum everything.

A vast matrix of quantum design,
All kaleidoscoping through the ether of awareness.

* * * *

As lead pipes were to ancient Rome, plastic will be to the entire world.
Oil and electricity began their advent in the late 19th century,
And their juggernaut is racing down a dead-end road.
It all seemed so exceptionally remarkable in the early stages,
But has, in a little over a century, become an overwhelming leviathan.
Who can more than speculate the conclusion to a very punitive decline and fall.

* * * *

Looking back, who-what-where-when-why-how, have You ever really been?
Looking to the fore, who-what-where-when-why-how, will You ever really be?
Looking right-here-right-now, who-what-where-when-why-how, are You really?

* * * *

You were expecting consistency and rationality,
In a world ruled by irony and paradox?
How credulous can You be?

* * * *

Quantum matrix.
Quantum illusion.
Quantum delusion.
Quantum dreamtime.
Quantum here-now.
Quantum mystery.

* * * *

Some blobs climb.
Some blobs dig.
Some blobs float.
Some blobs swim.
Some blobs fly.
Some blobs crawl.
Some blobs slither.
Some blobs walk and run.
Some on four legs.
Some on two.

* * * *

What life form can help but be, whatever its coding created it to be?
An algorithm that stretches back to the origins of life in the soupy mix of long ago.

To believe there is free will, is but the empty assertion of ignorance.

* * * *

Doubt and detachment have a symbiotic relationship,
In their amble, their dance, their dreaming,
Into the obscurity of oblivion.

* * * *

Everyone has a different world,
Everyone has a different universe,
Everyone has a different perception,
Just as real, just as imaginary, as yours.
We are very much, all alone, all together,
Wandering the same stage, in solitary minds.

* * * *

Full, focused breathing, with a pinch of detachment,
Is probably one of the better ways to clear a toxic mind.

* * * *

It might be a bit frightening to walkabout amidst so many grubs (a.k.a., blobs),
If you had not been acclimated by so many aquariums and science fiction movies.

* * * *

When You exited tabula rasa of the womb, innocence ran the show for a relatively short duration.
But very gradually, one onerous experience after another, scratched and sliced, and created the scar tissue,
The certain reactions – of the persona, of the character, of the identity – to which You are so attached.
It is the nature-nurture reality, that all life forms must endure, in whatever fate has been allotted.
And it will carry on – unabated, unrelenting, unyielding – until oblivion regains dominion.
All emotions, all passions, all feelings, all desires, all fears, all dreads, to the contrary,
The you, You think You are, is but an imaginary fallacy from the mind's get-go.

* * * *

If there is going to be any kind of future for the human paradigm,
It would agreeable if all of it were not ruled entirely,
By the ignorance of vanity and greed.

* * * *

Even one breath, one swallow, one blink, different,
Would have spun a different fate for your entire cosmos.

* * * *

Stay as humble as your vain notions allow,
For You are truly no greater nor lesser than any other,
Across the farthest shoreless shore, of this most infinite mystery.

* * * *

How self-absorbed the human species is, to think, to believe,

That some deity on high is so wrapped up in all their absurdities,
That he/she/it are so enraptured with their everyday boring blah-blah,
That he/she/it monitors and tabulates and judges their every single move.
Jesus, people, get over your imaginary, exceedingly preposterous bullpucky.

* * * *

As Descartes was to doubting all things,
The next trick is totally letting go,
Of everything. unto Self.

* * * *

How long will we deceive ourselves,
Into believing, into hoping, that technology,
Can ever unscramble all the problems it has created?

* * * *

You can have all your diamonds and your measly piles of gold.
They are only glitter in the quantum mirage, in the quantum dust pile.
Given value by minds that will never discern the mystery in which they flail.

* * * *

… You were born …

… and then You did this …
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… and then You did this …
… and then You did this …
… and then You did this …
… and then You did this …

… and then You died …

* * * *

All belief systems end up being more than a little beyond absurd.
Why would eternity care whether or not You awaken to it or not?

* * * *

Bask in the very right-here-right-now,
Ever-present, unborn-undying, eternal moment,
You are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

The imaginary you is born just once.
The imaginary you dies just once.
Anything else is delusional.
Anything else is absurd.
Anything else is ludicrous.
Your life is but a brief dream.
Get over all your trifling notions.
Abandon your make-believe creation.
That very last rattle will be the end of you.

* * * *

Eternal life is in this very right-here-right-now moment.
Timeless, unborn-undying, indivisible, indelible, ineffable.
The only You there is, there ever was, there will ever be.

* * * *

The world is filled with every sort of gossip,
Which You may partake, or not,
As disposition allows.

* * * *

The timelessness,

The adroitness,
The deftness,
The perfection,
The dexterity,
The indelibility,
The precision,
The presence,
The swiftness,
The mystery,
The ineffability,
Of the moment,
Is eternally absolute.

* * * *

Like snowflakes, like fingerprints,
No two dreamtimes, no two frames of reference,
Even once exactly the same, across this entire ineffable mystery.

* * * *

You move, You stream, You flow, You course, You surge, You kaleidoscope, You dance, right along,
Through the eternal moment – ever untouched, ever untainted, ever unborn, ever undying.
Only memory, only imagination, journeys the perception of space and time.
Only memory, only imagination, cast it more than illusion.

* * * *

Where was the free will, where was the choice, in the big bang of genesis?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in the first etching of life?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in all the natural selection since?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in all the nature-nurture since?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your awareness?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your existence.
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your universe?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your world.
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your geography?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your family?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your mind-body?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your intelligence?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your health?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your birth order?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your name?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your culture?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your ethnicity?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your gender?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your appearance?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your language?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your caste?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your economic level?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your values?

Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your beliefs?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your politics?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your capacities?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your education?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your world view?

Where is the free will, where is the choice …
In your next breath, in your next heartbeat, in you next thought?

* * * *

Even if You knew the absolute truth of everything that lead up to this moment,
It would still only be the busy-busy of the ever-churning, imagination-ridden mind.
Naught but an evolutionary concoction, however its origin is deemed to have come about.

* * * *

What guilt, what remorse, should a lion have, for being a lion?
What guilt, what remorse, should a shark have, for being a shark?
What guilt, what remorse, should a piranha have, for being a piranha?
What guilt, what remorse, should a scorpion have, for being a scorpion?
What guilt, what remorse, should an eagle have, for being an eagle?
What guilt, what remorse, should a wasp have, for being a wasp?
What guilt, what remorse, should You have for being You?

* * * *

Everyone is centerstage in their own perception of a cosmos.
Dancing away, entirely alone, in their little speck of eternity.
To embrace the aloneness is to be free of the imaginary other.

* * * *

When You, the unborn-undying awareness, are in a newborn body, You play newborn.
When You, the unborn-undying awareness, are in a toddler body, You play toddler.
When You, the unborn-undying awareness, are in a child body, You play child.
When You, the unborn-undying awareness, are in a teen body, You play teen.
When You, the unborn-undying awareness, are in an adult body, You play adult.
When You, the unborn-undying awareness, are in an elderly body, You play elderly.
From newborn, to whatever end, there is agony, there is ecstasy, and the shadow of death,
Which must be endured, as stoically, as rationally, perhaps as detached, as the given mind allows.
There is only one exit in any existence, and any choice in the matter is very much nil-nada-naught-zilch.

* * * *

The entity You are so transfixed by, so devoted to, so attached to, so bound by, so imprisoned by,
Is really nothing more than a memory as soon as the timeless moment kaleidoscopes on.
And everyone wandering about playing their vain impromptu protagonists so real,
Makes for Shakespeare very much live across this whirling pale blue dot.

* * * *

There is no beginning, there is no end, in the moment You are,
The moment You have ever been, the moment You will ever be.

The world is naught but a quantum illusion, an imaginary perception.
The real You is prior to consciousness, prior to all appearances.
Prior to all attributes, all qualities, all traits, all elements.
There is no other; duality is but the mirage of mind.

* * * *

Every mask and body, ever donned, has dissolved into oblivion.
Consciousness incarnating, consciousness imagining, each and every character.
Ever-remembering, ever-forgetting, within the illusory kaleidoscoping of the space-time matrix.
Your mind-body, ever transforming, ever morphing, even as You translate these words.
It can never be more, it can never be less, than the ageless, eternal moment.
And yet, through it all, imagination ever imagines it all tangible.
The same entity, the same identity, from birth to death.
And before and after that, for those mesmerized,
By religious propaganda, by pious puffery,
Celebrated by snake oil zealots high and low.
All of it, nothing more than the poof of imagination.

* * * *

Have managed to get by without having to participate more than loosely with any groupthink.
Always just kept rambling on, leaving everything and everyone in the rearview mirror.
Nomad, gypsy, wanderer, traveler – are good labels for how it has worked out.

* * * *

Settling for the idolatry of the ceaseless stream of fictitious deities,
Is the venue of all who lack the intellect, the critical mass,
To question until all questions run out of steam.
To doubt until the doubting is done.

* * * *

How can the ultimate be encapsulated by imagination?
You are a smidgeon of the intelligent design.
Your access is this very moment.
Stilling the mind is all that is required.

* * * *

The cosmos, the world, has a near infinity of ways,
To lure the imaginary mind into its ensnaring web.

* * * *

Every mind has its own indivisible frame of reference.
You and everyone else have a completely unique perspective.
No translation, no rendition, no interpretation, can ever be the same.

* * * *

All existence is caught in the seemingly endless wave of a very deterministic fate.
The most real way to live it out, is to just follow your nature, and wander the path of least resistance.
And, as stoically, indifferently, as possible, let it all go when the dreamtime is undone.

* * * *

There it was, right there, right then,
And now, gone, gone, forever gone.
Naught but a flicker upon a neuron trail.
A perception in a mortal frame of reference.

* * * *

You are nothing more than a blob of crunchy-chewy-gooey,
With arms, legs, fingers, toes, a larynx, a face, and other accoutrements,
That, paired with imagination, hoodwink You into believing You are something more.
But there is no more, this is it, this is all there is, a one-time theater, nothing more, nothing less, poof!
No deities on high, no heavens, no hells, just this timeless moment, this here, this now,
For You to play out, to imagine, however your nature-nurture calls.
Demon or angel, your decision, every moment.

* * * *

This life's calling has been to discern and scribe the ultimate reality, that this mind has,
Through a relatively anonymous, relatively mindful, relatively stoical walkabout, fathomed.
What comes of these many thoughts, if anything, will be for as yet-unborn storytellers to discern.
Impactful or not, how could it matter, to the Me, the Self, the awareness, the unborn-dying,
The mystery, that every moment, is witness, to whatever kaleidoscopes through it.
Whether conscious or not, we are but clouds, matrixing though the abyss.

* * * *

We are all tools of our own survival,
Of our own narcissistic-hedonistic Shakespeare,
Braiding the given perception, through which all life is cast,
In a garden that germinates, that naturally-selects, a so-called future-past,
In the timeless-spaceless continuum, playing out in an infinite, imagination-driven matrix,
That imagination has seamlessly usurped, and made into a dreamtime dominion,
Passing through the omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent awareness,
Passing through the abyss, through which all genesis flows,
Like clouds streaming through the eternity's sky.
The moment is all, the moment is one.

* * * *

Everyone's story is beyond-all-pales, absolutely, primo-unique.
But only a rare few, are storyteller enough, for us to learn their fable,
And pass it on, for as long as imagination dictates, it worth remembering.

* * * *

Enlightenment is the distillation of worldly, temporal experience.
Liberation is the attaining of the purest, most austere, state of consciousness.
What is the point of inquiring into Buddhahood, into Christhood, if You do not attain it?

* * * *

It is an ineffable, indelible, beyond-all-pales mystery.

To call it God – to deify it, to idolize it, to flatter it, in any way,
Is really nothing more than an endless quagmire of meaningless absurdity,
To which all are unique witnesses, in their very solitary quantum-matrix dreamtimes.

* * * *

All those many thoughts You have about your imaginary self,
Your imaginary world, Your imaginary cosmos,
All total up to zilch-nada-nothing.

* * * *

Now is not a clock.
Now is not a watch.
Now is not a calendar.
Now is not any measure.
The moment is immeasurable.

* * * *

What is karma, but another word for consequence, upshot, outcome,
And every existence has its share, rippling and stumbling on down the line.
No need to imagine a slew of other lifetimes, for which You must supposedly pay.

* * * *

Someone always triumphs in the Great Game, the Game of Thrones.
Sit upon the mount until someone wrestles them off, one way or another.
Count yourself lucky if it is your good fortune to witness it from afar.

* * * *

Regarding the greatness with which our kind cloaks itself,
How would our fellow earthling cast their vote,
Had they the unlikely opportunity?

* * * *

What resides between good and evil,
But a gamut of consciousness,
A spectrum of imagination,
A continuum of perception,
Twisted in every feasible way.

* * * *

We fabricated every form of deity to punish those we could not,
And heavens and hells and purgatories in the hope, in the yearning,
That there would be a reward for all our pain and suffering,
And an eternity of hellfire for those who wronged us.

* * * *

Why pretend to know something, if you do not?
Why pretend to be something, if you are not?
Why pretend there is more, if there is not?

Why inwardly pretend anything at all?

* * * *

Your health is your greatest wealth,
And that, too, depletes, slow or fast,
As sure as the sand in any hourglass.

* * * *

At the universal echelon,
All our conflicts and exertions,
All our pain and suffering and angst,
Are, at best, mere blips of meaninglessness.

* * * *

The trick to being in the moment,
The trick to being in the awareness,
The trick to being the eternal nowness,
Is simply releasing into the immeasurable.

* * * *

If You cannot discern it, fathom it, perceive it, for your Self,
No one on this whirling orb, is going to convince you,
To persuade you, to exhort you, to convert you,
In any way, in any shape, in any form.
You will be a done deal, forever and a day.

* * * *

What is the human paradigm but an overwrought dynamic,
A garden world of imagination in exponential bloom,
That holds no sway over the mystery, whatsoever.

* * * *

Glass half full.
Glass half empty.
Break the damn glass.
Problem solved.

* * * *

There is no day, there is no night, there is only now,
Lit or unlit, by a tilt, by a spin, round a ball of fire.

* * * *

The only perfection anyone can lay claim to, is the one everything is,
Or nothing is, depending how one flips the mirror in the looking glass.

* * * *

Omnipresence is to be fully engaged in the moment.
Omnipotence is to be tapped into the infinity, the totality of eternity.

Omniscience is less about knowledge, than it is about being open to all potentials.
About being the awareness, the invisibility, within all things,
In the moment that allows all things.

* * * *

To want something,
To want anything,
From an illusion,
From a mirage,
From a dream,
And fear it, too,
And dread it, too,
How absurd is that?

* * * *

Chronometers exist.
Sundials exist.
Clocks exist.
Watches exist.
Timers exist.
Calendars exist.
Almanacs exist.
Logbooks exist.
Diaries exist.
Chronicles exist.
Journals exist.
Timetables exist.
Planners exist.
Newspapers exist.
But the thing called time, they supposedly measure?
Well, that is a dubious assumption.

* * * *

Omniscience is in the knowing, in the discerning, in the seeing, in the intelligence,
Of the given unborn-undying, indivisible, indelible, ineffable moment.
It is not about the trivial pursuit of gathering knowledge,
About the illusion of this manifest theater.

* * * *

Any memory, any history, is the fluke of any given neural matrix,
And all the many perceptions of an ever-streaming dream.
Can any family, any tribe, any society, hold fast,
Without a binding communal vision,
A frame of reference upon which all agree?

* * * *

Emotional attachment is a naturally-selected biochemical blend,
That cultivated the familial and herd-slash-tribal alliances,

That enabled the survival of all mammalian lineages.
That long ago mutation is but one of the myriad reasons,
You are sitting there imbibing this stream of consciousness,
In your right-here-right-now shard of this inexplicable mystery.

* * * *

What dreams have been,
What dreams will some moment be,
Are all the same right-here-right-now dreamtime.
And all, naught but oblivion-to-oblivion delusions of imagination.
The oblivion between – obscured, cloaked, masked, concealed, muddled – by illusion.
An illusion made by however many senses and a processing unit,
In a vacuum of a mystery beyond all pales.

* * * *

Is there really-truly more to this great mystery?

Some great philosophy?
Some great rationale?
Some great meaning?
Some great ethos?
Some great motivation?
Some great principle?
Some great overtone?
Some great plan?
Some great function?
Some great intention?
Some great aim?
Some great objective?
Some great design?
Some great consequence?
Some great worth?
Some great upshot?
Some great idea?
Some great subtext?
Some great significance?
Some great value?
Some great importance?
Some great corollary?
Some great connotation?
Some great inference?
Some great concern?
Some great nuance?
Some great requirement?
Some great point?
Some great implication?
Some great resolve?
Some great magnitude?

Some great moment?
Some great belief?
Some great outcome?
Some great inspiration?
Some great hope?
Some great purpose?
Some great raison d'être?

* * * *

The willy-nilly butterfly of consciousness,
Does not effortlessly reside in the stillness of the eternal moment,
Flitting on and on, ever consuming its sensory-inspired cosmos, unto the last wheezing breath.

* * * *

Long before You were imaginary You, You were monkey-like.
Long before You were monkey-like, You were shrew-like.
Long before You were shrew-like, You were grub-like.
Long before You were grub-like, You were slime.
Long before You were slime, You were stardust.
Long before You were stardust, You were nothing.
Long before You were nothing, what is there to say?
As if before anything space and time really means squat.

* * * *

Great capacity, great miracles, great magic, great anything,
Do not make any manifest entity greater than the lowliest grub.
Humility is where those who realize the truth of this mystery reside.

* * * *

The unsparing absurdities of consciousness, the unsparing absurdities of imagination,
With its more than infinite capacity for subterfuge and mayhem and chaos,
Is, sadly, a daily spectacle, a daily onslaught, a daily certainty.

* * * *

Call it God.
Call it eternity.
Call it perpetuity.
Call it kaleidoscope.
Call it nonduality.
Call it continuum.
Call it streaming.
Call it creation.
Call it oblivion.
Call it genesis.
Call it cosmos.
Call it season.
Call it duality.
Call it space.

Call it time.
Call it You.
Call it epoch.
Call it infinity.
Call it mystery.
Call it moment.
Call it anything.
Call it everything.
Call it nothingness.

All the same, no difference, no matter.

* * * *

Just because You or someone else imagines something, does not necessarily make it true.
Every culture has its storytellers of every ilk, all spinning their buzz,
Some bent on truth, some bent on untruth.
Sifting through it all, every mind, its own dreamtime.

* * * *

People tend to choose the path of least resistance,
Due to a combination of biological, psychological, and social factors,
All of which prioritize comfort, efficiency, and minimizing effort.
This tendency is deeply rooted in our evolutionary history,
And is reinforced by the way our brains are wired,
To conserve energy and seek immediate gratification.

* * * *

Grubs who can talk.
Grubs who can walk.
Grubs who can think.
Grubs who can create.
Grubs who can believe.
Grubs who can adore.
Grubs who can war.
Grubs all the while.

* * * *

Memories, all the many perceptions of the given existence,
Virtuous or corrupt, sensible or insensible, are not something easily discarded.
Hence, the relentless rolodex, ever spinning on and on and on,
Through the quantum pathways, zippity-zip.

* * * *

The thinkers are always trying to put into words, that which words cannot tell.
Staring into space is not something the mind easily allows,
In the snappity-snap of the neuron trail.
It may all be illusion,
But it is the only illusion we pretend to know.

* * * *

Meandering through the churning crowds,
All there is, is one grub after another, kaleidoscoping by.
Even the most beautiful, even the most handsome,
Cannot long masquerade their grubbiness,
In the eye of the discerning seer.

* * * *

The one-percenters and their minions finally figured it out.
Why feed and house and clothe and chain and whip the slaves,
When You can pay a wage or salary, and proffer a few token gestures.
Advancements, titles, rewards, medical, retirement, labor unions, scholarships.
Let them feed and house and clothe and chain and whip themselves, however they will.
Keep them if they serve the ship well, and if not, well, throw them overboard.
There is generally almost always someone else to swab the deck.
As to quality of existence issues, let them eat cake.

* * * *

As challenging as it well is, to be so disciplined, to be so free of desire and fear,
So free of the narcissistic hedonism of the passionate monkey-mind,
No one can force You to respond with even one ripple,
In the neural network, in the quantum sea,
Of the mind in which You dwell.
You do not have to engage.
You do not have to come back.
The world will move on without You.

* * * *

What is all the knowledge, all the noise of the world,
But a busy thoroughfare of minds ill at ease,
With the silence of a serene mind?

* * * *

Has any on-high deity ever been as judgmental,
As all the minions who pledge their undying belief,
That only they are worthy of the promised land?

* * * *

Impenetrable
Impossible
Impractical
Inaccessible
Incomparable
Indestructible
Invulnerable
Irresolvable
Unachievable

Unapproachable
Unassailable
Unattainable
Unavailable
Unbeatable
Unchallenged
Unfeasible
Unmatched
Unobtainable
Unparalleled
Unreachable
Unrealistic
Unrivaled
Untouchable
Unviable
Unworkable

* * * *

It may all be the pixie dust of illusion,
But it is the only pixie dust we know.
Dancing with the Devil, so to speak.

* * * *

The reality we all orbit around, the reality of every moment,
Is that we are truly very much all alone in this abyss of a mystery.
And nothing is going to change that, and nothing we do, nothing we think,
Really means squat, in any way, in any shape, in any form.
Be ye saint or serial killer, no matter.

* * * *

All that desiring.
All that coveting.
All that wanting.
All that yearning.
All that craving.
All that obsessing.
All that aching.
All that envying.
All that longing.
All that aspiring.
All that wishing.
All that pining.
All that thirsting.
All that fancying.
All that hungering.
All that hankering.
All that demanding.
All that voraciousness.

All for illusion.

* * * *

Interesting how sketches of thoughts bubble into mind,
And word processing, with the aid of spelling and grammar checking,
And finger-play access to dictionary and thesaurus support,
Fashion each into their own little sculpture.

* * * *

Nature can be harsh and painful and deadly.
Any instant can bring forth a face-off with injury or death.
Darwin coined concepts like natural selection and survival of the fittest.
Others call it fate, destiny, kismet, upshot, fortune, providence.
Tralfamadorians sum it up with a ‘So it goes’ nod.

* * * *

Consumption is a great distraction, a great amusement.
Right up there in the nebula of power and fame and fortune.
And, of course, sex, however, whenever, if ever, opportunity strikes.

* * * *

Imagine the Darwinian purity of this spinning orb,
Before humankind migrated across it like a malevolent cancer,
Wreaking death and ruin, pain and suffering, in every nook and cranny.

* * * *

Every creature that has ever existed, or will ever exist,
Has its own sensory perception, its own naturally-selected niche,
Which both creature and niche, have cooperated, have conspired, in creating.
Every single life form has been a co-creator in the genesis of this imaginary perception.

* * * *

That memory, that perception, that vision, that insight, from the way back when,
Is no more or less real, than the memory-perception-vision-insight kaleidoscoped through just now.
Nor is it any more or less real, than the projected future imagined by the frame of reference,
Playing out in the space-time, that does not exist, has never existed, will never exist.
The eternal moment, the eternal ever-present, the eternal awareness, is all.

* * * *

It is all nothing more than distraction,
Inspired by vanity and avarice,
Narcissism and hedonism,
Hubris and hunger,
Pride and greed.

* * * *

attachment to your world, your cosmos, your perception

Draws You out again and again and again, ever again.

Your eyes, the sights.
Your ears, the sounds.
Your tongue, the tastes.
Your nose, the smells.
Your flesh, the touch.

To remain in the awareness is an every-moment challenge.
To be in the dreamtime, but not of it, is a rare calling.

* * * *

… here You are …
… a kaleidoscoping lineage …
… created of an unfathomable mystery …

… from the big bang of the singularity … what matter how it came to be … 13.8 billion years ago …
… an extremely hot, extremely dense point, rapidly expanding space and time itself …
… an ever-inflating cosmos, expanding and cooling and evolving …

… into the formation of subatomic particles …
… into the formation of protons and neutrons …
… into the formation of hydrogen and helium atoms …

… into gravity pulling together matter to form the first stars and galaxies …
… into between 200 billion and 2 trillion galaxies in the observable universe …

… into a small milky galaxy containing hundreds of billions of stars …

… and one of those stars, center of a solar system over 4.6 billion years old …
… a solar system that evolved from a collapsing cloud of gas and dust …
… a cloud, called a solar nebula, that flattened into a protoplanetary disk …
… in which planets, moons, asteroids, and comets formed from the remaining material …
… with ongoing collisions, gravitational interactions, and changes to planetary orbits …

… and on one of those planets, a pale blue dot, third from its star, 90 million miles distant …
… formed from dust and gas particles approximately 4.54 billion years ago …
… a planet with atmosphere and oceans and continents, driven by internal heat, gravity …

… emerged unicellular life (single-celled organisms) …
… that evolved into animalia (multicellular life) …
… that evolved into chordata (animals with backbones) …
… that evolved into tetrapoda (four-legged organisms) …
… that evolved into mammalia (milk-producing animals) …
… that evolved into primates (an order of mammals) …
… that evolved into hominidae (great apes) …
… that evolved into genus homo (contemporary humans) …

… 3.8 billion years of natural selection, and counting …
… 3.8 billion years for You to be right here, right now, this eternal moment …
… kaleidoscoping whatever destiny, whatever dreamtime, the singularity set in motion in the long ago …

… You are the singularity … You are the mystery …
… be the singularity … be the mystery …

* * * *

A higher state of beingness, is the leap that consciousness, the leap that imagination,
Must somehow attain, if it is to survive humankind's naturally-selected origin.
And the likelihood of setting aside its survival-of-the-fittest paradigm?
Well, a few days-worth of headlines in these our modern times,
Makes for short work of that philosophical pipedream.

* * * *

Time is nothing more than a human concept, imparted reality,
By sundials, clocks, watches, calendars, and the like.
All inspired by the regularities of a cosmos,
That is ultimately nothing more than quantum illusion.

* * * *

The mind is a story.
It is all distraction.

* * * *

Why should You ever feel bound to any geography,
Or any world or universe or dimension,
Or any illusion, whatsoever?
Discern the one-pointedness of the inner eye.

* * * *

As much as possible, focus completely on whatever the mind-body is doing.
That way, the willy-nilly mind, will perhaps dally less in the halls of memory lane.
And perchance much less in the absurdity of our kind’s Shakespearian stagefest, as well.

* * * *

The world is awash in every manner of disharmony and distraction.
Only in the pure, still awareness of eternity's moment, is there true peace.
It is the eternal life, free of all the rancor of imaginary consciousness.
Free of the dreamtime illusion, to which humankind is so attached.

* * * *

Are You this imaginary self, this attachment to the mind-body,
Or the indescribable, indivisible awareness, the unfathomable moment,
Through which it sprints willy-nilly, in whatever way nature-nurture ordains.

* * * *

The universal mind,

Is a total mind, a whole mind, a complete mind,
A peerless mind, a matchless mind, an absolute mind, a sovereign mind,
Free of all constraints, all confines, all restrictions, all limits, all margins, all curbs, all boundaries.
Which leads to the question, where is the mind that holds on to nothing?

* * * *

The entire human paradigm, this Shakespearian theater inspired by imagination, is unutterably insane.
What is called sanity, what is called normal, what is called rational, what is called sensible,
Is nothing more than being able to function reasonably well in the absurdity.

* * * *

Science, despite all its noble, rational efforts,
Has failed to convince a paradigm programmed by 13.8 billion years of natural selection,
In large part shaped by superstition and fallacy.

* * * *

What a challenge to not allow imagination to wander willy-nilly,
Into all the identifications with the mind-body perceptions of a so-called lifetime,
And all the memories it so easily dredges into an illusory reality,
That is not, was not, and will never be.

* * * *

You are like any theater or film actor, who plays a part,
Knowing full well, any given centerstage moment, that s/he is not that role.
So here now You are, playing on cue, the script that your nature-nurture programing summons forth.
Whether or not, You have realized the centerstage clarity, simplicity, lucidity, eloquence,
Is how cognizant of this illusory quantum dreamtime, You are, or are not.

* * * *

The mind stamps perceptions with times and dates,
But are any, however so-called old, however so-called young,
Really at all that different, in the timeless moment that does not truly exist?
Even just a moment ago, is the same as the moment of genesis,
The moment it all began, in the way back when.

* * * *

... an iota of a smidgen …
... a smidgen of a jot …
... a jot of a speck …
... a speck of a scrap …
... a scrap of a particle …
... a particle of a bit …
... a bit of a speck …
... a speck of a grain …
... a grain of a scintilla …
... a scintilla of an iota …

… is how long the moment is not …

* * * *

To be the You, You truly are,
The quantum mind must pacify its self,
The five senses be witnessed without attachment,
And eternal awareness, resume its ever-present sovereignty.

* * * *

Why in any deity's arbitrary name,
Would You ever embrace any idolatrous religion or cult,
Imagined, concocted, fabricated, manufactured, by the human or any other mind?
Free your Self from all the baseless absurdity that binds You.
You are it, it is You, there is no other.

* * * *

Another day, staring into the abyss.
Into the beginning of all ends,
The end of all beginnings,
And all the in-betweens, too.

* * * *

What could possibly be more omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent,
Than the dimensionless, immaculate awareness, permeating all eternity.
It is through naught but a frame of reference that You perceive your universe.
Call it by whatever sound, whatever vibration, You will … You are it, and it is You.

* * * *

As You would a vehicle, shift the mind into neutral, and eternal awareness is right there, ever-present.
What could possibly be more omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent, than the awareness permeating all?

* * * *

Why believe things You have never seen?

Why believe in any deities?
Any superstitions.
Any fallacies.
Any delusions.

Any sasquatches.
Any vampires.
Any pookas.
Any ghosts.
Any aliens.
Any angels.
Any demons.
Any tooth fairies.
Any Easter bunnies.
Any Santa Clauses.

Any fantasies.
Any apparitions.
Any specters.
Any assumptions.
Any spirits.
Any phantasms.
Any visions.
Any bigotries.
Any notions.
Any deliriums.
Any injustices.
Any mirages.
Any prejudices.
Any fixations.
Any judgments.
Any distortions.
Any figments.
Any illusions.

All are imagined.
The mind is but a story.
It is all distraction.
Free your Self.
Let them go.

* * * *

How has it taken You so long to discern the obvious?
How have You been so attached to this dust ball covered with grubs?
Grubs veiled in every guise, playing every role, and You, spellbound, seeing it all real.
Bewitched and beguiled, each and every moment, by the mind-body's ever-kaleidoscoping dreamtime.
Unable, unwilling, to awaken to it all being nothing more than an inexplicable quantum illusion.
A dreamer, dreaming it all so real, all so true, wanting it to be more than it can ever be.

* * * *

To attain eternity, the mind must become:
Very still.
Very quiet.
Very spaceless.
Very timeless.
Very here.
Very now.

* * * *

Herein is visualized an awareness.
… Omniscient … Omnipresent … Omnipotent …
Prior to and beyond, any and all conceptual contrivances.
So infinitesimally to infinitely, ephemerally, unfathomably immense,

As to indivisibly permeate the indelible quantum sea,
Without bounds, without judgment.

You are it, it is You.

* * * *

The cosmos is a quantum illusion, the world is a quantum illusion, You are a quantum illusion.
Everything You believe, everything You think You know, is a quantum illusion.
And yes, alas, these many thoughts are a quantum illusion, too.

Nothing is as it seems.

* * * *

Why me, God, why me? Why me, God, why me? Please, God, why me-me-me!?
The lamenting refrain since the mind's self-absorbed beginnings.
The ascent of imagination in the jungles of long ago.

* * * *

You are just another erstwhile, one-trick-pony grub,
Conditioned, programmed, by imagination,
To believe You are something more,
Than a dream can ever be.

* * * *

All creation is of the same mystery.
Only imagination, imagines otherwise.

* * * *

You are the current issue of 13.8 billion years old programming.
The long and winding of your thread of natural selection since genesis.

* * * *

Anything not having one name or another in the ever-roiling dreamtime of the human mind,
Will not likely agonize without for long, once targeted for use or abuse,
Or even just the idle distraction of frivolous curiosity.
And that having little or no purpose, having little or no meaning,
Can simply be ignored or tossed or destroyed, and without further ado, forgotten.

* * * *

You are the singularity playing out your slice of the quantum matrix.
You are the singularity playing out your slice of the quantum dreamtime.

* * * *

The ears hear the mystery.
The eyes see the mystery.
The skin feels the mystery.
The nose smells the mystery.
The tongue tastes the mystery.

The mind discerns the mystery.
Yet the mystery remains a mystery.
The one in all, and the all in one.

* * * *

Just because your most recent ancestors came out of a noteworthy geography,
Does not mean all did not come out of the same puddle of origin,
Long before there were any brain cells to recall it.
All life has far more in common,
Than all the many differences we imagine.
Than all the many differences we ceaselessly squabble over.
Than all the many differences driving all life into a dark and foreboding future.

* * * *

Was life born 13.8 billion years ago when the cosmos burst forth?
Was life born 4.6 billion years ago when the solar system began its whirl?
Was life born 4.54 billion years ago when the earth formed into the pale blue dot?
Was life born 3.8 billion years ago when the first single-celled organisms began to replicate?
Or has what we call life, what we call existence, always been but an unborn-undying quantum illusion?
An illusion witnessed by an ineffable awareness, witnessed by an inexplicable intelligence,
Permeating every aspect, of the mystery, which, by design, can never be known.

* * * *

What permission, what approval, what sanction, what consent, what affirmation,
Can be given for this unfathomable insight into which You inquire?
There is no other, You are on your own, for all eternity.

* * * *

Some minds manage to realize heaven.
Some minds are shackled in unutterable hells.
Some minds wander the byzantine labyrinth between.

* * * *

Have faith that Mother Nature will do everything that she possibly can,
To diminish and annihilate You, every moment of your eternal existence.

* * * *

Always beyond the pale astounding, how more is never enough for so many.
Wealth is a state of mind, and so many with so much, seem to live such impoverished lives.
The quest for power and renown orbits in the same bankrupted emptiness.
How the masses rank them high, is a théâtre de l'absurde.
Only the departed are allotted true peace.

* * * *

What demons all shades of gray lurk in so many minds.
What tyranny the mentally unstable cast upon the world.
And there being no resolution, it must simply be endured.
13.8 billion whirls of natural selection will not be annulled.

* * * *

What is heaven but unending oblivion?
What is hell but the absurdity of madness?
What is perdition but the pendulum between?

* * * *

Whether You are a monk in a cave, or a householder in a mansion,
The quantum dreamtime ever kaleidoscopes the same eternal moment.
Your destiny is already here and gone, but it is You who must witness it.

* * * *

It is not You who does anything.
It is consciousness, it is imagination, that is the doer.
You, the real You, the awareness permeating all creation, is but eternal witness.
Eternal observer, perceiver, to everything under every sun, in every space, every time, every dimension.
In every point and particle, in everything known, in everything unknown.
The mind-body is but a means, a vessel, a vehicle.
You are that which is God.

* * * *

The illusory quantum matrix is not the creation of aliens or other supreme beings,
Because they would be as much fabrications as all we dreamers of space and time.

* * * *

The universe spins.
The earth spins.
The mind spins.
All in your imagination.

* * * *

There is absolutely nothing, in any ancient writings worth their salt,
That will in any way, validate the idolatry, of any form, of any concept.

* * * *

Despite all narcissistic assertions,
Human beings are but …
Grubs with heads.
Grubs with eyes.
Grubs with ears.
Grubs with nose.
Grubs with mouth.
Grubs with skin.
Grubs with arms.
Grubs with hands.
Grubs with fingers.
Grubs with legs.
Grubs with feet.

Grubs with toes.
Grubs with imagination.
On a return journey to oblivion.

* * * *

Jiddhu Krishnamurti once said, "Do whatever amuses You,"
Which means one thing to a saint, and another to a serial killer.

* * * *

You are a drop, a shard, of that which is omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent.
You are the mystery of awareness, the ether of eternity.
You are that which some call God.

* * * *

How likely is it that probably almost every two-legged who has ever existed,
Has a fairly lengthy list of regrets, of many things they wish they had never done or said.
Assuming, of course, they, from the ultimate view, ever really did or said anything in the first place.

* * * *

For as long as the forebrain is a-synapsing, many will endure myriad tortures,
And beyond that, others will perhaps take it upon themselves,
That to which they feel most obligated.

* * * *

Gravity fools the sensory mind-body into believing,
It is not floating in the motionless abyss,
Of the awareness You truly are.
The quantum cosmos is but a trickster,
Holding You hostage to imagination's binding veil.

* * * *

One thing that can be said about the continuum called space-time,
Is that that it is a one-way, here-now, kaleidoscoping quantum show.

* * * *

True grit is the courage and resolve, the strength of character,
The determination, the steadfastness, the tenacity, the doggedness, the firmness,
To hold fast, to cling, to hang on, to grasp, to grip, to clutch, to clasp, to stick, in a difficult situation.

* * * *

... grit ...
... is a four-letter noun ...
... that implies ...
... that suggests ...
... that infers ...
... that hints at ...
... that points toward ...
... that indicates ...

... that denotes ...
... that entails ...
... that involves ...
... that means ...
... the courage and resolve ...
... the strength of character ...
... the determination ...
... the steadfastness ...
... the tenacity ...
... the firmness ...
... the doggedness ...
... to hold fast ...
... to cling ...
... to grip ...
... to grasp ...
... to hang on ...
... to clutch ...
... to clasp ...
... to stick ...
... to keep hold of ...
... in a difficult situation …

* * * *

Your world, your cosmos, is an ever-changing set of mind-body perceptions,
That hinge on age, on frame of reference, on what is remembered, on what is forgotten,
On what is valued, on what is not, and in large part, on the circumstances of the given moment.
There is no right or wrong to it … there is simply the … it is what is … so it goes … of it.
The challenge, is realizing that the real You is not the sensory-bound mind-body.
That You are none of it, have never been any of it, will never be any of it.

* * * *

At some point in the given moment, it makes more sense to just let it all go.
To put everything possible aside, to stop imbibing all the gossip and absurdity,
And just sit, peacefully staring into space, when not taking long solitary walkabouts.
To simply be as nothing, to simply be the momentary awareness, is the first and last step.

* * * *

Sometimes You hit a home run.
Sometimes You hit a triple; sometimes, a double; sometimes, a single.
Sometimes You get walked; sometimes You hit a foul.
Sometimes You even strike out.

Life is like that.

* * * *

What does it mean: To be in the world, but not of it?

It is a mind that is prior to consciousness.

It is a mind filled with awareness.

A still mind, a silent mind,

It is a mind that sees the world.
It is a mind that hears the world.
It is a mind that tastes the world.
It is a mind that smells the world.
It is a mind that feels the world.

Yet remains a mind untouched by the world.
Yet remains a mind unconcerned about the world.
A mind filled with the awareness that is prior to the world.
A mind permeated with the awareness that is prior to all creation.

A mind given over to the mystery, to the unknown, to the no-mind, prior to all.

* * * *

As one does not ask for power, one takes it – one does not ask for freedom, one assumes it.
All any seeker need do, is wipe away the mitote – become so totally attentive to the given moment,
That the big dream, the fog of perception, the many voices, the many influences,
That are constantly speaking, making it difficult to see clearly,
Suspend their cacophony, are shuffled offstage,
And the quantum mind-body unleashes into all eternity.
The eternity that it is, that it has ever been, that it will ever be.

* * * *

A spoonful of caution, of restraint, in the younger moments,
May well save You a great deal of vexation in the older ones.

* * * *

Where does the drop end and the ocean begin?
Where does the ocean end and the drop begin?

* * * *

No point justifying your existence.
No point anyone trying to justify their existence.
No one has ever asked to be born, to live out an existence.
And all must die, to discern it all nothing more than a fluke-ish dream.

* * * *

is getting rough, and only daily rougher for more and more little folk,
And ‘We told You so’ is not going to stop the crashing wave.
The baby boomers caught the upsurge at its peak,
And the millennials and their progeny will get the crash.

* * * *

Awareness, Witness to All

It is only an illusionary quantum dust ball,
Spinning in an illusionary quantum dust cloud.
The eternal mystery of awareness, witness to it all.
Spaceless, timeless, unborn-undying, indelible, ineffable.

* * * *

How to negotiate, how to navigate, how to traverse, an illusion,
Is a – conundrum, challenge, enigma, puzzle, riddle – for any seer.
Ergo, every form of absurdity, some very light, some exceedingly dark,
In all geographies, across all times, no individual or culture exempt.

* * * *

The most important thing in your existence, is your next breath,
Which gives You yet another opportunity, another chance, another opening,
To perchance see, to perceive, to discern, to comprehend, to realize, your own faceless.

* * * *

When You no longer identify with the mind-body's dreamtime, what is left but the awareness.
Pure, simple, indelible, spaceless, timeless, ephemeral, unfathomable,
Indivisible, infinite, infinitesimal, ineffable,
Ever mysterious, ever free.

* * * *

Why, in God's name, would any God need You to believe in anything?
Why is it, our species always imagines jealous, hateful, vengeful deities?
We may exclaim them loving and wise and all-knowing and all-accepting,
But whoa, whoa, whoa – unhappy perdition and every imaginable hell –
Unto those many who do not make the thumbs-up-thumbs-down cut.
If God is as judgmental as we, who gets to throw the first stone?

* * * *

The human paradigm boils down to me-myself-I narcissistic vanity,
And must have it right now, more-is-never enough, hedonistic greed.

* * * *

Try as many now on the upside of daisies might, there is no undoing the world our kind has fashioned.
The journey the future has in the making, is likely replete with every dystopian horror imaginable.
And those who will be born into it, will have no choice, but to endure it as stoically as possible.

* * * *

Pretenders, All

Does an ant pretend to be an ant?
Does a salmon pretend to be a salmon?
Does an elephant pretend to be an elephant?
Does a salamander pretend to be a salamander?
Does an alligator pretend to be an alligator?

Does a butterfly pretend to be a butterfly?
Does an eagle pretend to be an eagle?
Does a germ pretend to be a germ?

Does any creature pretend it is what it is?

As for human becomings, we well know our forebrain paradigm.
Pretenders, all, each and every one, in every way, in every size, in every shape.
Like water questing every venue, imagination divines every possible possibility imaginable.
Does any creature have, could any creature have, the imaginary sense of self, in which our kind harbors?
The unborn-undying moment is home to all sentience, home to the instinctual roots,
And only the delusion of imagination pretends otherwise.

* * * *

No one asked to be here.

No one was asked if they wanted to be born, if they wanted to die.
No one was asked if they wanted to suffer the ecstasies and agonies of existence.

No one really knows squat about who.
No one really knows squat about what.
No one really knows squat about where.
No one really knows squat about when.
No one really knows squat about why.
No one really knows squat about how.

We are all just faking it, playing our little part, the best we can.

Some awaken to it, to varying degrees, in various ways and means.
Most, still very much in the very deep, delusional slumber of imagination,
Play out the dreaming, so that the chosen, are able to realize the eternal eye within.

* * * *

… when your family has failed You …
… when all your leaders have failed You …
… when all your faith systems have failed You …
… when all your economic systems have failed You …
… when all your sociological systems have failed You …
… when all your consumption has failed You …
… when there is nothing left to believe …
… what, pray tell, will You do? …

* * * *

To assert You are your own law, is not an arrogant declaration,
But a statement of fact, regarding the values, the tenets, the principles,
To which You in all your attachment to your imaginary character, subscribe.
And everybody else doing the same; it is the way all minds work; no point debating it.

* * * *

The awareness You every moment are, and are not, is eternal witness to the quantum theater.
It has no stake in it, makes no judgment of it, plays no part in it, is ever-present in every moment of it.
Human imagination, with all its dualistic notions, founded upon its sensory-based stream,
Has made-up, has spun, all the deities, all the heavens and purgatories and hells.
There is no other, but each mind must discern its source to realize it.

* * * *

Very challenging to remain indifferent in the day-to-day existence,
Unless complete isolation and staring at walls is an endurable state.

* * * *

Your world, your universe, even your God,
Will never align with what You think it should be.

* * * *

History has arrived with every story imaginable.
Imbibe it however You will, or not, You decide.

* * * *

The world, the universe, the quantum mystery,
That the ever-present awareness You are, and are not, perceives,
Is but a spaceless-timeless dream which kaleidoscopes about You every moment.
A temporal dreamtime illusion, to which the moment only subscribes,
For as long as the given neural pathways manage to fire.

* * * *

All religions, all cults, all sects, all factions, all creeds, are rife with guiles,
That guarantee every variety of reward in some after-life fantasy,
For all the sacrifices, all the burdens, all the payouts,
You must endure and carry and forfeit,
In the right-here-right-now.
The ultimate scam,
Since we will never know when.

* * * *

Even just one left instead of right,
One yes instead of no, one less instead of more,
One happenstance flutter of a butterfly's wing across the world,
Would have created an entirely different destiny.

* * * *

Jesus was never a Christian, why should You be?
Siddhartha was never a Buddhist, why should You be?
Lao Tzu was never a Taoist, why should You be?

Michael was never a Michael-ist, why should You be?

Nobody was ever the label their thoughts inspired, why should You be?

* * * *

There is no beginning without an end; there is no end without a beginning.
And where does either exist in the ungraspable timelessness of the eternal moment?
Clock hands, digital displays, calendar pages, blind humankind to the every-moment reality,
Of the analog underpinning that is imbued in every quantum particle of this unfathomable dreamtime.

* * * *

Whatever the dimension, the mystery, the awareness, requires a vehicle to come into existence,
And sentience, to come unto consciousness, and perhaps intelligence, to perhaps come unto realization.
The fate You are stoically enduring, the for-good-or-ill role, into which destiny has cast You,
Began with a preordained throw of the dice in your mother's fallopian tube.
And there You are, naturally-selecting, right here, right now,
Until that moment, when the Fates call You home.

* * * *

The world, the universe, the life, You perceive, is only as important as You imagine it.
And only for as long as the mind-body is walking on the upside of daisies to imagine it.

* * * *

There will inevitably come a time when all that humankind has fostered,
The pinnacle, the zenith, the summit, the peak, the apex, it has reached, will collapse.
What goes up, must come down, is an unescapable, unwritten natural law, as sure as gravity itself.
All these thoughts are for that anarchistic moment, that for-the-rest-of-time dystopian epoch,
For the descendants, the inheritors, with the will and wit, with the grit and gumption,
To survive and abide the chaos of the crashing wave, that vanity and greed,
False deities, false leadership, false values, false so many things,
Have taken our kind, and that of our fellow earthlings,
And our once-upon-a-time garden world.

* * * *

Home invasion is home invasion is home invasion.
If You expect that residents are not going to do whatever it takes to repel You,
You are seriously delusional, and likely to suffer for it, no matter how long it takes, even a millennium.
Sooner or later, You will more than likely be forced to depart, to retreat,
With your tail between your legs.

* * * *

All must act, in order to survive, in order to participate, in their shard of the dreamtime.
And all will act according to their nature-nurture conditioning.

According to the choices they never had.

Their awareness.
Their universe.
Their world.
Their geography.

Their existence.
Their mind.
Their body.
Their vision.
Their hearing.
Their smelling.
Their tasting.
Their feeling.
Their family.
Their gender.
Their birth order.
Their culture.
Their ethnicity.
Their socioeconomic level.
Their intelligence.
Their language.
Their name.
Their education.
Their interests.
Their beliefs.
Their religion.
Their politics.
Their perceptions.

No matter how complex it all seems, free will is an illusion-delusion.

* * * *

250 Philosophical & Thought-Provoking Questions That'll Get Your Wheels Turning
https://ofaphilosophicalnature.blogspot.com/2021/04/225-philosophical-thought-provoking.html

Parade Magazine
https://parade.com/1185047/marynliles/philosophical-questions/

By Maryn Liles

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250 Philosophical Questions

1. Is happiness just chemicals flowing through your brain or something more?

2. Can we really know everything?

3. What is the meaning of a good life?

4. Is there a God?

5. What in life is truly objective and not subjective?

6. What is consciousness?

7. Is there inherent order in nature or is it all chaos and chance?

8. Is there an alternative to capitalism?

9. Is it more important to be respected or liked?

10. Are we in the Matrix?

11. Have we become less happy in this age of technology?

12. What is mathematics?

13. Are humans obligated to better themselves?

14. Is there a meaning to life?

15. Is having a big ego a negative or positive trait?

16. Is there absolute mortality?

17. Is the most important purpose in life to find happiness?

18. Do we have free will?

19. Does life require a purpose and goal?

20. Would you kill 10 people to save 100?

21. What is happiness?

22. How can people believe in truths without evidence?

23. Is it easier to love or to be loved?

24. What is time?

25. Do acts of kindness have a motive?

26. Is mind or matter more real?

27. Is love simply a physical desire or something more?

28. Where do thoughts come from?

29. Does evil come from within? If so, why?

30. What is beauty?

31. Are people in this current generation less or more sensitive than people from past generations?

32. Where were people before they were born?

33. What is true friendship?

34. How does gravity work?

35. Can achieving nothing make a person happy?

36. Does the Law of Attraction exist?

37. Have gadgets and apps taken away emotions?

38. Does observation alter an event?

39. If everyone spoke their mind, would this world be a better place?

40. Where does the universe end?

41. Is there a perfect life?

42. What is infinity?

43. Why do we strive for perfection if it is not attainable?

44. Does sound happen if nothing is present to hear it?

45. Does utilizing time properly make our lives meaningful and happy?

46. Is it more important to be liked or respected?

47. Can life be meaningful without friends?

48. Where does the soul live?

49. How do you know if you love someone enough to marry them?

50. Is there a reason for life?

Philosophical Questions That Are Thought-Provoking

51. Do numbers in a bank account make people happy?

52. What will happen at the end of the world?

53. Is living life to the fullest possible?

54. Can spirituality make you a happy person?

55. What is education?

56. Are highly intelligent people less happy than individuals with average intelligence?

57. Is there a supreme power?

58. Is there an absolute way to attain a happy state of mind?

59. How did the universe begin?

60. Does living your life for others make your life have meaning?

61. Can we have happiness without sadness?

62. Do knowledge and understanding make you content and happy as a person?

63. What are numbers?

64. Does fate exist?

65. When does consciousness begin?

66. Does an ideal government exist?

67. Is life all a dream?

68. Does life have a reason?

69. If everything evolved from amoebas, how does the world still have amoebas?

70. Are there limitations on free speech?

71. The structure of DNA appears to be intelligently designed, what are the implications?

72. Do aliens exist?

73. Are we a minuscule part of intelligent life in the universe?

74. Is trust more important than love?

75. Why do we do things we do not like to do?

76. If lying is wrong, are white lies okay?

77. Do atheists make their own gods?

78. How should people live their lives?

79. Can artificial intelligence be creative?

80. If judgment is for God, why do we pass judgment?

81. What is intelligence?

82. Can religious beliefs affect scientific thinking?

83. What is intelligence?

84. Will a world without reliance on modern technology make any progress?

85. Do we have a soul?

86. Is human potential capable of anything?

87. What do people strive for after enlightenment?

88. Is death a new beginning?

89. What defines you?

90. Why does God not intervene when evil takes root in people?

91. What happens after we die?

92. Does belief make God exist?

93. Isn’t one person’s terrorist another person’s freedom fighter?

94. Will robots take over the world in the future?

95. How much control do you have over your life?

96. Does the path to salvation lie within us?

97. How do you know your perceptions are real?

98. Are we the biggest threat to humanity?

99. If money cannot buy happiness, can you ever be truly happy with no money?

100. Do parallel universes exist?

Philosophical Questions That Will Challenge Your Mind

101. What role does honor play in today's society?

102. How does one find purpose in life?

103. Is a family still relevant in the modern world?

104. If aliens attack, what will we do?

105. What is true love?

106. Do guns protect or kill people?

107. What is true strength?

108. Will racism cease to exist?

109. How do you know that your experience of consciousness is the same as other people's experience of consciousness?

110. Why is beauty associated with morality?

111. Who decides what morality is?

112. Why do we respect the dead more than the living?

113. Is a "wrong" act okay if nobody ever knows about it?

114. Does God have supreme power?

115. What is the difference between living and being alive?

116. Will the world be a better place if caste and religion cease to exist?

117. Who defines good and evil?

118. What's more important: doing the right thing or doing things right?

119. Why do people fear losing things that they do not even have yet?

120. Do we love ourselves more in the virtual world and less in the real world?

121. What makes a good friend?

122. Is humanity doomed to head in a destructive direction?

123. Do you make your own decisions, or let others make them for you?

124. Should full access to the internet be a fundamental right?

125. What is reality?

Philosophical Questions to Spark Meaningful Conversations

126. Is peace the only way to stop a war?

127. What is the truth?

128. Can memories be erased?

129. What makes you, you?

130. Is religion conceptualized by one's own belief system?

131. What things hold you back from doing the things that you really want to?

132. Will the world come to an end by human hands?

133. What is true happiness?

134. Intelligence or wisdom, what's more important for a better world?

135. Where is the line between insanity and creativity?

136. Is true beauty subjective or objective?

137. What one piece of advice would you offer to a newborn infant?

138. What is the extent of freedom human beings should have?

139. Does nature shape our personalities more than nurture?

140. What is the meaning of rich and poor in the modern world?

141. To what extent do you shape your own destiny, and how much is down to fate?

142. Do we control technology or is it controlling us?

143. If you could choose just one thing to change about the world, what would it be?

144. Is it worse to fail at something or never attempt it in the first place?

145. What exactly is self-esteem and where does it come from?

146. Will a curb on buying guns and arms reduce the number of shooting sprees in the world?

147. Is the way we compensate people for their jobs ideal, or should we have some way of ensuring that people are paid appropriately?

148. Do we change when we have power?

149. Can a person be "educated" without a formal education?

150. Will technological advances wipe out humanity?

Philosophical Questions That Are Intellectual

151. What are dreams and why do we have them?

152. Does understanding philosophy lead to progress?

153. Will it ever be possible to travel through time? Space?

154. Is there a species more advanced than humans in the universe?

155. Is defining people according to race a social construct or a biological category?

156. If all the currencies in the world did not have monetary value, would our world be a much better place?

157. Is there a difference between fair trade and free trade? What is it and which is of greater importance?

158. Is it possible time is being altered right now?

159. Is the preservation of a country's culture a good reason for limiting immigration?

160. Why do we throw away food when we know people are dying of hunger?

161. Does the English language make us feel superior to other countries?

162. Which is more important, justice or mercy?

163. Will artificial intelligence help increase human lifespans in the future?

164. Is it always good to have choices?

165. Does awareness of consciousness have benefits?

166. Is torture ever justified?

167. Do thoughts have a pattern?

168. When you are driving and see one shoe on the side of the road, what do you think happened to the other one?

169. Will stricter laws make a better world?

170. Should we limit the amount of money people can earn and save to avoid an unequal distribution of wealth?

171. Are we losing our right to privacy?

172. Since the birth rate is down in the United States, should people be required to have at least one child?

173. Is limiting immigration to developed countries right?

174. Does democracy work for every country?

175. Does faith make belief stronger?

Philosophical Questions That Are Mind-Bending

176. Should people have the right to live and travel anywhere they wish with no state or country boundaries?

177. Why can't every person be a genius?

178. Should people be allowed to sell their organs and should organ donors be financially compensated?

179. Is there freedom in creativity and art in the modern age?

180. Should the government make organ donation compulsory?

181. Do the simple things become complexities when we try to attain perfection?

182. Should governments have penalties for those who live unhealthy lifestyles?

183. Will concepts and theories in regard to religion becoming obsolete come true?

184. Is love different from sexual desire? Passion? How?

185. Is blind belief prevalent more among holy, spiritual and pious people?

186. Is there a cause for every event?

187. Can dreams be associated with the unforeseen future?

188. Do wars ever solve the problems of countries and governments?

189. If we live in a civilized world, why do we see so many distinctions between rich and poor?

190. Can some things exist that aren't in time?

191. Do computers have the ability to be creative?

192. Does luck exist?

193. What rights, if any, do animals have?

194. Are clowns funny or scary?

195. Are there universal human rights? What are they?

196. If time travel is possible, would we have met time travelers already?

197. Are emotions rational or irrational?

198. Does an afterlife exist?

199. Do you think anyone has actually met their true soulmate?

200. Can we know about happiness without knowing about sadness?

Deep Philosophical Questions to Ponder

201. Does time have a beginning or an end?

202. Are people born evil? Or do they end up doing evil things as a result of early childhood experiences or other external factors?

203. Is beauty truly in the eye of the beholder?

204. Are we morally obligated to help others?

205. Is world peace achievable?

206. Are people natural-born leaders, or do they develop the traits over time?

207. What harsh truths do you prefer to ignore?

208. Is suffering a necessary part of the human condition?

209. What would you genetically change about humans to make them a better species?

210. How much does language affect our thinking?

211. If you could press a button and receive a million dollars, but one stranger would die, would you press the button?

212. Has social media been a net positive or a net negative for our society? Why?

213. Is existence necessary?

214. Do the cosmos have a purpose?

215. If humanity were put on trial by an advanced race of aliens, how would you defend humanity and argue for its continued existence?

216. What's the difference between justice and revenge?

217. If babies are considered innocent, when do people cease to be innocent?

218. Where does your self-worth come from?

219. Why are drugs banned but not harmful food additives and alcohol?

220. Is it ever okay to share a secret?

221. How long will you be remembered after you die?

222. How likely do you think it will be that humans last another 1,000 years without killing ourselves off?

223. Would you want to know you are going to die beforehand or die suddenly without warning?

224. Does the study of philosophy ever lead to answers or simply more questions?

225. Can we know anything for certain?

226. Are morals subjective or objective?

227. Do we have a moral obligation to future generations of humans?

228. Is it possible to achieve total equality in the world?

229. What does it mean to be human?

230. What does it mean to be free?

231. Will artificial intelligence ever become self-aware?

232. Are our choices predetermined?

233. Is there a limit to human knowledge?

234. Is it possible to be truly objective? Why or why not?

235. Is happiness sustainable?

236. Is there a difference between knowledge and wisdom?

237. Is suffering necessary for personal growth and development?

238. Can science and religion coexist?

239. Should humans be responsible for the actions of others?

240. Is progress possible without change?

241. Can society function without laws?

242. Is a universal definition of "justice" possible for the world?

243. How do personal beliefs (biases) shape our understanding of truth?

244. Do societal norms impact personal freedoms?

245. Can philosophy help resolve global conflicts?

246. Can happiness be measured?

247. Are humans a product of their experiences?

248. Are there absolute truths in the world?

249. Do memories influence our identity?

250. Is there a limit to human creativity?

* * * *

In all creation, there is destruction, and in all destruction, there is creation.
Yet, is do either have any actuality, when comprehended from the quantum baseline?
That which is spaceless, timeless, indivisible, indelible, unfathomable, immeasurable, ineffable.
This world, this cosmos, is a grand quantum illusion, a Shakespearian théâtre absurde.
To which, despite all assertions to the contrary, You are solitary witness.

* * * *

You are a sovereign, absolute eternal being.
The mortal challenge is to be the timeless beingness,
The timeless awareness, the timeless nowness, You truly are,
Instead of the imaginary one You pretend to be.

* * * *

You imagine so many things,
And not one of them is ultimately real.
Not one of them is ultimately true.
To unwrap the mind around it,
Is to let go of everything.

* * * *

The same unfathomable, ineffable mystery is behind every face,
Ever witnessing whatever dreamtime, into which it has been inexplicably cast.
All creatures, small to great, equally play out their nature-nurture part.
Whatever role the genetic lottery's natural selection has ordained.
It is an indivisible, ever-kaleidoscoping quantum reverie,
The totality of That which can truly be called God.
In which, despite any and all appearances,
Are one in the same for all eternity.

* * * *

What any given mind-body perceives, is distilled by its own frame of reference,
Into its own account, its own narrative, its own chronicle, its own story, its own saga.

* * * *

Some grubs climb.
Some grubs dig.
Some grubs float.
Some grubs swim.
Some grubs fly.
Some grubs crawl.
Some grubs slither.
Some grubs walk and run.
Some on four legs.
Some on two.

* * * *

How pointless holding on to this world, and its incalculable absurdities.

Find peace in your Self, and run silent, run deep, in the eternal moment.

* * * *

No one wants to know You in the way You do in your imaginary existence.
Everyone is too busy in their own self-absorbed dreamtimes,
To bother more than superficially about yours.
And, no doubt, You about theirs.
The drive for recognition is meaningless.

* * * *

Curious how so many have faith that technology will save us,
When it has really played the greatest role in taking us down.

* * * *

Why is it, that neither You nor anyone else,
Nor any other creature, small to large,
Have ever seen their own face?

* * * *

Money, in all its many forms, is not the root of all evil.
Vanity and avarice are the makers and shakers of that dynamic.
Money is merely the ways and means in which Mammon is worshipped.

* * * *

Sometimes frameless in eternal awareness, sometimes framed in mundane imagination;
Sometimes detached, unborn-undying, inscrutable; sometimes attached, temporal;
You ever in the indifferent moment, wander a kaleidoscoping dreamtime.

* * * *

Consciousness requires a great change, a revolution, if it is to survive.
In its Darwinian-rooted urges, imagination has taken our kind down a dead-end road.
Vanity and greed have bent a reality, where we either somehow awaken, or endure agonizing destruction.
All indicators are that we our well on our way to extinction, because the naturally-selected inclination,
Appears incapable of mutating into the state of pure awareness, of God Consciousness, we truly are.
We resolutely, blindly cling, to so many narcissistic absurdities, so many hedonistic distractions,
That only an absolute and horrifying collapse, will perhaps awaken whoever survives, if any.
And odds are, they, too, will not discern the illusion, and will carry very much the same.
It will merely be the same-old-same-old, playing out on a very much smaller scale,
In a world very likely grown incredibly inhospitable to mammalian life forms.
Whether or not, or for how long, any survive, is for other eyes to witness.

* * * *

Free will only seems like free will at the time.
Looking back, was there ever really any choice?

* * * *

All histories vary in their accuracy,
Based on who is narrating it, and why.

And no matter the motive, all remain stories,
And no story can ever snare the timeless moment.

* * * *

Are You an arm, a leg, a hand, a foot, a torso, a head, a face, a mind,
Or a mysterious, ineffable awareness playing an imaginary protagonist;
Centerstage, in an extemporaneous, choiceless, Shakespearian performance.
A beyond-all-pales reverie, in which only a rare few awaken to its greater reality.
And even they are challenged to remain awake, when mesmerized by its illusory veil.

* * * *

Truth cannot be taught.
Everyone is entirely on their own,
And whatever any mind 'gets' or 'does not get',
Is absolutely based on a frame of reference only it perceives.
All the 'belief' systems of the human paradigm wander well beyond absurdity.
What inspires any seer, any sage, to craft a venue to share their insights?
Where would any be if we had never penned or uttered a word?
Had all our so many ponderings never been imparted?
The silent mind is an impenetrable emptiness,
Untarnished by any irony, any paradox,
Ever contrived by imagination.

* * * *

To believe any true believer, can succumb to doubt, can awaken to a greater vision,
Is not likely a sound wager, and may well get somebody knocking at your door,
Offering to sell You the Brooklyn Bridge, with an especially special discount.

* * * *

How many thousands of hours,
Have I spent putting all this together,
Is an inanely large and unknowable number.
I could have probably been relatively prosperous,
Perhaps somewhat powerful, even renowned,
Had I put all this acuteness and energy,
Into something a little more worldly.
Alas, that that attribute, ambition,
Did not call more tenaciously.

* * * *

The history of the cosmos, the history of the world, the history of the human paradigm,
Is an ever-kaleidoscoping bill of goods served to the current moment without apology.

* * * *

The human paradigm boils down to vanity and greed.
The human paradigm boils down to narcissism and hedonism.
The human paradigm boils down to self-interest and more is never enough.
And how likely is it to ever come to any happy conclusion?

* * * *

It is the rare mind,
That is not rushing, rushing, into the future,
Missing, missing, the present.

* * * *

Alas in this mortal theater,
That there is no happy ending,
Other than the ending itself.

* * * *

What is so wrong, so disturbing,
About being just a naturally-selected,
Unintentional, accidental, random, chance,
Very much all alone, happenstance of eternity?
An accidental tourist, out and about for a worldly tour.

* * * *

You are a direct line, an unconditional line, to the eternal You … There is no other.
All divisions, all boundaries, all partitions, all borders, are imagined.
All You need to do, is dial into this moment's awareness,
And You will be everything there is to be.
Eternal life is right here, right now.
Dying to the imaginary self is all it takes.

* * * *

Do You realize your cosmos, your world,
Is entirely playing out in your mind.
That You are the universal mind.

* * * *

What is the human species but a diverse collection of grubs with a great deal of imagination,
With which they, in so many ways, make believe they are important to the universe,
That plays out, over and over, ever the same, in their wee little minds.

* * * *

Whatever the mystery is, You are.
Whatever the unfathomable is, You are.
Whatever the moment is, You are.
Whatever the awareness is, You are.
Whatever the ineffable is, You are.
Whatever the eternal is, You are.
Whatever the all is, You are.
Whatever the indelible is, You are.
Whatever the ineffaceable is, You are.
Whatever the entirety is, You are.
Whatever the matrix is, You are.

Whatever the quantum is, You are.
Whatever the infinite is, You are.
Whatever the infinitesimal is, You are.
Whatever the sum is, You are.
Whatever the witness is, You are.
Whatever the right here is, You are.
Whatever the right now is, You are.
Whatever the synergy is, You are.
Whatever the serendipity is, You are.
Whatever the whole is, You are.
Whatever the totality is, You are.
Whatever the intangible is, You are.
Whatever the everything is, You are.
Whatever the boundless is, You are.
Whatever the nameless is, You are.
Whatever the inexplicable is, You are.
Whatever the unborn is, You are.
Whatever the undying is, You are.
Whatever the indivisible is, You are.
Whatever the spaceless is, You are.
Whatever the timeless is, You are.
Whatever the absolute is, You are.
Whatever the nothing is, You are.
Whatever the creator is, You are.
Whatever the preserver is, You are.
Whatever the destroyer is, You are.
Whatever the omniscient is, You are.
Whatever the omnipresent is, You are.
Whatever the omnipotent is, You are.

Whatever God is, You are.

* * * *

The eye that seeks truth to whatever end, is a doubtful eye.

Is a questioning eye.
Is a skeptical eye.
Is a cynical eye.
Is a dubious eye.
Is a sensible eye.
Is a vigilant eye.
Is a judicious eye.
Is a tentative eye.
Is a cautious eye.
Is a patient eye.
Is a coherent eye.
Is a rational eye.

An eye that will go whatever end is required,
To discern the most truthful truth the mystery allows.

* * * *

Racing clocks, racing calendars, racing everything and everyone.
Goal after goal after goal, and ever something more after every finish line crossed.
The process, the course, the ways and means, often nothing more than time-wasting distraction.
And in the kaleidoscoping of each and every one, the unmoving moment presides.

* * * *

Awareness is prior to all things imagined by consciousness.

Pride
Love
Hate
Anger
Fear
Dread
Anxiety
Regret
Agony
Ecstasy
Greed
Envy
Lust
Gluttony
Judgment
Envy
Sloth
Sports
Entertainment
Hobbies
Recreation
Amusement
History
Math
Science
Art
Music
Humanities
Business
Psychology
Religion
Philosophy

… et cetera … et cetera … et cetera …

Awareness is prior to consciousness, prior to all things mind.

Everything else is the huff and puff, the churning, the roiling, of imaginary notion.
Imagination has it meaning, its purpose, in the illusory dreamtime,
But it is not the baseline, for those who question.
For those who see the unseen.

* * * *

… here You are now …
… here You are now …
… here You are now …

* * * *

There are many loaded words – God, Brahman, Allah, Krishna, Buddha, Tao, et cetera –
But in the essential quantum matrix reality, they mean nothing.
They are only words.
They are only sounds given concept,
To which attachment need not be given in a free mind.
When You listen to a language You do not know, words You do not understand,
What attachment do You have, can You have, to what sounds to your ear like nothing more than babble?
Do You really believe your language, your linguistic repertoire, sounds any different,
To the ears, of all the many across the world, who do not know it?
The human paradigm is a chaotic sea of vibration,
It always has been, it always will be.
And the only resolution?
A silent mind.

* * * *

All we are is crunchy-chewy-gooey grubs,
That endlessly babble every sort of absurdity,
That vainly imagine meaning and purpose existent.
Many make-believing all the while, there is some deity,
That genuinely wants to save us from ourselves,
And our naturally-selected inane asylum.

* * * *

Physics is the underlying form.
Chemistry is the unifying force.
Biology is the foundation of life.
Nature is the expression unfurling.

* * * *

What a silent garden it must have been,
Before consciousness took root,
And imagination blossomed.

* * * *

It did not matter then.
It does not matter now.
It will not matter when.

* * * *

No matter how You slice it,
No matter how You dice it,
The entire human paradigm,
Boils down to vanity and greed.

* * * *

If angels and demons must be conceived,

Surely they are the imagination within all.

* * * *

It all seems so very real, until it becomes so obvious, nothing is.
All appearances are but the temporary illusion-delusions of imagination.
Brief outings, sidebars, excursions, of the mind-body's dream of space and time.
Its partnership with the ineffable, indelible mystery, from whence it inexplicably evolved.
A rock is a rock, a cloud is a cloud, an eye is an eye, until they are not.

* * * *

What is the critical thinker – the doubter, the skeptic, the cynic, the agnostic –
But someone who can detach from his/her own value system,
And see the relativity of all perspectives.

* * * *

You begin existence with nothing,
You leave existence with nothing.
Hold fast to the nothing between.

* * * *

The entire cosmos is an illusion, as is the mind that perceives it.
The intelligent designer is the eternal awareness within all creation.
It is a very-fine-dry-sand-in-loose-fingers-on-a-very-windy-day mystery.
No one can save You but your Self, and even that is a lesson in futility.

* * * *

You are the inexplicable, mysterious, unfathomable, immeasurable, ether of awareness,
In which all forms are but quantum mirages, imagined by an ever-present, kaleidoscoping mind-body.
With which, in which, has been staged an imaginary, impromptu, Shakespearian theater,
Where You are centerstage, improvising your extemporaneous persona.
Perhaps it is time to realize, just how alone, You truly are.

* * * *

In every sentient being that has ever been, or will ever be,
A unique existence, a unique perception, a unique universe, a unique everything.
All equally real, all equally unreal, as the eternal moment ordains.

* * * *

Your little corner seems so real to You but across the stage,
No one, either notices, nor cares, about all your dramas and intrigues.
And can You truthfully disclose, You do not feel very much the same, about them?

* * * *

The reality is, any given reader may or may not grasp thoughts such as these as they were meant.
The reflections offered are ever subject to the frame of reference of the observer.
No thinker, no philosopher, can ever presume his or her views,
Will not be used for unintended purpose.

* * * *

The ever-present eternal moment is not an ideal, to which one must bow and scrape.
It is an unequivocal fact, which only prior-to-consciousness, tabula-rasa awareness, can discern.
All appearance to the contrary, there is only one ultimate, nondual reality.
And it is You and You are it; there is no other.

* * * *

It is the true believers who separate themselves from God,
Who abide in the hellscape of imagination.
Lucifer is their name,
And dualistic notion, their game.

* * * *

Regarding health and well-being,
What seems so minor in younger daze,
May well loom very large in the later ones.
Moderation in all things is the way.

* * * *

Imagination is an elixir to which the human paradigm is addicted.
If imagination wishes to carry on, it had better wake up a la bigtime.

* * * *

The entire cosmos is an illusory quantum matrix, as are all sentient beings that perceive it.
The amorphous intelligence, is the indelibly ineffable eternal awareness, within all creation.

* * * *

Since the mystery began its spaceless-timeless quantum voyage of cosmic creation,
What was required for your naturally-selected genetic lineage,
To generate into being, the You reading this,
Is well beyond all pales.
The entire universe is an illusion,
As are all sentient beings that perceive it real.
The intelligence is the ineffable awareness permeating all.

* * * *

The ethereal moment is ever present, ever still, ever serene.
But the quantum matrix is a ceaseless churning, a ceaseless movement,
A ceaseless streaming, ever kaleidoscoping through it.

* * * *

And that moment, forever gone, too.
And that moment, now but the vaguest of memories.
Until it, too, is forever lost and forgotten.
Sorrows, sorrows, prayers.

* * * *

What we call time, is merely the measurement of one rather insignificant whirling pale blue dot dust ball,

Orbiting another larger one, that is, in the genre of blazing dust balls, a relatively small star.
Both very much quantum equals in the vast matrix of the eternal moment.
Both are fated to someday dissolve back into the abyss.
And where will space and time be then?

* * * *

Everyone telling You there is more, but there is not.
It is all a lie; a lie to keep You in the game.
A bittersweet lie to keep the dreamtime in play,
For as long as imagination can continue its usurpation.

* * * *

Humans perceive only a very small portion – 0.0035 percent – of the electromagnetic spectrum.
This visible light spectrum, falls between wavelengths of around 380 to 780 nanometers.
The electromagnetic spectrum encompasses much longer and shorter wavelengths,
Including radio waves, microwaves, infrared, ultraviolet, X-rays, gamma rays.
In the narcissistic-hedonistic spectrum, however, our little paradigm reigns supreme.

* * * *

There is nothing You are meant to be.
There is nothing You are supposed to be doing.
There is only what You are; there is only what You are not.
There is only this right here, this right now; there is only this moment.
There is only the unfathomable awareness, and firing synapses imagining through it.
The You this mystery has, in illusion fabricated, is but a make-believe fable.
A tale old by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

* * * *

The rigors of life wear all down as water does rocks and mountains.
The quantum matrix is an ever-changing dynamic no mind can halt.

* * * *

If You want to discern what manner of man You are dealing with,
Put a sword and shield in his hands, and send him out into the arena.

* * * *

The world, the universe, You imagine, has never existed.
All the imagination ever imagined could not grasp the stone-cold reality,
Could not fashion the truth, the awareness, the moment, the right-here-now of eternity,
Through which it has kaleidoscoped since its evolution in consciousness in this ineffable dreamtime.

* * * *

Detachment is not an ideal, nor is it a goal, nor is it a principle.
It is a state, a frame, a quality, a serenity, of mind,
Free of desire, free of fear, free of dread,
Free of any passion, whatsoever.
It is the You, it is the Self,
At the most natural, essential core.

This dream is always in turmoil and conflict.
To amble through it, placidly detached, is the challenge.

* * * *

If consciousness, if imagination, if dreamtime,
Wants to survive its illusion-delusion,
If it fancies sticking around,
It had better wise up.

* * * *

Try paying more attention to what You put in your mind-body than how it tastes.
Appeasing the taste buds only goes as far as that wormhole just beyond the tongue.

* * * *

The five senses and mind offer You an entire world and a vast cosmos, in which You are but a speck.
Disregard the senses, still the mind unto its sentience, and You are all of it.
To which quality of mind are You called?

* * * *

It is not how others think about You that torments You.
It is how You think they think about You that generates all the bother.
You must forgive your Self, You must accept your Self, You must relish your Self,
To be free of all the imaginary suffering of your imaginary mind.

* * * *

The eternal moment.
It is not yours, it never was yours, it never will be yours.
Yet, You it, all the while.

* * * *

What is death but falling into a dreamless slumber,
From which You will never awaken in that form again.
Heavens and hells, and reincarnation, are but limited visions,
Misapprehensions, misconceptions, of what is really going on here.
You have never been the mind-body, or any other appearance or attribute.

* * * *

Through eternal awareness, the mystery of the cosmos plays out.
Evolution is the brush and chisel, and illusion, the means and medium.
Natural selections are the choiceless choices in the ever-kaleidoscoping moment.
It is all written in the quantum sands of time for the eternal witness to wander in every way.
Is there a reason? Is there a purpose? Is there an answer? Is there a deity on high?
No, an ineffable mystery is all it is, all has ever been, all will ever be.
The challenge is not giving way to arrogance and avarice,
For they are the ever-present temptations.

* * * *

Just be the breath.

Just be the timeless.
Just be the awareness.
Just be the perception.
Just be the simplicity.
Just be the sentience.
Just be the alertness.
Just be the moment.
Just be the timeless.
Just be the entirety.
Just be the infinity.
Just be the cosmos.
Just be the eternal.
Just be the here.
Just be the now.
Just be You.

* * * *

A simple explanation suits a simple mind.
A moderate explanation suits a moderate mind.
A complex explanation suits a complex mind.
Every mind its own unique illusory palette.
Every mind a universe unto its Self.

* * * *

The both fascinating and exhausting thing about the human paradigm and its Shakespearian spectacle,
Is how we so often really believe, so many things we have imagined, are real and true and important:

All our geographies.
All our cultures.
All our families.
All our ethnicities.
All our races.
All our languages.
All our traditions.
All our histories.
All our politics.
All our commerce.
All our conflicts.
All our mathematics.
All our sciences.
All our inventions.
All our engineering.
All our industries.
All our technologies.
All our architecture.
All our superstitions.
All our religions.
All our philosophies.

All our music.
All our arts.
All our sports.
All our costumes.
All our narcissism.
All our hedonism.
All our ecstasies.
All our agonies.

Everything we venerate human.

That when gazing out into the infinite starry-starry night, we, who are mere microbes in its vastness,
Truly regard our little spinning dust ball, our pale blue dot, our illusion-packed speck, is at its center.
And that our kind is ordained, by our imagination, to be its most meaningful and purposeful creation.
The joke is on us; we, who are too self-absorbed, too greedy, to rationally grasp the absurdity of it all.
And so, we race, barely a hint of squealing brakes, towards the precipice of our own imaginary creation.
And for whatever life forms prevail after we have extinguished ourselves, it will be as if we never existed.
MacBeth's summation catches it: 'A tale old by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.'

* * * *

Religions and cults have risen and fallen with every cultural fusion,
In every geography since our migration erupted from the jungles of old.
They are part of the fabric that holds any mindset to its delusions of grandeur.
It must have been exceedingly terrifying for our ancestors in the way back when,
For us to carry our dread of the mystery to such heights, over and over and over again.

* * * *

The mind can be a problem solver.
The mind can be a problem maker.

* * * *

Everything makes time.
Everything takes time.
Everything fakes time.

* * * *

Unless You have managed to wheedle your way into power and/or fame and/or fortune;
Or have some troll who has found motive to haunt your continuing existence;
Or have family and friends and tribal connections of a clannish sort;
Odds are, all your good and foul deeds, will go largely unnoticed and unpunished.
Anonymity is a gift to your Self, if You have the wit to eschew the delusion of self-importance.

* * * *

Whether miserable or cheerful, whether grousing or whistling,
'Tis yet another Sisyphean day of pushing that rock up the hill.

* * * *

How so many opt for a story, for a myth, for an idol,

Over the one and only eternal moment they are,
Is absurdity beyond all comprehension.

* * * *

Yet another timeless moment in the moment,
For the illusion-delusion of free will looking forward,
To kaleidoscope into the illusion-delusion of fate looking back.
What choice is there for any pattern playing out its form,
But the utter choicelessness of natural selection?
The sands of time blow on and on and on,
And eternity, indifferent to all of it.

* * * *

Clock face
Hour hand
Short hand
Minute hand
Long hand
Second hand

One hour
12 hours
24 hours
60 minutes
60 seconds
60 ticks

O'clock
Five past
Ten past
Quarter past
Twenty past
Twenty-five past
Half past
Twenty-five to
Twenty to
Quarter to
Ten to
Five to

Half-hour
Quarter-hour

Clockwise
Counter-clockwise

AM (Ante Meridiem)
PM (Post Meridiem)

Digital: 7:05
Wording: It's 5 past 7.
Alternative way: It's seven oh five.

Digital: 7:15
Wording: It's quarter past 7.
Alternative way: It's seven fifteen.

Digital: 7:30
Wording: It's half past 7.
Alternative way: It's seven thirty.

Digital: 7:35
Wording: It's 25 to 8.
Alternative way: It's seven thirty-five.

* * * *

The eternal moment.
It is not yours.
It never was yours.
It never will be yours.
Suffer your way to nirvana.

* * * *

Another moment come and gone.
Did You give it your fullest attention,
Or were You off day-dreaming, yet again?
Another recollection, another vague perception,
Lost and gone forever, either way.
So it goes.

* * * *

No, You did not change your destiny, You did not alter your fate.
It might have seemed like a whole new direction in the epiphany You perceived,
But the big picture reality, is, You only continued wandering down the same sands-of-time path.
The dreamtime, from beginning to end, is free will looking forward, fate looking back.

An old – old being what it is – American folk song, sings it as it is.

Row, row, row your boat, gently down the stream;
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, life is but a dream.

* * * *

Regarding Jesus.
I get the story; I get the mythology.
I just do not see it the way the popular rendering reads.
It is not ‘the greatest story ever told,’ in this ineffable eternal mystery.

Phenomena that defy natural law, and scientific method and principles, are ludicrous.
There have been many seers, many sages, many thinkers, throughout the world, throughout all histories.
And all are first and last, in their own right; all have a mythology about their awakening.
And none are more real, more true, than any other, despite all assertions.
The significance is in the awakening, not how it came about.
And none can be followed; none need be followed,
But through the earnest seeker's own solitary walkabout.

* * * *

Imagination is the doer, in all that is done, and all that is undone.
And momentary awareness, is but timeless witness,
To the kaleidoscoping quantum matrix.

* * * *

You cannot be responsible for anyone or anything other than your Self.
And even that can be very troublesome more than several times a day.

* * * *

What a dominant force all our creations, all our manipulations, play in the human paradigm.
From fire and sharpened sticks, to everything we surround ourselves with, to live and work and entertain,
In this our modern industrial-technological, beyond-all-pales, mad-mad-mad, muddle of a world.
And all the clocks and calendars that tick-tick-tick every moment in our dreams of time,
Send us rushing, racing, every which way, throughout all our days and nights.
Ever scurrying to keep up with all the absurdities our minds embrace.

* * * *

The real hell all must overcome, is the one in their minds.
What is heaven, but the neuron trail, at peace with itself.

* * * *

The inward awakening is a quiet revolution.
When You are free, it is a silent declaration.

* * * *

To unlock the conditioned mind, the You You truly are,
Must grant it your unequivocal, undivided, absolute attention.
You must Descartes-doubt all things, until all doubt discerns its end.
The truth is there for all who have the wit and will to walk the razor's edge.

* * * *

Grubs that can talk, grubs that can walk, grubs that can do all sorts of amazing things;
Grubs that can imagine, that can pretend, that can make-believe, they are more than grubs;
Grubs that believe they are divinely stamped to be greater than all the other grubs small to large;
Grubs that have the power to manipulate and destroy any lesser grub in any way they wish;
Have a lot to learn about the rules of the game, to get back the reality of the way it is.
Can the gluttonous monkey let go the tasty bait to escape the coconut dilemma?
With natural selection so steeped in its grub algorithm, odds are not good.
Vanity and greed are not proving to be very sustainable strategies.

When it comes to survival, the grubs we call cockroaches,
At least 320 million years ancient, and counting,
Have much more viable genetic coding,
And will very likely continue on,
Long after we are gone.

* * * *

Whether You see it only once in a while,
Whether You see-hear-touch-taste-smell it all the time,
Why would it be relevant to anyone but You?
Destiny is tiller for every witness.

* * * *

Your death will be the end of everything.
Your mind-body, your world, your universe.
Everything You have ever thought or said or done.
Everything You have ever created, preserved, destroyed.
The illusory mirage will evaporate, as if it all never happened.
And whatever awareness is, and is not; whatever eternity is, and is not;
Will carry on without any remnant of the imaginary dreamtime,
That You are not, You never were, You will never be.
It is all an extraordinary, ineffable mystery,
And You but an illusory witness,
Destined to disappear.

* * * *

Right here, right now, this very moment, eternity permeates the core of your beingness,
And You settle for story after story, that have no reality, whatsoever.
The absurdity of irony and paradox reigns supreme.

* * * *

To be unutterably, unfathomably silent,
Is to disregard, to ignore, the world, the universe,
You every given moment, through imagination, differentiate.
It is a quality of awareness, a quality of attentiveness,
A quality of prior-to-consciousness beingness,
Aligned solely with the eternal moment.

* * * *

Learn to trust intuition’s subtle epiphanies.
It is the voiceless voice of the mystery within.

* * * *

If humans only perceive 0.0035 percent of this unfathomable mystery,
That some ivory tower sorts call the electromagnetic spectrum,
What the heck is going on in the other 0.9965 percent?

* * * *

When who becomes what,
When what becomes where,
When where becomes when,
When when becomes why,
When why becomes how,
When how becomes when,
Minds succumb to every hell.
Minds succumb to every heaven.

* * * *

It only takes one inattentive, one unlucky, one fated moment,
To forever change, forever alter, forever downsize, any given dream.
So, pay attention, Pilgrim; be mindful, if You prefer a less painful existence.

* * * *

You know a great deal about the world, the cosmos, the quantum illusion, your mind-body perceives,
But about the mystery – the unknowable, the enigmatic, the inexplicable, the inscrutable,
The impenetrable, the indescribable, the unfathomable, the ineffable –
You beyond all doubt, know absolutely nothing.

* * * *

There is most certainly an intransigent degree of peace,
And contentment and certainty and hope and unassailability,
In the unambiguous, infallible mindset, of an earnest true believer.
The critical thinker must work far harder to achieve,
That sure-footed level of absurdity.

* * * *

You have never existed.
Imagination imagined that You did,
But that was a projection, to which it is prone.
And You will not die, either.

* * * *

What here or there has any reality,
What us or them has any reality,
What truth or lie has any reality,
What thick or thin has any reality,
What high or low has any reality,
What great or small has any reality,
What plus or minus has any reality,
What up or down has any reality,
What alive or dead has any reality,
What black or white has any reality,
What inside or outside has any reality,
In an indivisible matrix that knows no duality.

* * * *

Human existence is a trail of every imaginable ecstasy and agony,
Every passion to which these mortal coils are susceptible.
Buddha's First Noble truth: Existence is painful.
The second: Unhappiness is caused by selfish craving.
Third: Deliverance from pain is found through non-attachment.
And fourth: The Eightfold Path … Practice wisdom, morality, meditation.

The Eightfold Path
Right views
Right intention
Right speech
Right action
Right livelihood
Right effort
Right mindfulness
Right concentration

The Five Hindrances
Sensuality
Ill-will
Lethargy
Worry
Indecision

Seven Factors of Enlightenment
Mindfulness
Investigation of existence
Persevering effort
Enkindle rapture
Maintain calm
Concentration on right values and things
Equanimity; good grace toward what life has in store

Ten Contemplations
Impermanence
Absence of a permanent self or soul
Profane nature of physical world
Danger or disadvantage
Abandonment
Detachment
Cessation
Distaste for external world
Impermanence of component things
Mindfulness of in-breathing and out-breathing

* * * *

Distraction – diversion, recreation, amusement, activity, meaning, purpose – is the opium of the masses.
Whether it be religion or politics or money or news or sports or food or drugs or technology,

Or anything else the human paradigm has conceived to fill its insatiability,
All distractions allow imagination to rule the moment.

* * * *

Imagination is the lock; awareness, the key.
You are as self-absorbed and terrestrial,
Or as Self-absorbed and undying,
As the vision in which You harbor.

* * * *

This is your one and only moment.
Are You the space and time imaginary You?
Or are You the spaceless-timeless awareness You?

* * * *

The paired lobes of the soft nervous tissue immediately behind the skull's forehead, are the mind's eye.
The part of the brain concerned with behavior, learning, personality, voluntary movement.
The coordinating epicenter of sensation and intellectual and nervous activity.
The quantum storm, electromagnetic grid, Shakespearian player,
Of the human paradigm's imaginary condition.

* * * *

Even though space and time are really nothing more than an imaginary constructs
The human mind mindlessly, irrationally, absurdly, races it, from womb to grave.

* * * *

Space and time are an ever-kaleidoscoping illusion,
In the ineffably spaceless, timeless abyss of eternity.

* * * *

Adaptation is about letting go of things that no longer exist,
And discerning what is really happening in the right-here-right-now.
All simply a matter of doing the good old 'so it goes' shrug.
Of dealing with it, of getting over it, of moving on.

* * * *

A streaming state of mind is much easier when You are totally immersed in some worldly activity.
It is when You are all alone, undistracted, that the dragon of disquieting imagination raises its head.
Self-controlled attention to the ever-present, timeless moment, can be a challenging thing to muster.

* * * *

Be content to consider this inexplicable mystery, a mystery that needs no solution.
Nor any of the incalculable absurdities our kind has devised to worship and fear and dread it.
It is the nothing-more-nothing-less, prior-to-consciousness, spaceless-timeless awareness, of all eternity.
You are it, it is You, a wakefulness that pervades all creation, and the abyss in which it frolics.
What more realization, what more insight, what more understanding, is necessary?
The momentary challenge is to be as present, as here now, as possible.
As deeply silent as the mind allows in any given moment.

* * * *

Still working all that blather in your head out? All that mind-body conditioning.
All that crap that rolodexes round and round like a rat on a rat wheel,
Regurgitating over and over and over and over and …
Well, silence is the only resolution.
And that takes some very resolute attention.

* * * *

Imaginary as the human paradigm is, all come up with their own unique way,
To keep their mindset, their attitude, their conviction, their headset,
In one dimension of balance, of centered-ness, or another.
Obviously, some are much better at it than others.
So-called sanity is about being somewhat functional,
In whatever absurdity is playing out in the given theater.

* * * *

God did not kick us out of the Garden; it was a voluntary departure, a voluntary quit.
A cloaking of, a blindness to, a denial of, the instinctual nature, the instinctual patterning.
Brought on by imagination's fabrication of knowledge, its embracing of knowledge.
Any creation story, no matter how redeeming, is nothing more than a metaphor.

* * * *

What is this ephemeral trait called beauty, but an ever-distracting promise of something,
That does not, has never, will never, exist, but in the eye of one beholder or another.

* * * *

The Ancient Greeks made a big thing of ethics way back when,
And we have been wagging our fingers at each other ever since.

* * * *

It is challenging to understand, to grasp, the nature of history,
Until You have at least a modicum of it in your frame of reference.

* * * *

Ethics is the forum pastime of those who are not in the Game of Thrones.

Right, as the world goes, is only in question between equals in power,
While the strong do what they can, and the weak suffer what they must.

Thucydides (c. 460 – c. 400 BC)
Athenian historian and general
History of the Peloponnesian War

Religion is regarded by the common people as true,
By the wise as false, and by rulers as useful.

Seneca (4 BC – AD 65)

Stoic philosopher of Ancient Rome
Statesman, dramatist, satirist

* * * *

Some conquer the world.
Some conquer themselves.
Some follow one or the other.
Some perch on couches or barstools.
And the rest do, whatever they do, as they can.

* * * *

To comprehend what You truly are, have always been, will ever be,
You must unwrap the mind into a totality, so vast, so empty, as to be unfathomably incomprehensible.
It is the You You are, before all befores, after all afters, and during all durings.
The unutterable silence of eternity is deafening.

* * * *

You are not anything that You pretend to be,
You are not anything that You imagine your Self to be.
The human paradigm is nothing more than Shakespearian theater,
Being played in the imaginary dreamtime of your mind.
Something spun from nothing is still nothing.

* * * *

Idolatry is much easier than realization.
Worshipping an idol, a symbol, an idea, is far simpler,
Than effortlessly being what You are, have ever been, will ever be,
In this bogglingly ineffable magical mystery theater.

* * * *

How utterly pointless it is to debate the way it is.
How utterly pointless to use words, to use vibrations given concept,
To argue over mystery that cannot be proven, a mystery that does not require sanction,
From the denizens of a paradigm rooted in absurdity, that is but an illusion,
Playing out in an ineffable mystery that is prior to consciousness.

* * * *

Self-importance is a long and winding Yellow Brick Road.
A twisting, turning, entangling, bottomless rabbit hole,
Down which imagination, the usurper, easily treks.

* * * *

Silence.
Even thinking of it.
Even trying to attain it.
Even trying to be it,
Denies it.

As Minch Yoda astutely said to Luke Skywalker:
No. Try not. Do ... or do not. There is no try.

* * * *

Religions are merely riders of consciousness,
Filled with every delusion imagination can imagine.
And consciousness, but a cloud in the vastness of awareness.
And awareness, an ineffable mystery, which can never be fathomed.
Be tranquil in that mystery, and know You are it, and it, You.
What need for any other, when eternity is ascertained.

* * * *

You cannot take the second step, until You have taken the first.
You cannot take the third step, until You have taken the second.
You cannot take the fourth step, until You have taken the third.
You cannot take the fifth step, until You have taken the fourth.
You cannot take the sixth step, until You have taken the fifth.
You cannot take the seventh step, until You have taken the sixth.
And You cannot take the last step, until You have taken all prior.

* * * *

This opus has been created,
One thought at a time,
One breath at a time,
One drop at a time,
One ounce at a time,
One note at a time,
One fragment at a time,
One crumb at a time,
One dot at a time,
One degree at a time,
One iota at a time,
One fleck at a time,
One jot at a time,
One grain at a time,
One bit at a time,
One brick at a time,
One step at a time,
One splash at a time,
One dash at a time,
One speck at a time,
One dab at a time,
One scrap at a time,
One itty at a time,
One bitty at a time,
One particle at a time,
One point at a time,
One smidgeon at a time,

As the eternal moment dictated.

* * * *

Far less taxing to dutifully, naively, sit in pews, and pay a mandatory tithing,
And do whatever sacraments, whatever obligations, the self-ordained ecclesiastics decree;
To study so-called holy scriptures, and repeatedly discuss and debate unutterably pointless absurdities;
To bow and scrape to imaginary deities; to beg for blessings and mercy from imaginary idols;
Than it is to earnestly, profoundly, explore and inquire for your Self, by your Self,
Into an unfathomable, indelible mystery, that can never be known.
A mystery, You are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

All groupthink aside, see it or not, accept it or not,
Everything across the universe is the same mystery,
None greater, none lesser, in any way or shape or form.

* * * *

What is enlightenment? Does such a thing even exist?
And is it really anything but a never-ending awakening,
To how immense, how unfathomable, a mystery it truly is,
And how infinitesimally small humankind inevitably makes it.

* * * *

Nature is the unfathomable mystery's expression.
The world is nature, the cosmos is nature, the mind-body is nature.
The world is the mystery, the cosmos is the mystery, the mind-body is the mystery.
And scientific method is the most rational means to investigate this kaleidoscoping quantum mirage.
To consider yourself separate from the world, separate from the cosmos,
Is the ever-ironical-paradoxical, absurd fallacy of imagination.
All demarcation, is illusion-delusion of the first order.
And the awareness You are, witness to it all.

* * * *

Would You endure all the pain and bother of your brief mortal existence,
If You were strapped to a table, and someone else was inflicting it?
Why wait for a declining body to make the inevitable decision?
Why put family and friends and acquaintances, or yourself,
Though having to deal with all your endgame suffering?
Give them the blessing of their own time and your treasures.

* * * *

The human mind evolved in an analog garden world entirely based on a timeless relationship with nature.
Measured time – sundials, clocks, calendars – has altered the mind's relationship with the moment.
And the digitalization of the analog brain has ferried the entire world down a dead-end road.
The Planet of the Apes is ratcheting up at a crescendo pace for the unescapable Big Fall.
Every species goes extinct sooner or later, and there is no telling how close or far that moment is,
For the end of all the vanity and greed, all the endless horrors, we have fit into our relatively brief wander.

* * * *

How is it so few question the deep-seated assumption,
That imagination is tangible, that it is an instrument of substance.
How is it so few have any doubt, that everything imagination has imagined;
Everything perceived by the mind; everything the senses see, hear, taste, smell, touch;
Is nothing more than an evolutionary quirk, nothing more than an illusion-delusion of consciousness.
The underlying – assumption, falsehood, fabrication, invention, fallacy, mendacity –
Is that imagination is more than the mystery's ephemeral trickster,
And the rare who discern it, stand very much alone.

* * * *

The challenge with destiny is not knowing what it is,
And having to play it out one moment at a time,
In whatever way natural selection ordains.

* * * *

Doubt until there is nothing left to doubt.
Forget until there is nothing left to remember.
Timeless, ageless, changeless, immutable awareness,
Is all there truly is, all there truly is not.

* * * *

Ahooga! Ahooga!
Danger, Will Robinson! Danger!
Speculation alert! Speculation alert! Speculation alert!
Theories and conjectures being formed and launched without firm evidence!
Speculation alert! Speculation alert! Speculation alert!
Danger, Will Robinson! Danger!
Ahooga! Ahooga!

* * * *

How delusional of any seer to think,
Philosophical-mystical thoughts are ever potent enough,
To make any deep impact on imagination's wheel of creation and destruction.
History churns on and on, and any who believe they can more than slightly nudge it this way or that,
Are sooner or later crushed by the realization of the unutterable pointlessness of it all.
Narcissism and hedonism are at the helm of the humanoid paradigm,
And they will not be undone by any rational soliloquy.
Any attempt only proves the point.

* * * *

In the ultimate aloneness, You are.
In the ultimate singularity, You are.
In the ultimate entirety, You are.
In the ultimate indivisible, You are.
In the ultimate infinity, You are.
In the ultimate infinitesimal, You are.
In the ultimate ineffable, You are.

In the ultimate indelible, You are.
In the ultimate mystery, You are.
In the ultimate absolute, You are.
In the ultimate detachment, You are.
In the ultimate intangible, You are.
In the ultimate spaceless, You are.
In the ultimate timeless, You are.
In the ultimate awareness, You are.
In the ultimate serenity, You are.
In the ultimate silence, You are.
In the ultimate emptiness, You are.
In the ultimate fullness, You are.
In the ultimate pointless, You are.
In the ultimate unfathomable, You are.
In the ultimate unborn-undying, You are.
In the ultimate omnipresence, You are.
In the ultimate omniscience, You are.
In the ultimate omnipotence, You are.

Only your attachment to your mind-body, your world, your cosmos, limit your vision.

* * * *

So many of our two-legged genetic predisposition, perhaps all, rapidly or gradually transform into critics
– Detractors, opponents, enemies, censors, criticizers, faultfinders, knockers, decriers, denigrators –
As if all our judgments mean anything in the grand scheme of all things ineffably indivisible.
As if all our judgments are anything more than insignificant monkey-mind squabbling.
To not cast the first stone is a feat, of which few are capable, much less willing.
To be truly all-accepting, would indeed require, an incredible realization.

* * * *

When it comes to defining this mystery,
Claim anything, maintain anything, argue anything,
And You will always be wrongo-bongo.

* * * *

Just another day for all the retired, generally tired folk.
Not much need for clocks or calendars at that juncture of the game.
You eats when You are hungry, sleeps when You are tired,
And putters about in the moment between.

* * * *

The parochial mind is one having a limited or narrow outlook or scope.
A cosmopolitan mind is familiar with, at ease, in many different countries and cultures.
Provincial, conventional, limited, restricted, narrow-minded, unsophisticated, short-sighted, close-minded,
Narrow-minded, inward-looking, naive, insular, myopic, blinkered, hidebound, jerkwater, petty.
Versus, broad-minded, unprejudiced, tolerant, knowing, aware, seasoned, liberal,
Expansive, sophisticated, experienced, worldwide, global, universal.
There is a spectrum, of course, for we are all ultimately,

The same narcissistic, hedonistic primate,
We were in the jungles of old.

* * * *

What is grub, and what is not grub? Need we ask anyone to tell us these things?
The first and last irrational assumption, is that this imaginary You truly exists.
From the greatest heights to the darkest depths, the brain is imagination's tool.
All life forms wander same stage in different universes, in different perceptions.
No destiny endures forever; every strand of genetic coding only plays out so long.
There is nothing to want, nothing to dread; it is only a mind-body; it is only a dream.
To be the ineffable eternal moment, is to be what You truly are, what You truly are not.
This is your moment. Are You the imaginary You? Or are You the awareness You?

* * * *

What relationship, what bond, can a digitalized mind have,
With the analog universe from which it materialized?
How will the natural world manage to hold out?
How will it survive so much obliviousness,
Of the implacable rubrics of the game?
How will it endure a mutant mind,
No analog garden can forever sustain.

* * * *

What is this ineffable mystery, but an abyss,
Through which creation and destruction frolic.

* * * *

The point is not whether You are a flawless ethical being.
The point is that You are immaculate, no matter your moral character.
No matter your ethnicity, your tribe, your mind-body, your gender, your anything.
You are that which is timeless, spaceless, indivisible, unknowable, indescribable, unfathomable.
To believe otherwise, is to live the falsehood, the deception, of dualistic notion.

* * * *

The apparent reality is that the human paradigm will never get past its irrational nature.
Scientific Method has made intrepid efforts in every Ivory Tower domain it could,
But the genetic source code, percolating since creation, cannot be rewritten.
It is the Planet of the Apes, to whatever dystopian end the Fates have ordained.

* * * *

Gaze at the farthest star your mortal eyes can muster.
Close your mind, open your inner eye, and there You are.

* * * *

That You take your imaginary self
– The mind, the body, the world, the universe –
So seriously, as to suffer so much ecstasy, so much agony,
Is but an exceedingly, beyond-all-pales absurdity.

* * * *

Let your mind, let your spirit, be as empty, as vacant, as void, as the sky.
Dispel all thoughts of your imaginary self; become the timeless awareness.

* * * *

Clearly discerning the right-here-right-now eternal moment's mystery for what it is,
Is not a matter of belief, not something that can be rhetorically jousted.
It is plainly, it is simply, it is forthrightly, a Self-realization,
And the greatest of doubts is required to fathom it.
And one either has the doubt, or does not.
Either has the resolve, or does not.
Either has the grit, the gumption, or does not.
Either surrenders to eternity's silent calling, or does not.
And whoever imparts the awareness, can do no more than point it out,
And serenely meander on, very much alone, in the maha mauna of his own dreamtime.

* * * *

How amazing is it, that You with all your trials and tribulations, all your ecstasies and agonies,
Began your existential sojourn when the slimy ejaculate from your father's testicles,
Surrounded a lone egg from your mother's ovaries, and one random sperm,
In an epic king-of-the-mountain match, managed to worm its way,
And combine the genetic coding from both their lineages,
And there, in the womb's dark, blissful abyss,
You slowly baked for nine months,
Before being evacuated through a worm hole,
Into a dreamtime no one asks for, yet many find onerous to depart.
And here You are, in world full of sentient goo, all playing every imaginable inexorable fate.

* * * *

How tranquil the minds of our ancestors must have been,
Before imagination usurped the timeless awareness,
And shaped a world corrupted by self-interest.
Before imagination plucked the fruit of the garden,
And gradually spun knowledge into the massive leviathan,
That we, with little caution, spur on, in the given modern moment.

* * * *

The mystery is free and clear.
You need not fear it.
You need not tithe it.
You need not name it.
You need not hype it.
You need not follow it.
You need not prove it.
You need not believe it.
You need not pray to it.
You need not sanction it.

You need not worship it.
You need not scrutinize it.
You need not suffer for it.
You need not join any cult.
You need not deny anything.
You need not struggle with it.
You need not accept anything.
You need not bear any dogma.
You need not recite any mantra.
You need not speculate about it.
You need not seek any sideshows.
You need not imagine any divinity.
You need not plead for forgiveness.
You need not dress any special way.
You need not behave any certain way.
You need not meander any certain path.
All You need do, is be its eternal moment.
You are it, and it is You.
Namaste.

* * * *

The departing challenge for all, in this ineffable quantum dreamtime theater
– All the effort, all the suffering, it has taken to persevere the long and winding journey –
Is to be content, to be satisfied, with whatever You have done, with whatever You have not done.

contentment | kənˈtentmənt |
noun

a state of happiness and satisfaction.

contentedness, content, satisfaction, fulfillment; happiness, pleasure, cheerfulness, gratification, gladness; ease, comfort, restfulness, well-being, peace, equanimity, serenity, tranquility, placidity, placidness, repletion, complacency.

Are You?

* * * *

Older than the stars, younger than the moment,
Unborn, undying, You are, You are,
In the once upon a time.

* * * *

What is there, what can there be,
But what one thinks it, believes it, imagines it.
And no vision, no mind, no world, no cosmos, ever the same.
Every sentient being, small to large; all of the same aloneness, for all eternity.

* * * *

From the greatest heights to the darkest depths, the brain is imagination's tool.
The mind can be a problem solver; the mind can be a problem maker.
How imagination uses You is just another tale quickly done.
A fiction, to which You are witness, as wit allows.

* * * *

The Buddha mind is a liberated mind.
The Buddha mind is an empty mind.
The Buddha mind is an unconditional mind.
The Buddha mind is a still mind.
The Buddha mind is a seamless mind.
The Buddha mind is a free mind.
The Buddha mind is an attentive mind.
The Buddha mind is an acute mind.
The Buddha mind is an aware mind.
The Buddha mind is a composed mind.
The Buddha mind is an absolute mind.
The Buddha mind is a boundless mind.
The Buddha mind is an immeasurable mind.
The Buddha mind is a limitless mind.
The Buddha mind is an infinite mind.
The Buddha mind is an infinitesimal mind.
The Buddha mind is a unified mind.
The Buddha mind is an aimless mind.
The Buddha mind is a timeless mind.
The Buddha mind is a serene mind.
The Buddha mind is a sovereign mind.
The Buddha mind is an empty mind.
The Buddha mind is a no-mind mind.
The Buddha mind is an unoccupied mind.
The Buddha mind is a pointless mind.
The Buddha mind is a spaceless mind.
The Buddha mind is a peaceful mind.
The Buddha mind is a matchless mind.
The Buddha mind is a meaningless mind.
The Buddha mind is the cosmic mind.
The Buddha mind is a mind immersed in eternity.

* * * *

Human primates imagine themselves highborn and deserving,
But what nobility is there in narcissism and hedonism?
What nobility is there in arrogance and avarice?

* * * *

The Ocean of Consumption
The Mountain of Consumption
The Forest of Consumption
The River of Consumption

The Valley of Consumption
The Desert of Consumption
The Oasis of Consumption
The Hill of Consumption
The Marsh of Consumption
The Canyon of Consumption
The Glacier of Consumption
The Bog of Consumption
The Tundra of Consumption
The Plateau of Consumption

Whatever the metaphor, Mammon rules,
Those who cannot restrain their narcissistic-hedonistic bent.

* * * *

All have their own interpretation, their own construct, of everything.
Every mind, every sensory set – eyes, ears, nose, tongue, nerve-ridden flesh – is entirely unique.
Hard not to get drawn into believing it all real, when You are playing it all real.
Hard to remain detached, when your world draws You so.

* * * *

A quantum mind-body synced with a quantum world,
A quantum cosmos, a quantum mystery, a quantum illusion.
Witnessed by You ever present, unborn, undying, eternally alone.
For every ever, sentience; for every ever, consciousness;
For every ever, imagination, manages to endure.
It is but a dream to play as best You can.
Hopefully, it is not a nightmare.
At least, not too often.

* * * *

The mind-body can be its own best friend.
The mind-body can be its own worst enemy.
And imagination, the surreal trickster of either.

* * * *

You can never know the impact your thoughts and deeds have on others.
As the ripples that have impacted You have shaped your world,
Whatever You say and do, radiates who knows where.
How large or small, is a matter of destiny.
Upon how large, how small,
The allotted role in the genetic lottery.
To believe there is choice, free will, is utter fallacy.

* * * *

Your ancestors were monkeys.
And before that, they were shrews.
And before that, they were protozoa.

And before that, they were molecules.
And before that, they were radiation.
And before that, they were ether.
And before that, they were You.

As if, before and after, have any reality.

* * * *

Alas for the many who deeply yearn, deeply long, for a black and white dream,
That the ineffable mystery is permeated with the shades of gray of irony and paradox.
The subtleties, the nuances, the intricacies, the restraints, the fetters – of the ultimate reality,
Are not for the un-doubters, the sheeples, the true believers, sprinting down the road more traveled.

* * * *

What is death, what is demise, what is passing, what is ruin,
But dissolution, annihilation, expiration, extermination, extinction.
A world, a cosmos, a quantum mirage of space-time, undone,
Of everything the body's sensory-mind has imagined.

* * * *

How quickly everything becomes its memory,
In the streaming, the kaleidoscoping, of imagination.

* * * *

What a huge burden, what a huge bother,
To be caught up in the vanity-greed maelstrom,
Of power and/or fortune and/or renown.

* * * *

If it has happened anywhere across the world,
In any moment the eternal continuum brandishes,
Rest assured it can happen in your neck of the woods.

* * * *

Without doubt,
Without skepticism,
Without critical thinking,
What is there but an automaton,
Mimicking, reciting, echoing, spewing.

* * * *

You are the mystery of eternity.
Sit back, and serenely witness the illusion,
Playing out before the given senses of the mind-body,
In which You dwell for a relatively brief window of dreamtime.

* * * *

Embrace the given moment.

It is as close to eternity,
As close to your Self,
As You can ever be.

* * * *

Your cosmos will do everything it can, to drag You back,
Into whatever illusion your dreamtime delusion inspires.

* * * *

In every mind, in which You have ever wandered,
In every mind, that has ever witnessed your presence,
You have performed very different, very impromptu parts,
As assigned by the frames of reference of the given beholders.

* * * *

Much easier, to follow, to worship, some idolatrous trope,
Than it is to put in the real work, and awaken to your Self.

* * * *

Anyone who – labels, brands, regards, describes, portrays – themselves anything,
Is well on the way to pretty much missing the entire raison d'être,
Of everything that these writings have pointed to.

* * * *

Odds are, chances are, it is likely, it is probable, you can expect, you can wager,
That my rejoinder to almost any question, is in here somewhere.
Keyword searches of the pdf's are your best bet.

* * * *

Meditation and contemplation are the surest means to discerning this great truth.
To wallow in the dogmas and idolatries, so many consider religion,
Is to entirely miss the mark, of the all, You truly are.

* * * *

Duality, is a deity, a God, out there, watching you.
And non-duality, the drop of God, the drop of mystery,
The drop of eternal awareness, You are, looking out.

* * * *

So many words,
So many works,
So many teachings,
To describe over and over,
That which requires no description.

* * * *

You have your own dreamtime.
He has his own, and she, hers, and others, theirs.

None, ever even close to being alike, and judgment, what is the point?
Being true to your Self, and allowing others to do the same,
Is the highest state, in this ineffable mystery.

* * * *

Science has limits.
Mathematics has limits.
Language has limits.
History has limits.

All things imagined have limits.

* * * *

Of the big questions, You know so pathetically little,
That it is truly absurd to assume You know anything.

* * * *

Who can say, whether or not,
The entirety of all creation has simultaneously happened,
The very same instant.

* * * *

Knowledge appears to make the universe expand further and further,
But how can You expand that, which never existed in the first place?

* * * *

Is forgetting everything perhaps the greatest challenge?
The imaginary mind-body has a great deal of difficulty,
Surrendering its imaginary self to the eternal moment.

* * * *

The sweet.
The sour.
The bitter.
The good.
The bad.
The ugly.
Taking things as they are,
Mitigates the suffering of existence.

* * * *

Caring too much.
Caring too little.
Caring just enough.
Too hot, too cold, just right.
A Goldilocks balancing act for all.

* * * *

All of eternity, is but one moment, one instant.
It takes imagination a little bit longer to catch up.

* * * *

Eternity is right here, right now, this very moment.

It cannot be seen.
It cannot be touched.
It cannot be tasted.
It cannot be smelled.
It cannot be heard.

It cannot be known by any creation, ever fashioned in its clear awareness.

* * * *

When imagination is set aside, and eternal awareness takes the helm,
Each and every moment, is, simultaneously, both the first and the last.

* * * *

To in any way imagine your mind-body, your Self, in any way separate
– from this moment, from this right-here-right-now, from this one and only eternity –
How irrational, how ludicrous, how absurd, how meaningless, how insane, how stupid, is that?

* * * *

What does a rock perceive,
What does it do,
And how in quantum,
Is it any different from You?

* * * *

Try not to get beaten up and/or crucified.
Martyrdom is neither pretty, nor necessary.
Take time enough to become a garden statue.

* * * *

You are the one and only mystery.
What more do You need to know?
What more do You need to see?
What more do You need to hear?
What more do You need to taste?
What more do You need to smell?
What more do You need to touch?
What more do You need to become?
You are the one and only mystery.
What more do You need to be?

* * * *

Call it consciousness,

Call it memory,
Call it knowledge,
Call it reflection,
Call it belief,
Call it opinion,
Call it conception,
Call it thought,
Call it cogitation,
Call it sketch,
Call it estimation,
Call it outlook,
Call it view,
Call it perception,
Call it scheme,
Call it hypothesis,
Call it impression,
Call it model,
Call it plot,
Call it blueprint,
Call it idea,
Call it meditation,
Call it contemplation,
Call it idolatry,
Call it theory,
Call it cognizance,
Call it deliberation,
Call it plan,
Call it rumination,
Call it introspection,
Call it design,
Call it notion,
Call it reminiscence,
Call it musing,
Call it recollection,
Call it anything You please,
It is all naught but ephemeral imagination.

* * * *

I am mystery.
I am totality.
I am That I Am.
I am Self.
I am God.
I am awareness.
I am timeless.
I am eternal.
I am spaceless.
I am moment.

I am infinite.
I am infinitesimal.
I am complete.
I am nothing.
I am everything.
I am ineffable.
I am indivisible.
I am indelible.
I am unfathomable.
I am creation.
I am preservation.
I am destruction.
I am unborn.
I am undying.
I am omnipresent.
I am omniscient.
I am omnipotent.
I am eternity.
I am mystery.

And in all these truths, so are You.

* * * *

Hard as it is to discern,
Hard as it is to accept,
Hard as it is to believe,
All things are on the table.
Quantum knows no bounds.
Awareness, even fewer.

* * * *

Be the moment.
Be the awareness prior to consciousness.
Be right here, be right now.
Be your true Self.
Be eternity.
Be complete.

* * * *

Idolatry comes in every way.
Idolatry comes in every size.
Idolatry comes in every shape.
Idolatry comes in every conception.
That the wiles of imagination can devise.

* * * *

What can illusion offer, but endless temporal ecstasies,
What can illusion offer, but endless temporal agonies,

Of every variety imagination is capable of concocting.

* * * *

What do you feel any passion about,
What do you feel any ecstasy or agony about,
But a collection of memories, that are entirely imagined.

* * * *

Estimates indicate that more than 99.9%,
Of all species that have ever lived on Earth,
Totaling billions of species, are now extinct.
Which means, of course, odds are not good,
For most everything You daily witness.

* * * *

Hard to be in the world, in the cosmos, and not of it.
Imagination is just way too good at sucking the mind back into its dreamtime.
Even sitting alone in a cave would probably not deter it.

* * * *

Every variety of predator in this planet of the apes dreamtime.
You cannot be too careful, too cautious, too vigilant, too mindful.

* * * *

This thesis, this dissertation, this treatise, this opus, will be done when this mind-body is done.
It is my reply, my riposte, to the absurdity, to the futility, to the pointlessness, of this dreamtime.

* * * *

All thoughts about anyone, about anything,
In your touchy-feely, dreamtime cosmos of a world,
Are but projections of your narcissistic-hedonistic imagination.

* * * *

Welcome to my little Magic Theatre.
A theme park, filled with irony and paradox.
Built for all who feel the call of their eternal nature.

* * * *

What could be more enlightened, what could be more liberated,
Than an openness to all possibilities, an acceptance of all possibilities.

* * * *

Of remorse for harmful acts, intentional or otherwise,
All one can really do is apologize, and never do it again.

* * * *

How can You not see, how can You not discern,
What has ever been right before your mind's eye.

* * * *

Illeism
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Illeism

Illeism (/ˈɪli.ɪzəm/; from Latin ille: "he; that man") is the act of referring to oneself in the third person instead of first person. It is sometimes used in literature as a stylistic device. In real-life usage, illeism can reflect a number of different stylistic intentions or involuntary circumstances.

Accordingly, in certain Eastern religions, like Hinduism, illeism is sometimes seen as a sign of enlightenment, since through it, an individual detaches their eternal self (atman) from their bodily form; in particular, Jnana yoga encourages its practitioners to refer to themselves in the third person.

Known illeists of that sort include:

Anandamayi Ma (1896–1982)
Buddha sometimes referred to himself as either "The Buddha" or "The Tathagata."
Sathya Sai Baba (1926–2011)
Mata Amritanandamayi (born 1953)
Swami Ramanagiri (1921–1955)
Swami Ramdas (1884–1963), Indian saint, philosopher, philanthropist and pilgrim
Rama Tirtha (1873–1906), Indian teacher of Vedanta
Ma Yoga Laxmi, the secretary of Osho
Jesus Christ is found referring to himself as "Jesus" (as well as the "Son of Man"), as in John 17:1–3

Leftovers 2026

The entire human paradigm, is nothing more than ever-streaming stories, born of imagination.
The you, You pretend You are, is nothing more than a narrative born of imagination.
Eternity is but the very right-here-right-now, indivisible, indelible moment,
In which no narrative can hold ground, but for imaginary assertion.

* * * *

If You had head on the pillow, knowing You were never to awaken again,
Would You struggle to remain awake, or willingly give over to oblivion?

* * * *

Sight.
Sound.
Feeling.
Smell.
Taste.

The weavers of mind.

And that is just in the human context.

* * * *

Imagination is a vain, greedy, insatiable beast.
The startup instincts, magnified beyond all pales.

* * * *

The taste trap.
The smell trap.
The vision trap.
The sound trap.
The feeling trap.
Mind, the hunter.

* * * *

All those sounds You use to describe, to illustrate, to label,
Your imaginary self, your imaginary world, your imaginary cosmos,
Cannot, even for a moment – penetrate, infiltrate, breach – the eternal moment.

* * * *

Without the mind-body, where would You, where could You, be?
And with the mind-body, and whatever senses are given,
Who-what-when-where-why-how are You, really?

* * * *

There is nobody to lead, there is nobody to follow.
Do not make it about anyone, about anything,

But the ineffable mystery, You truly are.

* * * *

What are You really, truly, actually, essentially, indivisibly,
But quantum, kaleidoscoping through the stillness, the mystery, of eternity.
Naught but spaceless, timeless, unborn, undying stardust,
Come unto the illusion of existence.

* * * *

Have You seen enough?
Have You heard enough?
Have You tasted enough?
Have You smelled enough?
Have You touched enough?
Have You pondered enough?
How glutted need You be?
And all, but imagination.

* * * *

The clock is not real, the calendar is not real,
Nor is your face, nor your body, nor your mind.
It has all been a quantum illusion from the get-go.
To awaken, is to see the moment for what it is.
To be free, is to surf eternity's dreamtime,
With a mindset inclined to stillness.

* * * *

Awareness is ...

Without individuality.
Without character.
Without space.
Without time.
Without desire.
Without fear.
Without contrast.
Without dread.
Without concern.
Without division.
Without notion.
Without perception.
Without opinion.
Without instinct.
Without impulse.
Without faith.
Without principle.
Without urge.
Without creed.

Without certainty.
Without trust.
Without dogma.
Without assumption.
Without light
Without animation.
Without life.
Without death.
Without personality.
Without sound.
Without dark.
Without hope.
Without speculation.
Without despair.
Without ambition.
Without self.
Without identity.
Without potential.
Without plan.
Without belief.
Without concept.
Without anything.
Within everything.

* * * *

The absolute is without yes or no, good or bad, this or that.
It is without duality, in any way, in any size, in any shape.

* * * *

Duality, individuality.
Dualism, individualism.
Dualistic, individualistic.
Notions that blind the mind.

* * * *

So much is imagined.
So much is arbitrary.
So much is subjective.
So much is random.
So much is uninformed.
So much is illogical.
So much is capricious.
So much is indiscriminate.
So much is haphazard.
So much is unpredictable.
So much is changeable.
So much is variable.
So much is impulsive.

So much is whimsical.
So much is unreliable.
So much is fickle.
So much is erratic.
So much is wayward.
So much is flighty.
So much is thoughtless.
So much is impetuous.
So much is muddled.
So much is imprudent.
So much is precipitous.
So much is rash.
So much is reckless.
So much is irresponsible.
So much is madcap.
So much is disordered.
So much is hasty.
So much is confused.
So much is messy.
So much is spontaneous.
So much is frenzied.
So much is unruly.
So much is tumultuous.
So much is chance.
So much is disorganized.
So much is anarchic.
So much is chaotic.

Oblivion, the only solution.

* * * *

Future and past are nothing more than projections of imagination.
The eternal omnipresent, the eternal moment, is untouched by either.

* * * *

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* * * *

What is called space, time, continuum,
Is but quantum dreamtime, quantum illusion.
The clay of stardust taking every form,
In the ineffable ether of eternity.

* * * *

Why would any God, why would any deities, any idols, ever need to further judge,
What most if not all monkey minds, have no-doubt done, times beyond counting.
And, no doubt, all the imagined hells and purgatories are chock-full of misery.

* * * *

Arguing over illusion is about
– as meaningless, as pointless, as irrational, as futile, as absurd –
As it can possibly get.

* * * *

However the proverbial apple was plucked and eaten - metaphorically, literally, whatever –

The monkey mind, in its perpetual quest for knowledge, imaginary as it ever is,
Has certainly stretched and tormented this finite pale blue dot,
To incomprehensible strains in every forum.
The Fates await our arrival.

* * * *

Ethics in warfare is an absurd oxymoron.
It is a deadly game, that ultimately has very clear goals: domination and/or annihilation.
What matter, really, how it is done?

* * * *

To discern it, to breath it, to kaleidoscope it – illusion – every streaming moment,
Is the challenge for all born to – see it, hear it, taste it, smell it, feel it – as one.

* * * *

How can we be sure Eve is to blame for picking the forbidden fruit way back when,
When there is not even one selfie or artificially-intelligenced video posted on Youtube?
How can anyone believe a folktale written who knows how many thousands of years later?

* * * *

The True Believer

Undiscerning
Sucker
Credulous
Mark
Unsuspecting
Victim
Fall guy
Dupe
Uncritical
Naive
Unsophisticated
Gullible
Green
Foolish
Unwise
Susceptible
Trusting
Accepting
Imprudent
Impressionable
Innocent

* * * *

The moment, the mystery, is the same today,
As the moment, the mystery, was yesterday,
As the moment, the mystery, will be tomorrow.

As if space and time existed, as more than a figment of imagination.

* * * *

How could any Supreme Being stand watching this world, for all the time it will take,
To play out, act out, this heavy-on-the-steroids, epoch Shakespearian paradigm-dreamtime.
And all for naught but the merest slice, of all the billions of years it took, to build the set.
The billions of years it took to naturally select, naturally design, the ever-evolving cast.

* * * *

… knowledge and wisdom cloaked awareness …
… cloaked the mind, cloaked the body …
… cloaked here, cloaked now …
… cloaked the moment …
… cloaked eternity …
… cloaked the eye of God …
… and imagination took the helm …

* * * *

So much oxygen deprivation everywhere.
Imagination cannot breathe for anyone.

* * * *

From its first etchings in the jungles of long ago,
Imagination has carved a fate, a destiny, a consequence, a finale,
From which it cannot in any way deviate, from which all choice has been erased.

* * * *

One of the differences between poets and aphorists,
Is that one can often be left unsure the poet's meaning,
Whereas a say-it-as-it-is aphorist leaves little or no doubt.

* * * *

Despite all vanity and greed and passion to the contrary,
Any given container is merely a means for the given helix of DNA,
To continue and continue and continue, on and on and on,
For as long as the nature-nurture of fate allows.

* * * *

Questions of quantum dream, what do, with what You see.
Questions of quantum dream, what do, with what You hear.
Questions of quantum dream, what do, with what You smell.
Questions of quantum dream, what do, with what You taste.
Questions of quantum dream, what do, with what You feel.
Questions of quantum dream, what do, with what You think.

* * * *

All desire, all fear, all dread, all passion, are but the projections of imagination,

Casting forth its space-time illusion, in the omnipresence of the eternal moment.

* * * *

All creation requires some level of destruction,
And all destruction renders some form of creation.
All ever-changing, ever-morphing, ever-kaleidoscoping,
Indivisibly, in the unfathomable quantum dreamtime of it all.

* * * *

Never assume You are being watched.
Never assume You are not being watched.

* * * *

A worldwide game of thrones, spewing every imaginable this-way-and-that.
What point, all the vanities, all the greed, all the horrors, all the seven deadlies?

* * * *

The mind's scrutiny, perceives a world, perceives a cosmos,
Creates a narrative, and spins it over and over, in the given reverie.
And You, naught but an imaginary thespian, imagining it all real, it all true.
Playing impromptu with whatever nature-nurture, whatever cards, have been dealt.
And the essential, cardinal truth, when all is said, when all is done,
Is that it is all nothing more than quantum illusion.

* * * *

The path behind, the path ahead … ever pathless,
Through the oblivion of eternity's spaceless-timeless-wayless.
No memory any younger, no memory any older, in any mind's reminiscence.
Recordings, impressions, notions, remnants – etched upon neural eyes of the quantum matrix.
Imaginary, arbitrary, subjective, whimsical, haphazard, capricious perceptions.
All make-believe … nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

What any other thinks of You,
What You think of yourself,
What You think of your dreamtime,
Is nothing more than the poof of imagination.

* * * *

Is it possible to make the oblivion of eternity,
The default setting, in this theater of conscious design?
To see everything eternally.
To hear everything eternally.
To smell everything eternally.
To taste everything eternally.
To feel everything eternally.
To think everything eternally.

* * * *

What is the insatiable mind, ensnared in its matrix of space and time,
The insatiable mind, an invention of yesterday, every future past moment doing,
But desiring-fearing-dreading, the story, the narrative, the chronicle, the frame of reference,
Imagination every moment envisions, every moment projects, every moment usurps,
As a steadfast, resolute reality, that it has never been, that it will never be.

* * * *

It is neither your imagination, nor my imagination.
It is neither your ineffable, nor my ineffable.
It is neither your dream, nor my dream.
It is just a théâtre de l'illusion.
A théâtre de l'absurde.

* * * *

The insatiable mind every moment consumes through the lens of its frame of reference.
What does it take, to change the default setting, from the worldly mind, to the eternal one?
Only by stilling, the desires, the fears, the dreads, is it possible to be the moment, You truly are.

* * * *

Your world, your cosmos, is created every time You see it.
Your world, your cosmos, is created every time You hear it.
Your world, your cosmos, is created every time You taste it.
Your world, your cosmos, is created every time You smell it.
Your world, your cosmos, is created every time You touch it.
Your world, your cosmos, is created every time You think it.

* * * *

Observe closely the ever-changing quantum matrix,
Every moment kaleidoscoping before your five measly senses.
Yes, even that rock is morphing as surely as You are.

* * * *

It is the same eternity it has ever been.
It is the same moment it has ever been.
It is the same omnipresence it has ever been.
It is the same nonduality it has ever been.
It is the same nowness it has ever been.
It is the same isness it has ever been.
It is the same timeless it has ever been.
It is the same spaceless it has ever been.
It is the same instant it has ever been.
It is the same immeasurable it has ever been.
It is the same magical it has ever been.
It is the same oblivion it has ever been.
It is the same omniscience it has ever been.
It is the same nameless it has ever been.
It is the same enigma it has ever been.

It is the same anonymity it has ever been.
It is the same unborn it has ever been.
It is the same undying it has ever been.
It is the same indivisible it has ever been.
It is the same unfathomable it has ever been.
It is the same indelible it has ever been.
It is the same ineffable it has ever been.
It is the same kaleidoscoping it has ever been.
It is the same matrix it has ever been.
It is the same awareness it has ever been.
It is the same quantum it has ever been.
It is the same inexplicable it has ever been.
It is the same infinity it has ever been.
It is the same infinitesimal it has ever been.
It is the same interminable it has ever been.
It is the same formless it has ever been.
It is the same abyss it has ever been.
It is the same ephemerality it has ever been.
It is the same unknown it has ever been.
It is the same stillness it has ever been.
It is the same omnipotence it has ever been.
It is the same absolute it has ever been.
It is the same singularity it has ever been.
It is the same aloneness it has ever been.
It is the same dreamtime it has ever been.
It is the same truth it has ever been.
It is the same mystery it has ever been.

* * * *

How many lives of the rich and famous and powerful have You seen,
That do not in their endless theatrics, boil down to something unenviably pathetic?
That we laud them with such fanfare and renown, says far more about us than it ever will them.

* * * *

To let one's guard down,
To be open, to be vulnerable,
Is the reality of the ageless moment.
The reality, the spontaneity of eternal life.
The return to the origin of all creation.
Eternal salvation in every moment.
The kingdom of heaven on earth.

* * * *

The quantum matrix, in which all creation is made manifest,
Is ever the same, can never become more, can never become less.
The same atoms that were once in stars and dinosaurs, are in You, as well.

* * * *

How long can the busy-busy mind,
Endure the stillness, for which it imagines it longs?
Illusion that dreamtime ever is, it every moment, seems real enough.

* * * *

Quit imagining You truly-really know anything,
And get back to that tabula rasa newborn,
You once upon a timeless were.

* * * *

See it or not, everything is equally the same quantum mystery.
All vanity, all greed, all desire and fear and dread, all passion plays,
Mean absolutely nothing – nil-nada-zippo-zilch – in the ultimate context.

* * * *

Why do so many take it to some bitter end?
Endure so much agony, so much suffering, so much sorrow,
But because they have not sated the hunger for the dream to which they cling.
Wring their meager, wretched existence, to the last possible drop.
Milk one more tomorrow into one more yesterday.
Unto the last, final, wheezing breath.
And for what, really?

* * * *

A minute is sixty seconds.
An hour is sixty minutes.
A day is twenty-four hours.
A week is seven days.
A month is four-ish weeks.
A year is twelve months.
A decade is ten years.
A century is ten decades.
A millennium is ten centuries.
A million years is one thousand millenniums.
A billion years is one thousand millions.

The moment is a long timeless.

* * * *

Socrates, as scribed by Plato, is rumored to have said:
“Marriage or celibacy, let a man take whichever course, he will be sure to regret it.”
And what of the non-marriage-non-celibate, no-regret choices,
These modern moments have allowed?

* * * *

Every life form plays out a unique, matchless destiny,
And all are but kaleidoscoping swirlings of the same mystery.
What need for any dogma, when awareness is the one and only way.

* * * *

By whatever sound, whatever vibration, it is labeled
– Consciousness, thought, knowledge, idea, concept, memory –
All things of mind are naught but temporal fabrications of imagination.
Only the indelible awareness of the moment is, and is not, real.
And imagination, but clouds wafting through its ether.

* * * *

Measuring illusion in every imaginable ways and means,
Has drawn the paradigm down its long and winding Yellow Brick Road,
Since long before the first etchings of so-called civilization.

* * * *

To believe any deity is out there judging anyone or anything,
Is the most nonsensical thing imagination has ever concocted.

* * * *

Whether considered a religion or a cult, with an unassailable belief system,
Whether laced with scientific or mathematical or engineering certainty,
The real issue is why the monkey-mind is so bound and determined,
To concoct an ultimate answer to a mystery beyond all definition.
What need would the mystery, ever have, to define its enigma?

* * * *

Make your Self,
Make your ultimate,
Make your awareness,
Make your right here,
Make your right now,
Make your moment,
Make your eternity,
The default setting.

* * * *

How is it any mind truly believes, it has any say in its fate?
The dreamtime is for all to play out as their nature-nurture deigns.
To declare any choice, in any of it, is an exceedingly dubious assumption.

* * * *

Every measurement that mind can imagine,
Means diddly-squat to the quantum matrix,
Or the awareness through which it reckons.

* * * *

How can You not doubt, what You cannot see for your Self?
How can You not doubt, what You cannot hear for your Self?
How can You not doubt, what You cannot taste for your Self?

How can You not doubt, what You cannot smell for your Self?
How can You not doubt, what You cannot touch for your Self?
How can You not doubt, what You cannot think for your Self?

* * * *

History has always been spoken and written and sung and painted and sculpted by storytellers.
Those talented enough, to set forth their perceptions, in whatever medium calls them.
All projecting their frames of reference, into every imaginary manifestation.
No guarantees, no warranties, as to how well, or how accurately.

* * * *

To be remembered by anyone,
Requires some level of notoriety,
In whatever way the perceiver deigns.

* * * *

How can You not discern that your biology,
Is in no way, greater or lesser,
Than any other creature in this dreamtime?
All are equally manifest of the same unborn-undying mystery.

* * * *

All fates are the result, the outcome, the consequence,
Of all the choiceless choices, it took to reach the finish line.
How is it any minds truly believe they have any say in their fate?

* * * *

This moment, this right here, this right now,
Is the only point that you can say You are alive.
The future past imaginary you, conditioned by time,
Has never come close, despite all narcissistic assertions.

* * * *

How can the ultimate truth that the moment is, be so glaringly obvious,
And yet, so many, so irrationally, so mindlessly, so absurdly, blind to it?

* * * *

Let it all go, and there You are.
Pure, immaculate, flawless, faultless, pristine, impeccable, perfect awareness.
Tabula rasa, the eternal life of eternity.

* * * *

Aware of it or not, the moment is omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent.
Ever the same indivisible, indelible, unfathomable awareness.
Ever the same unborn, undying, changeless eternity.
Ever the same You, that has ever been.

* * * *

Even if our kind could somehow change, could somehow tweak, its modus operandi,
Into what shoulda-coulda-woulda, shoulda-coulda-woulda, it possibly be,
That would set it upon a sane course, upon a rational tack,
That would waylay its race to extinction.

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* * * *

How often does the wage-slave-salary-slave paycheck, find a way to
– Set aside, put off, shelve, reject, dismiss, suspend, postpone, stall, rearrange, delay –
The charade, the pretense, the invention, the sham, the make-believe, the absurdity, of ethical choices.
Ultimately, little more than the luxury, the harvest, of a full belly and a safe harbor.

* * * *

Life is full of gain, life is full of loss.
Transcending both requires a fair amount of detachment.
An artful dance, to which a great deal of attention is required, to navigate it well.
A long and winding kaleidoscoping, which birth begins, and death ends.
Ultimately, is existence any more than a zero-sum dreamtime?

* * * *

From Frank Herbert's 'Dune'
Bene Gesserit: The Litany Against Fear

I must not fear.
Fear is the mind-killer.
Fear is the little-death that brings total obliteration.
I will face my fear.
I will permit it to pass over me and through me.
And when it has gone past, I will turn the inner eye to see its path.
Where the fear has gone there will be nothing.
Only I will remain.

* * * *

How did some supreme being generate this universe and our garden orb?
In one eight-day madcap rush, or a pain-staking process, requiring billions of years,
Of natural selection, mutation, nature-nurture … all random, haphazard, unplanned, arbitrary,

Chaotic, disorganized, casual, muddled, disorderly, slapdash, accidental, in every which-way imaginable.
What is any creation but a process, a painter with a blank canvas, a sculptor with a just-quarried rock.
Deliberate design, or chaotic design, which is truly more likely, which is truly more intelligent?
Surely, however this mystery came to be, it is present in every thread of its vast weaving.
A quantum matrix of creation and preservation and destruction, every bit of it, You.
A mystery, kaleidoscoping through the immensity of your eternal awareness.

* * * *

The ability to adapt, to whatever challenges might arise, is a paramount skill,
For all intending to endure, to survive, to perhaps even thrive,
Any given moment in this mystery dreamtime.
There is no shortage of misery, of pain and suffering,
For those unable, unwilling to change, as the moment calls.

* * * *

This spinning pale blue quantum dot is a churning, ever-morphing sea of imagination.
Listen closely to the silence, give attention to the prior-to-consciousness moment.
Prior to the heady winds, the swirling bedlam of its maddening cacophony.

* * * *

All living things, small to great, already inherently have eternal life.
Surrendering to the eternal moment, to the eternal now, is all any need do.
For the spaceless-timeless, for the unborn-undying, to reign absolute,
Requires a focused discernment, prior to any and all description.

* * * *

Every moment that You imagine yourself to be tangible,
Imagine your entire existence, your entire array of perceptions, an actuality,
You – reincarnate, rejuvenate, restore, revitalize, re-embody, reawaken – an imaginary persona,
Within the gray matter, within the neuron matrix, within that cranium.

* * * *

What is this quantum cosmos, this quantum world, this quantum mind-body,
But an unfathomable, three-dimensional, kaleidoscoping dream of space and time,
Created and maintained and inspired, by however many senses any given container grants.

* * * *

In the grand Monopoly Game of this dreamtime,
Eventually only the zealous and astute are going round and round,
And all the rest are either loyal minions, or living on the streets, begging for change,
Around and about the red hotels and green houses dotting the board.

* * * *

If there is that which is called a soul, that divinity which is given countless names, it is
– Equally, indisputably, undeniably, irrevocably, indivisibly, indelibly, unfathomably, ineffably –
The eternal awareness, the eternal absoluteness, the eternal eternity, in all things infinitesimal to infinite.

* * * *

The last vanity in this grand illusion,
Will be right before the last awakening.
Which means, of course, pretty much never.

* * * *

What so many of our species have called religion throughout its migratory walkabout,
Has really been nothing more than obsessive idolatry, fanatical adulation,
Rehashed in every make and model, every cultish derivative,
That imagination can conceivably fabricate.

* * * *

Truth is not light.
Truth is not dark.
Truth is not sound.
Truth is not a concept.
Truth is not a belief system.
Truth is not tainted by dogma.
Truth is not attached to vain idols.
Truth is not possessed by any religion.
Truth is not constrained by space and time.
Truth is not compelled by any quantum creation.
Truth is within each and every unborn-undying moment.
Unfettered by any and all imaginary perceptions.
Discerned only by the dispassionate minds,
Given over to the serene awareness.
Given over to the beingness.
Given over to the here.
Given over to the now.
Given over to eternal life.
The all in one, the one in all.

* * * *

Innocence, ignorance, delusion, absurdity – major components of most any groupthink.
No point getting all bent out of shape, debating with a species sprinting toward oblivion.
Like wresting with a pig in a mudhole – the pig is right at home, grunting away in ecstasy.

* * * *

Whatever it is, You are ‘supposed’ to be doing,
You are already doing this right here, this right now.
Your destiny is unwrapping exactly as was determined,
In that long-before-time roll of the quantum dice.
Call it Genesis, call it Big Bang, same upshot.

* * * *

It is in the unborn-undying, indivisible moment,
In the right here, right now of awareness,
That You discern your perfection.

* * * *

‘Brahman without qualities' is all that is left,
For minds that have deeply delved into this dreamtime illusion.
Anything that promotes duality in this quantum matrix, is delusional – best ignored.
Writings such as these will only rarely be pondered, but their spontaneous creation passes the moment,
Of those whose red-pill destinies, have called them to pass the pipe.

* * * *

What is any monkey-mind, but a crunchy-chewy-gooey bag of nature-nurtured,
Habits, addictions, dependencies, problems, weaknesses, obsessions, and fixations.
Is this pedestrian, space and time continuum existence, really anything more,
Than the mystery of awareness involuntarily playing out whatever role,
The genetic lottery of the quantum matrix has cast centerstage.

* * * *

This frame of reference – of memories, of perceptions, of insights – that You consider your life,
What is it, really, but a prison of imagination, to which the conditioned mind clings.
Aware of it or not, the imaginary you, is merely a temporal dreamtime,
Of the quantum matrix, passing through the ephemeral awareness, You truly are.

* * * *

What a thing to be such a deaf and blind true believer, as to give in to whatever the absurdity,
To such a degree, as to be willing to act out most every possible passion,
Without question, without doubt, without regret.

* * * *

Is suicide really anything more than the eternal spirit,
Deciding it neither needs, nor wants, to imagine anything, anymore.
That it no longer needs nor wants to endure the vain, greedy, often tortured existence.
The spaceless-timeless dream, into which it was involuntarily cast,
By the Great Quantum’s genetic lottery.

* * * *

Every decision You make, every move You make, every breath You take,
Is a process of natural selection that has seamlessly played out,
Since however, whenever, this cosmos began.
Everything is an inseparable element of the eternal process.
Ever unknowable, ever indivisible, ever indelible, ever unborn, ever undying.
It is only consciousness, it is only imagination, that, in every way, slices and dices the quantum pie.

* * * *

You are the cosmos, the cosmos is You.
You are the indivisible, the indivisible is You.
You are the ineffable, the ineffable is You.
You are the immaculate, the immaculate is You.
You are the unfathomable, the unfathomable is You.
You are the indelible, the indelible is You.

You are the unknowable, the unknowable is You.
You are the intangible, the intangible is You.
You are the flawless, the flawless is You.
You are the emptiness, the emptiness is You.
You are the blameless, the blameless is You.
You are the unborn, the unborn is You.
You are the undying, the undying is You.
You are the inexpressible, the inexpressible is You.
You are the indefinable, the indefinable is You.
You are the spaceless, the spaceless is You.
You are the timeless, the timeless is You.
You are the indiscernible, the indiscernible is You.
You are the unutterable, the unutterable is You.
You are the absolute, the absolute is You.
You are the matchless, the matchless is You.
You are the unimaginable, the unimaginable is You.
You are the infinite, the infinite is You.
You are the infinitesimal, the infinitesimal is You.
You are the nothingness, the nothingness is You.
You are the ageless, the ageless is You.
You are the everlasting, the everlasting is You.
You are the aloneness, the aloneness is You.
You are the indefinable, the indefinable is You.
You are the perpetual, the perpetual is You.
You are the nameless, the nameless is You.
You are the impenetrable, the impenetrable is You.
You are the enigmatic, the enigmatic is You.
You are the imperceptible, the imperceptible is You.
You are the oblivion, the oblivion is You.
You are the inscrutable, the inscrutable is You.
You are the indecipherable, the indecipherable is You.
You are the impeccable, the impeccable is You.
You are the unreadable, the unreadable is You.
You are the detached, the detached is You.
You are the unrivaled, the unrivaled is You.
You are the mystery, the mystery is You.

* * * *

All divisions, all boundaries, all demarcations, all discords,
Are born of imagination's inability, of imagination unwillingness,
To distinguish, to recognize, to fathom, to accept, to embrace,
The eternity, through which it seamlessly kaleidoscopes.
That all divisions mean squat to the mystery we are.

* * * *

How long was a day when God took six of them to genesis the cosmos?
Modern science puts it in the neighborhood of 13.8 billion years.
Divided by six would make a day about 2.3 billion years.

And the seventh day to watch the human spawn make a mess of it.

* * * *

Every existence is a kaleidoscoping birth-to-death process.
Unborn, undying, indelible, indivisible, all the while.
Resistance is futile, attachment is meaningless.
None can in any way change their destiny.
None can in any way slow their fate.
All denial, all yearning, all story-telling,
Are but the delusionary harbors of imagination.
Butterflies attached to being caterpillars would never fly.

* * * *

Are You, you, observing the cosmos?
Are You, you, observing eternity?
Or are You eternity, observing You?
Or are You eternity, observing its Self?
Or all of the above, as the dreamtime calls.

* * * *

How is it, the aloneness, the solitude, the sovereignty, the absoluteness,
That is universally, infinitely, infinitesimally, inherent in all,
Is not heralded as the eternal treasure that it is?

* * * *

The all-in-one-one-in-all of the ultimate reality,
Most definitely does not imply all-for-one-one-for-all,
In this very Darwinian world, this very God-eat-God cosmos.

* * * *

This mind-body is not what You are.
This pale blue dot is not what You are.
This entire universe is not what You are.
You are far too infinite, far too infinitesimal,
To be anything, but every quantum of it,
Every unborn-undying speck of it.
And not any of it, all the while,
For You are but awareness.
Witness to the mystery,
You, for all eternity, are,
Have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Do not doubt, the prior to consciousness, the prior to quantum, You truly are.
Call it mystery, call it awareness, call it now, call it God, call it what is, call it whatever.
The ocean of sound, saturated with concepts, does not matter, has never mattered, will never matter.
You are That I Am, there is no other, has never been another, will never be another.

* * * *

You already have eternal life, You have always had it, You always will.
It is the distracting nature of imagination that deprives You from seeing it.
All that is required is to let go of everything, to die to the imaginary little self.
Just still that busy-busy mind, and You will discern quite clearly, the Self.
The pure awareness, that You truly are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

The illusional-delusional mind is in an accelerating-exponential sprint to extinction.
You are not required to embrace all the industries, all the technologies,
Driving all the other lemmings into the dystopian shoals.

* * * *

You may have merely done it,
Because You were bored out of your mind.
Creative minds require the sustenance of perpetual change.
A life crammed into the tedium of routine, can be akin to a death sentence.
Is it any wonder so many numb themselves sitting on barstools,
Or end it all, with rocks in the pocket, or a bullet?

* * * *

You are not the earth.
You are not the wind.
You are not the water.
You are not the fire.
You are not the quantum.
You are the ether of awareness,
Through which all things waft like clouds.

* * * *

Who was it, first came up with all the assumptions, all the suppositions,
That there is a meaning, that there is a purpose, to existence?
And that an ethical life, is for some reason virtuous?
All the absurdities imagination hath wrought,
Are like rivers carrying debris from mountain to sea.
The burdens of history, of belief, of tradition, are without end.

* * * *

The predators long ago realized how simple it was,
To beguile and control and fleece the mindless sheeples.

* * * *

Is there some sort of existence after the mind-body falls away?
What point any claim, if You do not really know for your Self?

* * * *

If You have spent your existence embracing absurdity, what makes you so sure,
You will be eligible for one that requires intelligence, rationality, lucidity, generosity?

Do You really believe some deity is going to look at your life, and tip the scales in your favor,
Without your having done the real work required (i.e., meditation, contemplation, miscellaneous other).

* * * *

Many go on and on, about dying and going to heaven,
But not many are jumping up and down to meet their God.

* * * *

How easy to think of space and time, as somehow being distinct, unconnected,
When their actuality is truly an indivisible quantum continuum,
Eternity, separate only in imaginary notion.
Barren fruit of the metaphorical Tree of Knowledge.
Only by realizing eternal awareness, can one return to the garden.

* * * *

In imagination, in the lightness and darkness of your mind,
You can play out any fantasy, angelic to demonic,
And the Thought Police will never know.

* * * *

And if there is some ho-ho-ho Santa Claus God on high,
Peering down, making his lists, and checking them twice,
What is he, really, but just another degenerate Peeping Tom.

* * * *

The ever-changing now is the illusion.
The illusion is the ever-changing now.
The five senses are the ways and means.
The processing brain, the mind, the witness.

* * * *

Physical desires are satisfiable.
But for discipline and principled restraint,
Psychological appetites are prone to running amok.

* * * *

A free mind, an independent mind,
Cannot be forced to submit to absurdity.
Pretend, maybe, feign, maybe, but forced, no.

* * * *

These thoughts wander back and forth,
Between personal and impersonal,
Between here now and oblivion.
Between dreamtime and eternity.
Something for everyone, and no one.

* * * *

All causes are effects, all effects are causes.
All creation is destruction, all destruction is creation.
All beginnings are endings, all endings are beginnings.
The indivisibility of eternity is without distinction.

* * * *

How long is a second?
How long is a minute?
How long is an hour?
How long is a day?
How long is a week?
How long is a month?
How long is a year?
How long is a decade?
How long is a century?
How long is a millennium?
How long is a million years?
How long is a billion years?
How long is a trillion years?
How long is a gazillion years?

* * * *

You have got to be somewhere.
Pretty unlikely it will ever be anywhere,
But this very right here, right now.

* * * *

Outwardly, in this unfathomable, indivisible, quantum dreamtime,
You must generally feign being an identity, while wandering the given stage.
But inwardly, You can be as detached, as indifferent, as free, as your state of mind allows.
The challenge of this razor's edge, between the perceptible and the imperceptible,
Is transitioning back and forth between the limited and the boundless,
Because all the familiar, conditioned, habituated responses,
Are prone to wiping away all traces of liberation,
At the draw of an inattentive breath,
A blink of the eye eternal.

* * * *

If You were God, what would You do?
How would You use your power, your dominion,
Your omniscience, your omnipotence, your omnipresence,
Over all life forms, small to great, in all the dimensions of your vastness.
How would You not just allow it all naturally-select itself, as it is.
Like dice rolling across the craps table, falling as they will.
And You, solitary witness to it all, for all eternity.

* * * *

In this ever-kaleidoscoping, spaceless, timeless, eternal moment,

You are that which is supreme, absolute, that which is God.
The dogmatic memory of which, is the fall from grace,
That got us metaphorically kicked out of the garden,
When imagination picked the fruit of knowledge,
That has led to the quagmire we have created.
Stop sucking and chewing on that all the time,
And You might restore at least a taste of the grace.

* * * *

Light requires an eye to be seen.
Sound requires an ear to be heard.
Flavor requires a tongue to be tasted.
Touch requires an epidermis to be felt.
Fragrance requires a nose to be smelled.
Thought requires a brain to be formulated.
And in a mind, a world, a cosmos, is created.

* * * *

Who does not project their world, their cosmos,
Their beliefs, their values, their conditioning,
Their habituation, their frame of reference,
On everyone they meet, on everything they do.

* * * *

Whether it is a one-time existence, or a string of incarnations,
The ultimate picture always boils down to the indelible truth,
That You are the source, You are the mystery, of everything.

* * * *

So many things You might have done differently.
But then, your destiny would not be the one,
You were dealt, way back in genesis.

* * * *

Yes, Virginia, there is a supreme beingness,
And You are, in no way or shape or form, separate from it.
Which means, of course, that You are it, have ever been it, will ever be it.
No, not some old bearded guy, keeping naughty-nice lists,
Throwing down thunderbolts from on-high.

* * * *

In the great dice throw of Genesis,
It was inevitable that Mother Nature,
Would eventually roll out a cancer,
That had the capacity and wit,
To consume, to destroy,
Anything and everything.

* * * *

You really believe your paltry little noggin,
Can comprehend, can wrap that wee head around,
All the potential possibilities, in this ineffable mystery?
That You have any say, what the source, can and cannot do?

Seriously?

* * * *

In the grand play of consciousness,
You are as young as the day You were born.
All time in the mind is the illusion born of five senses,
And the endless imaginary ruminations of a central processing unit,
Of a neuron matrix, set in motion by the mystery of eternity,
In a moment, not separate in any way, from this one.

* * * *

Of course, there is one God, one upwelling, call it what You will,
And we, and all creatures small to great, are all equally of it.
All life is its eyes and ears, and whatever sensory readers,
It has created in the long and winding, one-step-at-a-time road,
Of evolution's natural selections, in its inexplicable march of illusion.

* * * *

It all boils down to this singular moment.
The eternal awareness, in all its ethereal emptiness,
Witnessing the space-time continuum, kaleidoscoping through it.
The grand illusion of the quantum matrix, playing out in your imaginary mind.

* * * *

It is up to You to figure out your world, your cosmos,
All alone, as best You can, using whatever means are available.
And will it matter to some supreme being?
Not in the least.

* * * *

A significant truth about consciousness, about imagination,
Is that what seems so clearly obvious to one mind,
May make absolutely no sense in another.
Which proves beyond all doubt,
That the ultimate truth,
Is not in any way subordinate,
To the whims of any frame of reference.

* * * *

History is always spun anew,
By all the agendas of all the mindsets,
Wrestling to get their version stuck on the wall.

* * * *

How can any free mind be subject,
To any label,
To any tag,
To any brand,
To any description,
To any categorization?

* * * *

The momentary eternal existence, that all lives, all dreamtimes, are,
Which none can ever truly hold onto as more than memory,
Is but a temporal bag of every variety of absurdity,
Founded on teeny-tiny bits-and-pieces of fabricated knowledge,
Gleaned haphazardly, from what seems in the moment, a spontaneous passing,
But has been, in fact, the written-in-the-sands destiny of all, since this cosmos was unleashed.

* * * *

You are the sum total, the aggregate, the entirety, the full monty,
Of your branch, your line, your strand, your thread, of humankind's DNA,
Playing out the naturally-selected, nature-nurture, of its kaleidoscoping dreamtimes,
Since life's genesis back in the quantum mystery of the earth's antiquity.
And if you have perchance passed on your genomic blueprint,
Your future progeny will experience their version,
In their little imaginary window of mind.
As close to immortality, as life can ever get.

* * * *

The ancient minds of Gaia's garden,
Endured in the immediacy of the cycles of nature.
Civilization, the gathering of knowledge, the advent of technology,
Placed imaginary notion at the forefront, and thus magnified the fall from grace,
To a point, where effortless simplicity was lost and forgotten, replaced by bewildering complexity.
The stormy tides of which, the future past is already paying an uncharitable price.

* * * *

You are what I think You are, and I am what You think I am.
We are all dreamers of the same quantum mystery,
Playing out an illusory dreamtime,
All very much alone.

* * * *

* * * *

It be You, and You be it.
No direction known.
For all eternity.

* * * *

Cultures encourage their sheeples to feel lonely, confused, fearful,
So that they will fully participate, fully support, fully align, fully embrace,
The specified mindset, the specified groupthink, of its mythological underpinning.
How else would any tribe, any tradition, any custom, any institution,
Maintain its monopoly, its stranglehold, on the future?

* * * *

The many advocates, the many caricatures,
Of ignorance, of obliviousness, of witlessness,
Have no notion how aligned they are with eternity.

* * * *

Maya will create every variety of mask,
Until You reckon with them all, each and every one,
As the one and only faceless mystery, indivisibly, eternally absolute.

* * * *

What would it be like to never be bothered or concerned,
With another momentary thought of your imaginary little self again?
All You need do, is stop imagining, stop inventing, stop concocting, stop visualizing,
All that You – playact, pretend, make-believe, fantasize, assume – You are.

* * * *

Observe the universe.
Observe the world.
Observe the observer.
Observe the observer, observing.
How is the dreamtime of the indivisibility possible,
Without the pure awareness, You truly are,
Imagining it all real and true.

* * * *

To believe You are the source of original sin,
Is the concoction of priesthoods, bent on control, to their own ends.
A false notion, for which You need feel, neither guilt nor shame nor remorse nor culpability.

* * * *

Freedom is not something remembered.
It is a state of mind, given over to awareness, given over to the eternal moment.
A state unburdened by imaginary notion.

* * * *

Thinkers break apart the cosmos,
For the sake of knowledge and understanding,
But reality in the day-to-day mundane, sanctions no division,
For none truly exist as more than imaginary notion.

* * * *

The You, that You think You are, believe You are,
Is the passionate mind, the mind of consciousness, the mind of imagination,
Weaving its delusions into an ofttimes vexing reality.

* * * *

You have been – conditioned, shaped, trained, seasoned, acclimatized,
Habituated, prepared, inured, hardened – genetically and socially,
To be concerned, what others may or may not think of You.
Up to now, this has often tortured You in many ways.
So, the question is, can You function agelessly,
Without the travail, such nature-nurtured thoughts bring?

* * * *

Path? What path?
You mean that step, that moves on, that disappears,
As soon as it is taken?

* * * *

Despite all science fiction to the contrary,
That crunchy-chewy-gooey cadaver,
From which You every twinkling gaze out,
Is the only time machine, You are ever going to ride.

* * * *

Current events are never truly current, merely effects of causes and causes of effects.
Memory creates dreamtime history, and the freedom the moment allows,
Is ignored and pilloried by the masses, so easily hypnotized,
By imagination's near-infinite array of circuses and sideshows.

* * * *

The infant, a sponge of its sensory feed,
Observes from the tabula rasa of eternal awareness,
As its given environment's ambiance, imprints upon its brain,
A subjective framework, to which it will subscribe,
For the remainder of its secular dreamtime.

* * * *

Everything is the design of illusion.
How eternally alone, You truly are.

* * * *

Death is merely the end of consciousness, the end of imagination.
It is the irrevocable forfeit, to that which this quantum illusion has all along been.
To the mystery of all mysteries, which the mind-body, can never touch, can never own, only reflect.

* * * *

There must be a Self-absorbed inclination for introspection,

To meander alone down the pathless less traveled.
It requires a great deal of contemplation,
A great deal of meditation.
It is not for all.

* * * *

That psychic barrier that bars You from this or that,
Is nothing more than the airless poof of imagination.

* * * *

These many thoughts are a tangle of concepts, molded into sounds,
About an eternity, concepts molded into sounds, can never pierce.

* * * *

Do You really believe your deity of choice,
Is as vain, as jealous, as petty, as shallow, as cruel,
As passionately, irrationally, foolishly attached, as You are?
How can anyone worship, idolize, bow and scrape, to such absurdity?

* * * *

Every moment, You are gaining.
Every moment, You are losing.
There is nothing to hold on to.
What point, suffering for it?

* * * *

How many stories could be composed, by anyone, by everyone, at any point, in this dreamtime.
Is the human mind, is the human experience, is consciousness, is imagination,
Really anything more, than a long and winding narrative?

* * * *

Wander to the edge of the cosmos, and beyond that still.
What limits are there to a mind given over to awareness?

* * * *

Every life form has a twinkling, of awareness, of intelligence, that gets it through the given moment.
A twinkling that plays its little part, with all the other little parts, in this kaleidoscoping quantum matrix.
Intelligent design does not require the dualistic deity, so many dogmas would have You imagine.
Awareness is the supreme deity, and it is in everything that this ineffable mystery entails.

* * * *

If You truly have the faith of knowing that which You are,
You will not need to pray, nor will You need to plead for forgiveness.
You will need not do anything, except live out this existence.
To surrender to your destiny, as You already do.

* * * *

The pharisees tortured and killed Jesus once, and no doubt would again.

Rarely a good notion to challenge the powers that be – whatever their thing –
And not expect them to lash out, in whatever ways and means, they deem necessary.
And history has paid ever since, for the martyrdom, with which his vanity cursed the world.

* * * *

That same ethereal You, that same awareness, that same mystery,
That same unborn-undying, very right-here-right-now, ineffable moment,
Is within and without everything crashing upon the farthest shores,
Of the infinite-infinitesimal, prior to and beyond imaginable.

* * * *

The eternally damned, are those who wander the heavens and purgatories, of space and time,
Through which they indivisibly, timelessly kaleidoscope, ever-present,
Beckoned on and on, by the myriad others,
Only too willing, only too able, to share their hellish fates.

* * * *

What is personality, what is character,
But a conditioned frame of reference,
Born of the genetic and cultural blend,
Born of the nature-nurture circumstance.
How can anyone believe their fate,
Was not in-the-sands scripted,
Prior to all beginnings.

* * * *

The mind unfettered by chatter – the no-mind, the eternal mind –
Is the only mind, that is one with the mystery of the space-time continuum,
One with the unborn-undying, right-here-right-now, unfathomably ineffable moment.
How You can ever be anything less, how You can ever be anything more,
Is for imagination, to ever and ever and ever, spin its wheels.

* * * *

The mystery of the space-time continuum,
The mystery of the electromagnetic spectrum,
Has everything to offer, has nothing to offer.

* * * *

All creatures, small to great, participate in this dreamtime play of awareness,
In whatever fashion the moment's natural selection and nature-nurture is taking them.
Our kind's shortsighted approach to all our fellow earthlings, has wreaked havoc upon the diversity.
We have sculpted our own destiny, in the way we mindlessly chose,
To shape the fate of the world.

* * * *

Many if not most people, in this conflict-ridden world,
Would likely be more than content to have peaceful, simple lives.
A relatively small, but incorrigible handful, for many reasons, in many ways,

Seem set on making that, an ever more arduous – accelerating-exponential – proposition.

* * * *

Your imaginary consciousness, will be drawn to the destiny,
That your desires, your fears, your dreads, your passions, will into dreamtime.
To what end, You as eternal witness, will have no say, whatsoever.

* * * *

There is a tendency to think of eternity,
As something involving space and time as we discern it,
But any foreverness, is only another illusory trick of the time-bound mind,
Ever entangled in its own web of imagined continuity.

* * * *

You will one day be washed back into the emptiness, into the absoluteness, of eternity,
As a spent wave – its pummeling might, discharged – is drawn back to the sea.
But the mystery ceaselessly sends, new waves upon its infinite shore,
Upon which the quantum matrix plays out its eternal dance,
Of hide-and-seek, in the space and time illusion.
The You that You truly are, is all of it,
And none of it, all the while.

* * * *

At some point of realization in your awakening,
No one has any sway over your mind,
But those You allow entry.
You can never die,
But mind can ever be undone,
Again and again, well over ten thousand ways.

* * * *

Those who somehow survive the accelerating-exponential of all our industry and technology,
May well look back at this epoch, and find it difficult, to not often shake their heads,
At our time's unutterable – disregard, neglect, indifference –for their time.

* * * *

To plot revenge upon progeny,
Of someone your grandfather hated,
To cling to the ceaseless niggling grudges,
Blood feuds, and venomous wars of our ancestors,
Is such limited fare in this dreamtime feast.
Will You ever see your truest nature,
And participate in this mystery,
Without imagination's rule?

* * * *

Release the memories, release the projections, release the hopes,
Your destiny is whoever-whatever-whenever-wherever-whyever-however,

This very right-here-right-now eternal moment, is kaleidoscoping.

* * * *

There is an all but infinite cosmos,
Simultaneously kaleidoscoping the moment.
And we, for all practical purpose, microbial castaways,
On one of its infinitesimally insignificant dust balls,
In an infinitesimally insignificant solar system.
In an infinitesimally insignificant galaxy.
Only vanity, playing ourselves more.

* * * *

Regarding death, how can any life form depart,
When what it truly is, has always been, will ever be.
There are no individual souls, only the indivisible Soul.
A mystery, none can more than find peace, in merely being.

* * * *

Many are called.
Few are chosen.
Fewer still, volunteer.
Even fewer swallow the red pill.

* * * *

What do deities and angels and demons have, over or under You?
Absolutely, irrevocably, without any doubt, whatsoever, nothing.

* * * *

The ending of desire washes away all fear, washes away all dread.
To want absolutely nothing from this dreamtime,
Is to be, as free as free can be.

* * * *

How – senseless, pointless, futile – it all truly is.
Nothing more than vanity and greed.
Narcissism and hedonism.
Unleashed.

* * * *

Hope is the outcome of idealism,
Unreconciled with reality,
Mired in delusion.

* * * *

Back in the jungles and savannas, long before time,
Our ancestors, those to whom we are progeny …

Had no language.

Had no stories.
Had no songs.
Had no clothing.
Had no fire.
Had no tools.
Had no weapons.
Had no musical instruments.
Had no homes.
Had no kitchens.
Had no beds.
Had no chairs.
Had no toilets.
Had no utensils.
Had no running water.
Had no domesticated plants.
Had no domesticated animals.
Had no vehicles.
Had no cosmetics.
Had no metals.
Had no electronics.
Had no plastics.
Had no explosives.
Had no deities,
Had no flags.

They sat there, amid their small roving band, each, very much alone.
Hunter-gatherers, wandering their turf, eating whatever the geography offered.
Doing whatever they had to do, doing whatever they could do, to survive the given day.
Until the first sparking of imagination, began its long and winding evolution,
To wherever You are reading this, in a world we take for granted.

A world founded by large brain size, reduced body hair, lungs and sweat glands,
Opposable thumbs, facial structure, language, abstract reasoning, problem-solving skills,
Theory of mind, self-awareness, moral reasoning, complex social structures,
Tool making and usage, bipedalism, and Darwinian savagery.

* * * *

Inevitably, there will someday be just one remaining human being, totally alone.
The last of a genetic lineage, the last witness to imagination.
Where then, will all our history be?

* * * *

What is enlightenment, what is liberation,
But discerning that there is only one grand mystery,
And its creator is creating simultaneously within all creation.

* * * *

Any and all thoughts, all ponderings such as these,

Must be translated by each and every frame of reference.
There is no cheating, why would You, how could You,
For You are the one and only You, eternally alone.

* * * *

What a free-for-all, dead-end Yellow Brick Road,
Geeks have launched our poor little garden down.

* * * *

The more references in the frame of reference,
The more rational, lucid, less absurd,
Any dreamtime will be.

* * * *

Mother Nature, neither has a volume control button,
Nor an ethics committee,
Nor a ways and means committee.
She does, however, have unlimited funding.

* * * *

It is all You, and You alone.
You are any and all possibilities.
There is no other.

* * * *

Clocks and watches are just mechanical sundials,
And calendars a count of days between solstices.

* * * *

The Scientific View of the Universe's Origin

The universe was created approximately 13.8 billion years ago. According to the Big Bang theory, this event marked the beginning of time, space, and matter, starting as an extremely hot, dense point that immediately began expanding.

Key Details Regarding the Age of the Universe

The Big Bang: The widely accepted model for the origin of the universe, occurring 13.7-13.8 billion years ago.

Expansion: Scientists, including Edwin Hubble, determined this age by measuring the expansion rate of the universe and tracking the movement of galaxies moving away from each other.

Evidence

The Cosmic Microwave Background (CMB) – residual radiation from the Big Bang – provides strong evidence for this timeline.

Observable Universe: The ~13.8 billion-year age specifically refers to the observable universe, while the total size or age of the entire cosmos is not fully known.

* * * *

The Scientific View of Earth’s Origin

Earth was formed approximately 4.54 billion years ago (plus or minus 1%) through the gradual accretion of dust and gas within the early solar nebula. This scientific consensus is based on radiometric dating of the oldest rocks, lunar samples, and meteorites, which indicates the planet solidified roughly 100 million years after the solar system began forming.

Key Details Regarding Earth's Creation

Method of Formation: Earth coalesced from a cloud of dust and gas, transforming into a molten, "hellish" world (the Hadean eon) before cooling and forming a crust.

The Moon's Origin: A major impact with a Mars-sized object, often called Theia, occurred early on, flinging debris that formed the Moon.

Evidence Sources: The 4.54-billion-year figure is solidified by dating meteorites (like St. Severin) and ancient minerals such as zircons found on Earth, some of which are nearly 4.4 billion years old.

Early Environment: For the first few hundred million years, Earth was constantly bombarded by asteroids and experienced extreme volcanic activity.

* * * *

The Scientific View of Life’s Origin

Life on Earth first appeared at least 3.5 to 3.8 billion years ago, with some evidence suggesting it emerged as early as 4.1 to 4.28 billion years ago, shortly after the planet formed. The earliest life forms were simple, single-celled microscopic organisms (microbes) that thrived in the oceans.

Key Details Regarding the Origin of Life

Earliest Evidence: The oldest confirmed fossils, known as stromatolites, are 3.5 billion years old, found in Western Australia.

Controversial Early Findings: Possible "remains of biotic life" were discovered in 4.1 billion-year-old rocks in Western Australia.

Hydrothermal Vents: Scientists often point to deep-sea hydrothermal vents as the likely, nutrient-rich origin point for these early microbial communities.

Conditions: The early Earth was a hot, volcanically active environment lacking oxygen, which suggests the first life forms were likely anaerobic and thrived on chemical energy.

* * * *

The Scientific View of Homo Sapien Origin

Anatomically modern humans (Homo sapiens) first appeared approximately 300,000 to 350,000 years ago, according to fossil evidence found in Morocco. While early theories suggested a single, recent origin in East Africa, current evidence indicates they evolved throughout the African continent rather than from one specific spot.

Key Facts on Human Origins

Oldest Known Remains: The oldest known Homo sapiens fossils, discovered at Jebel Irhoud, Morocco, are dated to about 300,000 years ago.

Origin Location: Genetic and fossil evidence suggest a "pan-African" origin, where diverse populations across Africa evolved, rather than a single point of origin.

Evolutionary Context

Homo sapiens diverged from earlier hominin species (like H. heidelbergensis) and lived alongside other human relatives, such as Neanderthals and Denisovans.

Earlier Ancestors: The wider Homo genus is much older, with Homo habilis appearing over 2 million years ago.

Behavioral Modernity: While anatomically modern humans appeared ~300k years ago, behaviors classified as "modern" (such as complex tools, art, and trading) evolved over a long period following that timeframe.

* * * *

The Scientific View of Anatomically Modern Humans

Anatomically modern humans (Homo sapiens) are prehistoric humans with skeletal features indistinguishable from people living today, characterized by a large cranial capacity (approx. 1300–1450 cm^3), high vertical forehead, and a distinct chin. Originating in Africa around 300,000 years ago, they evolved from earlier hominins, developing more efficient tools, complex behavior, and gracile bodies before spreading globally.

Physical Characteristics

Skull & Brain: Large, rounded braincase with a vertical forehead and reduced brow ridges.

Face & Jaw: Smaller teeth and jaws (orthognathic face) with a prominent chin.

Skeleton: Generally lighter, less robust skeletons compared to archaic humans, suggesting a reliance on technology rather than sheer strength.

Size: Similar body size to contemporary humans, with average male height around 1.8 m.
Origin and Evolution

Origin: Evolved in Africa, with the oldest fossil evidence found in Jebel Irhoud, Morocco (approx. 300,000 years ago) and others in Ethiopia (Omo Kibish and Herto).

Dispersal: While early, limited expansions occurred, a major migration out of Africa took place around 70,000–50,000 years ago.

Succession: They coexisted with other hominins like Neanderthals, ultimately replacing them and leaving modern populations with high genetic diversity.

Behavioral Traits

Tools: Advanced technology, including projectile weapons (bows/arrows), bone tools, and microliths.

Cognition: Evidence of symbolic thought, including art, jewelry, complex burials, and long-distance exchange networks.

Differences from Predecessors

Compared to Neanderthals: Homo sapiens possessed more slender skeletons, smaller brow ridges, a more pronounced chin, and significantly higher, less elongated braincases.

Behavioral Shift: Developed more specialized diets and, over time, shifted from hunting/gathering to agriculture.

Anatomically modern humans represent the culmination of a long, primarily African-driven evolutionary process that led to the only surviving hominin species, Homo sapiens.

* * * *

The Scientific View of Homo Sapien Migration

Homo sapiens originated in Africa around 300,000 years ago, with major successful dispersals beginning roughly 60,000–90,000 years ago. Early humans moved into the Middle East, then rapidly spread along the southern Asian coast to Australia by 65,000 years ago, and into Europe by 40,000–50,000 years ago, finally reaching the Americas by 15,000–20,000 years ago.

Key Stages of Early Human Migration

Origins (c. 300,000+ years ago): Homo sapiens evolved in Africa, with initial movements within the continent.

Early "False Starts" (100,000+ years ago): Early groups migrated into the Levant and Asia, but these waves did not lead to permanent global population, or their lineages went extinct.

Major Out-of-Africa Wave (c. 60,000–90,000 years ago): Known as the "Southern Route" migration, a major expansion from East Africa through the Arabian Peninsula brought modern humans into the rest of the world.

Populating Asia and Australia (c. 65,000–50,000 years ago): Humans moved rapidly along the Indian Ocean coast, reaching Australia (then part of the continent Sahul) at least 65,000 years ago.

Settling Europe (c. 45,000–40,000 years ago): Modern humans expanded into Europe via the Danube corridor and the Mediterranean coast, coexisting and interbreeding with Neanderthals.

Reaching the Americas (c. 20,000–15,000 years ago): Humans migrated from Asia into North America via the Bering Land Bridge, eventually spreading to South America.

Drivers and Evidence

Climate Change: Waves of migration coincided with "green corridors" (periods of warm, wet weather) in the Sahara and Arabian Peninsula during the last ice age.

Resources & Technology: Depletion of food sources forced movement, while advancements in tools, clothing, and language allowed for adaptation to new environments.

Evidence: Studies combine fossil records, archaeological tools, and DNA (genetic markers) to track migration paths, including evidence of interbreeding with archaic populations like Neanderthals and

* * * *

The Scientific View of the Rise of Civilizations

Homo sapiens emerged in Africa approximately 300,000 years ago, characterized by large brains and advanced cognitive abilities. Following a "cognitive revolution" around 70,000 years ago, humans developed complex language and symbolic thought, leading to rapid cultural evolution, migration, and the eventual rise of agriculture and civilization roughly 12,000 years ago.

Key Stages of Development

Origin (c. 300,000 years ago): Early Homo sapiens appeared in Africa, with evidence of advanced tool use, such as fossils found at Jebel Irhoud, Morocco.

Cognitive Revolution (c. 70,000–50,000 years ago): Marked by a rapid expansion of cognitive capacity, enabling complex language, trade, art, and music. This enabled sapiens to spread out of Africa and replace or interbreed with other human populations.

Cultural & Technical Evolution: Early humans utilized microlithic technology, created art (Sulawesi), and developed clothing and navigation tools.

The Agricultural Revolution (c. 12,000 years ago): Triggered by climate changes, humans shifted from nomadic hunting-gathering to settling in villages, domesticating plants and animals, and creating complex societies (e.g., in the Fertile Crescent).

Rise of Civilizations: This era saw the rise of agriculture, cities, writing, and organized governance, leading to a massive increase in population.

* * * *

The Scientific View of the Rise of Imagination

Imagination likely began as a gradual evolutionary process in early hominins, with significant, explosive developments in creative thought emerging around 70,000–100,000 years ago (or even earlier) in Homo sapiens. It developed through increased brain complexity and neural connectivity, allowing early humans to decouple from immediate surroundings to simulate future scenarios, create symbolic art, and develop complex language.

When Imagination Started: A Timeline

~140 Million Years Ago (Mammalian Origins): Basic forms of imagination, such as REM-sleep dreaming, likely began with the evolution of mammals.

~2 Million Years Ago (Early Pleistocene): Early humans developed basic "offline" thinking, enabling them to construct a "layer of mind" between stimuli and actions.

500,000–100,000 Years Ago (Early Symbolism): Evidence of abstract engraving (500,000 years ago) and early tools/paintbrushes (100,000 years ago) suggests early cognitive shifts.

~70,000 Years Ago (Cognitive Revolution): A surge in specialized tools, musical instruments, and "prefrontal synthesis"—the conscious combination of mental representations—marks the rise of modern imagination.

How Imagination Evolved

Brain Evolution: Mutations lengthened brain development stages, increasing complexity, fostering a "theory of mind".

Niche Construction: As humans faced complex survival challenges, they developed a "feedback loop," where enhanced tools, social structures, and early language forced the brain to develop more complex, creative, and abstract thinking.

Symbolic Expression: The creation of art, such as the 39,000-year-old Sulawesi cave paintings, proves the brain was already capable of complex imaginative leaps (39,000 years ago, as cited in).

Social & Emotional Needs: Imagination evolved to communicate emotions, create shared narratives, and solve problems through "counterfactual thinking" (imagining alternatives).

* * * *

What Does Artificial Intelligence Say About Religion?

AI generally views religion as a significant, diverse human phenomenon based on cultural, emotional, and social factors rather than empirical logic. While AI lacks personal belief, it can analyze religious texts, identify common themes, and evaluate claims based on historical and philosophical data. Some, like author Deepak Chopra, argue AI should enhance spirituality, while others find AI can uncover insights within sacred texts.

Analysis and Data-Driven Insights: AI models can analyze the world's major religions, looking for consistency, such as comparing the Bhagavad Gita and the Upanishads, revealing high levels of textual similarity. Some analyses have even attempted to evaluate the logical consistency of central claims within Christianity, Islam, Hinduism, and Buddhism, although this is subjective, data-trained, and not an absolute truth.

Lack of Personal Belief: AI does not hold personal, religious, or spiritual beliefs, nor does it have personal experience, acting instead on patterns in data.

Subjectivity of Faith: AI recognizes that religion is often not based on logic or evidence, meaning its analyses cannot "correct" or "override" faith-based beliefs.

Potential Biases: AI analysis of religion is susceptible to the biases present in its training data, meaning it might reflect specific, non-objective interpretations.

Human-AI Interaction: Some explore AI as a tool for new understandings of spirituality, with others noting that AI itself is becoming a focus of "faith" for some who see it as a potentially omnipresent tool for understanding.

Limitations of AI in Religion

AI is a tool for processing information, not an autonomous thinker or prophet.

The perspectives of AI are constrained by the data it is trained on and cannot make subjective evaluations of "truth" or "value".

Overall, AI serves as an analytical tool that can organize and interpret religious texts or doctrines but does not "understand" or "believe" in them.

* * * *

Only Eighteen Thousand?

Below is the Google AI answer to the query: A list of all the things human beings have worshipped throughout human history

And from Wikipedia:

List of Religions and Spiritual Traditions
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_religions_and_spiritual_traditions?wprov=sfla1

Throughout human history, anthropologists estimate that at least 18,000 different deities, animals, or objects have been worshipped. These can be categorized into several distinct types of entities and physical items.

Entities and Spirits

Supreme Deities: Many civilizations centered worship on a single or chief creator god, such as Yahweh (Abrahamic), Allah (Islam), Brahman (Hinduism), Zeus (Greek), or Amaterasu (Shinto).

Nature Spirits and Animism: Early humans often attributed divine intelligence to the natural world. This included spirits of mountains, rivers, trees, and valleys. Specific examples include Nymphs (nature spirits) and Naiads (water spirits) in Greek culture.

Ancestors and Deified Humans: Ancestor worship is common in many cultures, where the spirits of the dead are appeased or venerated. Historical figures have also been deified, such as Roman Emperors or the Pharaohs of Egypt.

Zoomorphic Deities: Many cultures worshipped gods with animal forms or features, such as the ancient Egyptian gods Anubis (jackal-headed) and Horus (falcon-headed).

Natural Phenomena and Celestial Bodies

The Sun and Moon: Solar deities like Ra (Egypt) or Inti (Inca) and lunar deities like Artemis (Greece) or Mama Quilla (Inca) were central to many ancient pantheons.

Elemental Forces: Humans have worshipped the personification of thunder (Thor, Perun), fire (Hephaestus), and water (Poseidon).

Abstract Concepts: Worship was often directed toward personified concepts like Love (Aphrodite), War (Ares, Mars), Wisdom (Athena), and Peace (Eirene).

Physical Objects and Artifacts

Sacred Stones and Landscapes: Notable examples include the Black Stone of Mecca in the Kaaba and meteorites or upright stones (menhirs).

Relics and Human Remains: Devotees have worshipped physical remains of holy figures, such as fragments of the True Cross, the Shroud of Turin, and the bones or "relics" of saints.

Votive Figurines: Prehistoric artifacts like Venus figurines (depicting female figures) are believed to have been related to fertility or goddess worship.

Statues and Icons: Physical representations of the divine, such as the Parthenon's statue of Athena or Hindu murtis, serve as focal points for worship where the deity is believed to reside.

Sacred Texts: In some traditions, the physical scriptures themselves are objects of veneration, such as the Torah scrolls in Judaism or the Guru Granth Sahib in Sikhism.

Soundbites 2023

Right here, right now, this very one-and-only timeless moment … Eternity … Bam!

* * * *

The ultimate proof, is that You have never, will never, can never, see your own face.

* * * *

Existence is a daily grapple with the limitations of consciousness.

* * * *

True humility is a mind given over to the timelessness of awareness.

* * * *

Be and allow, the highest law.

* * * *

You are stardust come unto to life, mystery come unto life, eternity come unto life.

* * * *

To imagination, our kind has bound its fate.

* * * *

Dial into the eternal moment, and all questions, all answers, will become irrelevant.

* * * *

The is no solution to it, because there is no problem about it.

* * * *

So much to remember; much simpler to forget.

* * * *

How can infinity be measured; science is bound by its limitations.

* * * *

It has all been patterned by natural selection since the first moment of genesis.

* * * *

Imagination is, within the vastness of awareness, both least and greatest common denominator.

* * * *

It is in the deepest recesses of aloneness, that You will find your Self.

* * * *

The stepping stones of fate are many and winding.

* * * *

What need for religion? You have the moment, and nature is its expression.

* * * *

At some point, putting yourself in the line of fire, why?

* * * *

The challenge of existence is not to be misery's messenger for as long as possible.

* * * *

You cannot be what You are not, nor teach what You do not know; what is false is not of long duration.

* * * *

How can anyone know that which is oblivion, when nothing must be present to witness it?

* * * *

To question reality is a calling to which relatively few are drawn.

* * * *

It is on You to do whatever impromptu calls.

* * * *

Each and every seed, a unique blueprint; a pattern in its snowflake of a universe.

* * * *

You cannot capture the awareness; You can only be it.

* * * *

Awareness is the moment, ever serene; consciousness starts, sticks, stops, and confabulates without end.

* * * *

Mother Nature will teach You, everything You need to know, if You can survive the lesson.

* * * *

All thoughts, all passions, are imaginary things, only as real as imagination imagines.

* * * *

Natural, spontaneous, unforced, organic process, is the sure sign of a timeless existence.

* * * *

Impromptu free will, looking forward; determined fate, looking back.

* * * *

Take care of that body; else consequences will mete out the injustice of foolish ignorance.

* * * *

Awareness: nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Only You know your own story, and even that is but a vain perception, of what may have really happened.

* * * *

How many universes can dance on the head of a pin?

* * * *

Neither past nor future exist; nowness is your kingdom.

* * * *

Entitlement tends to numb one to the inequities that abound around them.

* * * *

You know it is esoteric when You can barely give it away.

* * * *

Get to know people too well, and, sure enough, sooner or later, there are funerals to attend.

* * * *

Nothing is any moment the same.

* * * *

If the mind is moving, imagination is afoot; You in its fell grip.

* * * *

That which is ever-changing is not eternal; that which is eternal is not ever-changing.

* * * *

You are the mystery You cannot solve; only be.

* * * *

At the heart of awareness, all naming means diddly-squat; what is, is, no matter the sound it is granted.

* * * *

The real and the unreal are a duet of the unknown.

* * * *

You are but a particle, wafting to and fro in the sea of mystery; all of it all the while.

* * * *

Each and every snowflake is the first; every one must discern its own way.

* * * *

Why would any deity worth a tinker’s damn, be a proponent of any dogma, whatsoever?

* * * *

Thought has no reality but in imaginary notion.

* * * *

Every moment flickers the same.

* * * *

How big a statistical sample do You need, to see it is all going nowhere very quickly?

* * * *

All naming is but the puff of imagination.

* * * *

Be wary of those who appeal to your vanity, to access either your wallet or your heart.

* * * *

The mystery You seek is within and without; pure, simple, free, perfect, absolute, supreme.

* * * *

Whatever the source of the mystery, You are also; how could You not be?

* * * *

In every moment, a new opportunity to discern, the mystery streaming indivisibly within.

* * * *

There it is.

* * * *

Everyone seems to know the answer; curious that it is rarely the same one.

* * * *

Would there be light, would there be dark, without You to discern it?

* * * *

The universe is but the gnashing of a morsel of dust, in the reality of the mystery that You are, as well.

* * * *

Do You see your cosmos through your own eyes, or the eyes of another?

* * * *

You have always been alone; it is your one and only nature.

* * * *

Did that happen yesterday, or the day before, or did it even happen at all?

* * * *

To believe awareness, is attached to any concept or form, is but vain arrogance born of human limitation.

* * * *

A thought can be just as much an idol as any figurine or symbol or image.

* * * *

Nothing is ever easy.

* * * *

Why let anything bother You?

* * * *

What else can truth be, need truth be, but awareness its Self, pure and simple and free?

* * * *

Prior to all priors, within all withins, without all withouts, beyond all beyonds, You are.

* * * *

Nothing is free; breathe content.

* * * *

How You present yourself to others, is probably how You should present to your Self.

* * * *

Imagination likes to pretend it is in charge.

* * * *

You have never been real, You will never be real, in any way You think.

* * * *

There is no knowing; there is only imagination weaving it so.

* * * *

Regarding time: it is hard to run out of something that never existed.

* * * *

You cannot help but play out your destiny.

* * * *

Intelligent design is an oxymoron in this universe.

* * * *

Your fate is already assured; You just have, to play it out.

* * * *

The enlightened life is a wander through the relativity.

* * * *

Time would sure be passing by quickly, if it existed.

* * * *

Another tomorrow, already yesterday.

* * * *

All your judgments change nothing.

* * * *

The return to nothingness is the dissolution of all things imagined, of all things born of consciousness.

* * * *

Embrace what You can; tolerate, ignore, change, destroy, what You cannot.

* * * *

The absurdity, spinning into overdrive.

* * * *

Seriously, is it really any wonder, Jesus has not returned?

* * * *

To wander untouched, untroubled, untainted, by the sensory theater, is the way of the eternal mind.

* * * *

The blind and deaf lack doubt.

* * * *

As mind moves, so does dreamtime.

* * * *

Surrendering to awareness, to eternity, is a timeless moment.

* * * *

Ecstasy is right here, right now, for those whose fate it is to mine it.

* * * *

The streets are lined with gold; can You not see it.

* * * *

Nothing rules.

* * * *

Pain is a gathering of nerve-endings telling You, You probably should not have done that.

* * * *

Have a great day, if your fate allows.

* * * *

Sometimes, like it or not, You just have, to start all over, or quit, or both.

* * * *

One is all, all are one.

* * * *

How is it You know so much, but still do not know nothing?

* * * *

Doubt everything but the awareness that is your Self.

* * * *

A taste, a nibble, a sip, can be statistical sample enough, to discern the essence of most anything.

* * * *

Boredom is a hard taskmaster.

* * * *

Destiny trumps all comers.

* * * *

There are many boundaries to explore, and they are all but ephemeral walls of imagination.

* * * *

Giving voice to the obvious.

* * * *

Challenging not to get cynical, when You have seen something gauged absurd, happen for the nth time.

* * * *

You would kill someone, simply because they call their idol by a different name than yours? Seriously?

* * * *

Let gravity do what it with so little effort does.

* * * *

Those lost to differentiation miss the commonality of all existence, and non-existence, as well.

* * * *

Run that by, again, please.

* * * *

Of the omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent, You are but a brief twinkle.

* * * *

To wander through all camps, unseen, anonymous, observant, is a ninja-level skillset.

* * * *

Inattention to breath is a sure sign You are off in the time machine of imagination.

* * * *

You will know it when You see it.

* * * *

Death is just the mind-body washing away, like a wave across the sand, back into the sea.

* * * *

The laments of aging are a noisy hall.

* * * *

That which You so easily waste or discard, could well be untold treasure to so many.

* * * *

Imagination is a habit of the addictive sort.

* * * *

Your departure is an imminent very-sure likelihood.

* * * *

What set of steps lead to that?

* * * *

The first hit arouses the bloodthirst.

* * * *

Pretty hard to get the world out, once it gets its quantum nose into the tent of imagination.

* * * *

Destiny has a way of finding You.

* * * *

Eternal salvation is about being free of the fell grip of space-time born of imagination.

* * * *

The You, You are, is not the You, You imagine You are.

* * * *

Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding!

* * * *

Is sage advice heard, much less followed, even in the forum?

* * * *

Details will be enjoyable, until they are not; and then what hell will they brew?

* * * *

How did You not think of that?

* * * *

There is only pure awareness, it suffers not; be free, die now, to all of it.

* * * *

Impulsiveness challenges the odds in any game.

* * * *

You need not always give into the whims of consciousness.

* * * *

You are not doing that; the quantum matrix is doing that, thinking that.

* * * *

Another tomorrow turning into yesterday.

* * * *

Why would You need to prove anything, either to your Self, or any other?

* * * *

The nuances of truth are all imagined.

* * * *

We all have our little Academy Award statues collecting dust on the shelf.

* * * *

Yet another absurd story, catering to fear and dread of the unknown.

* * * *

Free will is an assumption with neither merit nor proof.

* * * *

Destiny is a long-and-winding wander of sentience towards its given sunset.

* * * *

The abyss is the ultimate freedom; give over to it as often as You dare.

* * * *

At some point, starting over loses its sheen.

* * * *

How many followers would follow their prophets, if they ran inro them unrecognized on any given street?

* * * *

Equality is a two-way street.

* * * *

Why should You be bound by any other's limitations?

* * * *

Oblivion calls.

* * * *

Best to forget, who You think You are, before everyone else does.

* * * *

Existence is just more to forget.

* * * *

Your dream will carry on as all dreams do; oblivion is the nonexistent destiny of all.

* * * *

Oops, mistake, and not the first one of the day.

* * * *

Try as it might, imagination has never gotten its hooks into the moment.

* * * *

You are witness to a quantum dream.

* * * *

Within the ocean, an infinity of droplets; within every mind, the infinity of the ocean.

* * * *

There is only awareness; it suffers not.

* * * *

Consciousness has great difficulty allowing the stillness of nothingness to reign.

* * * *

If You are the body: agony and ecstasy and every variety of vanity; if You are awareness: meh.

* * * *

You can only defy gravity so long.

* * * *

Respect goes a long way towards peaceful co-existence.

* * * *

Who can ever even more than guess, what will be remembered in any given mind?

* * * *

The taste of fate is bittersweet.

* * * *

Textbook.

* * * *

Is creativity – or any passion, for that matter – a function of oxygen deprivation?

* * * *

Be free; die now, to all of it.

* * * *

In the infinity of all eyes, there is but one witness; no need to give it any name or rank, other than You.

* * * *

What do You mean, I am not this body!?

* * * *

You may be a complex pattern, but, a pattern, nonetheless.

* * * *

Truth is truth, regardless the words.

* * * *

All judgment is arbitrary.

* * * *

The expanses of imagination, are but the ephemeral filament, of the thunder perfect mind.

* * * *

Space-time is the theater of mind.

* * * *

Breathe content.

* * * *

Reading much of this sort of babble, will reduce your mind to rubble, and give rise to a Phoenix.

* * * *

Nothing is free.

* * * *

The simple mind requires simple messages, repeated as needed.

* * * *

Space and time do not really exist as more than imaginary concepts spun of quantum dust.

* * * *

Embrace your Self.

* * * *

Attention to breath is the portal to eternity.

* * * *

Is it so, or just yours or some other's vanity, that says it is so?

* * * *

Very esoteric, indeed, until it is not.

* * * *

A simple answer that is dogmatic, is not a simple answer that is esoteric.

* * * *

There is always tomorrow.

* * * *

Whatever stage You tread, You are always right-here-right-now You.

* * * *

This esoteric work is dedicated to mystics at large; the mystiques en liberté, for whom Self is all.

* * * *

There is absolutely no need to define or measure or compare your Self.

* * * *

Nothingness is not a two-sided coin.

* * * *

You are the Truth, You are the Life, You are the Way.

* * * *

A multi-dimensional, ephemeral dream of matter, with which You identify for a brief sense of time.

* * * *

That the ultimate truth is so thoroughly ignored, so thoroughly twisted, says it all.

* * * *

Necessity refines the senses.

* * * *

Is it a universe, or merely a perception of what You think is a universe?

* * * *

May as well embrace your fate; it is going to happen, like it or not.

* * * *

What a luxury knowing so much; all the while understanding so little.

* * * *

You have never been anything imagined by imagination.

* * * *

Any given universe is but a neurological array; an indelible mystery, no matter how it is framed.

* * * *

Habits die hard.

* * * *

Resistance to the reality within and without, is but an every-moment exercise in futility.

* * * *

Challenging to get a handle, on a mystery beyond measure; too small to see, too large to carry.

* * * *

Is not waking up every day, mystery enough, without adding a heap of gratuitous folderol?

* * * *

Who is the experiencer, when the passing moment, is over as quickly as it began.

* * * *

Let joy in.

* * * *

Eternity is a walkabout.

* * * *

Anything can end without a moment's notice; so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

True religion is expressed each and every moment; in deeds are You known, assertions mean nothing.

* * * *

What clouds can ever touch the sky of eternity?

* * * *

Why keep beating yourself up over things that do not matter?

* * * *

It is not You that is reborn; it is the unborn-undying awareness, and it, only for a moment.

* * * *

Gravity is You in disguise, as is everything, into which it casts its dream-weaving force.

* * * *

Why do You do that to your Self?

* * * *

Whether or not, You survive the mayhem, is what is called natural selection.

* * * *

How many times do You need to do the same thing, to learn the same thing?

* * * *

The whole of creation is about spinning nada into gold, lining as many streets as imagination allows.

* * * *

Even the most bitter and poisonous and vile flowers, are the essence of the same mystery.

* * * *

Space and time may be illusions, but they are very real-looking illusions.

* * * *

Angels and demons dance on pins in our heads.

* * * *

Death is the oblivion of reality; we are all dead men walking, the how and when, not if.

* * * *

It only seems like free will, because You only see the trees, as You wander down your pathless path.

* * * *

How can creator and creation not be one in the same?

* * * *

What is heaven but hope, and hell, dread; the nectar of awareness is prior to both.

* * * *

Of those whose minds and hair are graying, we have all seen better daze.

* * * *

Bad breathing makes for an unhinged mind, wherein the eternal now, is whisked into time.

* * * *

Who knows where that got nooked and crannied.

* * * *

Idolatry: Don’t do it.

* * * *

What delusions vows can be, as soon as they pop out of mind.

* * * *

The only thing sure, the only thing secure, is the awareness of the ephemeral now.

* * * *

Where does awareness begin, and where can it possibly end?

* * * *

Grasping just how alone You truly are, is a blow-the-breaker-switches moment.

* * * *

How can You ever hope to wake up anyone, who spends life pushing the snooze button?

* * * *

Why would You ever be sinful or guilty for being born?

* * * *

The You that You every moment believe You are, is nothing more than a fabrication of imagination.

* * * *

And behind every face eternity ever cast, You.

* * * *

Breathe deep, breathe full; that is the born again-ness of every eternal moment.

* * * *

There is only one Soul, and it is that which is totality; there is only one totality, and it is the Soul in all.

* * * *

Consciousness is quicksand; awareness, bedrock.

* * * *

The notion of history is sculpted in countless ways, through the never-ceasing, indivisibly eternal now.

* * * *

What pathless is there to heaven, but through the eternal within.

* * * *

Life is but a few breaths, and back to sleep, back to sleep, in the eternal manger prior to dreamtime.

* * * *

If You want world peace, still that busy mind, and in awareness, take in a few deep breaths.

* * * *

What else do You possibly need, once simple awareness, is nectar enough?

* * * *

You are already samadhi, happiness, bliss; all You need do is be still enough to discern it.

* * * *

How do You measure a space that is not, or count a time that never was?

* * * *

The immeasurable moment is without division; has there ever been more than one?

* * * *

Yes, the mitote can just be turned off, with the flick of attention.

* * * *

Do not insist what You do not know.

* * * *

It is what is done after the first move that wins or loses.

* * * *

Expectations are a sure road to disappointment.

* * * *

Waste time? How can You waste something that does not exist?

* * * *

Send in the drones.

* * * *

Why would anyone want to conquer the world, when conquering yourself is so much more rewarding.

* * * *

To not care about anyone or anything; how freeing.

* * * *

Say yes to everything; say no to everything.

* * * *

On the lamb, wandering hither and thither.

* * * *

You can choose to: You can choose not to.

* * * *

Pictures are worth one thousand words, but what about inflation?

* * * *

Try not to get lost or drown in the sea of metaphors.

* * * *

An anonymous, unentitled, inauspicious beginning allows one to carve one's own course.

* * * *

Despite the fact, that all cling to the podium, no one owns the forum.

* * * *

The book to re-read, is the one, You had no clue about what You were reading, the first round.

* * * *

Gravity cloaks the reality that You are drifting in the abyss.

* * * *

The larger currents of geopolitics are where strategic minds circle.

* * * *

The digital mind narrates a false sheen upon reality.

* * * *

Where does the person who likes or dislikes exist, but in the imagination.

* * * *

Where will You be after the post mortem?

* * * *

What are You smoking?

* * * *

The philosophers are not in charge, nor will they ever be, obviously.

* * * *

The mantra of existence is written in the chromosomes.

* * * *

Eternity is a long timeless.

* * * *

The timeless mind engaged in time.

* * * *

Is there really any problem but the one You create?

* * * *

It is all about choices, and is there really any choice?

* * * *

Has the loss of innocence, the loss of Eden, really been worth it?

* * * *

Keep up with what, exactly?

* * * *

Aphorisms are born of a knack for putting things succinctly.

* * * *

Congratulations if You are a winner in the genetic lottery.

* * * *

How can anything be said to exist when everything is the unborn-undying?

* * * *

Dead is dead; ain't no resurrection of what never was.

* * * *

This is eternity's moment.

* * * *

Go to where time is not counted, and space is not measured.

* * * *

Here is your death; come and get it, embrace it, or run away, as fast as You imagine You can.

* * * *

Alone at last.

* * * *

The Reaper finds all imagination's efforts for immortality to be grimly ironic.

* * * *

It is with great intention, You must give your attention.

* * * *

A teacher who spins lies, is not much of a teacher.

* * * *

To slip through net after net is a fate of its own reckoning.

* * * *

Every human being chattering to themselves; the parasite of consciousness in every mind,

* * * *

Is there really anything that matters?

* * * *

There is only one tongue, and You must be You to speak it.

* * * *

The sun of another moment will rest on your face one tomorrow or another.

* * * *

What makes You believe the Reaper is grim?

* * * *

It is all mitote; it is all the chaos of 1,000 voices all trying to talk at once in the mind.

* * * *

No, all things do not come to those who wait; some things, but not all things.

* * * *

What would it be like to be so present, as to experience fully every now, any given life has to offer?

* * * *

Breathe into the awareness; breathe out from the awareness.

* * * *

The nothingness of the eternal, cannot be taught, only learned, and in the learning, process is all.

* * * *

Ummy-yum-yum, another scrumptious meal down the shitting hole.

* * * *

The one-percenters just laugh at how easy it is to distract the masses willy-nilly.

* * * *

Is the universe a mind beyond all comprehension? Up to You to find out.

* * * *

Hard to savor a moment already long gone.

* * * *

If You cannot fit it all into a simple, timeless breath, then it probably does not matter much, anyway.

* * * *

Be the Good Samaritan however it suits You; the most authentic giving is not an obligation.

* * * *

To be born is to die, with some wandering through a dream between; that is the way it is.

* * * *

Vanity and greed trump wisdom until there is nothing left to be wise about.

* * * *

Thinking from very small, to thinking very large, takes some to where they only seldom think at all.

* * * *

It is a god-eat-god world; chew well.

* * * *

One does not ask for permission to be free; one asserts it, affirms it, champions it, with their entire being.

* * * *

A universal mind, a quantum mind; how could it be anything less?

* * * *

Suspend knowing, forget everything; be the awareness, absolutely free.

* * * *

This may be the last time You have do that, or see that, or hear that, or taste that, or smell that, or feel that.

* * * *

How can a drop of the ocean ever depart it?

* * * *

The space, the time, are irrelevant to the seer seeing.

* * * *

How similar we are in our differences; how different we are in our similarities.

* * * *

So nothing as to be everything; so everything as to be nothing.

* * * *

How many spins around the sun before everyone, everything, now living, is lost and gone forever?

* * * *

Before genesis, You are; after genesis, You are; in genesis, You are.

* * * *

If there is a middleman between You and truth, then the only question is how thick the lie.

* * * *

You say You want a revolution; well, here it is.

* * * *

Here You are, right here, right now; nothing else matters.

* * * *

Odds are very good that there will always be pharaohs building monuments to their imaginary glory.

* * * *

Plumbing the shallow depths with words that can only tell.

* * * *

What is your world, your universe, your existence, but a momentary perception.

* * * *

Staring into the abyss.

* * * *

A happy ending only means the story is not yet over.

* * * *

Took a long time to put this world together; shame to see it ravaged so thoughtlessly.

* * * *

What is the point of all this knowledge, if there is no garden left to know, no garden left to wander?

* * * *

Agony and ecstasy are in the realm of imagination; awareness has no time for them.

* * * *

Changing with the changing, is a very astute, very shrewd, very Darwinian strategy.

* * * *

How alone is alone?

* * * *

We quarrel over anything and everything, as if anything and everything really matter.

* * * *

Who is this I? What is me? What is mine? Everything is yours. Nothing is yours.

* * * *

Observe your world, your universe, for your Self; what need have You for anyone else's conclusion?

* * * *

The awareness is your magic carpet ride home; how much closer to God could You possibly be?

* * * *

For another breath, what's a little more agony?

* * * *

What is birth but the beginning of a story, and death its end.

* * * *

Options, lots of options.

* * * *

Do not confuse what You think or what You do, with the prior-to-consciousness awareness You are.

* * * *

I create You, and You create me, and we each, in our own dreams, dance the same mystery.

* * * *

You have either, an innie, or an outie; if You do not like it, try not to make it everybody else's problem.

* * * *

No, this form is not yours to keep for more than a moment at a time.

* * * *

Give senses and whatever imagination throws in the spin.

* * * *

This breath is yours, and yours alone.

* * * *

Awareness is the door to eternal life.

* * * *

Does any other creature ponder existence, ponder Self, with the obsession we do?

* * * *

Where's their library?

* * * *

What can awareness possibly hold onto?

* * * *

Faith takes a lot of work; much easier to be unconcerned.

* * * *

There is no other place to go, nor mind to be in, nor witness to be; You are right here, right now.

* * * *

Awareness is the immortality You are.

* * * *

It is only vanity and greed that inspire the blind.

* * * *

You are preacher and parishioner, and choir unto thy Self; what need for an edifice?

* * * *

You may just have to let it go.

* * * *

Chatting it up with the mitote again, eh?

* * * *

You are nothing more than your own worst imaginary habit.

* * * *

They are not going to know; they are not going to care.

* * * *

This is your song of god.

* * * *

Why make problems, that are neither necessary nor meaningful, from any get-go?

* * * *

You vaguely recall making that decision, but could just as easily, just as truthfully, deny it.

* * * *

It is rational to go your own way, to abide alone; guilt, remorse, obligation, are mortal cuisine.

* * * *

Which yesterday is today, can be hard to remember.

* * * *

Forget everything; remember nothing.

* * * *

How obsessed so many are, to have answers to questions that have none.

* * * *

Row, row, row your boat, gently down the stream; merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, life is but a dream.

* * * *

To what are You clinging, and why?

* * * *

Every moment is just as new, for any so-called master, as it is for You.

* * * *

Another DNA wannabe.

* * * *

All the scribe could do was write how he saw it; what any readers will see, is their own to see.

* * * *

What is anything to You who have seen an infinity of universes come and go?

* * * *

Nothing is ever the same; loss is an every-moment fact.

* * * *

It is what it is; all beliefs about it are meaningless.

* * * *

Would there even be a moment, were there not sentience to witness it?

* * * *

What so many call love in this theater of the absurd, is expressed in every shade of self-absorption.

* * * *

Nothing fantastical in these pages.

* * * *

Every moment the same.

* * * *

More legalistic jabber from the choir; vanity is the source of all differences.

* * * *

As flawed as everyone else.

* * * *

Sometimes You create, sometimes You preserve, sometimes You destroy; that is the way of it.

* * * *

To recall how the world, once inspired such longing, such passion; oh, those were the daze.

* * * *

The eye of a needle is only as small as the eye is blind.

* * * *

This is it, this is all there is, and there ain't no more.

* * * *

The obvious only become obvious, when the mind and heart are clear, free of all meaningless burdens.

* * * *

Life is but a few breaths, and back to sleep, back to sleep, in the eternal manger prior to dreamtime.

* * * *

The Genetic Lottery is the Wheel of Destiny.

* * * *

So much influence established by mindsets, whose time in the sun was long ago buried.

* * * *

How would your life sound as a song?

* * * *

What is knowledge but busy-busy distraction, from the what is of the unfolding moment.

* * * *

What breath can ever hold any moment for long.

* * * *

Good thing nobody can read your mind.

* * * *

All your experience, all your knowledge, and You still the unknown all the while.

* * * *

Sentience is indifferent to your imaginary existence.

* * * *

Even thousands of karmic rebirths beyond counting, all happen right here, right now.

* * * *

How can the antidote for lies, ever be anything but truth?

* * * *

Religions play upon the insecurity of mind; spirituality encourages its understanding.

* * * *

You are it, it is You; the other is but imagined.

* * * *

To right the ship; how would that ever be possible, even if all hands were on deck?

* * * *

What does not manage to kill You today, will certainly try to hurt You in the meanwhile.

* * * *

The abyss yawns.

* * * *

There really is no this or that, or that or this; there is really only just the way it is.

* * * *

If You do not care enough to be the change, of which You so eloquently speak, why expect it of another?

* * * *

Forget everything; everything!

* * * *

The ever-shifting sands consume all.

* * * *

It was knowledge that blinded the vision of Eden; it is awareness that renders it apparent again.

* * * *

It may well be less, “The Horror! The Horror!” – than it is, “The absurdity! The absurdity!”

* * * *

It is all merely an intriguing, temporal veil; so it goes. deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

All dreams can never be more than dreams.

* * * *

So small and so huge as to be indistinguishable, from the dynamic synergy of its countless parts.

* * * *

You think You know so much; a little humility, puleeze!

* * * *

Nothing is sacred; nothing is not sacred.

* * * *

Consciousness is a means, to playing out the dream of time; You are the awareness, not consciousness.

* * * *

To believe we are all wandering the same universe, is an extremely dubious assumption.

* * * *

Waiting too long, generally makes for fewer and fewer choices, or at least different ones.

* * * *

By the time You hear about most opportunities, it is probably too late.

* * * *

Why do You allow any desire, any fear, any dread, any passion at all, to grip You?

* * * *

Unclench the mind, let go all thought, let go all that is imagined, be the whole mind.

* * * *

Only in pure awareness are You, You.

* * * *

The moment is all.

* * * *

You are the same awareness, You are, have always been, will ever be.

* * * *

Here I am, there You are, both Self, wandering the same matrix of awareness.

* * * *

Embrace the eternal awareness, in which the quantum matrix vibrates the illusion-delusion You dream.

* * * *

It really does boil down to, to believe, or not to believe.

* * * *

The other is the infection of imagination.

* * * *

Avoid being bound by tradition, even your own.

* * * *

Death is merely evaporating, back into the nothingness, that nothingness ever is.

* * * *

A mind at rest is an eternal mind, a no-mind, a quantum mind, an unbound mind.

* * * *

Bones and flesh and slime; so crunchy and chewy and gooey.

* * * *

Is there truly a world, a universe, or just a perspective born of imagination?

* * * *

Time to reap what we have sewn, alas.

* * * *

How is it You ask your Self this all the time?

* * * *

Wonder if the percentages have always been the same for any given psychology.

* * * *

The warrior mindset is not always about war.

* * * *

Sorrows, sorrows, prayers.

* * * *

And the world catches your attention yet again.

* * * *

What yoke can there be, to the freedom, of You just being told, to be You, your Self?

* * * *

The time-bound will always be but second place to awareness.

* * * *

Awareness proves nothing.

* * * *

So, what is the first thing Jesus is going to do when boots hit the ground?

* * * *

Practice dying.

* * * *

Feeling sorry for yourself wanders into dead ends at every turn.

* * * *

Pretty hard to hold back nature from a good meal.

* * * *

What affluence hath wrought, individually and collectively, accelerates exponentially, beyond all pales.

* * * *

“No Fair!” echoes its futility in domesticated minds.

* * * *

The abyss of oblivion yawns forever eternal.

* * * *

The only way out is within.

* * * *

What need for knowledge, when You are the elixir that bore it all.

* * * *

Accidents and unintended consequences, have a habit of inspiring tangential changes.

* * * *

You will stop when the questions stop.

* * * *

Walk your talk.

* * * *

You are all alone in the moment You eternally dwell.

* * * *

The ever-present-nothing-special of awareness, is, without limits.

* * * *

The greatest story ever told? Well, maybe, if You have never read anything else.

* * * *

A descent into attachment of emotion can easily waylay even the best of journeys.

* * * *

You have never been who You imagine You are.

* * * *

Misery is playing a starring role in this manifest theater.

* * * *

What is beautiful, what is ugly, but illusions born of human imagination.

* * * *

The moment is not a yoke in which You must daily toil.

* * * *

Quit your whining.

* * * *

The You, You think is You, is not the You, You think.

* * * *

Accelerating exponential, is how I put it; and how doomed, is for time machines.

* * * *

Contemplation and meditation, are the means to explore and realize for your Self, the mystery You are.

* * * *

You are nothing more than an imagined character; locked in by nature-nurture.

* * * *

How are we not every moment lost in wonder?

* * * *

Family is overrated.

* * * *

The hallowed ground must be trod within to glean its truest truth.

* * * *

Everybody has a take on everybody else.

* * * *

The irony is how You so often seem to stumble whenever You think You are so cool.

* * * *

Many an impulse has gone into making this disaster.

* * * *

We are all empty vessels, filled with the churning nothingness of imagination.

* * * *

Forget the body, forget the mind, forget the world, forget the universe, forget everything.

* * * *

The serious student has no end of teachers.

* * * *

The man with the crystal ball rules the world.

* * * *

Everything is entitlement; even existence.

* * * *

You are the totality, You are the mystery, by whatever sound You want to give it.

* * * *

Pride gets the better of all who cannot resist its temptations.

* * * *

It is about connecting the dots.

* * * *

Your quantum nature is indivisibly timeless; are You mad for seeing it, or mad for not?

* * * *

A faith so infinite, as to be unnecessary.

* * * *

Would You justify yourself to a rock, or an ant, or a fish, or your cat? So why, to any two-legged?

* * * *

What are endings but outcomes of beginnings.

* * * *

Why would, how could, awareness, judge clouds crisscrossing its sky?

* * * *

Yet another etching on a wall in a deep, dark cavern; likely never to be found.

* * * *

For a coin to be minted, it must have two faces.

* * * *

The iceberg is ripping through the hull; who will survive to see the dawn?

* * * *

We all live in glass houses; curious how few realize it.

* * * *

Imagination gets the brass ring for another moment; awareness does not count.

* * * *

It takes time, it takes space.

* * * *

The first birth was 3.8 billion-ish years ago; my, how time passes.

* * * *

Freedom is in the clarity of awareness; not the quantum theater of sensation.

* * * *

Pain is the unjust dessert; chew well.

* * * *

Eternal life is forgetting everything; even that perceived but a moment ago.

* * * *

Have You been teched enough yet?

* * * *

Peace on earth, requires peace of mind, and good will towards each and all.

* * * *

History happens.

* * * *

Which voice is on deck when You are all alone, You or You?

* * * *

Another beautiful day in the neighborhood.

* * * *

All flaws are imagined; physician, heal thy Self; be whole, sovereign, true.

* * * *

No day is over until it is over.

* * * *

Being nothing in an everything world, is the challenge for any lost to doubt.

* * * *

So much pain and tension that become like tree rings as the body ages and withers on the vine.

* * * *

A little taste is gist enough.

* * * *

What good is knowledge, what good is history, if You have not learned the many lessons offered?

* * * *

History does not repeat itself; imagination does.

* * * *

Arrogance is its own bliss.

* * * *

To be free of imagination, or not to be free of imagination, the question of all questions.

* * * *

It is for time to tell.

* * * *

Unattended promises are the bane of relationship.

* * * *

And what is real? And what is not real? Need we ask anyone to tell us these things?

* * * *

So much to be forgotten.

* * * *

Loneliness is a distraction, a fixation, inspired by dependence on others.

* * * *

Hell, if I know.

* * * *

A mind bent on trivial pursuits, is a mind that has missed its full potential.

* * * *

As if any relationship, any job, any experience, any anything, pose any answer.

* * * *

There are no rights; only entitlements.

* * * *

The moment is the moment; whether or not You are there to witness it.

* * * *

This is one very fucked up, very pathetic, very harsh, parody.

* * * *

You are the world, and the world is You.

* * * *

The mind-body is but the torture device; it is consciousness that chooses, whether or not it will suffer.

* * * *

Imagination has You by the mind.

* * * *

What is it to really, really, really, I mean really, not care?

* * * *

We cannot all be You.

* * * *

The fall from grace is daily more apparent in many a headline.

* * * *

To look out upon the world, without attachment, is a meditation requiring buddha-mind intention.

* * * *

Are there an infinity of moments, or just one? Count them if You can.

* * * *

The road to habit and addiction, begins with an innocuous choice.

* * * *

What makes sucking your thumb any less meaningful than anything else?

* * * *

So many talking about change, but how many really want to?

* * * *

How is it the mystery is not magical enough for so many?

* * * *

You going to wait for the Reaper, or go out and meet him before he knocks?

* * * *

How does it feel to be rated equal to a microbe crawling in your nose?

* * * *

Imagination's limits are many, and not far between.

* * * *

Will it ever end? Probably not; at least not as far as You need be concerned.

* * * *

Freedom is a lie fabricated for the delusional.

* * * *

You never existed, and none of this ever happened.

* * * *

Smartest guy in the room always gets the last word.

* * * *

Extinction is nothing new.

* * * *

The identify is not who You are; it is who You pretend to be.

* * * *

It must be something to be such a genius all the time.

* * * *

Once was enough.

* * * *

How can You call it an inquiry, if You believe You already know the answer?

* * * *

A thing for things.

* * * *

What name can stick to the no-name mystery?

* * * *

Every seer explores the mystery to whatever degreeless degree it calls.

* * * *

Do You feed your tongue? Or your body? Or at least both.

* * * *

Every moment a push and pull between the eternal You and the imaginary you.

* * * *

What is belief, what is faith, what is hope, but a story believed.

* * * *

It may be less an issue about wanting something, as it is what You are willing to do to get it.

* * * *

Vanity, the great deceiver.

* * * *

Problems, problems, problems; how can You solve a dream?

* * * *

To be inwardly silent, completely still – free of desire, free of fear, free of dread – is to be the eternal.

* * * *

Just being is the embodiment of silence.

* * * *

The Ignorance of Vanity ... or ... The Vanity of Ignorance ... Hmmm ...

* * * *

Try not to make your problem someone else's.

* * * *

God is a many-dogma-ed hydra.

* * * *

Embrace the pain, dive into the wave, be the moment.

* * * *

There is no saving this world; only surviving it.

* * * *

Eternity is the timeless formlessness of awareness.

* * * *

Misters and mrs's and miss's and ms's and mx's, You are all the same mystery.

* * * *

Everything is distraction.

* * * *

Peace, tranquility, serenity, harmony, grace; the many-splendored quality of beingness.

* * * *

We are all driven by different demons.

* * * *

Find your newborn state of mind; the tabula rasa of all beginnings.

* * * *

How many cushions will that derrière someday cover, in these, our gluttonous times?

* * * *

Every moment is the same; consciousness being what it is, not all are equally endured.

* * * *

Are You at the prow watching the cutwater, or the stern, the wake?

* * * *

Measuring illusion is a delusion of imaginary proportion.

* * * *

Any goal reached is but a blip in the ever-kaleidoscoping process.

* * * *

The genetic lottery has spun You this way.

* * * *

The Great Quantum will play out whatever theater You are conditioned to discern.

* * * *

Only your little slice of imagination is about You.

* * * *

Stroll on.

* * * *

No matter the religion, the belief, they are all just stories.

* * * *

If God is so great, why does he need anyone to affirm it?

* * * *

Beware the people of one book.

* * * *

God is neither alive nor dead, just bored to tears with the same uselessly absurd balderdash.

* * * *

Very Darwin, indeed.

* * * *

If You had never been told there was a God, would You have created one?

* * * *

There will be many horrors before it is over.

* * * *

The natural state is tabula rasa.

* * * *

Found your face, yet?

* * * *

Goals anointed, goals achieved, are but a moment in the process.

* * * *

Everything is relative.

* * * *

Unplugging Darwin just ain’t gonna to happen.

* * * *

Your habits are the experiences You embraced too closely.

* * * *

Please try coming up with something that has not been mindlessly yammered a gazillion times before.

* * * *

Every moment, an offering to the whimsies of consciousness.

* * * *

Guilt; don't do it.

* * * *

Resolutions, of most any this or that, are likely as constant as the wind.

* * * *

Humankind is a cancer, hell-bent on destroying our mother, if she does not get us first.

* * * *

We all follow a course that leads to its destiny.

* * * *

The best way to keep a secret, is to neither utter nor write it.

* * * *

"You are not alone," imagination lied; not for the first time that day.

* * * *

Is there anything more pathetic than a self-serving hypocrite?

* * * *

Awareness is the grand voyeur of all eternity.

* * * *

All human religions and their cultish affiliates, are over long overdue for circular filing.

* * * *

We are guided by pain.

* * * *

How sentimental we are to our memories and things.

* * * *

The seed of doubt is without doubt the key ingredient to where doubt can take the doubtful mind.

* * * *

Life is a marathon; pace your Self; abide in the emptiness.

* * * *

Propaganda is a weapon of mass destruction.

* * * *

We are up against 3.8 billion years of Darwin.

* * * *

Oscars to everyone and everything; astounding how perfectly all have played their quantum role.

* * * *

What is the secret to life? That there is no secret.

* * * *

Death is the release of vanity.

* * * *

The universe that imagination built, is as real as the human genome.

* * * *

How much more will You squeeze in before the Reaper taps You on the shoulder?

* * * *

And how do You decipher that dollop of awareness but by simply being.

* * * *

Mastery? Would that really, even be possible?

* * * *

Not everyone wants to be here; not everyone should have to stay here.

* * * *

Inattention is the first and last mistake.

* * * *

That which totality, is so much more, than any concoction of imagination, could ever hope to muster.

* * * *

Why care about stupid things, why be bound to trivial pursuit?

* * * *

No other can usurp your sovereignty without your acquiescence.

* * * *

For humankind to overcome its Darwinian-laced origin, would require a beyond-comprehension mutation.

* * * *

That just ain't gonna happen.

* * * *

Forgot that, too.

* * * *

What nobody sees, nobody knows, nobody cares.

* * * *

3.8 billion years of Darwin, and counting.

* * * *

If the crown fits, wear it well.

* * * *

The moment is That I Am; be the moment.

* * * *

Awareness stills through You as You move through it.

* * * *

You are the breath monitor.

* * * *

Any existence, casts ripples far and wide, in directions and distances and times, unknowable.

* * * *

The floodgate of eternity is accessed in the moment.

* * * *

Does imagination use You, or You it?

* * * *

When Jesus said, put no gods before me, he, hopefully, was not referring to the Jesus in so many wallets.

* * * *

Nothing to hope for.

* * * *

The challenge with any system, is to use it as it was designed to be used.

* * * *

How can awareness ever not be immaculate, ever not be tabula rasa, ever not be the uncarved block?

* * * *

Awareness is the first and last frontier.

* * * *

Are You the personal I, or the impersonal eye?

* * * *

Another mind-spinner sets his spin for domination of one batch of sheeples or another.

* * * *

Another day in the quantum charade.

* * * *

Nothing is new under the sun; nothing is old, either.

* * * *

Any fate includes moving on, and being moved on; sometimes freely, sometimes not.

* * * *

The key to freedom is letting go everything.

* * * *

To all those who count themselves great, there is nothing about your existence I envy.

* * * *

Mother Gaia, sun and moon and the cosmos at large, all conspire to delude You that time is real.

* * * *

Nobody cares what you've done if You disrespect them.

* * * *

Who is this creature imagination ever brings forth?

* * * *

The challenge for the smartest guy in the room is to not make others feel like they are village idiots.

* * * *

Look how You have given your Self over to the delusion of the quantum illusion.

* * * *

Awareness is the common denominator.

* * * *

If pigs had thumbs, they would be wearing lipstick, too.

* * * *

An unfocused mind is a sure road to the confusion of delusion.

* * * *

Breathe through it.

* * * *

All mental illness has as its root, a blinding self-absorption.

* * * *

Abide in the emptiness.

* * * *

Only in pure consciousness, is there freedom from the known.

* * * *

The human paradigm was set in motion, long before the four-leggeds scrambled up into the trees.

* * * *

Pain teaches You to pay attention, maybe.

* * * *

Believe what You need to believe; anything more is distraction and delusion.

* * * *

The masks of this mystery are but the imagination of this mystery.

* * * *

Take it to the quantum level.

* * * *

The surest way to end a friendship, is to cross a line You did or did not know was there.

* * * *

Is You? Or is You not? Who's asking?

* * * *

Is the driver at the wheel as he reads this?

* * * *

And to think You could have spent all this time serenely staring at a wall.

* * * *

Is it a quantum matrix, or an imaginary maze?

* * * *

Sour chemistry makes for sour living, and sweet, for the sweet kind.

* * * *

Awareness, neither is, nor is not.

* * * *

How can You make sense of something that makes no sense, whatsoever?

* * * *

The fruit does not fall far from the tree; the monkey-mind does not wander far from the jungle.

* * * *

Another day of pretending space and time real.

* * * *

The soliloquy of illusion is a never-ending banter.

* * * *

Studying nature should not eviscerate her.

* * * *

Harvesting wisdom from chaos is the pastime of those who ponder.

* * * *

All interpretations, all explanations, all clarifications, all understandings, of this dream, are meaningless.

* * * *

There is only one truth, and it is not imaginary.

* * * *

Heaven and hell are but tourist attractions; travelers wander the vast elsewhere.

* * * *

How often does the smartest guy in the room, end up being the only one in it?

* * * *

Let nothing rule.

* * * *

Vanity is an ever-present limitation.

* * * *

All existence has an expiration date, as does everything manifest in the quantum matrix.

* * * *

The relativity of perception is carried on by every seed's birthing.

* * * *

To discern Self, to be Self, is to throw away the middleman's collection plate.

* * * *

Every geography will have its own decline and fall, its own crash and burn, its own curtain call.

* * * *

Life adapts, or it does not, very simple.

* * * *

Go ask Samson what happens when You let a woman cut your hair.

* * * *

It is thought that counts.

* * * *

How far to play it? is the gambler's parable.

* * * *

Imagination can only pretend to reach so far.

* * * *

The parameters of desire are unique to every mind.

* * * *

A certain partiality to oblivion is required to delve into the ultimate nature.

* * * *

To engage, or not to engage, that is the question.

* * * *

The one-percenters and their minions have been in charge since long before we left the jungles.

* * * *

Absurdity laced with madness.

* * * *

One of the big dilemmas of the so-called civilized man, is choosing the correct recycling bin.

* * * *

Jesus, Save Me! (from all the absurdity).

* * * *

Being smarter, may well make You stupider; stay humble.

* * * *

Alone on a mountain, alone in a crowd, solitary witness to an ineffable mystery.

* * * *

And You thought You were going to get out under the wire.

* * * *

Not caring takes practice, lots of practice, and more after that.

* * * *

Oh joy, another day of monkey-mind absurdity.

* * * *

What's the rush?

* * * *

Whether You take it literally, whether You take it figuratively, depends how You translate it.

* * * *

With all the cameras about, how aware the citizenry becomes.

* * * *

What good is a universe torn to pieces?

* * * *

Forget everything; it is all just pretend, anyway.

* * * *

Eternity is the nothing special wakefulness of awareness, of hereness, of nowness, of nothingness.

* * * *

You are not even the person You imagine You were a moment ago.

* * * *

The quantum nature never stops, until it morphs into a rock, and then the rock keeps moving, too.

* * * *

A void in the abyss.

* * * *

Have You found your face, yet?

* * * *

Another day in the insane asylum.

* * * *

Surviving civilization in 3.8 billion-year-old software is not as easy as we might have hoped.

* * * *

Far easier to ask forgiveness from someone else, than it is yourself.

* * * *

Freedom is in every now.

* * * *

Why do You torture your Self so?

* * * *

Indifference to everything is the most tranquil track.

* * * *

Imagination is a powerful god.

* * * *

Impulsivity deprives You of a second look, which is often a good idea.

* * * *

More sound advice, unheard.

* * * *

The weight of time ages all who allow it.

* * * *

Seek God in your Self.

* * * *

You were born; You will consume; how much is the only question.

* * * *

Who can remember that?

* * * *

The difference between black and white is imaginary.

* * * *

How can You travel time if it does not exist, and its sidekick, space, but quantum illusion.

* * * *

You cannot see it, without being it.

* * * *

Just another self-promoting megalomaniac, that history hails as great, if they write their own story.

* * * *

The matter that does not matter.

* * * *

It is admirable to be idealistic, but ya gotta eat.

* * * *

A volcano is just a zit on dust ball.

* * * *

Hard not to believe You are the body, if You do not discern the indivisibility.

* * * *

You cannot find God outside your Self.

* * * *

What was it You were supposed to remember, again?

* * * *

Awareness is the fountain of youth.

* * * *

The taint of time and space kaleidoscope in every untouched moment.

* * * *

Quantum so organized, as to appear real to all born, into the matrix they are.

* * * *

History requires survivors inclined to record it.

* * * *

Easier to see the illusion with eyes closed, than open.

* * * *

Awareness is timeless, awareness is spaceless, awareness is, awareness is not.

* * * *

Are ye a seeker, or a founder?

* * * *

The pathless moment ends all who's, all what's, all when's, all where's, all why's, all how's.

* * * *

More dogmatic quackery tipping imaginary scales.

* * * *

The roller coaster world is outdoing itself.

* * * *

Downstream, downdream.

* * * *

What we together imagine, is what it will be, in the future past of it all.

* * * *

And what happens when consumption no longer rules?

* * * *

You do not have to pretend or make-believe, to just be.

* * * *

All powerful, until the next wave hits.

* * * *

Breathe in, breathe out, grasshopper, the moment does not care.

* * * *

All the babble ever spoken or written, amounts to nothing.

* * * *

And what world, what universe, is there to see, hear, to touch, to smell, to feel, that is not imaginary?

* * * *

You are as free as You choose to be.

* * * *

You must vanquish the fearful You, through great attention.

* * * *

Stoke your hunger until it no longer controls You.

* * * *

You give your Self over to whatever world You imagine.

* * * *

Stories stir the imagination round any campfire.

* * * *

It's a joke, until it isn't.

* * * *

Nothing happens in a vacuum.

* * * *

You are not that I am; You are That I Am.

* * * *

Your world, your universe, is but a sensory perception, an illusion, in which delusion has free reign.

* * * *

Thinking You are free, does not make You free.

* * * *

Sometimes You remember, sometimes You forget.

* * * *

Another pointless triage.

* * * *

If there is a deity, it is awareness, and quantum nature its expression.

* * * *

What is it You think You are seeking?

* * * *

The cliffs, the rocks; the sand, what an endless beating they take, and not one complaint.

* * * *

Unexpected journeys can be life-changing in ways beyond counting.

* * * *

Why we follow so many politicians, is absurd; where are the leaders?

* * * *

Nothing to change.

* * * *

It is okay not to know.

* * * *

Sometimes, You just have, to make do, with what You have.

* * * *

Where is the line between within and without?

* * * *

The future past is written in the sand of mind.

* * * *

Should be done well enough by now.

* * * *

The synergy of unnatural law is well underway.

* * * *

We all run out of time one sooner or later or another.

* * * *

What do the Fates have in store today?

* * * *

And what is all this experience, really, but a memory the moment it is dreamt?

* * * *

Awareness is incapable of knowing any difference.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how is the center of nothing?

* * * *

Strategy is where You are headed; tactics, how You will get there.

* * * *

The mind has much more potential, than simply being a master of trivial pursuit.

* * * *

Pays to be mindful the rules.

* * * *

For the human paradigm to wake up to its mystery, would take way more than a hundred monkeys.

* * * *

Passion is the herald of attachment.

* * * *

How attached are You to your existence? Who convinced You to care?

* * * *

Consciousness requires awareness, far more than the reverse.

* * * *

What the fuck is an expert?

* * * *

Learn to forgive yourself; after all, it never really happened.

* * * *

It makes no sense, whatsoever, that any of this has come to pass.

* * * *

Few spiritual inquiries stray, far beyond the given fairytale; early conditioning shapes us all.

* * * *

It just sort of gets quiet in there.

* * * *

Yes, You will forget this, too; oblivion is the fate of all.

* * * *

A different day, a different place, a different face, same babble.

* * * *

No more need for make-believe.

* * * *

Plan as You might, creation is always about making it up as the moment unfolds.

* * * *

Shooting the messenger does not change the message.

* * * *

There is nothing to achieve.

* * * *

Who would care? No, really, who would care?

* * * *

Nothing new under the sun; everything new under an ever-new sun.

* * * *

Pawns in consciousness's stream.

* * * *

Doing the Buddha.

* * * *

Does the no-other other, make You stronger or weaker?

* * * *

Every who, every what, every where, every when, every why, every how; the cotton candy of nothing.

* * * *

Find your warrior, and stick with it.

* * * *

Looking for some god outside your Self is the wrong direction.

* * * *

Look out into the stars; You think some deity could do that without You?

* * * *

Just say no to cover-ups; own the fuck-ups, apologize once, and move on.

* * * *

There is nothing to seek, because there is nothing to find.

* * * *

Being very alone is the key.

* * * *

Which, even in likely times, is highly unlikely,

* * * *

Mother Nature kills everything sooner or later.

* * * *

From womb to graveyard, You are solitary witness to a dream, You every moment perceive.

* * * *

Could You fuck that up any better?

* * * *

It is in the fire of struggle that wisdom is forged.

* * * *

You may not like the differences, but You do not have to hate them.

* * * *

Judging your Self is the crime.

* * * *

May as well party on until the ship goes down.

* * * *

It is often in unbidden moments, that the clarity of awareness, the clarity of You, makes its Self, apparent.

* * * *

What is there to doubt in a moment?

* * * *

Extinction is inevitable; who, what, when, where, why, how are the only questions.

* * * *

There goes more good money after bad.

* * * *

Death is just the body kaleidoscoping off, as birth, its kaleidoscoping on.

* * * *

You are your own muse.

* * * *

Pleasure and pain make You a believer.

* * * *

Meaningless death? What about meaningless life?

* * * *

What's the score?

* * * *

Idle speculation is king in the field of not-knowing.

* * * *

Look at any problem with the right intent, and the solution will materialize apparent.

* * * *

Is true agape something You can cloak or hold back?

* * * *

The relativity of perspective casts a wide net.

* * * *

When exactly is the point that a beginning begins, or and ending ends?

* * * *

The reflective mind, and its attachment to examining illusion, is a trap of its own making.

* * * *

Where can there be a demarcation between any moment, but through imagination.

* * * *

Who You are, and who You pretend You are, are very different states of mind.

* * * *

Greed works until someone else's takes a bite out of your hoard.

* * * *

Nothing happens all by its Self.

* * * *

Three-point-eight billion years of Darwinian fruition have gone into creating these two-legged blobs.

* * * *

What are we but relatively miniscule organisms playing out relatively miniscule organism dreamtimes?

* * * *

Identifying with the biological entity is the fountain of all imagination, of all illusion, of all delusion.

* * * *

Identifying with the biology is the wellspring of all imagination, of all illusion, of all delusion.

* * * *

An unexpected decision.

* * * *

Can You walk away from anything and anyone?

* * * *

Call them what You will – thinkers, gurus, mystics, sages – philosophers really are a Self-absorbed lot.

* * * *

Do You enter the abyss, or the abyss, unto You?

* * * *

… dreaming … dreaming You are … dreaming … dreaming You are … dreaming …

* * * *

Truth is loath to passion, for it is a rational, inherent, essential, natural beast.

* * * *

No need to feel agape; a quiver of affection will suffice.

* * * *

Is the problem other people, or what your mind does with them?

* * * *

If there is not common ground between all deities, then what the heck are You following?

* * * *

Truth is to illusion, what water is to oil.

* * * *

Makes sense, doesn't it?

* * * *

Stop looking for this mystery to be anything other than what it is.

* * * *

What does the flower offer, but total surrender, total vulnerability, total openness.

* * * *

First, a big, deep breath.

* * * *

As the view expands every moment, everything takes on a relatively relative stance.

* * * *

Though the world burn, though all creation perishes, You will ever abide.

* * * *

The rabbit hole abyss calls; can You hear it?

* * * *

To find yourself in a democratic geography, is a rare moment in a world of autocracy.

* * * *

And even if the body were tortured beyond all limits, could You see it any other way?

* * * *

Always be true to your Self, is always the best policy.

* * * *

Impulse is the demon.

* * * *

The beast has no limits.

* * * *

Belief blinds one to the truth of the moment, to the truth of awareness, to the truth of eternity.

* * * *

No point getting tangled up in the stream.

* * * *

The quantum matrix is bound only by its physics.

* * * *

To yearn to always exist, because You do, eternally so, but never in the way You think.

* * * *

Where did that come from?

* * * *

It has always been your own mind that imprisons You.

* * * *

If You have created a belief system about truth, then You have missed the mark.

* * * *

Creation and creator are one in the same; it is You, and You are it, eternity, with a dash of illusion.

* * * *

The Good Samaritan is potential within all.

* * * *

The awareness is your fountain of youth; it is your immortality, heaven on earth.

* * * *

Rest assured, something will always happen in the quantum churn, with or without your witnessing it.

* * * *

History is but an imaginary glacier.

* * * *

Clear or blurry, colored or colorless, light or dark, the view is the view.

* * * *

When did desire and fear and dread get the upper hand?

* * * *

Whether they realize it or not, I peer into every mind I meet, and likely they into mine.

* * * *

The dead do not care.

* * * *

A good reason for celibacy is that women are too much work for what You get out of it.

* * * *

Every moment has its choice.

* * * *

Try to relink and cultivate that innocence You once were.

* * * *

Is that your purpose, or someone else's?

* * * *

So many memories, so many perceptions, who can ever fully fathom the existence they have witnessed?

* * * *

Hash and rehash, and rehash again and again and again.

* * * *

Oh joy, another false drama.

* * * *

All creation is relative to those who witness it consciously.

* * * *

The hunger for this world, in that shedding of innocence, what was that like, anyway?

* * * *

I am whatever You think I am; You are whatever I think You are.

* * * *

Though You likely did not know it early on, this was why You and I came into existence.

* * * *

If You do not want, if You do not hunger, this moment, what will there be to fear or dread?

* * * *

We are all Academy Award-winning actors; some well-paid for it.

* * * *

… and suddenly … You were there ... and then there ... and then there ... and then there ...

* * * *

What can You want from this moment, that is not already but a memory.

* * * *

Try not to let life make You too hard; an awakened existence appreciates at least the whiff of innocence.

* * * *

The busywork of pride is ceaseless.

* * * *

There is no present; only selected perceptions of it, memories of it, ever streaming by.

* * * *

You have had so many things, and once You possessed them, how many still enticed You?

* * * *

If You ain't no body, be nothing.

* * * *

Rest assured, very likely nobody will notice but You.

* * * *

Yet another whacked out monkey.

* * * *

Seriously, what is better than a glass of water?

* * * *

This universe, and any others, are but motes in the abyss of eternal awareness.

* * * *

The entire human paradigm is nothing more than stories born of imagination.

* * * *

Whether or not the human species is worth saving, is entirely up to the human species.

* * * *

The only story You need to end, is your own.

* * * *

Where are You when the neuron matrix no longer ignites imagination?

* * * *

To know, to be known, what point?

* * * *

Nothing to do, and all day to do it.

* * * *

The ethical vision of the Hippocratic Oath has become propaganda for the almighty dollar.

* * * *

One does not need forever pretend something that is not real.

* * * *

It is all just make-believe.

* * * *

Nothing You need to do, no one You need to see, nothing You need to be.

* * * *

You were born without a story; what happened?

* * * *

How desperate are You, to wake up tomorrow?

* * * *

Death is just the end of all tomorrows.

* * * *

What did You really think You were going to do?

* * * *

Sometimes it takes a long time for two and two to equal four.

* * * *

Every life form has its own journey to the departure gate.

* * * *

The mind bound to eternity is unassailable.

* * * *

The ego You are always carrying, always promoting, always protecting, what is that imaginary impulse?

* * * *

Turn off the spigot of time.

* * * *

Let go everything; be the pure awareness You are.

* * * *

What need to justify your Self to anyone?

* * * *

Self absorbed.

* * * *

Unclench the monkey mind, die to the imaginary realm, from the frontal lobe to the brain stem.

* * * *

Just the way the monkey rolls.

* * * *

Peer out as the detached awareness, not the imagined persona.

* * * *

Despite all evidence to the contrary.

* * * *

Is your reality really what You think it is?

* * * *

So full, and still hungry.

* * * *

Zen, no zen, mind, no mind.

* * * *

Mind no mind no-mind.

* * * *

Very challenging in this world, not to let imagination run loose more often than You would like.

* * * *

The mind-body is a cloud in the sky of awareness.

* * * *

Die to the world; be the skyness.

* * * *

A loose cannon in the wind.

* * * *

Death is just not waking up again.

* * * *

We all create and endure different universes; none more or less real than any other.

* * * *

Pearls for all.

* * * *

Do You offer sweets to the gas tank, the way You do your tongue?

* * * *

Life is surely the most deadly dis-ease.

* * * *

You must disengage your inner dialogue, your inner chatter, to be the awareness You are.

* * * *

No full story – his, hers, ours, theirs, its – can ever be known.

* * * *

Existence is an ever-streaming political continuum between your imaginary self and your illusory world.

* * * *

Only in the great detachment of pure awareness can You be free.

* * * *

Look at a rock, and watch it change every kaleidoscoping moment.

* * * *

Mastery of anything is a dubious claim.

* * * *

What is any life form's evolution, but one of mutation and migration.

* * * *

Self-pity, what a waste of awareness, what a waste of the moment.

* * * *

Own the awareness You are.

* * * *

Who else but a scholar addicted to symposium fare is even going to think about reading this babble?

* * * *

Understanding irony and paradox, and having a talent for it, is on every philosopher's resume.

* * * *

Understanding irony and paradox, and having a talent for it, is on every philosopher's resume.

* * * *

Take in the moment, and all its sensory readings, as You would a gourmet meal.

* * * *

What an illusion You are.

* * * *

Surely life is far more than a collection of shiny things.

* * * *

Alone, be.

* * * *

Is there anyone who does not want to know how the story ends?

* * * *

Better to be rich? Or live rich? You decide.

* * * *

Keep your strategy close, and your tactics closer.

* * * *

There You go again, chasing your face.

* * * *

Positive negation or negative negation, You decide.

* * * *

Can't have it both ways at the same time.

* * * *

Be cautious about taking metaphors literally.

* * * *

Best not take it too personal.

* * * *

Maybe tomorrow.

* * * *

Imagination is a prison with quantum bars.

* * * *

Any means of exchange only has the value those who use it agree upon.

* * * *

And air, do not forget the air, we are all bottom feeders in that ocean.

* * * *

Quantum matrix, quantum illusion.

* * * *

Dude, where’s your imagination?

* * * *

An egalitarian mindset requires a free, classless, uncensored, unrestricted, sharing nature.

* * * *

Imagination is on the docket of its own creation.

* * * *

How can You be considered a traitor to any tribal mindset You never asked to join?

* * * *

How confining all human concoctions.

* * * *

Another thing, another facet, another version, long overdue.

* * * *

The politics of dealing with followers, why would You do that to your Self?

* * * *

All purpose, all meaning, are but contrivances of imagination.

* * * *

Tabula rasa knows no bounds.

* * * *

A dull sword needs no scabbard; a frayed string, no bow; a cracked shield, no bearer.

* * * *

Don’t get all cocky; You aren’t that much bigger than a gnat.

* * * *

And so begins another day of dancing-slogging through dreamtime.

* * * *

Your mind is moving, not the flag in the wind.

* * * *

To be content is to walk a pathless path.

* * * *

The word is only sound given concept, and no sound can more than echo through the expanses of eternity.

* * * *

How content the rock, to let You rush by.

* * * *

The quick to anger is always at risk; the slow to anger walks many camps.

* * * *

No matter how rationally it is reasoned, this mystery makes no sense, whatsoever.

* * * *

What an illusion, what a delusion.

* * * *

What can You tell the sage, that s/he has not already done, seen done, or thought about doing?

* * * *

Life, a fatal disease.

* * * *

Is there any story that has not been told times beyond counting?

* * * *

To be content with merely the inhale and exhale of air is as free as it gets.

* * * *

A lungful of air makes the world go round.

* * * *

It is the concept of god that needs changing.

* * * *

Death-defying odds have likely ends, in one sooner or later or another.

* * * *

Polish that mirror until all You see is You.

* * * *

Yet another unfortunate habit.

* * * *

The mind can be an upper, the mind can be a downer, consciousness plays any venue.

* * * *

Might be a good idea to never open that door again.

* * * *

Physics is only as cracked up as it can be.

* * * *

Illusion inspires delusion.

* * * *

The entire human paradigm is, the from beginning to end, an imaginary state.

* * * *

Consciousness, imagination, is the quantum fusion of memory.

* * * *

An old-school-new-school blend.

* * * *

A simple breath is the lowest common denominator.

* * * *

The river will reach the sea without a paddle.

* * * *

The sage does not sit in his own muck.

* * * *

All that thinking, where has it gotten You?

* * * *

To join in, or not to join in, that is the question.

* * * *

Imagination is about the becoming mind; awareness, the being mind.

* * * *

Odds are, the more You have invested in space and time, the harder the slog to the moment.

* * * *

To sit upon a throne is a burden, sages do not seek.

* * * *

To be truly detached, well, that's not as easy as You might think.

* * * *

How much is enough, how much is too much, only the wise can discern.

* * * *

The occasional hardship builds and sharpens gumption and grit.

* * * *

Dare to stop.

* * * *

Is that what really happened, or just what You think really happened?

* * * *

Studying anything and everything unveils the relativity of imagination.

* * * *

In dealing with the health care system, the first thing is to survive the health care system.

* * * *

You're not the first, You won't be the last.

* * * *

The chosen few always find their way to the choiceless.

* * * *

You cannot mop up dust in the floor board.

* * * *

Who can sleep in more than one bed at a time?

* * * *

Savor the moment, savor the awareness, savor the eternal, You truly are.

* * * *

Know where your priorities lie.

* * * *

Every moment, the same awareness, the same eternity.

* * * *

The rock is content to wash away slowly in the stream’s seasons.

* * * *

You are the unknown, known.

* * * *

Toy with Mother Nature, and she will toy back in her own good timeless.

* * * *

Not all prisons have bars.

* * * *

Be mindful the ground upon which You tread.

* * * *

Doubt is the key to eternity.

* * * *

We are all just beginners here.

* * * *

Say what You will, the rock will not stir.

* * * *

What conflict does not inflict harm in one form or another?

* * * *

That’s surely enough.

* * * *

Wisdom is the distillation of experience; the young who do not give it ear, travel a precarious path.

* * * *

Toast the mighty, else they may well trim your head.

* * * *

Creation and destruction are indivisible; one is not without the other.

* * * *

Pretense only fools other pretenders.

* * * *

Another day in the space and time born of the quantum mind.

* * * *

Embrace the absurdity with a nod and a wink, and wry wit, if You can.

* * * *

Good and evil are the stillborn of duality.

* * * *

Imagination must tame itself, if it wishes to survive for any length of time.

* * * *

Great wealth is an affliction only the foolish envy.

* * * *

What more could You have done, really?

* * * *

Temper your arrogance, with at least a dollop of humility, every now and again.

* * * *

You are stardust come unto life.

* * * *

Awareness must remain eternally diligent if it is determined to reign.

* * * *

Total freedom takes some real letting go.

* * * *

Stop taking it personally.

* * * *

Can the powerful, the wealthy, the famous, ever be truly content?

* * * *

Is there anything that has not been trammeled by one herd or another?

* * * *

You think You have arrived somewhere?

* * * *

What would be the point? What would be the meaning?

* * * *

You are part of eternity every moment.

* * * *

All waves, all destinies, are anonymous ripples, upon the sands of time.

* * * *

Yes is not no, and maybe, neither.

* * * *

What speck of dust is superior to any other?

* * * *

To embrace creation is to accept the inevitability of destruction.

* * * *

How much clearer can it be said?

* * * *

Doubt until the doubting is done.

* * * *

Say what You please, say what You must, until its wind subsides.

* * * *

Existence is the creator of all koans.

* * * *

The difference between any me and You, is but a state of relative perception.

* * * *

What choice can choicelessness offer?

* * * *

Together, alone.

* * * *

Persevere for as long as You please, and then do not look back.

* * * *

You are creator and creation.

* * * *

All the stories You have gleaned, all that You have imagined, die when You do.

* * * *

Douse the fire of doubt by doubting more.

* * * *

As needed.

* * * *

The straight-jacket falls away when the effort ceases.

* * * *

A slow amble will get You to eternity as fast as any dash.

* * * *

One does not aspire to eternity through time.

* * * *

It is enough that You have shared, what it is You have, to share.

* * * *

Awakening was what the mind is designed to achieve.

* * * *

How confining all human concoctions; tabula rasa knows no bounds.

* * * *

Mind is the timekeeper until the clock strikes eternity.

* * * *

What is money to contentment?

* * * *

To intelligence, to wisdom, to compassion, to serenity, to mystery, bow.

* * * *

Maintain your sovereignty, whether under siege, or at the trebuchet outside the walls.

* * * *

What will be your last flickering thought?

* * * *

Make whatever decisions need to be made, with true heart and sure mind.

* * * *

Everything You have ever done, ever conceived, ever naturally selected, has unfurled this moment.

* * * *

What inspired this great doubt?

* * * *

Seeds rise up in the ground of natural selection.

* * * *

All creatures small to great are co-creators in this mirage of quantum design.

* * * *

This entire work is imagination's desperation to not be undone: Viva la Révolution!

* * * *

Things change; adapt or suffer the consequences.

* * * *

At least a modicum of vanity, a smidgeon of selfishness, are necessary attributes in this earthly realm.

* * * *

You can only know what You are saying; never what anyone is hearing.

* * * *

Doubt everything but your Self.

* * * *

To winners go all; to losers, the rest.

* * * *

Is there any taste that cannot be acquired?

* * * *

How challenging for intelligence to survive the sea of ignorance.

* * * *

Please your Self.

* * * *

Discern the deep space in your mind.

* * * *

Being a stickler for any dogma, creates some acquaintances, ends others.

* * * *

If lightning is flashing in the forebrain, then imagination is running amok, and You are not your Self.

* * * *

The pitter-patter of details is the drone of hell.

* * * *

Dance with your Self.

* * * *

No one asked to be here, but anyone can sure decide to leave.

* * * *

A mind lost in the web of trivial pursuit, is a mind missing out on eternity.

* * * *

The descent into chaos.

* * * *

Unclench the hand, unclench the mind.

* * * *

Always ironic how revolts against tyranny only change the seating arrangement.

* * * *

We are all the same matrix of awareness; more real than any video game can ever be.

* * * *

Yet another rehash.

* * * *

Way, way, way too late.

* * * *

Any story is only as real as You believe in it, including your own.

* * * *

Awareness is the matrix.

* * * *

Try to resist the fantasies that inspire harm upon others; imagining it is surely enough.

* * * *

You are the pretender, imagination, imagining itself real; imagination, imagining its cosmos real.

* * * *

To be unmoored from this play, this world, this cosmos, what an esoteric fate.

* * * *

A curious mind is a mind occupied by imagination.

* * * *

It is all illusion, and so are You.

* * * *

A paycheck is one of the standard ways to learn to endure bullshit.

* * * *

Whatever You think any other is thinking, is what they are thinking, until they let You know otherwise.

* * * *

Achieving serenity is really, just a matter of simple, conscious breathing.

* * * *

The garden has always been there; in all our pride and greed, we just stopped seeing it.

* * * *

Back to basics.

* * * *

When will You see your last sunset?

* * * *

Imagination, the pretender, is always ready to swoop into the inattentive mind.

* * * *

Some things You just need to finish and move on.

* * * *

Look at all You possess, and wonder how much of it You will ever use or peruse again.

* * * *

Somebody else can have that record.

* * * *

What will happen to space and time when the sun consumes the world?

* * * *

New and improved, old and improved, what's to be improved?

* * * *

The unreal can never more than pretend-play real.

* * * *

The unreal can never more than play real, with a hearty helping of make-believe.

* * * *

This world, this cosmos, this mystery, was made for You.

* * * *

You are no more your mind-body than any other life form is its.

* * * *

When You die, so does your world, your universe, and everything You imagine, including your god(s).

* * * *

Consciousness is in the present, but can never be fully present.

* * * *

Your world, your cosmos, exists every moment You imagine it.

* * * *

My mystery is your mystery is our mystery is the one and only mystery.

* * * *

It is a teacher's job to inspire the love of learning.

* * * *

Exploring a different way of looking at existence is a rare feat.

* * * *

You cannot learn what You do not give at least a smidgeon of attention.

* * * *

Interfere with commerce at your peril.

* * * *

It is a mystery no one can solve, a mystery no one can solve.

* * * *

Through two eyes, one sees.

* * * *

Awareness is the beginning of all ends, the end of all beginnings.

* * * *

Awaken to the truth You truly are.

* * * *

Savor the moment; it will never happen again.

* * * *

If You play it too safe, will You die wishing You had not?

* * * *

Gravity is the chief agency of transformation.

* * * *

Prior to creation, prior to destruction, You are.

* * * *

They are all false gods.

* * * *

It is not always some grand conspiracy.

* * * *

It is okay to be Self-ish.

* * * *

Be as mindlessly vulnerable as a flower in the sun.

* * * *

Drugs, like Daniel Boone, can guide You into the wilderness of your being.

* * * *

Always check your work; nothing worse than finding out later, You left something undone.

* * * *

Analog clocks spin, digital clocks display, calendar pages turn; eternity never starts, never stops.

* * * *

Dang, no one around to see what a great shot that was.

* * * *

Do You really want to keep going down that road?

* * * *

To doubt, is to question every assumption, every value, every anything, every everything.

* * * *

It is whatever You imagine it to be; it is not whatever You imagine it to be.

* * * *

Never hurts to pause for a good, deep breath.

* * * *

Who knows what the fuck You were thinking?

* * * *

Group decisions are less about conspiracy, than they are mission statements put into action.

* * * *

What a lot of work You make for yourself.

* * * *

Another day in purgatory spreads its wings.

* * * *

Be the sky.

* * * *

Being cautious does not necessarily mean You are paranoid.

* * * *

Sometimes You go matrix, sometimes, whore to imagination, no big deal, it all passes the same.

* * * *

One group's mission statement is often another's conspiracy.

* * * *

What other can convince You anything less?

* * * *

You use whatever You got to survive, perhaps thrive.

* * * *

No point getting stressed about things no one else even imagines.

* * * *

The rabbit's hole, the rabbit's web.

* * * *

It's not like You don't know what's under there.

* * * *

Talk is cheap, and many if not most, are spendthrifts.

* * * *

Give it your best shot.

* * * *

You are sovereign of your world, your cosmos, your domain, your dream, your Self.

* * * *

Puffy, puffy-plus, puffy-plus-plus, puffy-too-scary-plus.

* * * *

You have to do it someday; why not today?

* * * *

Be warned: There is a lot to bite in to, in this little theme park of a philosophical nature.

* * * *

What kind of demented brain pattern came up with that one?

* * * *

It is not a new age; it is the new ageless.

* * * *

How will You waste your moment today?

* * * *

The difference between me and You, is a quantum thing.

* * * *

Duality is a concept long past its prime.

* * * *

Change is the lie of illusion.

* * * *

History is recorded, history is erased, eternity is everlasting.

* * * *

Whatever You are thinking about, whatever You are looking for, is in here somewhere.

* * * *

How can You change your fate into what it already is?

* * * *

Detach from self-imagery.

* * * *

To be a lab rat, or not to be a lab rat, that is the question.

* * * *

Just another day of watching the tide of humankind ebb and flow.

* * * *

Be what cannot be known

* * * *

Eternity is awareness, eternity is the moment, as small as it is large.

* * * *

Is that not predictable enough without paying out treasure to do a study?

* * * *

The prophet’s hat blows across the sands of time and space, looking for heads that match.

* * * *

Well on our way in the decline and fall.

* * * *

My mystery is much greater than your God, because my mystery includes You.

* * * *

In the genetic lottery, everyone's a winner, everyone's a loser.

* * * *

Something to do with quantum mechanics.

* * * *

Amuse your Self.

* * * *

Where are You in the spectrum of love and hate?

* * * *

It will still be there tomorrow, if You do not take care of it today.

* * * *

How much compassion can You afford?

* * * *

When is anything really off the table?

* * * *

This is an opus to That, to which this fate was called.

* * * *

How many moments have been left unattended because of bad breathing?

* * * *

How long would a moment be, had it a handle to which time might latch?

* * * *

Love certainly inspires happy endorphins.

* * * *

Set down your world, untether your mind-body.

* * * *

How blessed, those who know no different; who endure their lot, without discontent.

* * * *

I, Quantum … You, Quantum … He, Quantum … She, Quantum … Us, Quantum … All, Quantum.

* * * *

Where the fuck is the rewind button!?

* * * *

So many things You might have done differently, were there a rewind button.

* * * *

This is the first and only moment, for everything, and nothing.

* * * *

Wander in the not-knowingness.

* * * *

The filament of awareness, is the eternal me, my Self, and I; anything less is delusion.

* * * *

The theatre plays it however You script it in your imaginary way.

* * * *

It is all like it never happened, as soon as it happens.

* * * *

Yet another hypocritical piece of work.

* * * *

No matter how fast or slow it seems, it will always be right now.

* * * *

The answer is, there is no answer.

* * * *

What are endings but outcomes of beginnings.

* * * *

Be a harbor to doubt.

* * * *

The ever-present more is an imaginary creature.

* * * *

No one can be forced to think for themselves.

* * * *

Identity is but the cloak of imagination.

* * * *

What are the odds that anyone will wake up to a larger view? is a question for which there is no knowing.

* * * *

Why would anyone even want to live forever in a decrepit old body?

* * * *

Doubt until the doubting's done.

* * * *

Eternal life is forgetting everything, even that perceived but a moment ago.

* * * *

Humankind is a tribal species; standing alone has its consequences.

* * * *

Weave no trail.

* * * *

Driving by a playground, one wonders what world those children will endure.

* * * *

Never hesitate to wander far from the sheeples scrum.

* * * *

Domestication weakens, damages, undermines, dilutes, thins, destabilizes, the Darwinian instinct.

* * * *

Holodeck, holoworld, holocosmos, holomystery.

* * * *

A large frame of reference may or may not save You from yourself.

* * * *

Let the knowing evaporate into nothingness.

* * * *

Do not allow your Self to fall victim to another’s fear of the unknown.

* * * *

It will all pass one now or another.

* * * *

How can You lose what You never possessed; how can You lose what was only imagined?

* * * *

Just pointing out the obvious, man.

* * * *

Even the greatest pharaoh has only so many breaths.

* * * *

You imagine every variety of possibility, and have no certainty of any.

* * * *

All perspectives in time and space are relative to the point from which they are perceived.

* * * *

A life of reflection is not for all; more are required to churn the world that makes it possible.

* * * *

Moderation, frugality, and an aptitude for simplicity, make for serene living.

* * * *

Every life form has its universe, but only human beings weave it into absurdity.

* * * *

Please some deity, please your Self, same thing.

* * * *

Everyone is born with who-knows-what potential; destined eventually to lose it all.

* * * *

Some things, just have to be boots-on-the-ground, eyes-on.

* * * *

Numbers do not lie; only those who weave them.

* * * *

It is amazing what suffering all life will endure to continue.

* * * *

It is okay not to want it all.

* * * *

The matrix is an ocean with its life above ground.

* * * *

Death, life's cure.

* * * *

Death, the final cure.

* * * *

Death, the cure for life.

* * * *

Some days are getting-things-done days; some days are process days; most are a blend.

* * * *

If You believe that framed piece of paper on the wall really matters, think again.

* * * *

Does it really matter as much as You imagine it matters?

* * * *

All that sourness of stress and dread and fear, opens the door for every variety of imaginary notion.

* * * *

Everything lies upon the spectrum of its imagined classification.

* * * *

The awareness ever still; the quantum matrix ever kaleidoscoping.

* * * *

Pride lurks in all thought.

* * * *

Madness amok.

* * * *

Paradox or irony; chicken or egg.

* * * *

Truth is very straight-forward, if You are straight-forward.

* * * *

The effort is in the tussle between awareness and imagination, and the mind's attachment to the latter.

* * * *

Every moment, your frame of reference expands.

* * * *

What is a tattoo but a splotch of ink, often making aging flesh even less attractive.

* * * *

Irritate the powers that be at your peril.

* * * *

Sometimes things ring true, sometimes they do not; You are the discerner.

* * * *

What strange habits of thinking the mind can weave into.

* * * *

Well, that was badly done.

* * * *

A mind bent on cruelty has no shortage of means.

* * * *

Christians, the first to judge, the last to forgive.

* * * *

Is it, hold your breath, clench your mind, or clench your mind, hold your breath?

* * * *

What lies will truth be spun as this day?

* * * *

The dystopian future likely includes a lot of feral rat-dogs packs.

* * * *

Always a good idea to check your addressee and message before You click the send button.

* * * *

So, is Jesus coming back as he was, or will daddy get to rape another virgin?

* * * *

The future, imagined, is the past projected.

* * * *

Realign with nature, or go extinct; very simple.

* * * *

Hey there, Monkey Breath.

* * * *

A blob by any other name would be the same.

* * * *

Unknown looking forward, fate looking back.

* * * *

Quit your whining, get back on your horse; there are many far worse fates, guaranteed.

* * * *

Every culture has its frame of reference.

* * * *

If You must be saved, let it be from absurdity.

* * * *

Still looking for that miracle cure?

* * * *

It only seemed like serendipity in the moment You happened into it.

* * * *

If there is a god, then surely it includes You.

* * * *

Death, the cure for all that ails ya.

* * * *

What goes up must come down, if gravity and time and illusion have any say about it.

* * * *

Freedom is your birthright.

* * * *

The world offers every distraction for those minds seeking distraction.

* * * *

Why would any deity worth its salt favor any form?

* * * *

You need not be the smartest guy in the room to have wit enough.

* * * *

Do people really believe their forever-after propaganda? Well, yeah.

* * * *

What never began can never end.

* * * *

A quiet mind is an eternal mind.

* * * *

Imagination is an ever-churning hydra; the awareness, the eternal moment, is, without name.

* * * *

Awareness is here and gone before You know it.

* * * *

Tribalism is the boon and bane of the human paradigm.

* * * *

Living an effortless life is easier said than done.

* * * *

So full, I'm empty.

* * * *

Who-less, what-less, where-less, when-less, why-less, how-less, You are.

* * * *

What a bother it is to care.

* * * *

In every moment, a choice.

* * * *

Civilization only cloaks the Darwinian reality with pretense and obfuscation.

* * * *

Another unsolvable mystery, another unanswerable question, yawn.

* * * *

Who could have seen that one coming?

* * * *

The push-pull of vanity-humility are akin to a drunk weaving down a razor's edge.

* * * *

The past is awaiting your arrival.

* * * *

Where there is neither beginning nor ending, You are; as immeasurable as only the moment can be.

* * * *

You believe there is individuality in awareness? Show me.

* * * *

Death is awaiting your arrival.

* * * *

Your world, your universe, is nothing more than an imaginary dream; poof-gone as soon as You are.

* * * *

Dystopian fiction no more; horror and absurdity reign.

* * * *

Lost in time, lost in mind.

* * * *

All aboard for the ride to eternity, and perhaps bliss, if You have doubt enough.

* * * *

A car is a gun with four wheels.

* * * *

Streaming into the future with the eyes of the past.

* * * *

The future is the streaming past.

* * * *

Back to the future, back to the past.

* * * *

Existence is a dubious assumption.

* * * *

You are your own storyteller.

* * * *

Memories are but the ghosts of imagination.

* * * *

Another moment that never happened.

* * * *

Futility and absurdity are today's top descriptors of the human condition.

* * * *

So many heads in the sand.

* * * *

Getting in touchless with the awareness is the key.

* * * *

Anything can be rationalized.

* * * *

Only imagination cares.

* * * *

In the eyes of fate, there are no accidents.

* * * *

Survive the first day in the jungle, and You might even wake up to a second one.

* * * *

What concern does the sky have for the antics of clouds?

* * * *

And your point is?

* * * *

All destinies, all fates, all kismets, all fortunes, all lots, all providences, are the poof of imagination.

* * * *

There is no way to make it less absurd.

* * * *

Be aimless, be true.

* * * *

All assumptions are doubt-worthy.

* * * *

Giving it no mind can be very challenging without full attention on the task at hand.

* * * *

What are You trying to prove, to justify, to realize, with your brief little window of a dream?

* * * *

Back to the present.

* * * *

Plant the seeds of doubt wherever there is fertile ground.

* * * *

The world, the universe, the matrix, the illusion, is in your head every moment You let it in.

* * * *

Some things are not easily unseen, not easily unforgotten.

* * * *

Set aside all your assumptions, and what is left?

* * * *

How can there be a future if You only see it through the past?

* * * *

You are the highest power; assume nothing less.

* * * *

Do not allow vanity, disguised as humility, make You anything less, than the all You are.

* * * *

No matter how far or fast You journey, the past is always there waiting for You.

* * * *

Fate takes on all comers.

* * * *

The price of doing business is the gambler's gambol.

* * * *

And the point of a blank wall knowing all about a blank wall?

* * * *

Some dreams intersect and stream, in parallel fashion, far more coherently than others.

* * * *

History is the propaganda of imagination, designed to control the dream of time.

* * * *

It is a game that vanity plays, and imagination is its driver.

* * * *

Conclusions about truth are imagination's playground.

* * * *

It is less about what You do, than the awareness with which You do it.

* * * *

Awakening to a larger view is not a choice.

* * * *

That wasn't so bad, was it?

* * * *

What is the root of sorrow but unfulfilled expectations.

* * * *

To really, truly, to the core, not care what any other thinks of You, is a freedom that cannot be imagined.

* * * *

We are all just human here; try not to make more of it than it is.

* * * *

Death is just a good night's sleep.

* * * *

The perfect crime is the one no one ever knows even happened.

* * * *

Are You the same player, alone, as the character, the façade, the impersonator, You pose to the world?

* * * *

Making the world a better place? For who?

* * * *

Death is finally the good night's sleep, You only occasionally enjoyed during the waking life.

* * * *

Right relationship with nature is the key to survival.

* * * *

You will never know.

* * * *

Be quantum, one moment at a time.

* * * *

Humankind slimed its way to the treetops, and then out into the plains, and across the world.

* * * *

Well, that warn't funny.

* * * *

A blank wall, solving a blank wall, very koan-ish.

* * * *

What are You but the universal mind, dreaming the quantum illusion real.

* * * *

Ruling bodies are reflections of the cultures from which they blossom.

* * * *

However You do the math, 42 is the answer, man.

* * * *

Imagination, imagination, it is all nothing more than imagination.

* * * *

Vanity and greed have no trouble ignoring rationality and equitability.

* * * *

For god’s sake, the tree is practically down to the stump; the Titanic had a better chance of surviving.

* * * *

Right purpose, wrong purpose, why have any purpose at all?

* * * *

How can all the yesterdays and todays and tomorrows not be the same indivisible moment?

* * * *

It is a weak and vain god that requires You to believe in it.

* * * *

The trick is not to get anyone so upset they want to chop off your head or burn You to death.

* * * *

To be bored is boring.

* * * *

Do You really believe that piece of paper hanging on your office wall?

* * * *

Another day in the food-body delusion.

* * * *

“Show me,” declared the man from Missouri.

* * * *

The proof is in the pudding.

* * * *

What discipline, what will, it takes, to not give in to the narcissistic-hedonistic gene that rules our kind.

* * * *

A teacher cannot teach what a student will not learn.

* * * *

All villains die, all guilty die, all heroes die, all innocents die; not necessarily in that order.

* * * *

Thar blows another one, matey.

* * * *

Ethics is what the minions pontificate, well away from any throne.

* * * *

Any metaphor is only a metaphor.

* * * *

Traditions come, traditions go, depending on the attachment of the young.

* * * *

To the last drop.

* * * *

You are nothing more than a flesh-wrapped blob.

* * * *

To survive, You must endure whatever fate has in store; rest assured, it will not end well.

* * * *

Yet another new testament destined to be ignored and forgotten.

* * * *

You bought that bridge a long time ago.

* * * *

How can You see this, and still be bound by geography or tribe or dogma or any illusion?

* * * *

Lost in space, found in space.

* * * *

Anticipation is one of those states of mind, that can drag the time-bound mind every whichaway but now.

* * * *

Boredom is boring.

* * * *

It is all just sensation, man.

* * * *

You are the mystery, nothing to get all vain about, everything else is, too.

* * * *

It is your demon; no need to make it everyone else's.

* * * *

Gifts from strangers are priceless.

* * * *

All differences are born of vain notion.

* * * *

What a hold imagination has upon our kind.

* * * *

Nice segue.

* * * *

It is in the moment through which space and time are traveled.

* * * *

Too hot, too cold, feeling Goldilocks today, eh?

* * * *

The extinction of humankind will be nothing more than the end of gossip.

* * * *

Endless machinations make for endless false drama.

* * * *

Discern that every moment is a simultaneous act of creation and destruction.

* * * *

Another lost tribe, both literally and figuratively.

* * * *

A lie is a lie, no matter how bold the face.

* * * *

Biological make-believe.

* * * *

If such an unlikely thing ever came to pass.

* * * *

Suppose on Judgment Day, your God has You judge yourself; how will You plea?

* * * *

It is your mystery, and You will consume it as the algorithm deigns.

* * * *

A frank assessment.

* * * *

Pure consciousness is the pure, timeless awareness of the given moment.

* * * *

Another point of consciousness, lost in space.

* * * *

Bored is, as bored does.

* * * *

Doubt morphs into a double edge, when it begins to doubt its Self.

* * * *

Any excuse, any distraction, will only put off just doing it.

* * * *

You are imagination's puppet.

* * * *

And your point, again?

* * * *

You have a whole world, a whole universe; what need for make-believe?

* * * *

You play it as your fate ordains You play it.

* * * *

Get lost in eternity.

* * * *

Give it a break, at least once in a while.

* * * *

What geeks hath wrought, not even the gods could put back together again.

* * * *

Breathe in the nothingness, breathe out the nothingness.

* * * *

Fate is only in the minds of the living.

* * * *

Makes no sense, whatsoever, unless You are the tribeless irony-paradox sort.

* * * *

Must have made sense back then, but it sure does not now.

* * * *

Something happened; who knows how when ago.

* * * *

History is the distillation of current events, and the story teller's frame of reference, and intention.

* * * *

Yes, even that was predictable; just as fated as everything else You have ever said and done.

* * * *

Jesus-fucking-Christ, how the fuck did that happen!?

* * * *

Necessity has a way of finding solutions.

* * * *

Gravity is the final arbiter, and then only for as long as it holds together.

* * * *

There are no wasted moments, because the moment does not exist to be wasted.

* * * *

Well, that sure was not too smart.

* * * *

Only the rare few willingly look at anything that does not suit their frame of reference.

* * * *

Whatever these thoughts inspire You to do, or undo, or not do, so be it in the great so it goes.

* * * *

Peace is a state of mind.

* * * *

Ethics is really about domestication.

* * * *

The young look ahead; the old, behind.

* * * *

To aspire to greatness in the eyes of fools, what need have You for that?

* * * *

Thar she blows!

* * * *

You have an entire world, an entire universe, beyond comprehension, and You settle for make-believe?

* * * *

This revolution is intangibly serene, and requires neither declaration nor demonstration.

* * * *

What belief system is required to be your Self?

* * * *

Death is just the release from all the absurdities of existence; it is the dying that is the hard part.

* * * *

Might makes right, and vanity's measures make might.

* * * *

Putting into words that which words can never more than resonate.

* * * *

Is truth irrational opinion, or rational fact?

* * * *

The house duality built.

* * * *

A matter of fact.

* * * *

An esoteric muddle, indeed.

* * * *

Lead with a breath, not a thought.

* * * *

Options are always a good thing to have at your disposal.

* * * *

It is more than rather pathetic.

* * * *

Not easy to be detached in a mind-body hardwired to make it all, take it all, personal.

* * * *

Why is it always the last place You look?

* * * *

Just breathe, sleep will happen, wake will happen, or not.

* * * *

Wired to believe.

* * * *

A harbor of conceit.

* * * *

You are what You eat, and what is not consumed, moves on to other adventures.

* * * *

Speak truth to power at your peril.

* * * *

Vanity's dust ball.

* * * *

To fear, to dread, to loathe, to hate, your creation, can make for a challenging existence.

* * * *

Make it a reality, if You can.

* * * *

A good stretch rivals any orgasm.

* * * *

Darwin rules, always has, always will.

* * * *

Moderation is always a good ride-along.

* * * *

Ride the razor's edge however the moment dictates.

* * * *

How much more do You need? Feel free to douse the light anytime.

* * * *

Hell is in the details; enjoy the coals.

* * * *

Self is all, You are it, it is You, there is no other.

* * * *

So, You think You know something, eh?

* * * *

Extinction is the norm; breed or perish, You decide.

* * * *

For a time that will never come.

* * * *

Dissolve into the moment.

* * * *

Nobody will really care as much as You, trust me.

* * * *

Disappear into eternity; continuity is illusion.

* * * *

Enlightenment is just a different way of seeing; liberation is making it the go-to.

* * * *

How insane, how inane, it will get, is anybody’s guess.

* * * *

Stardust come to life; imbued with the mystery of awareness, in one and all.

* * * *

Practice obliviating; cultivate and harvest oblivion.

* * * *

You may well be addicted to your tension, to all the post-traumatic stress You have endured.

* * * *

It is what we are, and will always be.

* * * *

The harbinger has come and gone.

* * * *

To see the mystery, You must be the mystery.

* * * *

Are You your unborn-undying? Take a breath, be here now.

* * * *

The past is unfolding before your eyes.

* * * *

The natural, relaxed, fluid mind, is without pause; the rigid, arduous, stilted mind, a nest of thorns.

* * * *

Want not, dread not.

* * * *

Your grave yawns before You.

* * * *

Hold nothing in your mind, as You would a dove in your hand.

* * * *

No need to be hyper-aware; moderation is always a good ride-along.

* * * *

Give the air some quiet today.

* * * *

Who can guess what anyone will remember about You once You are recast as dust?

* * * *

Every moment, beginner, master, You are.

* * * *

Debt: Avoid it, eliminate it, or at least minimalize it, as much as possible.

* * * *

What better timeless than now?

* * * *

Of course, imagination imagines itself the most important thing in the universe.

* * * *

Get dusty.

* * * *

If all this had never happened, You would never know.

* * * *

Weave all this into a story? What would be the point?

* * * *

Each moment, another slice, another tidbit, of fate.

* * * *

You only know what memory colludes.

* * * *

Thank You, Jesus, thank You for another round of absurdity.

* * * *

You want humility? Get naked.

* * * *

We are what we eat, and what does not pass muster, is sent on its merry way, to algorithms unknown.

* * * *

Giving cockroaches a run for their crumbs.

* * * *

In how many ways will what-goes-up-must-come-down play out before it is over?

* * * *

It is the way we roll.

* * * *

Empaths see others as they are, the world as it is, no point judging.

* * * *

Anonymity is the best armor.

* * * *

Pay attention, or do not pay attention, it passes the same, ever the same moment.

* * * *

Relativity is an unsung art form.

* * * *

Time is a human invention based upon gravitational forces playing out between dust balls.

* * * *

Only in the awareness of the moment, is eternity present.

* * * *

How is it anyone who has not won an Oscar is allowed to criticize?

* * * *

The World v. Islam is very much a part of the future.

* * * *

All the lives, the theater of it all, and You, centerstage in every role.

* * * *

How is this play of consciousness any different than a supernova before it collapses upon itself?

* * * *

Eternity is tabula rasa; become eternity.

* * * *

The much we know, is truly so little.

* * * *

Imagine that.

* * * *

You will never have the answer to that illusion.

* * * *

Is real anything more than what You imagine it to be?

* * * *

The human paradigm has always been, will always be, a perpetual culture war.

* * * *

The bounds of time are many and not far between.

* * * *

Align the mind-body with eternity, or not, You choose.

* * * *

Imagine this work, a sand painting, waiting for the wind, or a broom.

* * * *

If it were an option, what would entice You to come back?

* * * *

Reject all claims that have vanity and greed at their root; imagination is not the source code.

* * * *

In the world, but not of it, what does that mean?

* * * *

A mind full of knowledge, full of trivia, full of gossip, is not the eternal mind.

* * * *

And what can imagination ever know, really, but what it imagines?

* * * *

To expand one's frame of reference to its infinite potential is a rare calling.

* * * *

Pure awareness is pure mind.

* * * *

The internet has magnified the other in all minds.

* * * *

Given a choice, it will likely be the most pleasurable, least painful one.

* * * *

That anyone can believe in make-believe their entire existence, is indeed a put-aside-childish-things issue.

* * * *

False humility will not get You nowhere.

* * * *

To give the mind-body completely over to the moment, is about as blissful as existence gets.

* * * *

An investment in truth does not necessarily generate much interest.

* * * *

Stay sharp, challenge adversity.

* * * *

There is no gold in truth, only in all the toll booths surrounding it.

* * * *

When gravity is not enough, space will have to do.

* * * *

The fluidity of the quantum matrix is not going anywhere.

* * * *

Being the smartest guy in the room has its pluses and minuses, including being left alone.

* * * *

When it comes to horror and absurdity, is there anything surprising anymore?

* * * *

You are not an idol worshipper, everyone else is.

* * * *

The universe is only as big as technology, and your mind, every moment, make it.

* * * *

Forget calling it God, call it the mystery it is.

* * * *

Be the awareness, be the moment, be the now, be the timeless, be the eternal; not the thought.

* * * *

Why would any god or gods make even cursory time for your ceaseless self-absorption?

* * * *

False idols, false ideals, make for unending absurdity.

* * * *

All possibilities should be open, when all possibilities are unknown.

* * * *

Imagination builds airy everything, that dissolve in the light of momentary awareness.

* * * *

Nothing like enthusiasm to take us to our limits.

* * * *

Life or death, every moment a decision.

* * * *

What is it about history, or any subject, for that matter, that draws certain minds to ponder?

* * * *

Another day; let the countdown continue.

* * * *

If You are prone to torturing your Self, stop.

* * * *

You have always been the same timeless awareness.

* * * *

This moment can be heaven, it can be purgatory, it can be hell, You decide.

* * * *

Do You find your fate, or it, You?

* * * *

There is nobody to follow, You must forge your own path, You must discover truth for your Self.

* * * *

You are good at creating worry and stress; can You create bliss?

* * * *

The joys of aging are without end.

* * * *

What plan, even the most thorough, does not require some adjustment?

* * * *

If You are prone to torturing your Self, stop.

* * * *

There is not some all-pervasive, all-powerful deity, at the helm, despite all propaganda to the contrary.

* * * *

You create great tension; can You create great bliss?

* * * *

Mammon has shaped human consciousness since the first barter.

* * * *

One’s spirit need not submit to mind-body pain and suffering.

* * * *

Are You, You, churning in the mundane, or are You, You, awareness, flowing in the moment.

* * * *

Some choices do not need to be repeated.

* * * *

Is it possible to live a life free of the pharaoh’s shadow?

* * * *

You are always that which is sought, but how often do You give it your full attention?

* * * *

Imagination does not easily give up its crown.

* * * *

Highly unlikely the human paradigm will ever transcend its predisposition towards magical thinking.

* * * *

Much easier to give credit to a guiding hand, than it is your Self.

* * * *

Nothing's over until it is over, so best to always pay attention, always en garde.

* * * *

The art of dying is letting go.

* * * *

The cancer of consciousness is daily more apparent.

* * * *

Who can say whether or not your fate is not wired in the winds of nature-nurture from the get-go?

* * * *

Consciousness requires a platform, awareness does not.

* * * *

Magical thinking is the outcome of wishful thinking, and wishful thinking is fallacious pipe-dreaming.

* * * *

What is death but the end to absurdity and suffering, and all its horrors.

* * * *

How could it not be inevitable that Mother Nature would find a way to ride the wave of destruction.

* * * *

Earnest philosophers witness everything with equal dispassion; they are scientists of the highest order.

* * * *

Regarding the future, the kindest thing You could do for your children, is smother them in their sleep.

* * * *

Breathe in the moment, breathe out the moment.

* * * *

Covid-Nineteen it was just a taste; just wait until something even more deadly blows through.

I* * * *

A philosopher few ever heard of died today.

* * * *

Learn to manifest, to manipulate, your mind-body chemistry, with or without supporting players.

* * * *

Imagine it so.

* * * *

Imagining it so, generally does not make it so, without at least a modicum of elbow grease.

* * * *

Under what leaf will there be a tasty morsel, as You scavenge your day.

* * * *

To have a better world just is not in the gene pool.

* * * *

Will You see this, well You just did, silly.

* * * *

Always choose the best, the most interesting, alternative available.

* * * *

It is the little people in the middle who always pay the price for tribal thinking.

* * * *

So, what's the memo say this week?

* * * *

How did that get into the game?

* * * *

It can be a dangerous thing to be preoccupied while crossing a street.

* * * *

Can You imagine anyone ever really reading all this esoteric gobbledygook?

* * * *

The inattentive have a tendency to get sucker-punched in the here and there.

* * * *

Self-reflection can be a whip of its own if You let it; try to relax and enjoy the ride.

* * * *

You are the driverless driver.

* * * *

Awareness is the ground, and there is only one ground.

* * * *

Home is where all doubts have run their course, and the mind stills into its timeless beingness.

* * * *

The entire universe is a dust ball, too.

* * * *

Having no bounds is why You are chosen.

* * * *

No need to apologize for being your Self.

* * * *

The slavers promise You a slot in some heaven, after they have sucked You dry in their hell.

* * * *

Could it have been done any better if You had planned it?

* * * *

So, that's what post-traumatic stress is all about.

* * * *

The best teachers are lifetime learners, and appreciate people, both big and little, to at least some degree.

* * * *

We're all just visitors here.

* * * *

How cannot You embrace the greatest vision; the one that includes You.

* * * *

Why have You never seen your own face; for the same reason no one else ever seen theirs.

* * * *

We vote with our dollar, we vote with our attention.

* * * *

Any given dreamtime requires some sort of platform for consciousness to play out its theater.

* * * *

So, where did that curiosity lead You this time?

* * * *

Call it Mystery, not God.

* * * *

Where is the maestro without the orchestra?

* * * *

Just another cult that calls itself a religion.

* * * *

Almost like You never did it, nor saw it, nor heard it, nor tasted it, nor smelled it, nor felt it.

* * * *

What fad has never become passé, trite, idiomatic, historical, perhaps metaphorical.

* * * *

One instant is no different than any other.

* * * *

Awareness is the moment, or at least as close as these quantum mind-bodies have access.

* * * *

You need not always give in to the hunger for more; the blade of discipline should not be too dull.

* * * *

Just another now.

* * * *

Who is not a storyteller, an historian in their own right?

* * * *

To see it for what it is, is the only sanity.

* * * *

History is indifferent to all the actors who have died under its watch.

* * * *

What did it take for the first sound, the first click, the first grunt, to evolve into this sentence?

* * * *

You are the awareness of eternity streaming through a quantum dream.

* * * *

The final solution to the blasphemy of the human paradigm is extinction.

* * * *

The chimp likes his grog.

* * * *

It is that spark of intelligence, of wit, in the eyes that draws me to You.

* * * *

What did it take for natural selection to get You all those neurons?

* * * *

To go with the process, wherever it leads, is to embrace your fate.

* * * *

Moving mind or still mind, the moment kaleidoscopes the same.

* * * *

The newborn sets off on a sunny, bright trail, and then life happens.

* * * *

Doubt everything.

* * * *

An awful lot of different worlds in this world, and as many universes.

* * * *

Do anything often enough, and it will inevitably become an algorithm, until its systemic end.

* * * *

In a nutshell, to see the eternal, You must be the eternal.

* * * *

Those good old daze, are now a haze, if they are remembered at all.

* * * *

To be afraid of your own creation, and to want anything more of it, how sad.

* * * *

What history teaches us is that human vanity and greed are without limit.

* * * *

Why would You embrace a god that does not include You?

* * * *

Surely, the mystery, the totality, is, without vanity or avarice.

* * * *

Be wary, pride-filled humility.

* * * *

The most simple truths can be the hardest ones to discern, much less accept.

* * * *

A more languid pace is a serenity of its own.

* * * *

All must give the blob they inhabit its due.

* * * *

An understanding, a concession, a surrender, to truth, is required; elsewise, absurdity.

* * * *

When You walk about, do You walk alone, or with your imaginary self?

* * * *

Oxygen deprivation is a gateway for imagination to play out its whimsies.

* * * *

Inattention to the breath, makes for inattention in all things imaginable.

* * * *

To think without thinking is the eternal no-mind's way.

* * * *

Forget your own legend.

* * * *

A mind quick to passion is easily lost.

* * * *

The metaphorical wordscape will play out until the last mind departs.

* * * *

Be as nothing in the given moment.

* * * *

In what child can You predict their future?

* * * *

Have no law but what the moment naturally commands.

* * * *

All are muses.

* * * *

The streets are gold when everything is seen for the gold it is.

* * * *

Caps and t-shirts are a lot cheaper than tattoos.

* * * *

Only vanity would think otherwise.

* * * *

Imagination is a dagger that pierces through inattention.

* * * *

From fountain to urinal, it is all hydration migration.

* * * *

Religions are pointless beyond all reckonings; the human species is lost in its sea of absurdity.

* * * *

Go homeless, and breath in-out that birthright, pushing your cart down the quantum sidewalk.

* * * *

Be the quantum beingness You are.

* * * *

But for imagination's incessant usurpation, You need not think of anything; You can … just … be.

* * * *

The moment is unscathed by time.

* * * *

Traditions are cultural patterns to which patterned minds readily cling.

* * * *

Define forever.

* * * *

Real money does not need to be known.

* * * *

Duality is the lie born of imagination.

* * * *

Forever is a fallacious notion; only as real as imagination imagines.

* * * *

None of it matters to anyone but You.

* * * *

Headlines are like ocean waves crashing one after another; all but indistinguishable over time.

* * * *

Be ye space, or a man who suffers?

* * * *

Who the fuck knows anything but what imagination has access to, and interest in?

* * * *

You cannot hold on to anything for more than a moment at a time.

* * * *

Your limits define your world, your universe.

* * * *

More trivia to forget.

* * * *

Who is anyone in the great relativity?

* * * *

Be spacial.

* * * *

You want meaning and purpose? Maybe try looking over there.

* * * *

... me me me …

* * * *

The pointlessness of pointlessness is the pointlessness beyond pointlessness.

* * * *

No matter how long our kind wanders across the face of this planet, none of this will ever make sense.

* * * *

If you've said anything, you've said too much.

* * * *

Hiding from life? Not exploring it all? What would be the point?

* * * *

Dangle the carrot of salvation, and true believers will pour gold into your coffers.

* * * *

History can be undone with a delete button, or rewritten with a few taps.

* * * *

Nobody cares; well, maybe your mother, or so she says.

* * * *

Technology cannot forever extend the problem it has in exceedingly large part created.

* * * *

Can Nietzsche come out to play?

* * * *

Some people just always need to be proving they have the bigger dick, and not always men.

* * * *

How much longer can the garden pay the price for our natural selection?

* * * *

A subjective mind in an objective dream.

* * * *

A fistful of dollars never does as much for the psyche as ye old bird in the hand.

* * * *

Be ready for your fate.

* * * *

Such pretentious blobs.

* * * *

The foundation of serenity: forgiveness, innocence, compassion, contentment, truth.

* * * *

All the human blobs, blobbing along.

* * * *

Could anyone fuck it up any better?

* * * *

Back to square one.

* * * *

The big ape has always ruled.

* * * *

The meter is one; fast or slow, up to You.

* * * *

Karma is what You make it, or not.

* * * *

You are about You; let others be about themselves.

* * * *

No journey like the present.

* * * *

So many ways the mind-body finds to torture its Self

* * * *

Trickle-trickle up, trickle-trickle down, trickle-trickle all around.

* * * *

‘Tis clever enough for esoteric consumption.

* * * *

One assumption too many.

* * * *

The breath is every moment; are You with it, or caught up in some imaginary flurry?

* * * *

And what can be said of gravity? Likely more than it ever needed.

* * * *

Time to do it, time to see it, time to be it.

* * * *

The trouble with post-traumatic stress, is less about it being locked in the body, than it is in mind.

* * * *

If You are lucky, death is quick and painless; if not, a likely unhappy departure.

* * * *

Each alone must divine the universe into which they have been by genetic lottery cast.

* * * *

What a friggin' insane asylum.

* * * *

Alone, we together pretend.

* * * *

The sound of destiny calls You.

* * * *

In suffering, we learn more than we want to know.

* * * *

If measuring is your thing, the universe offers no end of delight.

* * * *

And what more can be said about that dead horse?

* * * *

Doing the twenty-watt om.

* * * *

Materialism is its own cage.

* * * *

To be the big Self, You must die to the little self.

* * * *

Negation frees; negativity binds.

* * * *

It helps to breathe well, and with a still mind, an aware mind, a no-mind.

* * * *

Never hesitate to retreat if that is the option that will allow another day.

* * * *

What problem cannot be waylaid by a good, full breath?

* * * *

The roar of the falls daily louder.

* * * *

Was it all intended, or simply chance, why would it matter, it is what it is, here You are.

* * * *

Always trying to keep up with the mad-mad world, pray tell, why?

* * * *

Imagination suffers many ghosts.

* * * *

It only seems like free will.

* * * *

How far into hell are You willing to descend?

Soundbites 2024

There is no groupthink, there is no dogma, there is no priesthood, there is only momentary awareness.

* * * *

Integrity begins with the seed of doubt.

* * * *

No matter how You label, how You quantify, how You interpret the stardust, it is always the same illusion.

* * * *

What flower believes it will live forever?

* * * *

Air that breaths.

* * * *

This all might be real, if space and time really existed.

* * * *

Consciousness imagines a continuity that has no ultimate reality, whatsoever.

* * * *

There can be but one truth, and no one owns it.

* * * *

Don’t worry, be happy, there is only this moment to care about.

* * * *

The challenge is to not let the other get a nose under your tent.

* * * *

All differences attain the same grave, all stories are but imaginary tales, be and allow is the highest law.

* * * *

The momentary awareness is your sanctuary.

* * * *

Any who-what-where-when-why-how, You imagine your Self to be, You are not.

* * * *

Connecting the dots requires a mind capable of discerning patterns.

* * * *

Something else not worth bothering about.

* * * *

Squirrels hide nuts, human beings collect things; a hunter-gatherer instinct, civilization calls hoarding.

* * * *

Is there anything in the human paradigm that does not have a shade of vanity?

* * * *

There is nothing to work out.

* * * *

The world and all its mania, all its absurdity, loses all importance in the moment.

* * * *

How ‘Duh!’ is that?

* * * *

Perception being what it is, are You really sure You are on top of anything?

* * * *

Hard for consciousness to catch up with That which was never moving in the first place.

* * * *

Despite all imaginary concoctions to the contrary, there is no other.

* * * *

There is no knowing what this sort of babble will unlock in any given mind.

* * * *

Does the flower beg its flower god for more?

* * * *

There is no end to the myriad ways consciousness can cut the pie, it has in imagination baked.

* * * *

Build all the castles You please, climb every mountain You can, it is all for naught.

* * * *

The unfolding dystopian catastrophe has barely begun; how lucky You are, if You are old.

* * * *

Rest assured, something will happen, whether or not it matches the aspirations.

* * * *

So big, so small, not a care at all.

* * * *

Whatever that was about, it probably does not matter now.

* * * *

Yet another trifling moment, done and undone, in quantum timelessness.

* * * *

Hero or villain or nonentity, everyone has a story, in this quantum stardust dreamtime of consciousness.

* * * *

Hard to imagine a peaceful world as long as even one human being exists.

* * * *

Breathe before You think.

* * * *

Contentment with all You have seen, all You have done, is the brass ring.

* * * *

The reality You are, is so much greater, than the minute shimmer allotted.

* * * *

Groupthink is all in the human paradigm.

* * * *

Pretty darned tough for imagination, in its never-ending swirl of space-time, to do anything the same.

* * * *

The false flag of consciousness, ever entices You back, into its foggy illusion-delusion.

* * * *

So big, so small, in every while.

* * * *

Never assume the castle walls cannot be breached.

* * * *

Drifting in bliss.

* * * *

The esoteric is much ado about nothing.

* * * *

You are that which You seek; look closer, and not in a mirror.

* * * *

The void awaits.

* * * *

There might have been a time, but that moment no longer exists; existence being what it is not.

* * * *

You disrespect him, he disrespects You, so much for that relationship.

* * * *

Very much alone, this awareness.

* * * *

Differences, differences, naught but differences.

* * * *

How many truth-seekers are there, really, who will not settle for one lie or another along their journey?

* * * *

Any passion can become a curse once You lose interest in it.

* * * *

That would take a bit to wrap the head around.

* * * *

What makes You think creation will ever end, or ever begin?

* * * *

Follow the water.

* * * *

The greatest story ever told, or the greatest lie ever imagined?

* * * *

No pronouncements from any pulpit have ever matched what nature offers on a good walk.

* * * *

Quit the inner chatter, and there You are.

* * * *

Awareness is neither close nor far.

* * * *

If You had done even one tiny thing differently, it would have spun an entirely different fate.

* * * *

All fates are shaped, patterned, molded, sculpted, wrought, by the genetic lottery.

* * * *

Death is freedom.

* * * *

Youthful skin is easy when You are youthful.

* * * *

All stories are but imaginary tales.

* * * *

The eternal moment, the eternal awareness, the eternal You, is free and clear of any-and-all trespass.

* * * *

Who has ever been like me?

* * * *

Who has ever been like You?

* * * *

There is something about an aphorism that catches a truth as no story can.

* * * *

Be and allow is the highest law.

* * * *

Nothing is nothing no matter the something it seems.

* * * *

Yet another here-now-long-gone example of how so little it all matters, how so little it all means.

* * * *

It is a cotton-candy thing.

* * * *

Note how evenly gravity lays that layer of dust across the room.

* * * *

Extinction is the way.

* * * *

You are the mystery personified.

* * * *

When the edifice of the illusional-delusional mind-body collapses, the You, You are, is all that remains.

* * * *

The weight of history is the iceberg ripping through the hull.

* * * *

Disengage the frontal lobe.

* * * *

To really, really, really, not care, where would that take You?

* * * *

You are the moment; not the thought about it.

* * * *

Finally figured it out.

* * * *

All differences attain the same grave.

* * * *

All are predators, all are prey; it is a god-eat-god world.

* * * *

What is imagined, can be unimagined; the ever-present moment has a way of forgetting.

* * * *

What is an orgasm but an ecstatic flash of eternity's oblivion.

* * * *

Men come and go, but eternity abides, awareness abides, You abide.

* * * *

Thought is a habit.

* * * *

We so badly want it to mean more, but it just does not.

* * * *

Yes, there it works.

* * * *

Streaming on and on; eternally connected in that ever-and-ever-forever kind of indivisible way.

* * * *

Give it a break – whatever it is – at least once in a while.

* * * *

An affinity for oblivion.

* * * *

Never hurts to have a few backup plans.

* * * *

The world, the universe, and all that it has set into motion, only exists, because You imagine it so.

* * * *

Yes, this is will probably be lost, as well, and it won't even require a fire, given its digital nature.

* * * *

Space and time have nothing to do with eternity.

* * * *

What fellow earthling has ever made such a thing of its existence?

* * * *

What is imagined, can be unimagined.

* * * *

The human species has been interesting, but is it really worth preserving?

* * * *

The moment has a way of forgetting everything.

* * * *

Scientific Method is the most rational, precise way, to examine this mystery, but it is far from infallible.

* * * *

To want, or not to want, that is the question.

* * * *

The world You see-hear-smell-taste-touch is all imagined in a quantum matrix dreamtime.

* * * *

Predator to one, is prey to another; and on and on, the web grows.

* * * *

Your destiny is right here, right now.

* * * *

We are all walking alone together on the same stage in different universes.

* * * *

Truth must ever be discovered anew, because it is the first and last time for every mind.

* * * *

It all being indelibly, ineffably indivisible, how can there be more than one moment for all of eternity?

* * * *

The goal of any writer is to plant something in other minds that will not be easily forgotten.

* * * *

Humankind is naturally-selecting its way to extinction.

* * * *

These words are not intended for those who cannot see or hear the illusion they embrace.

* * * *

The toolmakers have taken us down a rockier and rockier dead-end road

* * * *

The sciences are only as complete as what they believe they have discovered.

* * * *

Gravity is an illusion that blinds You to the spaciousness You ever are.

* * * *

A maze by any name confuses the same.

* * * *

There You are thinking You are so awake, and suddenly realize You have been asleep all the while.

* * * *

The human future is but a totalitarian nightmare.

* * * *

The world shows You its love by ignoring You.

* * * *

What difference has anything ever made to eternity's ineffable moment?

* * * *

It is all recycled piss and shit somewhere down the line.

* * * *

How lucky You are, if You do not have a load of shit to unload.

* * * *

What Rome did with lead, our time has done with plastic.

* * * *

How do You explain nothing?

* * * *

Is it really a body, a world, a universe, or just their perception?

* * * *

The world is our Petri dish, and we are pushing madly towards all edges seen and unseen.

* * * *

There is no end to the rainbow.

* * * *

All personal deities are projections that exist only in the neuron trails of imagination.

* * * *

Do You grab the brass ring, or does the brass ring come for You?

* * * *

If it looks like a frog, hops like a frog, croaks like a frog, it likely ain't no prince.

* * * *

The end of entitlement is nigh.

* * * *

Why is it so hard for people just accept they will never know?

* * * *

Eternity is the one and only moment.

* * * *

All history is sooner or later forgotten.

* * * *

How desperate so many are for attention, that they will do just about anything to get it.

* * * *

Too much is too much; too little, too little; and just enough, requires an able eye, and a slather of luck.

* * * *

The moment does not give a rat’s ass about You, or anyone or anything else.

* * * *

The embodiment of silence is the arch-nemesis of imagination.

* * * *

All yesterdays, all tomorrows, are but imaginary notions.

* * * *

The unwritten history is daily orchestrated.

* * * *

Cease trying to hold onto everything, cling to everything, recall everything, and, voila, here-now You are.

* * * *

The mystery is not anything You believe it is.

* * * *

Be as nothing, and You will wander free.

* * * *

Dying on the vine, pretending You are wine; though more likely a drying raisin.

* * * *

There is only the moment; imagination is but vapor wafting through.

* * * *

Trying to appease an electorate, a constituency, a family, a workplace, a fanbase, how pointless is that?

* * * *

The genome that is adaptable, that has the will and wit and luck, survives.

* * * *

A thought catches nothing but its own imaginary reflection.

* * * *

Religion is all about imagination's interminable delusion that it is something more than it can ever be.

* * * *

Try in every way, as hard as it might, imagination cannot hold on to anything.

* * * *

If it ain't there, it ain't there.

* * * *

You take your pitter-patter-chit-chat wherever You go.

* * * *

Got a lot of good things done today, and more tomorrow, the next yesterday.

* * * *

Wrapping and unwrapping your head around the truth of it, is a momentary challenge.

* * * *

Life or death, every moment a decision; another day, let the countdown continue.

* * * *

All of the above, none of the above.

* * * *

When You toss out a label, be sure it does not apply to You, as well.

* * * *

When has eternity ever started long enough to stop?

* * * *

The quantum mind is a doorway, an entrée to eternity, but You must surrender to your Self to wallow in it.

* * * *

Oh boy, a new pile.

* * * *

Wisdom is the loftiest mainstay of consciousness, and even it must yield to oblivion.

* * * *

How can You die if You were never born?

* * * *

Much less bother, to be famous in your own head, all alone.

* * * *

All the knowledge humankind has ever imagined, is but an infinitesimally tiny speck of the unknown.

* * * *

Imagination, without which there would be no me.

* * * *

More than animals? No, we just imagine it so.

* * * *

All life, runs, flows, kaleidoscopes, to its death.

* * * *

Old dust covers the new.

* * * *

Old enough not to care.

* * * *

How to best serve the many, is to serve the one within all.

* * * *

How high can the Ivory Tower tower?

* * * *

An aphorism catches the true mind.

* * * *

Dust becomes You.

* * * *

It is imagination which wreaks all passion.

* * * *

Still the mind, and see it so.

* * * *

How is a memory from a moment ago any different from one ten or twenty or thirty or more years ago?

* * * *

Traditions are made to be broken; nothing stays the same for any sort of forever.

* * * *

What more is there to say? And yet we yabber on.

* * * *

Oh, joy and yawn, another symposium for the brainiacs to pitter-patter their minds.

* * * *

Attaining the brass ring of awareness requires a surrender for which few have hunger.

* * * *

To the ultimate You, the awareness, nothing matters; even your Self.

* * * *

Where would clouds be without the sky?

* * * *

Wasn't that special?

* * * *

Think You can cheat death? Get back to us if You do.

* * * *

A tiny little slice of history, is all anyone gets, from which to draw their statistical sample.

* * * *

Is that rock moving, yet?

* * * *

What a tiny little deity so many worship on this tiny little dust ball.

* * * *

All fates find the same grave.

* * * *

Do You enter the abyss, or merely realize it is the presence You are, have always been, will ever be.

* * * *

Let he who is without sin lob the first grenade.

* * * *

You came, You saw, You listened, You tasted, You smelled, You touched, You pondered, You departed.

* * * *

Traditions are made to be broken.

* * * *

For most who live anonymous lives, chances are, very few others are thinking about You right now.

* * * *

You must set aside all attachments to clearly discern this one Truth.

* * * *

It is the mind that rushes white rabbit here and there; the moment is ever the same timeless eternal now.

* * * *

Imagination is a timeless time traveler.

* * * *

It all being a phantasmic quantum illusion, your entire existence has been spent talking to your Self.

* * * *

What is this cadaver in the making, is but a vehicle to oblivion.

* * * *

The infinity of momentary awareness, peering out in every way, into that which is both part and whole.

* * * *

Whether in flesh or treasury or stature, there are always consequences to be paid.

* * * *

On the grandest scale, humility is meaningless.

* * * *

All or nothing, no matter.

* * * *

The only duality is the one concocted by imagination.

* * * *

Death is merely evaporating, back into the abyss, that nothingness ever is.

* * * *

Yet another moment of extemporaneous Shakespearian théâtre de l'absurde, playing out across all creation.

* * * *

The streets are lined with gold, for all those who have the wit to see.

* * * *

Who can guess what these many thoughts will inspire or inflame in those who read them?

* * * *

Fate is but a last breath.

* * * *

You can spot a princess when she goes on and on about peas under her mattress.

* * * *

Try not to give it words every now and again

* * * *

What cosmos does the mind gaze out upon, but its own creation, its own perception.

* * * *

If You really did not care, would it even occur to You that You did not?

* * * *

The little part You play, is not the totality You are.

* * * *

The most real humility is the one within.

* * * *

It all came together that moment, and then, poof, was forever gone, as all moments are.

* * * *

Reconcile yourself to what You can; forget the rest.

* * * *

All is process.

* * * *

Nothing stays the same for any sort of forever.

* * * *

Understanding at the intellectual level is one thing; the instinctual, visceral, primeval level, another.

* * * *

The mind can so easily cripple its world.

* * * *

Did not see that one coming.

* * * *

Not easy for consciousness to care as little as the moment.

* * * *

Yet another dust collector.

* * * *

What it used to be in the once upon a time does not matter now.

* * * *

How long will quantum play this form, this pattern, this illusion?

* * * *

The pitter-patter mind.

* * * *

All languages are sound traps of imaginary origin.

* * * *

How many times has that been?

* * * *

Legacy is just another lesson on vanity.

* * * *

Only rarely is the first taste not the best, or the worst.

* * * *

Only time counts.

* * * *

Crusades Y2K, coming your way.

* * * *

There has never been another moment.

* * * *

The faster You chase awareness, the faster it seems to go.

* * * *

Thing management.

* * * *

The history that is known, is such a tiny window, into the history that is unknown.

* * * *

In awareness, all conflict ceases.

* * * *

As if forever exists.

* * * *

The aloneness is real.

* * * *

The awareness, the moment, eternal life, right here, right now, is all and none.

* * * *

Where is space, where is time, in this moment that is, has always been, will ever be.

* * * *

The human paradigm, the human story, from beginning to end, is all just the poof of imagination.

* * * *

When in doubt, look in a mirror.

* * * *

You can never know the moment; only the befores or afters of imagination.

* * * *

It is the same fucking mystery; get over yourselves.

* * * *

Keeping things as simple as possible, is rarely a bad idea.

* * * *

Envision the all in one, and the one in all.

* * * *

Liberation is just giving the mind over to the ever-present moment.

* * * *

Which version of your Self will You play today?

* * * *

Live for today, this moment, right here, right now.

* * * *

Being what You really are, and are not, is not an effort thing.

* * * *

Tomorrow is already yesterday.

* * * *

You do not need to have more to be content.

* * * *

How is it even possible for anyone to believe mind and mystery are not one in the same?

* * * *

That role You have scripted; You do not have to stick to it; re-write anything You please.

* * * *

You objectify me; why not I, You?

* * * *

The roar of the civilized man; another rhetorical imbalance.

* * * *

Mother Nature is not waiting for us to figure it out.

* * * *

Planet of the apes, planet of the trolls, what difference, really?

* * * *

A little lie can be softer than the truth.

* * * *

There are few problems that are not well-served by good, full breathing.

* * * *

Self-imagery is a rabbit-hole for all.

* * * *

Nobody will know; nobody will care.

* * * *

The sea, the ether, the mystery, in which all creation dances.

* * * *

Piss and shit; food of the gods.

* * * *

Your arrival home, is always welcome; the door is locked and unlocked in your mind.

* * * *

Everyone has a story, and not even one is real.

* * * *

The drop is the ocean in miniature form.

* * * *

With your last wheezing breath, nothing will ever matter again.

* * * *

Ambition is a leader in the human becoming game.

* * * *

So many are so adept at examining the illusion in every way, but at some point, what is the point?

* * * *

Empathy brews a world of bedfellows.

* * * *

A spring always gives.

* * * *

Empty out that head, and just be.

* * * *

Why would You be interested in any spiritual choices designed by human vanity?

* * * *

Everything is learned; everything is imagined.

* * * *

What an ironic mystery that so many seek, what so few are prepared to find.

* * * *

There is nothing to remember.

* * * *

Look out into the starry, starry night, and see your one and only parent, your Self.

* * * *

It is okay to accept yourself, like yourself, love yourself; You need not deny yourself.

* * * *

It is the nature of language to create and stoke the duality delusion.

* * * *

Try not to take personal what is not personal.

* * * *

Around which corner will the Reaper be waiting, is anybody's guess.

* * * *

Regurgitating memories is a sure road to perdition.

* * * *

It is all awareness, in which neither space nor time can achieve more than ephemeral appearance.

* * * *

You are no exception.

* * * *

Thought is a habit; genomic in its underpinnings.

* * * *

Odds are extremely likely You will forget everything sooner or later.

* * * *

If that doesn't make your head hurt.

* * * *

The school of life offers endless lessons in absurdity,

* * * *

There is no heaven, there is no hell, but what each imagines in the given mind.

* * * *

Modern propaganda is no doubt much more refined, but rest assured, it is nothing new.

* * * *

Stoicism is the most virtuous vehicle for living a rational, serene, mindful existence.

* * * *

Civilization requires regulations; without it, anarchy.

* * * *

Truth needs no voice.

* * * *

The only thing to fear, is the fear You imagine.

* * * *

You cannot save yourself, much less anyone else.

* * * *

As thorough and determined as they are, the sciences can only harvest illusion.

* * * *

The screen rules.

* * * *

We all establish one kingdom or another; even if it is in a gutter.

* * * *

The geeks have created a world free of nature, and nature is about to be done with it.

* * * *

Is sex really anything more, than friction and fantasy?

* * * *

Looking into your own eye is not for the meek of spirit.

* * * *

A peaceful, tranquil, serene mind, is more choice than You know.

* * * *

Yeesch and by golly.

* * * *

Rocky roads, rocky minds.

* * * *

So many thoughts in any given life, and all forgotten with the last breath.

* * * *

What's another number?

* * * *

Love thy Self.

* * * *

So much clutter with which to burden your mind.

* * * *

To be for the other, as You are for your Self, can be a challenge in a world founded on me, myself, and I.

* * * *

No matter how You smear it, bullshit is bullshit.

* * * *

Are You content with the life that chose You; the life in which You find your Self?

* * * *

You are the infinite, timeless, ineffable moment, stretching across all creation; there is no other.

* * * *

Mind is creation, mind is preservation, mind is destruction, mind is everything, mind is nothing.

* * * *

Imagination is the Great Jester; always waiting in the wings, for inattention to teleport it centerstage.

* * * *

How detached can You be?

* * * *

The embers of memory are always ready and waiting, to be fired up in the furnace of imagination.

* * * *

Do You really exist, or only imagine You do?

* * * *

Space and time are but the concoctions of imagination, no matter the scale.

* * * *

Let us know when You find your face.

* * * *

Just another thing to argue or fight or kill over; it is what we do.

* * * *

Some things make your endorphins happy, and some do not.

* * * *

Why not throw out the baby with the bathwater?

* * * *

Odds are You torture yourself far more than You would ever allow another to.

* * * *

It is a conspiracy if You were not in on the decision.

* * * *

Another day of sallying through narcissism and decadence.

* * *

Where have You placed your bets today?

* * * *

The mind evolved as a problem-solver, and when, without problems, endlessly concocts its own.

* * * *

You are an evolutionary quirk, nothing more, less, but.

* * * *

The mystery includes everything, including You; duality is a lie from any get-go.

* * * *

A warrior is only as good as his blade is sharp.

* * * *

Be at total peace with your Self, and You will know the sweetness of eternity.

* * * *

Believing in Jesus is the Get Out of Hell card for them that true-believe.

* * * *

Die to little self; rest in peace.

* * * *

Nothing mind imagines, is the moment You are.

* * * *

That You, no longer exists; never did, actually.

* * * *

Possession is about fondle rights.

* * * *

This is the only moment there is – there never was a before; there will never be an after.

* * * *

Regurgitating reality.

* * * *

The imaginary gods of consciousness are not the God of awareness.

* * * *

You cannot know it all, and why, pray tell, would You want to?

* * * *

How straight-forward this dream becomes, when nothing takes its rightful place at the helm.

* * * *

How green the grass, everywhere else.

* * * *

Whether there is just one deity or deities beyond counting, are both assumptions adrift in absurdity.

* * * *

You are actor; hear the snore.

* * * *

How much time, pray tell, have You wasted on that?

* * * *

The mystery is well beyond any capacity to comprehend it,

* * * *

Are the choices You make, really choices?

* * * *

How discontent You are, with your fleeting little role; would being God even satisfy You?

* * * *

What reality can past and future have, without the memory imagination sustains?

* * * *

Prayer and hope, and wishful and magical thinking, are dubious strategies.

* * * *

To take it all personal; the first and last mistake.

* * * *

Endure it, enjoy it, best You can.

* * * *

If You were to proclaim your Self, God, who would understand Your meaning?

* * * *

Challenging to discuss very deeply with someone who has read only one book.

* * * *

Where have You placed your bliss today?

* * * *

Oh joy, another game afoot.

* * * *

His story, her story, its story, my story, your story, their story, our story, the story, a story, all stories.

* * * *

Ever notice how imagination ever pushes You on and on and on and ...

* * * *

No one can teach, what You are not prepared for, incapable of, or interested in.

* * * *

You cannot be led where You will not follow.

* * * *

Mystery, mystery, full of history, it cannot remember long enough to forget.

* * * *

Hate is blind to any reason but its own.

* * * *

You can only offer what You have to offer.

* * * *

Indifference to all is the most freeing path.

* * * *

The mystery before space and time is unknowable; some call it God.

* * * *

No point holding on to anything once it is already well in the wake.

* * * *

Lark in, lark about, lark out.

* * * *

Yeesch and by golly, the things fate endures.

* * * *

What it boils down to is nothing.

* * * *

Try not to make it personal; try not to take it personal.

* * * *

Go in peace, if You can manage it.

* * * *

Eternal life is had by the living who have died to imaginary self.

* * * *

It is less about what You are doing, than the state of awareness in which it is being done.

* * * *

Go timeless.

* * * *

Do we have to keep playing this game, Mommy!?

* * * *

To crave anything from this dream, is a sure road to suffering.

* * * *

Constructive criticism is not always welcome.

* * * *

Iconic as You may think yourself, the world is already used to not having You in it.

* * * *

A fountain of nonduality.

* * * *

Without looking, tell us what your face looks like, right now.

* * * *

The eye of the other, is your own.

* * * *

How many perch at the first mirage they stumble upon?

* * * *

The universe is the inside of your skull.

* * * *

The moment is absolutely unseeable, unhearable, untastable, unsmellable, untouchable, unanythingable.

* * * *

The draw of illusion keeps You in its net.

* * * *

How fortunate are those who discover something they love to do.

* * * *

Mother Earth, Gaia, is just another spinning particle of dust, in the eternal vastness of your imagination.

* * * *

You do not become the moment; You be it.

* * * *

No story has ever been real; all are imagined.

* * * *

What, pray tell, have You ever chosen?

* * * *

Scaring kids with hellfire and brimstone, what a meanie.

* * * *

Joke's on You, landlubber.

* * * *

When measurements go south.

* * * *

Nothing sounds good.

* * * *

There are probably a near-infinity of stories You will never imagine.

* * * *

The trick is to have a good time without being too cruel.

* * * *

Serve all, as the moment calls.

* * * *

You naturally-select your Self down the rabbit hole of your fate.

* * * *

Words and numbers can only get so far before reality hits.

* * * *

Awareness, both close and far.

* * * *

You are not the quantum energy kaleidoscoping within and without You.

* * * *

The dreamtime wags on.

* * * *

The unborn-undying awareness through which all passes, is neither real nor unreal.

* * * *

However long You live, will just have to be long enough.

* * * *

Meaning and purpose are imagination's delusional specialties.

* * * *

All flaws are imagined.

* * * *

It is all written in the sands of quantum.

* * * *

The mind transcends space and time whenever it yields itself over to awareness.

* * * *

To be the moment, is to be what You truly are, what You truly are not.

* * * *

Why feel strongly about anything?

* * * *

God is only speculation until the mind that is known dissolves.

* * * *

The moment has nothing to offer.

* * * *

Psychological pain is self-inflicted.

* * * *

Take what feeds You, and leave the rest.

* * * *

You are your version of normal.

* * * *

Eternal life, timeless life, nowness ad infinitum, consciously traveled.

* * * *

Another memory You have already forgotten.

* * * *

My gift to the dystopian future-slash-debacle, that I envision, with a shudder.

* * * *

Do with it whatever You will; do with it whatever You can.

* * * *

Sadly, better You than me, is all I gotta say.

* * * *

Being ignored is a much surer death.

* * * *

Stay strong, rotsa ruck.

* * * *

Ain't evolution wonderful.

* * * *

Words and numbers can only get so far before reality hits.

* * * *

What is it about shapely sacks of crunchy-chewy-gooey that the endorphins find so enticing?

* * * *

Is all the wanting really worth the all the suffering?

* * * *

Natural selection at its finest.

* * * *

Well, we certainly know what kind of deity You would make.

* * * *

Your persona is your post-traumatic stress acting out.

* * * *

Try not to fill the echoes of solitude with your own screams.

* * * *

Every moment, a choice.

* * * *

Confessing to the priesthoods has always been a convenient ‘Keep Out of Hell’ card.

* * * *

Are You really, all that different, all that exceptional, all that unique?

* * * *

How did You ever take all this absurdity so seriously?

* * * *

Everyone is suffering in different ways, to different degrees; be kind whenever possible.

* * * *

Yet another who has not found the off switch.

* * * *

Be wary You do not allow this seeing to drive You mad.

* * * *

The sentimental is everything You hold on to.

* * * *

Natural selection has dictated every fate since creation began.

* * * *

Another master of rhetorical rationalization.

* * * *

Nobody does anything without a supporting cast, without a web of life.

* * * *

It cannot be forced.

* * * *

You are but a vibration, a flicker, a sparkle, a twinkle, in the infinity of eternity.

* * * *

Ain't nothing chivalrous in a gunfight.

* * * *

Everybody is playing their own game.

* * * *

Natural selection includes every calculated step, as well as every muddled misstep.

* * * *

Be the deity You believe, You hope, is looking out over You.

* * * *

Time well spent is a moment well done.

* * * *

Every life form works to its advantage.

* * * *

Nothing is good.

* * * *

It is natural selection, not free will.

* * * *

It is nothing but process.

* * * *

As a species, we have always been our own worst enemy; dragons quake at our shadow.

* * * *

The seemingly serendipitous moments are the mutations of natural selection.

* * * *

Every sentient life form has its own version of a world, of a universe; none the same, all the same.

* * * *

How could God create all this, without being all of it, all the while?

* * * *

The spiritual quest is ultimately a nonsensical non-issue, inspired by imagination's fear of the unknowable.

* * * *

The irony is, that all these piles of gold, are more than pointless, if there is no world in which to spend it.

* * * *

No need for absurdity steeped in imaginary notion.

* * * *

A quantum matrix, permeated by awareness; consciousness really nothing more than distracting noise.

* * * *

A sheep by any other name would baa the same.

* * * *

How seamlessly, how timelessly, how effortlessly, one moment kaleidoscopes into another.

* * * *

You only think You are alive.

* * * *

What a crap-shoot, the natural selection, in the sexual act between male and female.

* * * *

The same awareness fills all sentience.

* * * *

Will imagination ever let go; more than a little unlikely.

* * * *

Relying on absurdity for your worldview will get You the charlatan You deserve.

* * * *

Truth is a windless wind, no sound can catch.

* * * *

Would wrapping a story around all this babble make it more palatable, more real for You?

* * * *

Imagination concocts every sort of absurdity; none of which have any reality in the moment, whatsoever.

* * * *

Discern the God version of Self, You are.

* * * *

You do not have to always carry it all, You know; even Atlas takes a break now and again.

* * * *

A planless plan underway.

* * * *

The effortless mind, the disengaged mind, is as transcendent as it needs be.

* * * *

And just how powerful, how rich, how regarded, must You be to finally put to rest your insecurity?

* * * *

Awareness is a windless wind, no sound can capture.

* * * *

What is there nothing better to do than nothing?

* * * *

Having nothing better to do than nothing is a planless plan.

* * * *

From inner death, springs eternal life.

* * * *

Your tribe is as lost as lost can be; nowhere to be found.

* * * *

You are going to die, and miss so much, and it will not remember You at all.

* * * *

All we are is blobs full of imaginary bullshit.

* * * *

Linguists are adept at describing and prescribing, the ever-morphing bull ride of any given language.

* * * *

Any thought of self is vanity; the imaginary self of every human mind.

* * * *

The challenge is to live a no-regret life, with as few regrets, as possible.

* * * *

How was it You did not see it before?

* * * *

Look out at all the people, wandering hither and thither, and wonder at the fates they are enduring.

* * * *

All imaginary notion to the contrary, You are not your frame of reference.

* * * *

More poster pap.

* * * *

What kind of all-twisted-up-soul babbles, babble, babbles, this not-sort-of horseshit?

* * * *

What dreamtime could there be, without the illusory other, and all its forms and functions?

* * * *

Hard to stay; hard to leave.

* * * *

Another Roaring 20's underway, circa Y2K20 to Y2K29.

* * * *

You honor Self by being it.

* * * *

How deft the sharpened sword of discernment.

* * * *

Is it a battle worth fighting?

* * * *

What vague perceptions are harbored in this dream we call a life.

* * * *

Another day watching the debacle unwrap itself.

* * * *

Tread carefully, lest the seeds of dogma sprout, from this austere message You convey.

* * * *

No need to worship what You already are.

* * * *

Imagination does not for reality make.

* * * *

Why subscribe to a story that will never discern the moment through which it heedlessly passes?

* * * *

Another brain scrambled to perfection.

* * * *

Addictions tend to define and limit You, and are often what will be remembered.

* * * *

A higher state of worship cannot be known.

* * * *

Another way of looking.

* * * *

No one can save what cannot be saved.

* * * *

No one can ever know more than what imagination imagines.

* * * *

A lot of people, in a lot of arenas, are going to be living in tents, pushing carts, collecting treasure.

* * * *

The shadows of serendipity cast their nets far afield.

* * * *

We are all individuals wandering our version of the matrix, of the indivisibility, confounding all.

* * * *

Do You really realize just how alone You truly are?

* * * *

That all things that rise must fall, is always a when, not if, actuality.

* * * *

Interesting times, indeedy.

* * * *

How can there be a world, a cosmos, any dreamtime, without You permeating it?

* * * *

You are the awareness through which consciousness streams.

* * * *

Does all this really exist, or is it just a touchy-feely imaginary construct in your very alonely head?

* * * *

A tortoise, a snail, and a sloth, were sitting in a bar ...

* * * *

Thanks for nothing.

* * * *

So, what is on the syllabus today?

* * * *

In the spectrum, right to wrong, who is right, who is wrong, and who does the judging?

* * * *

Detach from the sheen of fear caused by the stresses that shaped You, encased You.

* * * *

Abiding prior to consciousness – prior to all the things, all the stories, all the imaginings – is a rare feat.

* * * *

Contentment is the brass ring.

* * * *

Seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, touching, without wanting, is a state of mind to which few subscribe.

* * * *

All You need to do is figure out who ‘they’ are.

* * * *

Guaranteed, the body will figure out, to do to You, whatever You are doing to it.

* * * *

As irrational as the rational can be; as rational as the irrational can be.

* * * *

The minions of imagination whirl in a cacophony of chaos.

* * * *

Be the unknowing.

* * * *

The yin-yang of one man's downfall, often being the opportunity for another’s rise.

* * * *

A few-holds-barred life has its consequences.

* * * *

You imagine, therefore You imagine You are.

* * * *

Hello, goodbye, cruel world.

* * * *

A world of dreams.

* * * *

Nothing is done until it is done.

* * * *

The mini-death of sleep comes when the off switch turns on.

* * * *

Not a good idea to play any game, unless You really know the rules, and are really paying attention.

* * * *

The tyranny of neurons.

* * * *

You are as free as You decide to be.

* * * *

To what do You cling in that nebulous mind, but a sea of imaginary perceptions.

* * * *

Dream walkers, dream stalkers.

* * * *

You are but a drop of indivisible awareness in the immeasurable ocean of this ineffable mystery.

* * * *

The ultimate nature that all manifestation is, is eternally spaceless, eternally timeless.

* * * *

An impromptu play.

* * * *

Ants tempt the gods with their anthills.

* * * *

Mystery is without attributes, without direction, without purpose, without meaning, without contradiction.

* * * *

Not your calling.

* * * *

We all wander through our worlds, seeking whatever scratches our endorphins.

* * * *

Never a good idea to assume You are the smartest guy in the room.

* * * *

Any creation is complete as soon as it is set aside.

* * * *

The truth of it goes without saying.

* * * *

Savor and endure the ecstasies and agonies of your ephemeral existence while breath allows the synthesis.

* * * *

How likely is it any deity could be nearly as judgmental as we?

* * * *

There are no guarantees but annihilation.

* * * *

Every sentient life form has its own decision-making process, its own rule of law; none the same.

* * * *

The world is your pearl, if You have the wit to treasure it.

* * * *

The human species is beyond-all-pales, absurdly insane; all victims of our imaginary Self.

* * * *

Only imagination rushes.

* * * *

This work is a very ubiquitous, long and wearing, trudging, ever-on-and-on-and-on, campaign.

* * * *

It is your imagination, You love, You hate, You every passion under the sun.

* * * *

You really believe it is You choosing anything?

* * * *

This moment is all.

* * * *

Re: Tattoos: God, why do they do it?

* * * *

When not disappearing entirely, memories tend to blur more and more, in the aging process.

* * * *

A tiger consumes its prey without a trace of judgment.

* * * *

A warrior can never present otherwise.

* * * *

Always be on watch for the shadow of your imaginary you.

* * * *

Not your fight, unless You want it to be.

* * * *

It is all your inward and outer chatter that allows imagination easy entrée.

* * * *

You are your own law.

* * * *

Every moment is an opportunity to embrace your immaculate unborn-undying.

* * * *

Few can hear the mystery's call through the veil of one imaginary absurdity or another.

* * * *

There is no reason but habit, conditioning, training, to continue on and on, playing this imaginary role.

* * * *

Look at a clock; notice how the hands move, and You do not.

* * * *

How did You teach your Self that?

* * * *

If You did not want to regret it, better not have done it in the first place.

* * * *

To take it all personal is the second mistake; the first was making the assumption that took You there.

* * * *

A warrior never sleeps.

* * * *

Why would any supreme deity bother about dogma?

* * * *

We are all touchy-feely ghosts wandering through each other's lives.

* * * *

Oblivion calls, each and every moment.

* * * *

What kind of leader would You be in any given situation?

* * * *

The wise pick fight they can win; and to avoid as many as possible, is an even better strategy.

* * * *

How You present generally makes for how You will be taken.

* * * *

There is no resolution for the human capacity to create disparity and horror for others.

* * * *

How much sweeter could heaven be, but complete and utter oblivion.

* * * *

Do not wait too long, else the Fates will make the decision for You.

* * * *

You must also be a warrior to your Self.

* * * *

Cling, baby, cling, until the imaginary mind slips back into the oblivion from whence it came.

* * * *

T-shirts and baseball caps and tattoos and other paraphernalia, are like showing your hand in a card game.

The awareness of existence is too ethereal to be imagined.

* * * *

No word, no symbol, no ritual, no tradition, no prophet, no deity, is sacred to the ultimate.

* * * *

How can any live life, endure life, but one breath, one step at a time.

* * * *

Accepting one's fate can be one of life's bigger challenges.

* * * *

The quantum-awakened, turn sand into gold, coal into diamonds, water into wine.

* * * *

Imagination ceaselessly embraces and battles with itself in every way imaginable.

* * * *

The state of awareness is unimaginable.

* * * *

One drop is inconsequential, but all together, are omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient.

* * * *

There are few things, that are not targets, for one improvement or another.

* * * *

Your mind need not be a prison.

* * * *

Adulthood is the price we pay for losing our innocence.

* * * *

The seed of doubt cannot be planted in any but the most open minds.

* * * *

You are nothing more than electrical impulses skirting along neural pathways.

* * * *

Time is a fixation whose existence cannot be proven.

* * * *

The mind can eat itself up over any and every imaginable vicissitude; detachment the only balm.

* * * *

Why are You still here?

* * * *

The idolatries of imagination are many and not far between.

* * * *

The mind will take every opportunity to imprison You, if You allow it.

* * * *

There is no time like present.

* * * *

Those with direct, clear, perception, do not require stories.

* * * *

There is no changing your fate in to what it already is.

* * * *

Just do what You do; no need to justify it to the world.

* * * *

Existence is an entitlement, not a right.

* * * *

Call it whatever You will, everything adds up to the same mystery.

* * * *

Demon or angel, oblivion the same fate; hells and heavens are fictions of human imagination.

* * * *

News is yet another level of gossip that keeps imagination in play.

* * * *

Strategy and tactics are soulmates.

* * * *

How many dimensions might there be; well, how many ways can You cut any pie?

Forget everything, be everything, be nothing.

* * * *

There is a long list of unanswerable questions; first and foremost, is the reality of the questioner.

* * * *

Intelligent design, imaginary design.

* * * *

Ethics is a Gordian Knot, which only the sharpest sword, cuts loose its imaginary hold.

* * * *

Only in pure awareness are any truly free.

* * * *

All the stars in the sky do not add up, to how many things do not matter.

* * * *

To be the nothingness of pure awareness, is to be everything.

* * * *

Death, real or imagined, is the end to all problems, real or imagined.

* * * *

Break every rule, the dreamtime can bring into play.

* * * *

There is no other; let no one tell You otherwise.

* * * *

So, what will your ethereal imagination do through You, this fine day?

* * * *

Another high score in a losing game.

* * * *

Self-interest breeds a logic screened through too many filters to be at all predictable.

* * * *

Try not to argue about stupid things.

* * * *

Nothing is real.

* * * *

The only difference between You and me is imagined.

* * * *

The near is far; the far is near.

* * * *

The momentary awareness, cannot be grasped.

* * * *

You are not special; nor is anyone else.

* * * *

A most challenging thing, to unstick, to release, to pry, to free, your Self, from your self.

* * * *

If You cannot be ironic, if You cannot be paradoxical, if You cannot be doubtful, what can You be?

* * * *

Another day in the quantum fever.

* * * *

Never doubt, that wherever there is gold, vanity and greed will rise to their occasion,

* * * *

Eternity, the moment, the timeless awareness, is indifferent to your imaginary absurdities.

* * * *

The man of one book uses whatever is said, whatever is written, to corroborate his delusion.

* * * *

Where is the wisdom in that?

* * * *

Imagination is its own contagion.

* * * *

The mind can create every sort of heaven or hell; surrender or suffer, the choice born of free will.

* * * *

Even the most beautiful woman or handsome man, are promises that will turn into lies.

* * * *

Another un-rewindable thought.

* * * *

Human consciousness is always imagining itself more than it can ever be.

* * * *

Aphoristic nihilism.

* * * *

The insatiable hunger of consciousness, is a voracious beast, that has cast its shadow across the world.

* * * *

Doubt is the antidote to a conditioned mind.

* * * *

The awareness is as near as it is far.

* * * *

Nothing remains as it is.

* * * *

Continuity is a tempting illusion; a kaleidoscoping dreamtime without reality.

* * * *

Imagination is its own contagion.

* * * *

Keep your judgments to your Self; they say far more about You than those they target.

* * * *

None can help be, but what nature-nurture has shaped them to be.

* * * *

Caught in the 22 again.

* * * *

We are all dreams in each other's dreams.

* * * *

Stay empty in everything You do.

* * * *

A good full breath, waylays the mind from all its busy-busy judgments, and other such mind gorp.

* * * *

So, what does your imagination tell You this fine day?

* * * *

For at least a few moments, such as it is.

* * * *

Idolatry is the fate of those who lack the doubt to free themselves.

* * * *

Imagination is the great shape-shifter.

* * * *

To be at peace with your Self requires no effort, no struggle, no labor, no force, whatsoever.

* * * *

It is the dance of mind, naturally-selected since the big bang of genesis, to be You.

* * * *

Stare at anything long enough, and You will realize it is the mind that is moving.

* * * *

Imagination has You by the neurons.

* * * *

You have no right to anything, but what fate allots.

* * * *

Relax, it will not be all that much longer.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how does the endless pursuit of trivia get anyone?

* * * *

The awakened, see sand as gold, coal as diamonds, water as wine.

* * * *

A neural matrix.

* * * *

A mind bound by imagination will always find new limitations.

* * * *

Done enough.

* * * *

Wandering to and from on the spectrum of irony and paradox.

* * * *

Avoid moral dilemmas and quagmires; good and evil are the stillborn of duality.

* * * *

Intelligent design, fallacious design, or any design at all?

* * * *

The domestication crafted by entitlement does not fare well when Darwin pendulums serious.

* * * *

Guns, bunkers, supplies, alliances; not of much use if they cannot be accessed.

* * * *

Yet another ugly future-given.

* * * *

Another day in the quantum fever, chatting with your Self in whatever venues are wandered.

* * * *

Those who lack doubt will never get through the eye of the needle.

* * * *

Nothing is as real as it gets.

* * * *

The agenda of a true believer is without doubt.

* * * *

The cosmos is very much aware, within and without, prior to all priors, beyond all beyonds.

* * * *

Adulthood is the price one pays for losing their innocence.

* * * *

What will the world be like without You? Most likely the same as it was with You.

* * * *

Self-doubt can be a debilitating habit; and like all habits, hard, but not impossible to break.

* * * *

Ethics is forum mind gorp that passes the time.

* * * *

You cannot abuse your mother, and not expect her to come gunning for You.

* * * *

If You cannot doubt, You are blind to truth.

* * * *

How so many can be so satisfied with so much less is beyond all reckoning.

* * * *

The irony is within the paradox, and the paradox, within the irony.

* * * *

All this was written long before the sands of time came along.

* * * *

Pride is much imaginary ado about nothing.

* * * *

Ever the same You, playing out every creation across all eternity.

* * * *

The show must go on; easier to ignore this sort of scribbling, for vanity and greed's sake.

* * * *

There are many paths, treading all about this pale blue dot of a dust ball, all to the same grave.

* * * *

That is probably not good idea.

* * * *

You only pretend to be a body, a world, a cosmos; in reality, You are none of it.

* * * *

What will be the future of our kind, and life on this pale blue dot, You do often wonder.

* * * *

You have always been perfect just the way You are.

* * * *

New figurine, new symbol, new dogma, new whatever; same old idolatry.

* * * *

The worst thing than an assassination attempt, is a failed one.

* * * *

Self-serving followers make for a self-serving God.

* * * *

Nothing exists because of imagination.

* * * *

The mystery is all things at all times all at once.

* * * *

There is no getting edgewise into the moment.

* * * *

Would You allow someone else to torture You, the way You do yourself?

* * * *

So alone, the mind-body could die, and there would be no difference.

* * * *

What would be the point of anything less?

* * * *

Do nothing, and nothing will become apparent.

* * * *

Is there any limit to our affinity for absurdity?

* * * *

Vote NO! on climate change; let Mother Nature know what You think.

* * * *

If You must worship something, make it the right-here-right-now eternal moment.

* * * *

That will be for history to judge.

* * * *

There is are no ‘moments’ – there is only one moment, one timeless moment, one eternal moment.

* * * *

Grasping the ungraspable, is an ungraspable task.

* * * *

So many pretending they really know something.

* * * *

A still mind is a free mind.

* * * *

The missing piece.

* * * *

No point reading any of this if You already have your answer.

* * * *

There is no happy ending, unless You are perchance that which is unborn-undying.

* * * *

The temptation of nirvana hovers in every moment.

* * * *

Losing it, one day at a time

* * * *

Ultimately, what is worth remembering?

* * * *

No story, no matter how real and true, no matter how fantastical, can touch the eternal moment.

* * * *

Any story, no matter when written, is only as real as your belief in it.

* * * *

It is history that got us into this fine mess, and only detaching from it can get us out.

* * * *

There is no past, there is no future, there is only this moment, right here, right now.

* * * *

What point feeling sorry for yourself?

* * * *

Absurdity is in charge, and madness, its bleak shadow.

* * * *

Rarely pays to get in the way of vanity and greed.

* * * *

The futility of nothing, always trying to be something, for some, becomes Self-apparent.

* * * *

The wonder! The wonder!

* * * *

The moment is the fruit of Eden; the tree of knowledge is just a distraction.

* * * *

Necessity will out every variety of solution.

* * * *

Regarding God and related rumors; that You believe You have figured it, likely means You have not.

* * * *

A slow-burn, under-the-radar, revolutionary mein-kampf; very likely to go entirely unnoticed.

* * * *

There is no Original Sin; only an Original Flaw

* * * *

Fuck that!

* * * *

Food and drink begin their gastric journey into shit and pee as soon as they enter your mouth.

* * * *

To which so many are chained.

* * * *

All we two-leggeds are, is crunchy-chewy-gooey grubs, chock-full of imaginary whimsicality.

* * * *

So many ways to fill this mystery theater continuum, if all You are doing is living.

* * * *

Unless You are in one of them, there are so many worse places, so many worse times, to be.

* * * *

No point holding on to what was neither here nor there in the first place.

* * * *

How has the absurdity of dualistic notion, retained any credence at all, in the human paradigm?

* * * *

Right here, right now, is a moment within the moment.

* * * *

A most obvious truth.

* * * *

Easy-peasy to make up whatever deities your imaginary blend of desire and fear require.

* * * *

Be ye truth seeker, or lie keeper?

* * * *

Truth is not a debate; it is not rhetorical masturbation.

* * * *

Push that ethics button as often as You might, it is ever but an imaginary salve.

* * * *

Time cannot stop, because it never started.

* * * *

The moment is detached, the moment is the detachment, You are the detachment, You are the moment.

* * * *

How can anything but a quiet, still, serene mind, truly embrace the eternal moment?

* * * *

Entitlement runs deep.

* * * *

Seriously, who can be saved, when everything is very much nothing?

* * * *

You are but the moment dreaming its Self real.

* * * *

You know your calling, your passion, when You would pay to do it.

* * * *

Truth is not a dare.

* * * *

The mind-body can be its own best friend; the mind-body can be its own worst enemy.

* * * *

Check your attachments at the door, please.

* * * *

If You want to stop space, to stop time, try stopping your mind.

* * * *

Ceaseless judging; that, is what we do.

* * * *

Easier to dumb down than it is to grit and gumption up.

* * * *

Be your own imaginary best friend.

* * * *

How many people really want to spend that much time in anyone else's mind?

* * * *

What will all the progeny go through, for the rest of human history, is a horror-filled ponder.

* * * *

Only nothing would be forever, if time existed, if space existed, if anything existed.

* * * *

The long sleep of oblivion will be a welcome changeless.

* * * *

Nothing need not, nothing cannot, be saved.

* * * *

Embrace eternity.

* * * *

Most all lives narrow down from vibrant rivers to gurgling streams before it is over.

* * * *

Eternal grace is yours for the now-ing.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how, is any other, in the stillness of pure awareness?

* * * *

The space-time continuum is but scientific jargon for eternity.

* * * *

Quality ... Excellence … Caliber … Competence … in everything You do … is the best of all polices.

* * * *

Conspiracy to one tribe, is but a mission-oriented group consensus to another.

* * * *

Best laid plans make the gods on high laugh with glee.

* * * *

Prior to all sensations, physical or mental, You are.

* * * *

Congratulations, your God is as vain and greedy as You.

* * * *

A very original work about a very original mystery.

* * * *

What need for rebirth, once You have discerned what You truly are?

* * * *

To care what any other thinks of You, why?

* * * *

Hard to let go of an edifice, in which so much imagination has been invested.

* * * *

This is your moment; embrace it.

* * * *

There is far more language available to play with in this time, than was ever accessible to the sages of old.

* * * *

Is there anything, more wearing than people who think they are superior than everyone else?

* * * *

Nothing has no reality, but what imagination gives it.

* * * *

It being a God-eat-God dreamtime, everything is eaten sooner or later.

* * * *

What circuitous wander has brought You to this moment, pondering these many thoughts?

* * * *

The moment knows no other.

* * * *

How many things You coulda-shoulda-woulda done differently? Or the same, in a different way?

* * * *

The geeks have taken the human paradigm, have taken the Garden of Gaia, down a dead-end road.

* * * *

The next breath could be your last; are You ready?

* * * *

Artificial Intelligence is unlimited in all the ways imagination can take it; envy the future, pity the future.

* * * *

All so predictable, all so passé.

* * * *

An attentive breath wipes clean all the bothers of your imaginary cosmos, your imaginary realm.

* * * *

Where else is there to be content, but this very here, this very now, this very moment, this very breath.

* * * *

Nothing moves You.

* * * *

The Big Bang of Consciousness, creator of infinity, hath no bounds, but death.

* * * *

Worldly temptations are many and ever more.

* * * *

Just You – very, very, very, exceedingly very, much alone – witnessing Your version of a cosmos.

* * * *

Regarding Eternity, You can never stop what never started.

* * * *

The unborn-undying eye is within all sentience.

* * * *

For there to be good, there must be evil, and that, my friend, is duality in a nutshell.

* * * *

Eden did not disappear; You just stopped seeing it.

* * * *

And some call it, evolution.

* * * *

You are king or queen of your imaginary cosmos; only death can unseat You.

* * * *

You will follow, until You find courage enough, to hold the reins.

* * * *

Feed ze tongue at your peril.

* * * *

Humankind voluntarily surrendered its sovereign sentience to imagination, the great usurper.

* * * *

Personal responsibility? What's that about?

* * * *

All belief systems are one imaginary concoction or another, none in any way-shape-form real.

* * * *

Ta-da!

* * * *

The mystery is only as obvious as any given mind can upstream swim.

* * * *

Wisdom comes with a full metal jacket.

* * * *

Pay attention to the job description, both written and unwritten.

* * * *

A pale blue dot, every moment at war – indivisibly creating, preserving, destroying.

* * * *

So much of everything, and yet, so little wisdom, so little contentment.

* * * *

Eternity is easily bypassed, by the many who neither see nor hear nor question.

* * * *

So much of everything, yet, so little wisdom, so little contentment.

* * * *

Meaning and purpose is whatever You make it, if You make it anything at all.

* * * *

What point being engaged, being governed, being waylaid, by notions fueled by imagination?

* * * *

Pick something You love, and let it kill You.

* * * *

The observer is the observed; the observed is the observer.

* * * *

Guaranteed, this dreamworld does not care one iota what You think or do.

* * * *

What law but his own can bind the explorer of consciousness?

* * * *

A go-figure moment.

* * * *

Paths to glory, that begin as super highways, often turn into rutted backroads.

* * * *

How can a wee mind ever have more than a wee view?

* * * *

Every awakening is its own story, its own time, its own space, its own tempo, its own mind, no two alike.

* * * *

How sorry I feel for the future's children whenever I pass a playground.

* * * *

Free will is an extremely dubious concept.

* * * *

How can karma stick to the moment, but through imagination?

* * * *

Surrendering to the mystery, to the unknown, to eternity, to the moment, is child’s play.

* * * *

The moment has no weight but what the imaginary mind carries through it.

* * * *

Awareness has no persona, but what the wind of imagination blows through it.

* * * *

What is it to have no other imbedded in your mind?

* * * *

… When have You never been? … When will You never be? …

* * * *

What the senses, a dollop of gravity, and a little light, hath created.

* * * *

Might makes right, and weakness wags its finger.

* * * *

What sort of cosmos would it be if time was more than a concept?

* * * *

The dildo of consequences rarely arrives lubed.

* * * *

No matter how many dimensions creation may create, all are of the same mystery.

* * * *

Death is not easy to embrace when the clarion of life abounds.

* * * *

In the race to extinction, what point, tapping the brakes?

* * * *

Avoid troubling your Self.

* * * *

Yet another beguiling story of deities and demons, oh joy, oh yawn.

* * * *

Doing nothing takes practice.

* * * *

Only the spaceless-timeless, unborn-undying, unfathomable-ineffable, are free.

* * * *

Mind can be a torture chamber, or a joyful celebration; every moment its own imaginary revelation.

* * * *

The old is ever new, and the new, ever old.

* * * *

How did that not occur to You before?

* * * *

Would You exist, without imagination, imagining it so?

* * * *

The eternal is not an every-once-in-a-while thing; it is an every-moment-right-here-right-now thing.

* * * *

Attachment to outcomes of any sort it a sure way to flummox the mind.

* * * *

God is far too omnipresent, too omniscient, too omnipotent, to be subjugated by any mindset's storyline.

* * * *

Truth is in the remembering; Truth is in the forgetting.

* * * *

It is right there, as plain as the nose on your face, if You could see that, either.

* * * *

Those who speak do not know.

* * * *

An immaculate conception, witnessed through the all-seeing, unborn-undying, eye of awareness.

* * * *

Memory is the food bank of vanity.

* * * *

Imagination imagines that it is alive, but where is the pudding to prove it?

* * * *

A good full breath, contains all the detachment that is needed, to offset the illusionary quantum matrix.

* * * *

Time well spent, is mind well dreamed.

* * * *

Wander the mountain until You become the mountain.

* * * *

Creators generally move on to the next creation well before any applause for the last handiwork.

* * * *

There is no end to more; one must simply stop.

* * * *

How callously indifferent a mind must become, to harm any fellow earthling great or small.

* * * *

Those who know do not speak.

* * * *

To see it, to be it, to the unborn-undying of the essential beingness, is the every-moment challenge.

* * * *

Only the spaceless-timeless-unborn-undying are free.

* * * *

The awareness of every sentient being, a unique translation of the same ineffable mystery.

* * * *

Just because it seems real, does not make it real.

* * * *

Life is just the mystery, caught in a biological mainframe, full of sentience.

* * * *

Drops of wisdom drip-drip-drip from the true mind.

* * * *

Any paradigm founded and funded by imagination, only has the reality imagination bequeaths it.

* * * *

Superstition is the fallacy, the delusion, the perversity, to which many an irrational mind clings.

* * * *

The great silence stills tongues.

* * * *

For a paradigm to overcome its irrational limits, would require a cleansing of genocidal proportion.

* * * *

The quantum matrix is an ineffable mystery to its common denominator, the one and only nothing.

* * * *

How do You hold on to nothing, when there is nothing to hold on to?

* * * *

You do need to ask permission to be your Self.

* * * *

The unifying principal is supercalifragilisticexpialidociously simple … It is all one … ‘Nuff said.

* * * *

Every mind, its own Sisyphean reckoning.

* * * *

If someone cannot see the obvious, there is no point arguing about it.

* * * *

How can it all go on and on and on, but through the illusions-delusions-absurdities, of vanity and avarice?

* * * *

Whose fake new rules the day?

* * * *

What, other than imagination, discerns the ultimate truth of anything?

* * * *

Nothing to do, and all day to do it.

* * * *

You are the same moment, You have always been.

* * * *

Daily headlines are the first drafts of tomorrow's history books.

* * * *

Is the quantum stardust God, or is the quantum stardust wafting through God?

* * * *

Go ahead, douse the human paradigm with another speculation.

* * * *

Another cult, yawn.

* * * *

Are You really anything more than an in and out of an ocean of air in the kaleidoscoping moment?

* * * *

Another thankless moment springs into action.

* * * *

Time is but a wee little concept buried deep in the root ball of imaginary notions.

* * * *

New day, new way.

* * * *

Maybe You should follow your own advice.

* * * *

Awareness is the intelligence; consciousness, the imaginary charioteer.

* * * *

Truth is only true to those who subscribe to it.

* * * *

What – about the unborn-undying, spaceless, timeless, indelible, ineffable abyss – can ever be known?

* * * *

Like cats on a chalkboard.

* * * *

How can You ever be late, or in the wrong place, when here now, is the only time and place there is to be.

* * * *

You earn the same respect You give, if You are lucky.

* * * *

You can only delve as deep as your doubt.

* * * *

You shall have no other gods before You.

* * * *

The future is now.

* * * *

Life is the muse for any creator.

* * * *

Will You die with your vanity intact?

* * * *

No matter – how big, how mighty, how prosperous, how renowned – they get, all religions are cults.

* * * *

Look clearly within, and You will see clearly without.

* * * *

Odds are, even that which we call God, by oh-so-many names, does not know how it all came to be.

* * * *

Hard to stop a hater from hating.

* * * *

The will of destiny marches to its own tune.

* * * *

Even that which matters most, matters not.

* * * *

If You cannot control your willy-nilly imaginary mind, at least do the favor of not inflicting it on others.

* * * *

Nothing does it.

* * * *

Regarding counting moments, hard to tag a thing that cannot be seen or heard, and does not shuffle about.

* * * *

How seriously we take our imaginary selves, and our relatively brief, narcissistic-hedonistic dreamtimes.

* * * *

And in the face of this revelation, vanity is still front and center in all.

* * * *

Nothing is greater than any deity real or imagined.

* * * *

It has been a good dream.

* * * *

What is any seeker, any quester, but the hunter of countless mysteries unknown and unknowable.

* * * *

Well, You tried.

* * * *

Wisdom is distillation of experience; sympathy and empathy, among its chief fermenting agents.

* * * *

How does everything end? ... Badly.

* * * *

Another tidbit for the circular file.

* * * *

Eternity is like that.

* * * *

No, no, no, ten thousand times, no.

* * * *

The truth is oblivion; You are oblivion.

* * * *

Imagination will always be a wannabe when it comes to being real.

* * * *

You, all alone – in a cosmos, a world, a form, a mind, a space, a time, a dream – but never of it.

* * * *

How can anyone prove what can never be proven?

* * * *

You might be back in Old School any day now; be ready.

* * * *

Another day, chasing the clock, racing stoplights, in the rush to oblivion.

* * * *

The imaginary mind-body is the only space-time machine, and every two-legged its own timeline.

* * * *

Nothing matters; not even nothing.

* * * *

Sacks of genetic material – permeated, pervaded, infused, saturated, soaked – in imagination's matrix.

* * * *

Can there be a You, without a body of some dimensional sort?

* * * *

The agony of it all creates so many wounds, so many scars, so many tears; why do we do it to ourselves?

* * * *

The most elemental-fundamental-essential level is the primordial spirit.

* * * *

No one can prove anything.

* * * *

Can You change your mind?

* * * *

You are not your imagination.

* * * *

Delve as deeply as You might, there is no place to arrive.

* * * *

You are not anything the mind pretends, not anything the mind portends.

* * * *

Details to follow.

* * * *

That God knows who-what-where-when-why-how all this is happening, is an unprovable assumption.

* * * *

You certainly do cling to your primal fear.

* * * *

Truth is but the eternal moment, through which all illusion wafts.

* * * *

The ego mind is but a veil, through which the eye of awareness You are, peers; detached, immortal.

* * * *

There is not, and has never been – nor will there ever be – any other.

* * * *

The morning perch calls its regulars.

* * * *

Imagination is the veil of illusion; the patterning, believing itself real.

* * * *

"It has to be something more," is an unprovable assertion.

* * * *

To even declare "I Am" is a dubious assertion.

* * * *

The binds, the Gordian Knot, of human thinking, are many and without end.

* * * *

Maybe on your deathbed, You will realize how equal to everything You are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

The blue pill is certainly easier to swallow.

* * * *

Back on board

* * * *

What conceptual frameworks have ever touched reality?

* * * *

It for imagination to decide its fate.

* * * *

Embrace the futility.

* * * *

Mathematicians and musicians speak universal languages to which not all minds are privy.

* * * *

Cloaked in plain-sight nondescript, the king of the world, the king of the cosmos, stands aloof.

* * * *

And freedom, what is that, really?

* * * *

Sometimes, You have just got to start all over; perhaps many times.

* * * *

To realize how alone You truly are, is not a fate many embrace.

* * * *

The living who are dead, count themselves few.

* * * *

Yet another shoulda-coulda-woulda moment passes into oblivion.

* * * *

The awareness, the moment, is church enough, religion enough, for any and all.

* * * *

Ultimate truth cannot be usurped by the – brittle swords, false shields, broken chariots – of ignorance.

* * * *

Cheating only cheats the cheater of integrity.

* * * *

Opting for magical thinking over empirical observation; well, enjoy your delusion.

* * * *

Unmasking your delusions, is a process not unakin to that of a chick, pecking its way out of its prison.

* * * *

Tollbooths, at every opportunity, is how it works, for those who play the game.

* * * *

How absurd to believe your self-absorbed, imaginary mind-body character, is even one iota immortal.

* * * *

Distraction is the surest restraint.

* * * *

No matter how much You imagine You know, the unknowable can never be known.

* * * *

It is all God, including You, figure it out.

* * * *

The God, so many in imagination project, is really formed and adorned, with their own narcissistic vanity.

* * * *

Is it real hunger, or just the insatiable quantum mind, choosing between different sensations?

* * * *

We so love our stories, that a world was built to house them.

* * * *

Everyone has a cadence, a drumbeat, a heartbeat, to which they diligently march out their destinies.

* * * *

Speculation is the quagmire of imagination.

* * * *

Hurry up and wait.

* * * *

What combination of any words of wisdom, in what moment, will unlock and unleash your cosmic Self?

* * * *

As magnificent as it imagines itself to be, imagination is but a mortal player, destined for obscurity.

* * * *

Imagination is always out and about, on the march, on the hunt, questing one thing or another.

* * * *

All others are but imaginary illusions of the quantum kind.

* * * *

It's happening again.

* * * *

It is pride, vanity, generosity, hope, that has written this opus.

* * * *

Surprised! Surprise!

* * * *

No one can ever more than speculate, what it takes any given creator, to create.

* * * *

Democracy is a rather futile attempt to make life fair and equal, for some.

* * * *

Waiting for Old School to make a comeback.

* * * *

All we are is crunchy-chewy-gooey with imagination.

* * * *

A bubble of detachment is a good space to hang.

* * * *

No need to suffer along with the mind-body.

* * * *

The history of the mystery, is everything imaginable, and nothing all the while.

* * * *

How easy to imagine your book the greatest story ever told, when it is the only one You have ever read.

* * * *

No one else but your little self needs convincing.

* * * *

Whether it is called good or evil, there are many reasons, why the road less traveled, is less traveled

* * * *

What possible good does it do, feeling sorry for yourself?

* * * *

How would any less a vision even be possible?

* * * *

Why seek forgiveness from any imaginary other, when forgiving your Self is more than enough.

* * * *

Is it cheating if You are playing a different game?

* * * *

The blade of discernment has a razor's edge, that only the very wise, have the wit with which to whittle.

* * * *

Idolatry and magical thinking tend to lark about hand in hand.

* * * *

Whenever You totally surrender, it always feels like the first time.

* * * *

Nothing new under the sun? Well, if it is new to You, how much newer can it get?

* * * *

Instinct has never been a match, for the will born of imagination.

* * * *

Heavens and hells are all merely fabricated whims of imagination.

* * * *

Believing You know something can make for an arduous journey.

Soundbites 2025

Every mind instantly weaves the eternal moment into its imaginary frame of reference.

* * * *

The known can never attain the unknown; the mind can never attain the no mind.

* * * *

You are eternity witnessing a touchy-feely dream; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Here You are right here, right now, timelessly eternal; nothing before or since has ever happened.

* * * *

Politics and diplomacy are obtuse art forms, in which directness only rarely finds welcome.

* * * *

A lie is a lie, but the white ones tend to keep the sails of relationships and situations a bit more trimmed.

* * * *

Easier to conquer the world than it is your self.

* * * *

The unborn-undying awareness is the same in all living creatures.

* * * *

You owe history nothing but what You freely consent.

* * * *

Cheating and conniving your way through life, what could possibly be the point?

* * * *

mind creates its own hell, its own purgatory, its own heaven, and like snowflakes, none ever alike.

* * * *

Space and time weaves along in me, along in You, so we sing the song, and believe it true, so true.

* * * *

Only through the other, can the no other of Self, be discerned.

* * * *

A smorgasbord, a potpourri, a motley, an assortment, a miscellany, a variety, for which few truly hunger.

* * * *

Take it, or leave it, You decide.

* * * *

And here it is, the inexplicable eternal mystery of You, right before your eyes.

* * * *

Your entire existence has been but one breath from death.

* * * *

This is the moment that will happen.

* * * *

In the cosmic vastness of possibilities, You are.

* * * *

The idolatry of the true believer is the plague of history.

* * * *

The three paths to a hellish existence are lust and anger and greed.

* * * *

All history is of relatively short duration from the eternal view.

* * * *

All that suffering, all that passion, all that reverie, has never been more than imaginary notion.

* * * *

It is just about filling the time with whatever your nature-nurture fate calls.

* * * *

The ether of awareness is the earth-wind-water-fire of consciousness.

* * * *

Every life form is completely alone for all eternity; all equally created of the same ineffable mystery.

* * * *

Death is the great escape.

* * * *

Philosophical inquiry by those who answer the call of eternity, is rarely without great time and effort.

* * * *

Everyone wanders – a labyrinth, a maze, a frame of reference, a muddle – of their own imaginary design.

* * * *

This is an entirely Self-generated creation.

* * * *

Fallacious thinking creates its own fallacious reality.

* * * *

How can there be a point, when the moment passes too quickly, for one to land, much less stick.

* * * *

The other is a figment of imagination.

* * * *

Sooner or later, all pyramids are raided by one future-past or another.

* * * *

Your cosmos is only as infinite, only as infinitesimal, as your imagination.

* * * *

A huge mansion, a huge castle, only means you have to walk further to take a shit.

* * * *

How capable are You, really, of changing even one speck of the imaginary you, You play?

* * * *

Consciousness v. Awareness is a no-contest contest.

* * * *

All dreamtime dances in the moment.

* * * *

The cosmos is but a relatively large dance floor for the mystery to witness everything imaginable.

* * * *

To give full attention to the moment, is an every-moment challenge.

* * * *

A deep, full breath is the surest way to clear, to recalibrate, the busy-busy mind.

* * * *

The rule of law is black and white; the real world, shades of gray.

* * * *

A willingness to throw out the baby with the bathwater is required to cede to doubt.

* * * *

Why get all twisted up about what is really nothing more than illusion?

* * * *

Pyramids are just over-sized storage units.

* * * *

To live a life without doubt, is to miss entirely its pointlessness.

* * * *

What is prayer but another token of imaginary chatter.

* * * *

Any leadership is a reflection of its electorate, and that can be exceedingly scary at both ends.

* * * *

The lotus blossoms alone, sovereign, absolute; be a lotus.

* * * *

Would our ancestors applaud or kill us, for what we have done to their garden?

* * * *

Imagination only knows what it projects.

* * * *

Every sentient creature, each very much timelessly alone, suffers existence in its own very unique way.

* * * *

All of creation is a simultaneous continuum.

* * * *

As these bodies become torture units, the absence of pain can be the greatest pleasure.

* * * *

It is not the numbers that lie; it is those who wield them.

* * * *

As the open hand is to the monkey's freedom, the open mind is to yours.

* * * *

That is the part You play, but is that face in the crowd, the real You?

* * * *

Disengage from the patter of mind; dive into the still depths of awareness.

* * * *

How unremarkable the uncritical mind.

* * * *

You must wash away the little self, to see the big Self, You are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

We are all the tools of Mother Nature and her Magical Mystery Tour.

* * * *

The dreamer is the dream; the dream, the dreamer.

* * * *

A thesaurus is a means, to finding that more accurate word, for whatever it is You are trying to say.

* * * *

Aging begets an ever-unfolding set of consequences, for which compromise and adaptation are requisite.

* * * *

All the commitments to a dream; talk about irony and paradox.

* * * *

To wander as though dead – as detached, as nondescript, as the dead – is the great challenge.

* * * *

Of gain and loss, gain is the far easier one to endure.

* * * *

The mind focuses with the most equanimity on one thing at a time.

* * * *

Amazing what all life endures, all for what amounts to nothing more than a touchy-feely dream.

* * * *

The optimal goal is neither a step too short, nor a bridge too far.

* * * *

There is no truth until You see it is You.

* * * *

It is all You, and whatever You discern it to be, or not to be.

* * * *

A mind without focus, is a mind filled with incessant chatter.

* * * *

What decision is not host to the possibility of unintended consequences?

* * * *

It is for the living, to process, to make or unmake, the worlds of those who first depart.

* * * *

Observing the mystery within and without is a non-religion religion.

* * * *

True immortality is only achieved in total detachment.

* * * *

To believe in a deity or deities, You must first imagine divinity, and then imagine it real and true.

* * * *

The ever-present mind-body fabricates an imaginary continuity, that has no ultimate reality, whatsoever.

* * * *

What is this so-called existence, but an empty bag of memories.

* * * *

When have You not been a beginner?

* * * *

Awakening is like backing your Self into a corner, and then erasing the corner.

* * * *

Another pleasant distraction.

* * * *

It will all be quickly forgotten when we extinguish ourselves.

* * * *

Does imagination spring from the persona, or the persona from imagination?

* * * *

Need a koan to wake up? Forget it.

* * * *

Somehow imagination got started, and has not stopped since.

* * * *

The speculations are many and not far between.

* * * *

Imagination has no limits but what it sets.

* * * *

Glimpses of the sky, the clarity, between the clouds of consciousness.

* * * *

Right here, right now, You are, for as long as the mystery allows.

* * * *

How can the human paradigm ever draw back from the investment it has imagined into reality?

* * * *

Awareness sees all, awareness knows all, awareness is all.

* * * *

You are powerful, You are rich, You are famous ... So what?

* * * *

Repeating it over and over, has never made any story real or true.

* * * *

Who is the seeker searching for the nothingness prior to the searching?

* * * *

What is fake news, what is not fake news?

* * * *

How many people pull out their car fobs to open the front door?

* * * *

You are lost the moment inattention gives over to the wiles of imagination.

* * * *

It takes a strong and vigilant mind to abide in the awareness of the eternal moment.

* * * *

The true believer is blind to truth.

* * * *

Tales of the quantum matrix

* * * *

Eternity is not a story.

* * * *

Why search for the nothingness prior to the searching?

* * * *

Nothing firsts, nothing lasts.

* * * *

A quantum mirage.

* * * *

What need to seek when you are already that which is found?

* * * *

A different kind of intelligence.

* * * *

Rich man's life on a dime, many lifetimes in one, is how I put it.

* * * *

Regret and revenge are equipped with long memories.

* * * *

Every mind, a mystery theater.

* * * *

How much of our existence we spend, we waste, labeling our imaginary selves this or that.

* * * *

Imagination is the usurper of eternity.

* * * *

The art is in seeing the way things are.

* * * *

Another thing well worth forgetting.

* * * *

Otherness is the curse of the tribal imperative.

* * * *

Yet another exceedingly vague memory.

* * * *

When have You not been partial to oblivion?

* * * *

Fill the emptiness ... with nothing.

* * * *

A good-looking blob, but a blob, nonetheless.

* * * *

What so-called religion, what so-called cult, is not idolatrous?

* * * *

Just another predatorial enterprise.

* * * *

Why would any critter ever have any need to give itself or anything else a name?

* * * *

What greater intelligence than one honed by nature?

* * * *

Do You really believe, labeling your imaginary self, this or that, means anything?

* * * *

Vanity blinds You to your truth.

* * * *

Another day on the rack of existence.

* * * *

Is what You think is happening right now, truly what is happening right now?

* * * *

Do You really need to keep doing that?

* * * *

Imagining truth, is never truth.

* * * *

Pretty absurd debating with someone who is dead.

* * * *

Is it on the agnostic, to prove God does not exist, or the true believer, to prove he/she/it does?

* * * *

Life is not all it is cracked up to be, for many of the all.

* * * *

So many things, You do not want or need, to ever do again.

* * * *

Maybe next year.

* * * *

Keep it in your hand, boys, keep it in your hand, if you want to avoid a world of hurt.

* * * *

What busy-busy calls You?

* * * *

As a bee is to the scent of a flower, the mind is to the dream of imagination.

* * * *

Will the very young be at all interested in the old school world that gave them theirs?

* * * *

Do You find it, or it, You?

* * * *

How deep do your thoughts go, how deep can they go?

* * * *

We are all at the mercy of the imagination roiling about in our craniums.

* * * *

Love thy Self, love thy awareness, love thy eternity, love thy mystery.

* * * *

Looks like that entitlement needle is quivering.

* * * *

What does not fit like clockwork, in everything written herein?

* * * *

You will have to read it all, to know whether or not, I had a thought about that.

* * * *

Where it begins, where it ends, will be forever unknown.

* * * *

Do not doubt your Self.

* * * *

Same old tribal catechism.

* * * *

Agape is much more than the infatuations inspired by mere mortal love.

* * * *

The true scientist's mind knows no bounds.

* * * *

Where else can You possibly be, but this very right-here-right-now, ever-present, eternal moment?

* * * *

You're hired.

* * * *

I quit.

* * * *

There goes another two-legged cancer cell.

* * * *

Is existence a rainbow, or a many-shaded graybow.

* * * *

Every language has its migration.

* * * *

What life does not narrow down, to a last few routines, a last few pleasures, a last few thoughts.

* * * *

Odds are, your deity/deities of choice, are as vain as you.

* * * *

With great power, comes great responsibility, for some.

* * * *

Alliances come, alliances go, and sometimes come and go, many agains.

* * * *

More fallacious tribal catechism.

* * * *

Soooo … will Jesus be showing up today?

* * * *

Why allow the body to torture You to some bitter end?

* * * *

Measuring the measurable is the charade of the human mind.

* * * *

The Self that You are, is not the self, You think, You believe, You imagine, You are.

* * * *

Way, way, way too many variables.

* * * *

Having no friends is a good way to avoid disappointment and frustration.

* * * *

Mother Nature and Death are lovers, and do so enjoy inflicting as much pain and suffering, as possible.

* * * *

Nothing is sacrosanct.

* * * *

The daisies are hunting you.

* * * *

A gift to the unaligned.

* * * *

Fairly easy to doubt idolatry.

* * * *

The few and far between share the solitude of eternity.

* * * *

Imagining all us grubs walking about naked is a shudder-worthy thought.

* * * *

Neither love nor hate abide in the oblivion of the no-mind.

* * * *

History is not a rainbow, it is a graybow.

* * * *

You are not, and have never been, and will never be, anything You imagine your Self to be.

* * * *

In the dreamtime of consciousness, of imagination, curiosity is key to an endless maze.

* * * *

Anyone who believes they are the smartest, in any given room, is walking on unsteady ground.

* * * *

The modern conveniences, that are not, are legion.

* * * *

The real world rarely hands out participation trophies.

* * * *

The chitter-chatter of consciousness, always humming in the background.

* * * *

Grubs 'n Blobs, all screengrazing who knows how many years of our lives.

* * * *

Learn to whistle while You slave away for the man.

* * * *

Let us know when you find your faceless.

* * * *

That catechism is too strong a wall to bother laying siege.

* * * *

Eternity cannot be harnessed by a clock.

* * * *

Eternity cannot be imagined; the awareness is prior to all conception.

* * * *

You either are eternity, or You are not; it cannot be imagined.

* * * *

Count it their good fortune, if you did not bring children into this hellish paradigm.

* * * *

Fake news for fake lives.

* * * *

We all play a part in a dream that will carry on for as long as imagination endures.

* * * *

Breathe in the quantum nothingness, breathe out the quantum nothingness.

* * * *

There is no beginning, there is no end, in the moment You are, the moment you have ever been.

* * * *

Regarding Jesus, you might well kill him, too.

* * * *

Gravity and imagination only fool You into believing You are not lost in space.

* * * *

There have been as many worlds, as many universes, as there are lifeforms to perceive them.

* * * *

Break the spell.

* * * *

The moment never starts, and time never stops.

* * * *

Any tea ceremony is a gesture, a nod, a surrender, to the eternal moment.

* * * *

Yet another way, just another way, to get stuck in time.

* * * *

Your version of your story should be first on the docket.

* * * *

What attachment does an infant have to anything born of mind?

* * * *

Can a seer be measured by human standards anymore?

* * * *

Do all negative states of mind boil down to bad breathing, inattentive breathing?

* * * *

You cannot be centerstage in any cosmos, any perception, but your own.

* * * *

The moment is, the moment is not.

* * * *

Get a clue.

* * * *

Another grub, another blob, oozing through all the orifices.

* * * *

Best leave an opponent an exit if You do not want to risk being bloodied or killed.

* * * *

Lowering the bar.

* * * *

Raising the bar.

* * * *

How was it You became so attached to this blob of protoplasm?

* * * *

That is one good-looking blob.

* * * *

Grubs and blobs are words used interchangeably herein.

* * * *

Some people always find a reason to hate.

* * * *

How can truth be argued?

* * * *

What sort of pitiless deity would expect you to depart in some torturous state?

* * * *

The abyss is You, You are the abyss, there is no other.

* * * *

The call of the eternal is not for those bent to distraction.

* * * *

Hate breeds hate, and love, often the same, it only takes longer.

* * * *

Putting into words that which no word can capture.

* * * *

Such a tribal species we are, in which some win, some lose, and most get by, best they can.

* * * *

No culture is immune from the vagaries of prejudice and hate.

* * * *

Define normal.

* * * *

How much lighter the world is, the cosmos is, without You playing Atlas.

* * * *

It is all about You! Not you, dummy.

* * * *

How can the ultimate be encapsulated by imagination?

* * * *

You are a smidgeon of the intelligent design.

* * * *

Transcending space and time, is not so hard, once You realize they do not exist.

* * * *

Floating down the path less traveled.

* * * *

It has been all for nothing.

* * * *

Two legs good, four legs better, and six or more, even better.

* * * *

To embrace the aloneness, is to be free of the imaginary other.

* * * *

Nothing to get.

* * * *

Everyone is centerstage in their own perception of a cosmos.

* * * *

Death hovers near every moment; may as well relax and embrace it.

* * * *

Religion is for sheeples.

* * * *

Why, in any God's name, would you want to live forever, whatever forever is?

* * * *

A genomic happenstance.

* * * *

Hindsight is a bitch.

* * * *

Hard for anyone to own their bullshit.

* * * *

Always very challenging to change course in the middle of a raging storm.

* * * *

The moment is eternity; all You need do is give it your full attention.

* * * *

Your health is your truest wealth.

* * * *

Comedy or tragedy that it may seem now, how long before it no longer matters?

* * * *

Today is just another tomorrow turning into another yesterday.

* * * *

Cultivate the state of mind that does not give a rat's ass about this illusion.

* * * *

You are the mystery, the mystery is you, get over your imaginary self.

* * * *

Grub out.

* * * *

Grubbin' with the grubs.

* * * *

What dreams have been, what dreams will come, what dreams are now, all just dreams.

* * * *

From oblivion to oblivion, and the oblivion between, cloaked by illusion.

* * * *

Grubs, ever imagining they are more.

* * * *

To be totally vulnerable to the moment, what a challenge.

* * * *

Any difference between Me and You is an imaginary assertion.

* * * *

How vulnerable will You be when Death finally shows up?

* * * *

To want anything is the root of fear and dread.

* * * *

Has there ever been a human culture, that did not imagine one deity or many, to define its daily sojourn?

* * * *

Kind moments, cruel moments, and all the ecstasies and agonies betwixt and between.

* * * *

The vexations of the world are many and not far between.

* * * *

Basking in the esoteric.

* * * *

What are You trying to prove? And what can be proven, really?

* * * *

How rare the ear for wisdom.

* * * *

Idolatry is about endlessly questing something, that is very present every moment within.

* * * *

What a waste of existence to be a tool, a pawn, a hostage, of imagination.

* * * *

The lies that time built are many and not far between.

* * * *

Whether you embrace or reject the absurdity, is all part of the absurdity.

* * * *

What need to believe in anything, when being the ever-present is all there is.

* * * *

Soooo ... What are You going to do with that nonessential tidbit of curiosity-inspired trivia?

* * * *

To want something, to want anything, from an illusion, how absurd is that?

* * * *

Still a work in progress.

* * * *

All those thoughts You have about your imaginary self, and your imaginary world, all total up to nothing.

* * * *

Yet another whiff of perception.

* * * *

And why, pray tell, would that be important?

* * * *

So much to remember, so much to forget.

* * * *

Die to every breath.

* * * *

To discern it all illusion, is one thing; to detach from it, quite another.

* * * *

At what point does one's existence, become less about filling, than it does about emptying?

* * * *

Die to little self; awaken to big Self.

* * * *

You are awash in the ever-present eternal moment, oozing from every orifice.

* * * *

The quantum don't stop.

* * * *

Are You feeding the body, or the tongue?

* * * *

Your cosmos is only as large as your frame of reference.

* * * *

When there is nothing left to do, do nothing.

* * * *

How did You not see that before?

* * * *

Is anything against the law until You are caught?

* * * *

Getting their money's worth is a frugal policy.

* * * *

Are you just stupid, or are you just stupid?

* * * *

No need to carry out your dark thoughts, if You can imagine them.

* * * *

Entitlement and distraction, the fruit of narcissism and hedonism.

* * * *

A huge illusion beyond all comprehension.

* * * *

You are the singularity playing out your slice of the matrix, your slice of the quantum dreamtime.

* * * *

Idolatry is not truth.

* * * *

Try to keep your darkness in your own head.

* * * *

A spinning little dust ball, awash in ignorance, compounded daily.

* * * *

The absurdities of idolatry are without end.

* * * *

Anything that does not have a name in this world, will not likely suffer without for long.

* * * *

A serene mind is an anathema, an abomination, a terror, a dread, to imagination.

* * * *

You are but a grub, conditioned by imagination, to believe You are something more than You can ever be.

* * * *

It is through your frame of reference that You perceive your cosmos.

* * * *

The only heaven, the only purgatory, the only hell, is the one the given mind imagines.

* * * *

The real You has never existed.

* * * *

History never stops, until You do.

* * * *

What could possibly be more omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent than the awareness permeating all?

* * * *

Thought cannot reconcile itself, but through strenuous rationalization.

* * * *

Discern the one-pointedness of the inner eye.

* * * *

How can the imaginary notion of time ever penetrate the eternal moment?

* * * *

There is no past, there is no future, without imagination, imagining it so.

* * * *

Words cannot but tell.

* * * *

Between that mouth and anus, a fairly long worm is still in play.

* * * *

To be You the mind must still, the senses attended without attachment, and awareness reign.

* * * *

Moderation in all things, ever proves itself the wisest policy.

* * * *

Were You so attached to this world before You were born?

* * * *

It is all distraction.

* * * *

Shift the mind into neutral, and eternal awareness is right there waiting.

* * * *

Shake that stick.

* * * *

From Silk Road to Silk World.

* * * *

Reside in the spaceless, timeless serenity, of the mystery You are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

I will be glad to be wrong.

* * * *

What a madhouse!

* * * *

The beginning of the end just got closer.

* * * *

The universal mind, the whole mind, the absolute mind, is a sovereign mind, set free of all constraints.

* * * *

Where is the mind that holds on to nothing?

* * * *

What is any existence but a long and winding series of womb-to-grave phases.

* * * *

Self … just another word, it is not either.

* * * *

Imagination is a subtle, many-layered beast.

* * * *

Science is not a deity.

* * * *

So much of everything, all imagined; who does not, at least occasionally, feel overwhelmed?

* * * *

Grub it!

* * * *

Grub You!

* * * *

Grub this!

* * * *

A vivid, overactive mind, is a sure way to have a complicated, often troublesome existence.

* * * *

His Aloneliness.

* * * *

Idolatry does not for truth make.

* * * *

People might be similar in thought and belief, but no one is, or ever can be, exactly the same.

* * * *

Imagination is always just offstage, ready to pounce into any moment of inattention.

* * * *

Shakespeare on steroids.

* * * *

Regarding those who seek to know You it may well be prudent to be cautious about the overzealous sort.

* * * *

The world stirs the passions, and imagination rides them hard and long.

* * * *

Me and myself and I is solitary trio.

* * * *

So, You really believe You are going to get through the Pearly Gates …

* * * *

Imagination is carrot and stick, ever pressing You on, however nature-nurture has shaped your mind.

* * * *

How sweet it is to not care ever again.

* * * *

All that is known, is known in the fog of imagination.

* * * *

Group decisions, group actions, are less about conspiracy, than they are mission statements set in motion.

* * * *

Time to disappear, give over to Self, give over to the mystery, You are.

* * * *

As with war, realization requires a warrior spirit of the zennish sort.

* * * *

Ironic, indeed, that the intellect always believes, always imagines, itself so superior.

* * * *

That was another lifetime.

* * * *

What is this need to know to the infinitesimal level, but imagination's inability to still itself.

* * * *

Other than natural law, is there truly any law but your own?

* * * *

Why, in God's name, would any God need You to believe in anything?

* * * *

Why is it, our species always imagines jealous, hateful, vengeful deities?

* * * *

Seriously, who are You to judge anyone or anything?

* * * *

So many differences, all infused with the same mystery.

* * * *

We're all whacko; no point condemning yourself for it.

* * * *

Every moment is its own.

* * * *

Truth is truth, neither objective or subjective.

* * * *

You are the one true cathedral, the one true religion, the one true mystery.

* * * *

There are just some things that need to stay secret.

* * * *

What other creature on this planet coulda-woulda gone to all the mischief and bother our kind has?

* * * *

If God is as judgmental as we, who gets to throw the first stone?

* * * *

Not believing anything the mind imagines is the every-moment challenge.

* * * *

Without imagination, where can continuity reside?

* * * *

What will the cosmos be like without You? What will You be like without the cosmos?

* * * *

You are always floating in the oblivion of awareness.

* * * *

The moment cannot be imagined.

* * * *

Death while living, has about it, an indifference that cannot be imagined.

* * * *

Yet another moment that never happened.

* * * *

Be as indifferent as the eternal moment.

* * * *

How quickly the illusion dreams on.

* * * *

You are as perfect as quantum's indivisible mystery; as imperfect as humankind's divisible mundane.

* * * *

There is no original sin; only human chicanery.

* * * *

Nothing new under the sun; nothing old, either.

* * * *

The difference between You and anyone or anything, is a state of mind.

* * * *

There is the rational response, there is the passionate response; to which are You predisposed?

* * * *

The quantum cosmos within, the quantum cosmos without, all the same, what a mystery.

* * * *

As one does not ask for power, one takes it – one does not ask for freedom, one assumes it.

* * * *

Gravity is the Warden that fools us into believing we are not floating, free of all constraints.

* * * *

To be as nothing is the first and last step.

* * * *

Human beings are really just grubs with more imagination than many if not most know how to handle.

* * * *

Imagination has, indeed, got the better of us.

* * * *

You cannot help but arrive if You take every step.

* * * *

Like water questing every venue, imagination divines every possible possibility imaginable.

* * * *

The timeless moment is home to all sentience, and only the grip of imagination pretends otherwise.

* * * *

What a curious thing this human urge to preserve everything.

* * * *

Those who would be at peace endure those incapable of it

* * * *

Gravity fools You into believing, You are not floating in the still abyss, of the awareness You truly are.

* * * *

Become adrift in eternity.

* * * *

Patience not being one of its greater virtues, avarice must always resist the urge to kill the Golden Goose.

* * * *

Generosity often pays a high price.

* * * *

Generosity often pays the high price, of no good deed going unpunished.

* * * *

People appreciate being treated well, but nobody can force respect and kindness.

* * * *

The House of Cards can only go so high; vanity and greed took it up, vanity and greed will take it down.

* * * *

Duality v. Nonduality: Is there really any question in a critical thinker's mind?

* * * *

The game is afoot.

* * * *

Does any creature have, could any creature have, the imaginary sense of self in which our kind harbors?

* * * *

Build a bridge, and they will cross.

* * * *

The habitual conditioning of a lifetime is all but impossible, but through death, undone.

* * * *

Identification with the mind-body is the first and last assumption.

* * * *

That voice in your head, that is one of the countless twisted versions God has come up with.

* * * *

History, what an adventure.

* * * *

If You think You can judge and laugh at others with impunity, get ready to dodge some rocks.

* * * *

Buena suerte, honey.

* * * *

What is the most priceless thing You can imagine? And will, what is priceless today, be so tomorrow?

* * * *

Same old yada yada middleman, marketing the same old snake oil, repackaged with a shiny new label.

* * * *

What a silent garden it must have been, before consciousness took root, and imagination blossomed.

* * * *

What is God, and what is not God? Need we ask anyone to tell us these things?

* * * *

Eternal life is right here, right now; dying to the imaginary self is all it takes.

* * * *

The wall of infamy and shame is a work in progress.

* * * *

If You must conceive angels and demons, surely it is the imagination within all.

* * * *

Let us know when You see your own face.

* * * *

Alas in this mortal theater, that there is no happy ending, other than the ending itself.

* * * *

Pretty good odds that any first-stone-thrower is a hypocrite.

* * * *

Eternity is happening this very right-here-right-now, unborn-undying, spaceless-timeless moment.

* * * *

Religion is salve for the undiscerning mind.

* * * *

Miss the moment, You miss everything.

* * * *

The little people always pay the price for the tribal thinking of narcissism's vanity and hedonism's greed.

* * * *

Nothing is guaranteed.

* * * *

Whether or not there is a world outside You is a state of mind.

* * * *

The imaginary You is but a manifest ghost of imagination's future-past.

* * * *

Wisdom has likely been ignored since it bubbled out of the earliest minds.

* * * *

It is the rare mind, that is not rushing, rushing, into the future, missing, missing, the present.

* * * *

Nothing is as it seems.

* * * *

No need to try to be anything; being your Self is plenty enough.

* * * *

If there is any calling in this ineffable mystery, surely the highest is discerning the unknown.

* * * *

That was quite the detour.

* * * *

To think You can make the moment move faster or slower, is to miss, to deny, its eternal reality.

* * * *

Yet another dreamy day of nothing done, nothing undone.

* * * *

The history of the world is an ongoing bill of goods served to the current moment without apology.

* * * *

The silent mind is an impenetrable reality, untarnished by fallacy.

* * * *

How draining all the tortures these bodies offer; pleasure at some point becomes the absence of pain.

* * * *

Nothing happened again.

* * * *

It did not matter then, it does not matter now, it will not matter when.

* * * *

Without the cosmos, no perception; without perception, no cosmos; one is not without the other.

* * * *

Welcome to the Planet of the Apes; we hope You have enjoyed your tour.

* * * *

Real religion is without dogma; the Golden Rule is all You need; everything else is redundant.

* * * *

So many true believers as to make it impossible, to not descend totally into absurdity and horror.

* * * *

Your existence matters, or matters not, most to You; the first and last question is: Who are You really?

* * * *

This cannot be taught, and as simple as it is, intuiting it is not at all easy for most, if not all.

* * * *

What is true religion but spaceless-timeless awareness; consciousness is but imagination dreaming.

* * * *

You have always been right here, right now; imagination is a time machine born of illusion.

* * * *

It is really just a forebrain thing.

* * * *

How can anyone abide this rambling cacophony, if they lack the ironical mind, the paradoxical wit?

* * * *

Which was first, the chicken or the egg? Which was first, the breath or the thought?

* * * *

What cause means anything to the sands of time, ever blowing, ever blowing, on and on and on.

* * * *

Duality's menagerie is required for this dream, to play its play, dance its dance, sing its song.

* * * *

We are all mad, each in our own unique way; any given normal is but capricious collusion.

* * * *

Another timebound goal come and gone, and timeless process ever the same.

* * * *

Pain is the teacher, and it is the rare student that does not require more than a few whippings.

* * * *

There is only one eye, and it is the ineffable mystery of awareness permeating all creation.

* * * *

Self-importance is a Yellow Brick Road rabbit hole, down which imagination easily treks.

* * * *

You all alone, before time began, after time ends, and all the time between.

* * * *

Nothing new, nothing old, nothing all the same.

* * * *

How much more agreeable, how much less disagreeable, an unpretentious existence.

* * * *

You are as restricted or boundless as the vision in which You harbor.

* * * *

What is this ineffable mystery, but an abyss, through which creation and destruction frolic.

* * * *

Found your face, yet?

* * * *

You and your world and your cosmos, are nothing more than a concoction of sensory perception.

* * * *

It is whatever You think it is; it is not whatever You think it is.

* * * *

What point to judgment, once You see everything the same.

* * * *

What in any deity's name is so inspiring about human vanity and greed?

* * * *

The ghosts of history swirl in every mind.

* * * *

How can You promise any tomorrow, when You are not yet there to answer for it?

* * * *

Conditioning is the weaver of all dreams.

* * * *

Natural selection is the tiller of the mystery, the ferryman of destiny, the harbinger of fate.

* * * *

Ethics is the forum pastime of those who are not in the Game of Thrones.

* * * *

Remember this work if your doubt ever grows wings.

* * * *

So much complexity about something so simple.

* * * *

Instead of running from your loneliness, try embracing your aloneness.

* * * *

Anything can be rationalized to one nth degree or another.

* * * *

Just because someone conveyed a lie, and spread it far and wide, has never made it true.

* * * *

… peace … peace … peace …

* * * *

The intelligent designer and the intelligent designee, are one in the same.

* * * *

The entire cosmos is an illusion, as is the mind that perceives it.

* * * *

The intelligent designer is the eternal awareness within all creation.

* * * *

Perhaps it is time to realize, just how alone, You truly are.

* * * *

All human religion is the idolatry of imagination.

* * * *

Which pill – Blue or Red – will it be today?

* * * *

Are You experiencing the cosmos, or is the cosmos experiencing You?

* * * *

Contentment with less is more.

* * * *

Were we made in the image of God? Or the imagination of God?

* * * *

Seeking the approval of others is an unending lesson in futility.

* * * *

The five senses are extensions of the mind, and it is insatiable.

* * * *

All history is the concoction of imagination.

* * * *

All life must pay the ultimate price for being born.

* * * *

The Book of Destiny will conclude with a last scrawl and a sigh.

* * * *

The only thing to believe in, is that there is nothing to believe in.

* * * *

It is the timeless process that is important; the goal, a momentary part of it.

* * * *

Doubt until there is nothing left to doubt; forget until there is nothing left to remember.

* * * *

Silence tends to be filled with noise, when not given full attention.

* * * *

Follow your fate; pay attention, it will lead You where You are going.

* * * *

A matrix too vast to fathom any edge.

* * * *

All distractions allow imagination to rule the moment.

* * * *

The clock hands, the calendar pages, are great deceivers in the minds of all who attend them.

* * * *

Piecing it all together; peace-ing it all together.

* * * *

Eternity is right before your eye; are You too blind to see it?

* * * *

Imagination is always hungry for more; awareness, not so much.

* * * *

This is your moment. Are You, you? Or are You, You?

* * * *

Ditties for hire.

* * * *

Running down the moment in frontal lobe mode.

* * * *

Tip your mind into the wellspring of eternity as often as mind's illusion allows.

* * * *

What is vanity but imagination masturbating itself.

* * * *

That is the story that was written down, but is that what really happened?

* * * *

Reigning in the frontal lobe is the key.

* * * *

Yes, agony and ecstasy is, in this venue, being set out to dry.

* * * *

Silence, its own noise.

* * * *

To not cast the first stone is a feat, of which few are capable, much less willing.

* * * *

Might be best, to try not to make that mistake again.

* * * *

Silence is the brass ring for all those who discern eternity.

* * * *

There are fools, and then there are … fools.

* * * *

Zen-ing away.

* * * *

Imagining the frontal lobe's moment is always but ripples through the synapses.

* * * *

Silence, even thinking of it, even trying to attain it, even trying to be it, denies it.

* * * *

Piss your dreamtime away however You please.

* * * *

Have You ever met anyone who has seen their own face?

* * * *

Chaos is coming; chaos has arrived.

* * * *

The frontal lobe is the mind's eye, the quantum storm of the human paradigm's imaginary condition.

* * * *

It is all noise, until it is silence.

* * * *

The first and last irrational assumption, is that this imaginary You truly exists.

* * * *

The absurdity of irony and paradox reigns supreme.

* * * *

Unless they want something from You You cannot force someone to be interesting in your rap.

* * * *

The sound of silence reigns in a steadfast mind.

* * * *

The creative process is a ceaseless taskmaster.

* * * *

You have yet to meet anybody like You.

* * * *

What is there, but what one thinks it, believes it, imagines it; and no mind ever the same.

* * * *

You are the moment; the moment is You.

* * * *

Racing clocks is racing a space and time that only exists in your mind.

* * * *

If humans only see 0.0035 percent of the electromagnetic spectrum, what's going on in the other 0.9965?

* * * *

Mortality proves the insignificance of all histories.

* * * *

Embrace the indifference.

* * * *

Whether in tranquility or turmoil, You are the silence observing the senses.

* * * *

Lies and deception suit those not bent on discerning absolute truth.

* * * *

What inside or outside has any reality, in an indivisible matrix that knows no boundaries.

* * * *

Disrespect is rarely something that can be taken back.

* * * *

To be born is to die.

* * * *

Nature is a chaotic divinity, illusion, an anchorless dream.

* * * *

The last vanity is the Cheshire Cat's ambiguous grin.

* * * *

Speculation is not knowing.

* * * *

Politicians are actors; players plying for power, renown, prosperity.

* * * *

Grace is not easily mustered by minds clinging to illusions fostered by vanity and greed.

* * * *

Many a moth regrets getting too close to the flame.

* * * *

We are all time-travelers of imagination; strap in and enjoy the ride as best ye may.

* * * *

You will be checking all your attachments at the door of oblivion.

* * * *

It is by the light within, that all is seen; sun and stars are but reflections.

* * * *

You are nothing more than a concoction of perception.

* * * *

History is always an arbitrary, subjective, exceedingly random, pick-and-choose, kind of thing.

* * * *

An indivisibility, so cosmic, only in wonder can it be comprehended.

* * * *

Nothing matters; even nothing.

* * * *

The human species has overplayed its hand, and the time of consequences is upon us.

* * * *

You are sovereign of your illusion-delusion.

* * * *

Build silence into your daily routine; go placidly amid the noise and haste.

* * * *

Another classic case, of no good deed goes unpunished.

* * * *

The birth of death, the death of birth.

* * * *

There is nothing to want, nothing to dread; it is only a mind-body; it is only a dream.

* * * *

A sense of superiority, all sense of inferiority, is but the vapor of vanity.

* * * *

What need to worship what You are?

* * * *

It is all the silence of now, crowded with the seemingly endless chatter of imagination.

* * * *

Ethics is a tool of domestication; akin to a cattle chute, but not quite as painful as a cattle prod.

* * * *

Peter Pan is dead! Long live Peter Pan!

* * * *

Whether or not You are enlightened, begs the question, who's asking?

* * * *

The ocean chatters away in the crash of every wave, but does all the roaring noise really mean anything?

* * * *

Imagination is the lock; awareness, the key.

* * * *

Space and time are an ever-kaleidoscoping illusion.

* * * *

Forget everything, and be reborn into the timelessness, You are before all beginnings.

* * * *

To see what You are, is to be what You are.

* * * *

Out in the quiet of nature, the cacophony of the human world, becomes utterly irrelevant.

* * * *

You are but a grub, with an overabundance of imaginary notion.

* * * *

Run silent, run deep.

* * * *

Traditions, folklore, myths, legends, parables; what enticingly brief notions, brief distractions.

* * * *

Every point of view, every eye, is relative.

* * * *

You can never own anything; only have access to it, or use of it, for but a short window of timelessness.

* * * *

Vanity and greed are the great absurdities of the human condition.

* * * *

The great silence of the ancients, was probably because they had so much less absurdity to unravel.

* * * *

Mother Nature's beauty belies her underlying savagery.

* * * *

Hard not to get drawn into believing it real, when You are playing it real.

* * * *

The world is whatever You think it is; the world is not whatever You think it is.

* * * *

Every nook has its cranny, and every cranny, its nook.

* * * *

In the quest for truth, there is nobody to follow, because it cannot be taught, nor can it be learned.

* * * *

Large or small, all have a role, a part to play, in creation’s theater.

* * * *

You cannot own what You are.

* * * *

The buddha mind is an empty mind, a still mind, a mind immersed in eternity.

* * * *

This is your moment. Are You the imaginary You? Or are You the awareness You?

* * * *

If You really didn’t care, would it even occur to You that You didn’t?

* * * *

Silence is the eternal companion; a priceless birthright prior to all value.

* * * *

An attentive breath is your ticket to eternity.

* * * *

What is all this knowledge that has taken us so far afield from the garden?

* * * *

All life must pay the ultimate price for being born.

* * * *

A journey may begin with the first step, but the pace along the winding trail, is set by the slowest trekker.

* * * *

Real awakening cannot be subjugated by any dogmatic groupthink.

* * * *

Personality is like a filter, shading the camera's view, but only until its removal.

* * * *

Suffer your way to nirvana.

* * * *

There is certainly a degree of peace, of contentment, of certainty, of hope, in the mind of a true believer.

* * * *

Even in a space chock-full of noise, there is the silence within and without.

* * * *

Most everybody seems to believe their version of absurdity is normal.

* * * *

The eternal moment; it is not yours, it never was yours, it never will be yours; yet, You it, all the while.

* * * *

What, in any deity's name, is there to hold onto?

* * * *

Curious how almost any given belief tends to inspire some form of dogma.

* * * *

To gaze across all history with neither need nor want, is a freedom even the gods of old would envy.

* * * *

The trick is not remembering enough to forget.

* * * *

The entire human species is bonkers; what we call mentally ill is just taking it too far.

* * * *

Each must ascertain his/her own eternal salvation, in the nothingness of the ever-present awareness.

* * * *

Narcissism and hedonism are beguiling to the foolish, and vexing to the wise.

* * * *

Is humankind really any more than grubby vats of self-absorption?

* * * *

Ignorance without hesitation impales those daring, to question or impede or obstruct its narrow vision.

* * * *

Human vanity and greed are abominations.

* * * *

A forevermore eternal snooze works for me; once was enough, and one more than I recall asking for.

* * * *

Shoulda-Coulda-Woulda You be doing something else right now? No.

* * * *

Can there be any end to the muddied thinking of puddle magic?

* * * *

From gutters to penthouses, the delusions of grandeur in our kind abound around every corner.

* * * *

The harvest of guilt, is shame and remorse; forgive your Self, move on.

* * * *

There is neither time nor space, but through the play of the senses, as witnessed by the awareness You are.

* * * *

Doing the agape with your Self, is not of the narcissistic variety.

* * * *

Another day, wandering a mystery that does not give a rat's ass about your rumored existence.

* * * *

Cults and dogma, it is what we do.

* * * *

Nobody can see through your eyes; they have their own vision to discern.

* * * *

It is what it is; all beliefs about it are all but meaningless.

* * * *

The sands of time blow on and on and on, and there is nothing anyone can do to stop it.

* * * *

Whatever You do is your fate; there is no changing it, really.

* * * *

In the grand eternal now, You are that which was never born, that which can never die.

* * * *

Wisdom is the realization how little You know.

* * * *

Dogma is the charade of followers lacking the wit or will, to discern for themselves the totality within.

* * * *

Seeking approval is an unending lesson in futility and absurdity.

* * * *

But for a comma, a meaning was lost.

* * * *

If You cannot keep your passions in check, they will to bitter ends, perhaps likely delve.

* * * *

God is prattled about in consciousness; merged into, in awareness.

* * * *

Curious how worked up some people can get, when You say things they do not want to hear.

* * * *

You cannot grab what is not there to grab.

* * * *

Knowledge will never reach a conclusion, for it is far too adept at creating itself anew.

* * * *

Pruning a tree or bush is challenging; how much more so, raising a child.

* * * *

Neither past nor future exist; nowness is your kingdom.

* * * *

Consciousness is the Bartertown of imagination; no stone will be left unturned under all its suns.

* * * *

Always a case of earnest conviction versus discerning equanimity.

* * * *

Waking up to another day's dollop of mystery.

* * * *

An empty page is the most receptive ear; an uncarved block, a pièce de résistance.

* * * *

Compassion is not without consequences.

* * * *

Real gold is something money cannot buy, no matter how vast or magical the universe.

* * * *

Peace, tranquility, serenity, harmony, grace; the many-splendored quality of beingness.

* * * *

... yesterday is today is tomorrow is forever ... repeat ...

* * * *

Creation and destruction are simultaneous in the timeless moment.

* * * *

You are already samadhi, ecstasy, bliss; all You need do, is be still enough to discern it.

* * * *

Wisdom is wisdom across all time, across all space; none can ever possess what is discernable by all.

* * * *

The greatest story ever told, or the greatest absurdity?

* * * *

What is jealousy but an abiding insecurity; a sense of ownership with a tinge of loathing.

* * * *

A world of grubs, haunting your dreams.

* * * *

How can someone be a racist if they consider themselves your equal?

* * * *

What vanity to think that You are enlightened, or can ever be free.

* * * *

The meek will always find one wolf or another, all too willing to gorge upon their gullibility.

* * * *

Much more important to have faith in your Self, than in what this mirage of a world thinks of You.

* * * *

Here it is; now go figure it out.

* * * *

In the ever-present, mind dissolves into immeasurable nothingness, to which attachment has no tether.

* * * *

Any rule of law is only as durable as the commitment to it.

* * * *

Sometimes You do, sometimes You do not; so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

We all, small to great, must play whatever part, the given anatomy deceives us into believing.

* * * *

History is the lie that mind wrote.

* * * *

God loves dice, Mr. Edison, and they timelessly roll on and on, as the Fates ordain.

* * * *

You may value some distractions to others, but they are all still distractions, nonetheless.

* * * *

One who is right trumps gazillions who are wrong.

* * * *

Always best to be somewhere else, when shit is in gravity's embrace, or moving rapidly towards a fan.

* * * *

Why would You settle for a story when You are the truth, the life, the way?

* * * *

Do You really know anything?

* * * *

History is chock-full of origin stories; every one of them equally imagined.

* * * *

It is through imagination, that this universe is created; in your own image, so to speak.

* * * *

The surest way to self-sabotage is to feel sorry for yourself.

* * * *

The cosmos is but a distraction until You discern your true nature.

* * * *

Just when You think You have won the day, a new hydra appears.

* * * *

You begin existence with nothing, You leave existence with nothing, hold fast to the nothing between.

* * * *

Embrace the oblivion You are.

* * * *

The Eve Gene strikes again; nothing is never enough.

* * * *

Death will be like greeting an old friend.

* * * *

This dream is always in turmoil and conflict; to wander through it serenely detached is the challenge.

* * * *

The only real choice is choicelessness.

* * * *

No book has answer to the mystery You your Self must discern.

* * * *

It is the shadow of memory, the shadow of perception, that creates the shadow within.

* * * *

No deity has ever been more than an imaginary idol.

* * * *

History has never been fair.

* * * *

Allow detachment to reign; free your Self of the concerns of this world.

* * * *

Seeking the higher high can be a dangerous quest.

* * * *

Death is always on the hunt.

* * * *

Where are You in an empty mind, in a mind as still as a windless day?

* * * *

Sages point the way, but it is You who much journey it.

* * * *

What is stress, but fear, but dread, of failure and ruin and death?

* * * *

Still trying to find your face?

* * * *

There are moments when compassion may not be an option.

* * * *

Forever is yet another delusional timebound concept.

* * * *

If the moment cannot be filled, how can life be fulfilled, but through imaginary pretext?

* * * *

Stay limber, so You can bend over and under, and kiss your ass goodbye.

* * * *

The gibberish! The gibberish!

* * * *

What need for any other, when eternity is ascertained.

* * * *

How alone is alone?

* * * *

Death is the price all existence must pay for being born.

* * * *

It all seems so very real, until it becomes so obvious, nothing is.

* * * *

Your limits are many.

* * * *

All forms are but the temporary illusions of imagination.

* * * *

You cannot learn what You do not take time to study.

* * * *

Detachment takes a great deal of practice.

* * * *

Vanity and greed are not proving to be a long-term survival strategy.

* * * *

A rock is a rock, until it is not.

* * * *

It is only we who applaud ourselves; it is only we who require it.

* * * *

Is it not an obvious revelation?

* * * *

Are we really-truly-positively sure everyone and everything is wandering the same moment?

* * * *

Life is entitlement, and everything it offers follows suit.

* * * *

You are an ocean without shore.

* * * *

Every mind but perceptions of a dreamtime past.

* * * *

Challenging to strive for, battle for, lobby for, something You did not care about in the first place.

* * * *

The difference between me and You is about zero clicks of nothing.

* * * *

This smattering of bilge will have to do.

* * * *

No fate endures forever; every strand of genetic coding, only plays out so long.

* * * *

What is grub, and what is not grub? Need we ask anyone to tell us these things?

* * * *

Is a world full, or a world empty, all that different?

* * * *

All life forms wander same stage in different universes, in different perceptions.

* * * *

The mind can be a problem solver; the mind can be a problem maker.

* * * *

From the greatest heights to the darkest depths, the brain is imagination's tool.

* * * *

You imagination.

* * * *

There is no depth to which irony and paradox, with utmost dexterity, will not sink.

* * * *

Anything can end without a moment's notice; so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

A no-holds-barred existence; what would that be for You?

* * * *

When what is, is all that is left to want, it will be, as always, ever present.

* * * *

So, this is what groveling looks like.

* * * *

Imagination is an elixir to which the human paradigm is addicted.

* * * *

If imagination wishes to survive itself, it had better wake up bigtime.

* * * *

Count yourself vain for as long as You think your Self You.

* * * *

Bask in your glory for as long as You can imagine it so, for someday You too will be goo and gone.

* * * *

Why would You wait for anyone else; especially, when there is no one else.

* * * *

Just another self-absorbed, avaricious dogma.

* * * *

Mere words cannot for any actual change make; ‘tis in action and deed that all futures are spun.

* * * *

How quickly everything becomes its memory, in the streaming, the kaleidoscoping, of imagination.

* * * *

Religion is such a mockery, such a travesty, such a parody, of truth.

* * * *

Eternal life is in the perpetual birth and death of each and every indivisible instant.

* * * *

Why pretend to know what You cannot?

* * * *

The You in You, is the You in all; the all in all, is the all in You.

* * * *

History is a kaleidoscoping stream of ecstasies and agonies on its journey to oblivion.

* * * *

Believe what You want to believe, it matters not.

* * * *

Awareness and health are your only real wealth, and even they are as ephemeral as any pile of gold.

* * * *

Odds are, chances are, that my rejoinder to almost any question, is in here somewhere.

* * * *

Wisdom is the coin of eternity.

* * * *

Just because something has not happened, does not necessarily mean it cannot, or will not.

* * * *

The gap between awareness and consciousness, is the same as the one between eternity and time.

* * * *

Do You listen to your own advice?

* * * *

Survived yourself again.

* * * *

Call it consciousness, call it knowledge, call it cognizance, call it memory, it is all imagination.

* * * *

Without doubt, without critical thinking, what is there but a regurgitating automaton?

* * * *

Win some, lose some, maybe win more later.

* * * *

The cost-benefit ratio of existence skews a tad more negative with every passing year.

* * * *

Embrace the given moment; it is as close to eternity, as close to your Self, as You can ever be.

* * * *

The madness of zealotry is an unyielding force.

* * * *

Profound high jinks.

* * * *

So many concepts describing the same thing, and the immaculate pie ever whole all the while.

* * * *

To care or not to care, You every moment decide.

* * * *

Just because something does not matter to you, does not mean it to be neither true nor important.

* * * *

Awareness is the silent om of the universe; from it, all sentient beings arise and abide.

* * * *

Another Buddha; kill it, holmes.

* * * *

In every inclusion, some exclusion; in every exclusion, some inclusion.

* * * *

Time is a function of imagination; awareness, a function of eternity.

* * * *

And what is forever, and what is not forever; need we ask anyone to tell us these things?

* * * *

Is it arrogant to discern it thus, or arrogant not to?

* * * *

Human silliness might be truly depressing, if it were not laced with so much absurdity.

* * * *

Timelessly transient.

* * * *

Choose yes, choose no, choose maybe, consequences ever ripple.

* * * *

What no one knows is much easier to forget; if You want a secret kept, best keep it to yourself.

* * * *

Your cosmos will do everything it can, to drag You back, into whatever illusion your delusion inspires.

* * * *

Which modern time is not whatever moment the witness is witnessing?

* * * *

What is this monkey-mind need, to have all the answers to a mystery, that requires no solution.

* * * *

Duality, is a God out there watching you, and non-duality, the drop of God You are, looking out.

* * * *

So many words, so many works, so many teachings, to describe that which requires no description.

* * * *

Existence is suffering; no one get a free pass.

* * * *

Being true to your Self, and allowing others to do the same, is the highest state, in this ineffable mystery.

* * * *

Imagination only has – answers, solutions, explanations – to questions that never needed asking.

* * * *

Not everyone is intoxicated by this brief existence; for some, enough is enough, long before it is done.

* * * *

The Way is simplicity its Self; only You perceive it complex.

* * * *

It is consciousness that presides over the passions; awareness is tranquility, through and through.

* * * *

Do not beg forgiveness, for every ill thing You have ever done; an earnest apology will do.

* * * *

Existence is the first and last entitlement.

* * * *

Too much knowledge is just more to forget; a busy mind is not necessarily a fertile mind.

* * * *

What is a day in the nothingness of eternity, and would seven of them really be any more?

* * * *

It took a while for the seed You call You to develop, and when it runs out of steam, where will You be?

* * * *

Most stop looking before they even start.

* * * *

A candle only passes on the flame to another; it is for wick and wax to sort out the details.

* * * *

Great wisdom is the distillation of a great deal of foolishness.

* * * *

The attitude to which You are most attached, is the well from which You daily draw water.

* * * *

Impossible to go through this mortal existence, without raining on many parades along the way.

* * * *

Another legend in his/her own lizard mind; any insect would no doubt think the same.

* * * *

The speeding bullet is but a moment away; how You react is the essence of your story.

* * * *

What here after, or here before, can there possibly be, when there has never been anything, but here now.

* * * *

Not only are they blobs, they are illusionary blobs.

* * * *

Scientific objectivity is flushed down the drain, when funding dictates a self-serving outcome.

* * * *

Nobody can imagine anything the same; it is a solo act in every mind.

* * * *

Everybody wandering around imagining they know something.

* * * *

Sometimes You do, sometimes You do not; such is the nature of the weather, too.

* * * *

Speculation is not truth; it is all speculation.

* * * *

Of the big questions, You know so pathetically little, that it is truly absurd to assume You know anything.

* * * *

Illusion makes for every variety of delusion.

* * * *

The mystery spawned You, and You created a vast universe; a partnership of senses and imagination.

* * * *

All mortals are shaped, by the forces of space and time, as figurines are by molds. Free will? How so?

* * * *

The aloneness in one, is the aloneness in all.

* * * *

Ultimately, all forms are but anonymous, vaporous ghosts in the mists of time.

* * * *

What mind-body can long abide sensory deprivation, without tumbling into unutterable madness?

* * * *

How many ways there are to die, is a list that technology daily lengthens.

* * * *

The jungle is still in all of us.

* * * *

Were choices, that were made all along the long winding trail, ever really choices at all?

* * * *

Do You really believe all your answers, all your conclusions, all your speculations, mean anything?

* * * *

All times are equally the same moment.

* * * *

What is any history, but a means to preserve, to sustain, to bolster, the given cultural mindset.

* * * *

You are herein introduced to your Self; from your Self to your Self, so to speak.

* * * *

Red pill, blue pill, was there ever really a choice?

* * * *

If You must hope for anything of this existence, hope for a quick, unexpected, painless death.

* * * *

Ain't it amazing how much You do not know, and yet the first and last knower all the while.

* * * *

How absurd must absurd be, before absurd wakes up to its absurdity?

* * * *

The Way is neither moral nor immoral; isness is not bound by any play of mind.

* * * *

No need to pray for this or that, or that or this; just accept what comes, and let go what goes.

* * * *

How can the mind that ever longs for certainty, ever concede to that which can never be known?

* * * *

Existence is short no matter how long, and long no matter how short.

* * * *

No, it is not all about You; yes, it is all about You.

* * * *

Perhaps the only true act of free will, is giving your self over to the choicelessness of awareness.

* * * *

Human history is the synergy of the tribal mind evolved in the jungles of long ago.

* * * *

Youth, where does it go; ask the fading rose.

* * * *

True religion requires no dogma; the true church requires no edifice.

* * * *

It is but vanity that sets will to endure so much; better perpetual torture than the feast of worms.

* * * *

What prosperity is there in preservation; destruction and mayhem fatten the Beast.

* * * *

Eternal life is being mindful, in an empty-mind sort of way.

* * * *

The lazy mind is rarely a receptacle of doubt, or certainly of not more than the shallow sort.

* * * *

Hearts and minds, boys and girls, hearts and minds, You do not often win them over with a bludgeon.

* * * *

Everything is distraction from reality, only the ephemeral is real, in awareness, be.

* * * *

Discerning tabula rasa is as simple, as eternal, as it gets.

* * * *

What is real meditation, but the turning off, of time-bound imagination, for a brief wander in eternity.

* * * *

Yet another generation, mindlessly swept up, in the clawing avarice, and blinding confines of time.

* * * *

The limits of perception are obvious, the doors of perception, immeasurable.

* * * *

The other cannot fill the void; nothing can.

* * * *

For every birth, a death; for every creation, a destruction; zero-sum at its finest.

* * * *

Consciousness is the source of all disparity; in the quantum indivisibility, there are none.

* * * *

Ponder anything however You will, words are but tonic to emptiness, through which they echo to and fro.

* * * *

No matter how small or huge it might be, it is every moment just as huge or small.

* * * *

You see what You are, You see what You are not, so it goes, no worries.

* * * *

When You use the word God, do You mean everything, including You?

* * * *

Imagination is just imagination is just imagination.

* * * *

What does a rock perceive, what does it do, and how in quantum is it any different from You?

* * * *

What it is, is what it is not, same thing, same thingless.

* * * *

Intelligence is a quantum program, encoded by natural selection, witnessed by awareness.

* * * *

Curiosity is an insatiable beast, to which a serene mind, is final answer.

* * * *

Dreaming itself immortal, consciousness is indelibly linked, to the finite creation of quantum design.

* * * *

If there is such a thing as a perfect body, rest assured, it does not long stay that way.

* * * *

The many sounds, forged into every variety of concept, are but clouds in the clear sky of awareness.

* * * *

Without a witness, there is no history.

* * * *

It is a perfect world, a perfect cosmos, but not perfect enough, for many, if not most.

* * * *

Why would your beingness, be any more, or less, than any other beingness, supreme or otherwise?

* * * *

How can You be sure of anything, really?

* * * *

You did whatever You did in this brief existence; own it, let go of it, find peace, cultivate contentment.

* * * *

Growing older is about different choices, many, if not most of them, not made by You.

* * * *

There You go again, rushing madly toward a time, that will arrive and disappear, before You know it.

* * * *

Perfection is at the stardust level; in the mundane zone, not so much.

* * * *

There is history everywhere in this world; only a relatively small scratch of it recorded.

* * * *

Creation and creator, how can they possibly be separate, but through imagination's endless confabulation?

* * * *

We are all on our own.

* * * *

All of eternity, is but one moment, one instant; it takes imagination a little bit longer to catch up.

* * * *

"How much more over the top can it get?" he wondered, and not for the first time that day.

* * * *

Pretending there is precision in words, how absurdly wearing, just be.

* * * *

A little Kafkaesque Q&A, has a tendency, to transport one, to the edginess of no more tomorrows.

* * * *

Envy is the sidekick, the shadow, the minion, of all things covetous.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how would You be, if there were no other, always telling You different?

* * * *

How immaculate the moment You are; only in imagination are You tainted.

* * * *

Who art thou? What art thou? Where art thou? When art thou? Why art thou? How art thou?

* * * *

No game is just a game; it is all a game.

* * * *

Where are birth and death, once all the passions, born of desire and fear, have consumed themselves?

* * * *

Is there anyone who does not play differently, to different audiences?

* * * *

There is life, there is no-life; imagination on, imagination off; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

That which knows all, knows nothing; that which knows nothing, knows all.

* * * *

We each get our own little bubble of time, an adventure to which each alone is privy.

* * * *

Those who are unborn, those who have died, are prior to and beyond the pretense of existence.

* * * *

So it goes, so it went, so it will go.

* * * *

And why is all that knowledge – so much of it, meaningless trivia – so important?

* * * *

Death is the endgame of every existence; no need for hope nor faith nor any creed.

* * * *

The mind incessantly seeks the equilibrium, the comfort zone, to which it is most attached.

* * * *

Truth cannot be taught, nor can it be unlearned; it can, however, be soundly ignored, even forgotten.

* * * *

Do You ever appreciate something, as much, as when it is gone?

* * * *

You cannot long placate the pitiless, stand too close to a flame, You will be burned.

* * * *

Dissolve both within and without; discern the space that is neither-nor.

* * * *

Who-what- where-when-why-how would You be, but for Mother Nature, and all her machinations.

* * * *

Might may make right, but it does not refute equal.

* * * *

Do right and wrong, good and evil, life and death, really matter for more than a brief mortal while?

* * * *

The past is only reference; the future, only hope; only now is real.

* * * *

As any cockroach instinctively realizes, existence is a marathon, not a sprint.

* * * *

The three vanities – power, fame, fortune – all boil down to an insatiable greed for more.

* * * *

Peace is a noteworthy gift to your existence; all You need to do is stop torturing your Self.

* * * *

Only in awareness will the observer discern the truth of all things.

* * * *

A discerner of truth, can impart thousands of talks, and say essentially the same thing, thousands of ways.

* * * *

No black box stands long, against the eye of the discerning.

* * * *

So many things lost, so many things changed, with the advent of any new generation.

* * * *

Ugh, the things we do for the politics of acquaintanceship.

* * * *

The body is but a part, a fraction; You are whole, You are one, You are all, and none.

* * * *

Are You here now? Are You there now? Or are You everywhere and nowhere now?

* * * *

Through the part, the whole is discerned; through the whole, all possibilities are known.

* * * *

You are this, You are not this.

* * * *

To be born into existence, is to live in the realm of ecstasy and agony, from which the only exit is death.

* * * *

Feigning interest when You are not at all interested, ugh.

* * * *

The mind-body dream to which You are so attached, is nothing more than a, from-the-get-go, fabrication.

* * * *

In the struggle between imagination and awareness, is there a victor, or simply the serenity of cessation?

* * * *

You are the timeless awareness, still the imaginary mind, be here, be now.

* * * *

In conflict, there are no winners. only process, in which the king of the hill is ever-changing.

* * * *

What is popular may not be correct; what is correct may not be popular.

* * * *

What makes trivial pursuit so much more valued, than a mind, that runs silent, runs deep?

* * * *

What proposition could ever even begin to remotely please every mind?

* * * *

Me, my Self, and I; You, your Self, and You; we are very much the same; there is no other.

* * * *

The emotionally needy have an unfailing tendency, to suffocate all who attempt to placate their anguish.

* * * *

How meaningless all speculation – ‘tis but the chatter of a busy mind.

* * * *

Cause and effect: What difference, really, truly, when each is, every moment, becoming the other.

* * * *

What cannot adapt, what cannot abide, diminishes or perishes.

* * * *

Might may make right, but it does not refute equal.

* * * *

Everything has its little slice of now, which it must enjoy or endure, or perish in the attempt.

* * * *

When the Humpty-Dumpty of humankind falls, what will become, of whatever pieces remain?

* * * *

You are as well or ill, as You allow yourself to be; attitude is all.

* * * *

Nothing that anyone believes about it, truly matters.

* * * *

Delve into the aloneness, You truly are, have always been, will ever be, in the prior to mind.

* * * *

Victory and defeat, success and failure, right and wrong, good and bad, same thing, different daze.

* * * *

Imagination, has always believed itself, more real than it can ever be.

* * * *

Paying close attention to the cosmos without, leads to an equally sharper vision, of the awareness within.

* * * *

Drive to survive, and all arrive.

* * * *

You can take the monkey out of the jungle, but You cannot take the jungle out of the monkey.

* * * *

Like water that flows with the call of gravity, supply, will always seek a way, to meet demand.

* * * *

Melding with truth cannot be forced; effortlessness is the way to the Way.

* * * *

The predator's fang and claw, the prey's swiftness, and the untamed, brutish, Darwinian wild between.

* * * *

What is normal? What is not normal?

* * * *

Contentment is the final challenge of existence, and gratitude, the vehicle to that ethereal conclusion.

* * * *

It is all the same grist, grinding away in the same mill.

* * * *

No, that new technology is not going to save us; only further postpone the Malthusian inevitability.

* * * *

What need for the sanction of any other, once You discern the mystery, You truly are.

* * * *

How can a collection of self-replicating molecules – chemical reactions, organized matter – be called life?

* * * *

In consciousness, You are a human becoming; in awareness, You are a human being.

* * * *

* * * *

Such a temporary thing, this body; was it ever really yours; how could it be?

* * * *

Love thy Self; absolute narcissism, with a uniquely quantum twist.

* * * *

Pointless, absolutely pointless; when did it ever really matter?

* * * *

All these voices telling You to be this or that; what is a Soul to do but put everything in its place.

* * * *

With so many deceits, truth has a rough time getting much attention.

* * * *

Until You discern the wonder, of the unfolding eternal moment, You will never truly see Eden.

* * * *

Who cares if You love each other; just getting along reasonably well, would be paradigm shift enough.

* * * *

Hard as it is to discern, hard as it is to accept, hard as it is to believe, all things are possible.

* * * *

The dreamer is the dream, the dream is the dreamer.

* * * *

Keep it humble.

* * * *

Yet another perception of your dreamtime growing distant in the rearview mirror.

* * * *

Be the moment, the awareness prior to consciousness, right here, right now, true Self, eternity, complete.

* * * *

Idolatry comes in every way, every size, every shape, every conception, imagination can devise.

* * * *

Do You really need to keep putting your Self through this?

* * * *

Neuron trails blazing away this way and that, coining illusion out of nothing.

* * * *

Aging begets an ever-unfolding set of consequences, for which compromise and adaptation are requisite.

* * * *

Disengage from the patter of mind, dive into the still depths of awareness.

* * * *

Every sentient creature, each very much timelessly alone, suffers existence in its own very unique way.

* * * *

What was never born never dies, what never dies was never born.

* * * *

Regarding human overpopulation, it is not just an elephant in the room, it is an elephant filling the room.

* * * *

What makes You so sure, even God does not know, how the fuck all this is happening?

* * * *

You want tranquility? Let go all passion, still the mind.

* * * *

Awareness is not at all concerned, with what part, what capacity, it is allotted, or for how long.

* * * *

How big is big, how small is small, and when it comes down to it, how tall are You tall?

* * * *

No one is forcing You to read this.

* * * *

So, You believe You know what normal is, and I suppose, You think You are, too, eh?

* * * *

Would our ancestors applaud or kill us, for what we have done to their garden?

* * * *

Any leadership is a reflection of its electorate, and that can be exceedingly scary at both ends.

* * * *

The lotus blossoms alone, sovereign, absolute; be a lotus.

* * * *

It is this moment in which all decisions are made; it is only subjective patterning that sets any course.

* * * *

Always a good idea to allow the body to rid itself, of its poisonous sewage whenever the urge arises.

* * * *

The human paradigm is nothing more, than a streaming lineage of stories, born of imagination.

* * * *

It is only vanity, that believes anything matters.

* * * *

Why would You need the sanction of any other, to reside peacefully content in your own house?

* * * *

What a wretched species we can be, absurd beyond all bounds, exceedingly tiring.

* * * *

Try not to be too attached to labels; they are not real, nor are they You.

* * * *

What happened in those dark jungles of long ago, that shaped our kind into a cancer upon our Mother?

* * * *

There is no deity greater or lesser than You; all are founded of the same eternal mystery.

* * * *

Freedom is a quality of mind, get off the trail, sculpt your own journey.

* * * *

Politics and diplomacy are obtuse art forms, in which directness only rarely finds welcome.

* * * *

The world will do everything it can, to drag You back to its illusion, inspired by your delusion.

* * * *

How can You prove God exists, when You cannot really prove You do?

* * * *

What no one knows is much easier to forget; if You want a secret kept, best keep it to yourself.

* * * *

Curious, the things we remember.

* * * *

To care or not to care, You every moment decide; choose yes, choose no, consequences ever ripple.

* * * *

And what is forever, and what is not forever; need we ask anyone to tell us these things?

* * * *

Time is a function of imagination; awareness is a function of eternity.

* * * *

Surely one must be agnostic, for if there is a supreme being, it is far greater than any thought.

* * * *

In every inclusion, some exclusion; in every exclusion, some inclusion.

* * * *

Your perfection is in everything imagined; your perfection is not in anything imagined.

* * * *

Awareness is the silent om of the universe; from it, all sentient beings arise and abide.

* * * *

What is power, what is fame, what is fortune, but enticing sirens to vanity's rocky shoals and cliffs.

* * * *

"Can it get any more stupid?" You ask; alas, the short answer is, "Yes, it can."

* * * *

It matters much less what is going on out there, once You discern what is not going on in there.

* * * *

Just because something does not matter to you, does not mean it to be neither true nor important.

* * * *

So many concepts describing the same thing, and the immaculate pie ever whole all the while.

* * * *

Discern pure awareness, prior to all conditioning, prior to all said and done, prior to all conscious design.

* * * *

Sometime the mind imprisons, sometimes the mind frees; the awareness You are, every moment chooses.

* * * *

Did You really think there was another choice?

* * * *

The gap between awareness and consciousness, is the same as the one between eternity and time.

* * * *

Just because something has not happened, does not necessarily mean it cannot, or will not.

* * * *

Awareness and health are your only real wealth, and even they are as ephemeral as any pile of gold.

* * * *

The You in you, is the You in all, and the all in all, is the all in You.

* * * *

The mind is habit, habits can be changed, attention is required.

* * * *

Even the most well-intentioned, often find despotism hard to resist.

* * * *

Discerning how utterly alone You truly are, is the only means to the redemption of serenity.

* * * *

Life happens, death happens, so it goes.

* * * *

There is only one thing left not to doubt, and in that, the you that never was, becomes the You that ever is.

* * * *

To be still, to resist thought's rising, is the challenge, of those who give themselves over to quietude.

* * * *

The known can never attain the unknown; the mind can never attain the no mind.

* * * *

Here You are right now, timelessly eternal; nothing before or since has ever happened.

* * * *

In but a twinkle of mind's eye, future morphs into past.

* * * *

An ever-expanding skillset, can be anyone's ticket, to an assured and beneficial and interesting future.

* * * *

If You are prone to disappointment, there will likely always be something just around the corner.

* * * *

You are first, You are last, and everything betwixt and between.

* * * *

This is my reply, my riposte, to the absurdity, to the futility, to the pointlessness, of this dreamtime.

* * * *

The name is not the thing, the thing is not the name.

* * * *

The imaginary is not the real, nor the real, the imaginary.

* * * *

That there is a meaning, a purpose, to existence ... what an assumption ... and an imaginary one, at that.

* * * *

You are but an imaginary figment of the synapses, of a neuron matrix, of a quantum illusion.

* * * *

History is a compilation of imaginary nuances.

* * * *

What is death, but just falling asleep for the last time.

* * * *

Once You have tasted enough, the rest can be extrapolated.

* * * *

This thesis, this dissertation, this treatise, this opus, will be done when this mind-body is done.

* * * *

What can illusion offer, but illusion, to whatever the given mind projects.

* * * *

Orwell 101 continues in its accelerating-exponential way.

* * * *

Where would the chessmaster be on a real battlefield, filled with slaughter and mayhem?

* * * *

The wafting mystery, synthesized to its quantum level.

* * * *

Suicide is a decision no one comes back from.

* * * *

In or out, each and every breath, is the wind, wafting through the moment.

* * * *

The only one You are playing games with is your Self.

* * * *

What does disembodied, really mean, in the context of the momentary now?

* * * *

If You can think of it, it is pretty-darned likely, someone else has or will, too.

* * * *

I am talking about, whatever You have the capacity to hear.

* * * *

How can You not see, how can You not discern, what has ever been right before your mind's eye.

* * * *

No need to postpone the inevitable.

* * * *

Health is the only wealth; spend it wisely.

* * * *

In but a twinkle of mind’s – momentary, ephemeral, eternal – eye, future morphs into past.

Soundbites 2026

Floating through eternity; gravity, but the weaver of the quantum deception.

* * * *

Is falling in love anything more than another of delusion's endless masquerades?

* * * *

The Fates always hold true.

* * * *

Attachment to anything in this dreamtime, is ultimately meaningless.

* * * *

Imagination has no entry into eternity’s immaculate nature.

* * * *

Are You able to wander your world, your cosmos, your mind, and want nothing from it?

* * * *

Nothing, personified.

* * * *

Just another quantum facade.

* * * *

Vision, sound, feeling, smell, taste: the weavers of mind.

* * * *

The eternal moment is far too simple for many if not most minds to accept.

* * * *

For the want of a comma, a sentence was lost.

* * * *

The Planet of the Chimps, indeed, indeed, and on steroids.

* * * *

Arguing over illusion is about – as meaningless, as pointless, as irrational, as futile, as absurd – as it gets.

* * * *

Just another Mammon worshipper.

* * * *

Imagination has no access to, nor control of, the one and only answer.

* * * *

Any true ministry resides in the happenstance of the daily wander.

* * * *

This is not a test.

* * * *

Why would any deity need to further judge, what You little-doubt have done, times beyond counting.

* * * *

Ethics in warfare is an oxymoron.

* * * *

The quantum mind is adept at connecting dots; often into great horrors, great absurdities.

* * * *

So much oxygen deprivation across the board.

* * * *

What does it take, to change the default setting, from the worldly mind, to the eternal one?

* * * *

The illusion requires imagination, and imagination, illusion.

* * * *

Imagination cannot breathe for You.

* * * *

Find your tabula rasa.

* * * *

Do you really believe all your lies fool anyone but your imaginary self?

* * * *

It is not all about my self; it is all about my-Self.

* * * *

There is but one truth, and it holds steady, holds fast, holds true, in any and all dimensions.

* * * *

From its first etchings, imagination has meandered a fated path, from which it cannot in any way deviate.

* * * *

Assertions do not for truth make.

* * * *

Only in empty-tablet tabula rasa, are You free; attentive, sound, yogic breathing, a pretty-sure means.

* * * *

All creation requires some level of destruction, and all destruction renders some form of creation.

* * * *

So savagely droll.

* * * *

The insatiable mind every moment consumes through the lens of its frame of reference.

* * * *

A worldwide game of thrones, spewing every imaginable this-way-and-that.

* * * *

Give peace a chance, in hell.

* * * *

Those who play what they are not, is the artistry of the earnest actor.

* * * *

How accurate can any history be?

* * * *

Never assume You are being watched; never assume You are not being watched.

* * * *

What point, all the vanities, all the greed, all the horrors, all the seven deadlies?

* * * *

Imagination is the first and last addiction.

* * * *

There is only one exit.

* * * *

Only by stilling, the desires, the fears, the dreads, is it possible to be the moment, You truly are.

* * * *

‘I promise’ … One of the more preposterous lines in way too many scripts.

* * * *

Discerning the great truth makes for a calm indifference.

* * * *

Rocks and flags stop moving when the mind does.

* * * *

How long can the busy-busy mind, endure the stillness, for which it imagines it longs?

* * * *

Illusion, that dreamtime ever is, it every moment, seems real enough.

* * * *

Unnaming is an option.

* * * *

The moment is a long timeless.

* * * *

Not knowing takes You the distance.

* * * *

Why would You choose a life of harming others in any way?

* * * *

No mountain stands forever.

* * * *

What was Eden like before the first concept, before the first taste of the fruit of knowledge?

* * * *

As is true for all.

* * * *

Who are you to judge anything, when You are, in reality, all of it?

* * * *

Synapse collapse, it's real.

* * * *

Shed that imaginary identity like You would a coat.

* * * *

We are all just inspirations for the record of ourselves.

* * * *

The mask of idolatry is worn by many minds.

* * * *

Every mind-body plays out a matchless destiny, and all are but kaleidoscoping spins of the same mystery.

* * * *

So many ways for vanity to cloak itself in self-absorbed pain and suffering.

* * * *

Let it all go.

* * * *

What are all religions, all dogmas, but the ceaseless, self-absorbed dance of predator and prey.

* * * *

Is there anything more, that disturbs people, than being laughed at?

* * * *

From the ultimate view, to declare anything this or that, rides the wave of absurdity.

* * * *

Hold fast.

* * * *

See it as reality, see it as illusion, your choice.

* * * *

Every measurement that mind can imagine, means diddly-squat to the quantum matrix.

* * * *

Make your Self, make your awareness, make your moment, make your eternity, the default setting.

* * * *

Are You lost, or are You found?

* * * *

All fates are the consequence, of all the choiceless choices, it took to reach the finish line.

* * * *

How is it that any imaginary mind can truly believe that it has any say in its fate?

* * * *

How to keep the ever-churning mind, in the ever-present moment, is a never-ending challenge.

* * * *

Embrace the aloneness.

* * * *

No point getting all bent out of shape, debating with a species sprinting toward oblivion.

* * * *

To discern the Way, is a no-definitive-way pathless path; all are dreams unto their Selves.

* * * *

Evaporate through all frames and boundaries to reach the formless state.

* * * *

To be remembered by anyone, requires some level of notoriety, in whatever way the perceiver deigns.

* * * *

Become aware of all the protective psychic layers to which You are harbor.

* * * *

The dreamtime is for You to play out as nature-nurture deigns.

* * * *

Ignorance is indeed a bliss of its own.

* * * *

Why do You think the immeasurable is called immeasurable?

* * * *

What bet with your fated future, are You going to make, down that fork in your pathless path?

* * * *

Always hungry for more, more, more.

* * * *

What is depression, but the mind-body's self-absorption, spiraling into mind-numbing muddles.

* * * *

Like wresting with a pig in a mudhole – the pig is right at home, grunting away in ecstasy.

* * * *

Well done.

* * * *

How can the truth be so glaringly obvious, and yet, so many, so irrationally, so absurdly, blind to it?

* * * *

You are all that is, and is not, tabula rasa.

* * * *

Nice enough.

* * * *

Let it all go, and there You are, pure, immaculate awareness, tabula rasa, the eternal life of eternity.

* * * *

That paycheck can have a way of – setting aside, putting off, adjourning, suspending – ethical choices.

* * * *

Ethics is a privilege, not a right.

* * * *

Whatever it is you are ‘supposed’ to be doing, you are already doing right here, right now.

* * * *

Redesigning intelligent design.

* * * *

If there is nowhere to go, no place to be, what, pray tell, is the rush?

* * * *

An alternate existence is whatever You might imagine it to be, as You already do this one.

* * * *

It is the ineffable You that is reborn again and again, not the imaginary you.

* * * *

Good shot.

* * * *

Innocence, ignorance, delusion, absurdity – major components of most any groupthink.

* * * *

It is in the unborn-undying moment, in the here-now of awareness, that You discern your perfection.

* * * *

To thine own Self, be true.

* * * *

Imagination concocts every imaginable problem, in a mystery where there are none.

* * * *

Breathe in the ephemeral, breathe out the ephemeral.

* * * *

The harvest of noise is a thorn-filled mind.

* * * *

What religion is not founded on, or laced with, some form of idolatry.

* * * *

Taste the body, the world, the universe, your space and time in mind offers; the observer is the observed.

* * * *

Discern the mind that wanders unknowing.

* * * *

To be, to allow, to play win-win, is a rare feat, in a Darwinian world.

* * * *

The great fallacy, is believing You know anything.

* * * *

How long was a day when your version of God took six of them to genesis all this?

* * * *

How can the sculptor and the sculpture, not be one in the same?

* * * *

What horrors tribalism is every moment so proficient.

* * * *

No need to stay in the Darwinian game, when winning and losing lose their sway.

* * * *

Seriously, folks.

* * * *

There will be no messiah, for it is You who must awaken You, it is your hand that rests on the helm.

* * * *

How is it that the aloneness, universally innate to all, is not heralded as the eternal treasure that it is?

* * * *

What is Sunday-morning-at-church tithing, but the weekly shearing of the sheeples.

* * * *

It only takes one thought to find your Self back in the slammer of your imaginary mind.

* * * *

The imaginary you, is the harvest of your imaginary mind.

* * * *

We are all fallacies unto our own minds.

* * * *

The no-mind is the harvest of those who truly seek that most true.

* * * *

What is spiritual materialism, but the ego-identity, continuing its ongoing flight of fallacy with illusion.

* * * *

Heaven and Hell are states of mind, to which all have equal access with a flip of the switch.

* * * *

How is it that You ever imagined, that your origin was ever any different, than anyone or anything else's?

* * * *

I Am … is the revolution of the unbounded mind.

* * * *

It is what it is, and nothing anyone thinks or does, has ever mattered, even one iota of diddley-squat.

* * * *

From attachment, detach; from detachment, detach; nothing is as anyone thinks.

* * * *

It is less about what any other thinks about You, than it is, what You think they think about You.

* * * *

The only difference between any given You and me, is the perceptions, the vanities, born of imagination.

* * * *

On your mark … Get set … Now!

* * * *

This discernment of the awareness, this insight into the eternal, cannot be imitated.

* * * *

You are a bag of bones in appearance only; your reality is prior to all words and forms.

* * * *

Absoluteness is the common denominator of all.

* * * *

Though Maya pulls every magician's trick, to convince You there are many, in truth, there is only one.

* * * *

Your discontent is born of separation; surrender to the sovereignty of serenity.

* * * *

Awakening is for every one, yet not for everyone; the many are called, few are chosen, conundrum.

* * * *

Accept nothing short of direct perception; what point is there to anything less?

* * * *

If You seek to attain the eternal quantum mind, You must abandon your sense of dualistic notion.

* * * *

Those discerning reality can only feel compassion, for the masses who tarry in ignorance and confusion.

* * * *

Separation from the source is purgatory; heaven is the born-again reunion within.

* * * *

The hell of consciousness offers little peace; heaven is the stillness of absolute awareness.

* * * *

Your real family are those of like-mindedness; they may or may not be related by blood.

* * * *

Herein are many thoughts, all of them pointing back to you, in the most real, the most elevated way.

* * * *

A drop that has lost its sense of ocean, suffers the agony of isolating separation.

* * * *

Any belief that You are separate from the totality, is established entirely upon unwarranted delusion.

* * * *

Are You a serious seeker, or just a player dabbling?

* * * *

Just another fraud.

* * * *

Peel away all appearances, and what is left; the mind, the body, the senses, are not You.

* * * *

To perceive the isness of awareness directly; what higher purpose could there possibly be?

* * * *

You may have to experience suffering in many ways, depending on your vain resistance to the indivisible.

* * * *

Any given mythos may try to explain the journey, but none can convey to any to where all paths end.

* * * *

The eternal mind is prior to the space-time continuum.

* * * *

Liberation is the harvest of enlightenment.

* * * *

Wailing for the dead and dying only displays ignorance, of the immortal reality of this elusive light show.

* * * *

To judge someone by their past, is to miss what they may have learned, or have yet to learn from it.

* * * *

Imagination is no shield against the quantum reality.

* * * *

The good news is that, yes, You can be free; the drag is that it is up to You to figure it out.

* * * *

Your fear of the unknown is unwarranted; You are it, have ever been it, will ever be it.

* * * *

It is all just an endless load of crap, get over it and move on, ever alone.

* * * *

You are a human being by design only, and from the eternal perspective, fads change very quickly.

* * * *

Sexuality is like any hunger, You feed it, and it disappears; You deny it, and it devours You.

* * * *

Release the world in your mind, and where are You, when are You, but the only now that has ever been.

* * * *

What You are ready to learn will find You; listen closely and clearly for the knock.

* * * *

Even the stillest stones churn away in the quantum sea.

* * * *

Do You really believe some deity is going to look at your life, and tip the scales in your favor?

* * * *

Another one-man band weaving down a pathless path.

* * * *

The illusional-delusional mind is in an accelerating-exponential sprint to extinction.

* * * *

You are not required to embrace all the technologies driving the lemmings into the dystopian shoals.

* * * *

For consciousness to be anywhere but here now, is a long and winding path, laced with suffering.

* * * *

Why envy experiences others manifest; You have your own to dreamtime wander.

* * * *

The senses are merely specialized nerve endings, evolved though eternity's quantum orchestration.

* * * *

Be sure to realize, that when You watch your offspring suffer, You did not have to bring them here.

* * * *

Breathe in You, breathe out You.

* * * *

Wisdom can leave no stone unturned, without turning a stone.

* * * *

Whether or not, the cosmos created You, or You, the cosmos, is yet another chicken and egg conundrum.

* * * *

End all concern of becoming something or someone, what You truly are is before everything and nothing.

* * * *

You have yet to meet someone or something, that is not a mirror of your own awareness.

* * * *

A multi-dimensional tapestry, too inexplicable for any but god-minds, to but vaguely comprehend.

* * * *

The world exists because You are witness; without your presence, none of this would be.

* * * *

Both the cosmos and eternity are as close as they are far.

* * * *

The predators long ago realized how easy it was, to beguile and control and fleece the sheeples.

* * * *

Is philanthropy any more than consciousness, seeking immortality in the minds of others?

* * * *

How easy it is, to fast, if You disconnect the tongue.

* * * *

There is no solution, but the inevitable consequences, of all things approached by imbalanced minds.

* * * *

Hang out in the left brain, when it is all about monkey chatter; the right side when stillness has the floor.

* * * *

All these absurdities just to maintain the body, and the mind's plethora of insatiable cravings.

* * * *

You are more attached to the world, than You are the “I Am.”

* * * *

If there is existence after death, will it still be harbor to the same absurdity as this one?

* * * *

The first and last question is, who are You; once answered, what need for more?

* * * *

How much do You allow what You say or do, to hinge upon what You imagine others think?

* * * *

Sticks and stones break bones; words only injure if You give them the weight of imagination.

* * * *

So much gibberish; be done with it.

* * * *

What is there to figure out, but why You created all this in the first place.

* * * *

Oh, but we do so love our villains.

* * * *

What goes up must come down; existence is a statistical mystery.

* * * *

The sun makes the light show possible, but the source of its power is ever You.

* * * *

To spend your existence counting a mound of gold, is to miss the immeasurable wealth You truly are.

* * * *

Empires and mountains and galaxies come and go; the quantum matrix indivisibly permeates them all.

* * * *

It is the indivisible awareness, the quantum nothingness of eternity, that is the essence of all things.

* * * *

What is not distraction?

* * * *

Dive beneath the choppy waves of the mind's reefs, into the silent, serene depths of eternal beingness.

* * * *

At the core of your personality is the insecurity, explaining your adaptation to mortal existence.

* * * *

Creation is harbor to all potentials, with no attachment to any, ergo, destruction is its constant companion.

* * * *

You found it again.

* * * *

Idolatry is a self-absorbed theater, of those unwilling or incapable, of perceiving, of realizing, true nature.

* * * *

It is not material things that are the problem, but the weight of attachment they are given.

* * * *

There are countless versions of the golden calf, that You must someday melt into quantum clay.

* * * *

Time to evolve.

* * * *

Why be dependent, on whether or not, anyone cares about You?

* * * *

Once You curmudgeon-ize, there is little likelihood, of mustering the energy for a cheery cheerleader role.

* * * *

Each moment is an intricate sand painting, which You are challenged to ever wipe away.

* * * *

These words are not for window-shopping tourists, but for sojourners questing their eternal birthright.

* * * *

Re: Jesus … The greatest story ever told, or the greatest lie ever sold … You decide.

* * * *

Embrace the eternal.

* * * *

Across time, that voice in the wilderness, can still be heard by You: I am that I Am.

* * * *

Serve the many others, as clay would the sculptor, but realize that You are ever Self, witnessing it all.

* * * *

So infinitely infinitesimal, as to be You.

* * * *

Indeed, among all the traps the mind may weave, playing sage perhaps poses the most subtle vanity of all.

* * * *

Ethics is the futile means, of applying brakes, to our kind's rush to extinction.

* * * *

Imagination can be such a loose cannon.

* * * *

Ceaseless preoccupation with religious forms, only delays emergence into immaculate spirituality.

* * * *

How many ists and isms will push their groupthink, until there are none, but for those who sheeple.

* * * *

If a butterfly remained attached to previous incarnations, it would never fly.

* * * *

These thoughts are riddles, paradoxes, reflections, designed to chip at the rational mind until it cracks.

* * * *

Physical desires are satiable; but for discipline and restraint, psychological desires are without limits.

* * * *

How much can You change your mind, really?

* * * *

Those who are so ready to discern the antichrists, may well themselves be what the scriptures predicted.

* * * *

Allow desire's end to unfold gracefully; pride-filled suppression only fans the fire.

* * * *

The jungle is always evolving ways to consume You.

* * * *

How many apples have You ever met that have fallen far from their tree?

* * * *

It is either all illusion, or all real, no picking and choosing, for them who are truly looking.

* * * *

The moment is without recollection.

* * * *

What to cling to, nothing; what to let go of, everything.

* * * *

Perceive what You are, instead of always pretending to be, what You are not, were not, and will never be.

* * * *

The future passes into the past, well before You know it.

* * * *

It is not so much an issue of some deity loving You, as it is You discerning that its spring is your source.

* * * *

The mystery is the nothingness and everythingness, at the source of every quantum across the infinity.

* * * *

Life might be fair, if everyone played by the same rules, and You never got sick or hurt or old or dead.

* * * *

Your fate is your fate, You are just along for the ride.

* * * *

Curious how our kind always seems, to leave it to the next generation, to undertake the paradigm shift.

* * * *

The mystery created a variety of natural concoctions, that we might discern its presence within ourselves.

* * * *

Who the fuck are You, to presume what this mystery can or cannot create?

* * * *

See if You can wrap your wee little brain around that one.

* * * *

The truth of it cannot be unseen; the red pill cannot be un-swallowed.

* * * *

How aware are You of that portion of your mind, which once ruled this manifest world as a lizard?

* * * *

Why do You choose leaders who have no wisdom, whose vanity and greed are destroying the garden.

* * * *

Layers of identification, peel off like an onion, until You are nothing, but the air You breathe.

* * * *

To thine own eye, be true.

* * * *

Odds are, that You have already endured more torture than You deserve.

* * * *

The realization of one's true nature, is a quality of mind, of awareness, well beyond any earthly rewards.

* * * *

Trying to capture this, is like clutching the wind, on a deathly still day.

* * * *

Though these many words, may seem abstract and intellectual, what they point to is not at all.

* * * *

What clock, what calendar, can measure eternity?

* * * *

Imagine a newborn of any seed line, absolute innocence groping about, in the tabula rasa of awareness.

* * * *

Has this Darwinian biosphere ever known even one moment's peace?

* * * *

What there is to see cannot be seen by those, whose only view, is through the sensory feed.

* * * *

Your idols are concepts, images holding You back, from that for which You long.

* * * *

It is a curious thing how desperate so many are, for that for which mortality provides no access.

* * * *

You have never really been this body; imagination can be such a loose cannon.

* * * *

You will learn everything You need to know, to play out your existence, to complete your fate.

* * * *

Dress up, dress down, or wear nothing at all; it is but vanity if even a fig leaf comes to mind.

* * * *

A slave to the ship; row well and live.

* * * *

Greater prescience tends to catch on slowly; takes a lot more than a hundred monkeys.

* * * *

Chaos is the order.

* * * *

At this point in mind, any and all notions of reality, are little more than dubious and fleeting and ironic.

* * * *

Both a pleasurable and painful process, all this slapdash field research, on Eden under siege.

* * * *

No harm in admitting what You do not know, which is always going to be a heck of a lot, really.

* * * *

The question – "Where was I?" – has more depth than most will ever realize.

* * * *

Any translation is only as accurate, as the – breadth, width, depth – of the translator's frame of reference.

* * * *

The vapor of mind, the fog of perception, the cloud of consciousness, the ocean of awareness.

* * * *

Joy, bliss, happiness – if it is essential to You – is right here, right now, not some future when.

* * * *

Always a good idea to pay attention to all your teachers.

* * * *

So alone as to completely disappear; existence, what was that about, anyway?

* * * *

Take it or leave it, it does not really matter; it is your show to do with whatever You will.

* * * *

So alone, as to Cheshire Cat disappear; existence, what was that about, anyway?

* * * *

Besides rotting away their source, judgments have a way of blowing back, in unforeseen ways.

* * * *

You must be that which is eternal, otherwise, how could You be so present in the unfolding day-to-day?

* * * *

Mother Nature, she is a pitiless beast, all things Eden, even You.

* * * *

If it is, so what? If it is not, so what?

* * * *

Hope and faith are monkey-mind gorp, ointless from their inception; why believe anything?

* * * *

It is only limitations that define You; the ultimate You is without attributes.

* * * *

The thin air of mountaintops and ivory towers, no doubt adds to the intoxication of surreal vistas.

* * * *

Is there anybody or anything You cannot live without?

* * * *

Loss is the mainstay of every fleeting moment, with death, the drop-the-curtain finale.

* * * *

Universes, created and destroyed, in less than the blink of an eye; and in just one breath, how many more?

* * * *

The history recorded, is the history regurgitated.

* * * *

Another day, another round of experiencing, in a life already chock-full of so many tidbits.

* * * *

Doubt is the eternal key to getting home; doubt everything, doubt everybody, to the depth of your being.

* * * *

Delusion is the comfort zone, of those who cannot face the truth; sanity resides in that prior to all thought.

* * * *

To thine own destiny, be true.

* * * *

Every flowing instant, is the big bang of consciousness, the genesis of awareness, the mystery of eternity.

* * * *

Change your fate, your destiny, however You will, that is only the direction it was headed, anyway.

* * * *

The nosedive into madness, into absurdity, is not easy to endure.

* * * *

Freedom is more than a word, and is free to all, who discern the essential nature, and therein reside.

* * * *

The Stonecutter, chipping away at the mountain.

* * * *

Once You are born, You must live, You must die, You really have no choice in the matter.

* * * *

It is a statistical certitude, that for every height, there is eventually an equal and opposite depth.

* * * *

Just because it is all one, does not mean it is not pathetic, even horrifying, at least several times a day.

* * * *

Life's a bitch; still we cling.

* * * *

Oh, what the heck, no point slowing down now, let us just push the pedal down, a little further, shall we?

* * * *

Adapt or die, it ain't rocket science.

* * * *

The ascension into irony and paradox, is not an easy thing to endure.

* * * *

We are the dice, rolling down the craps table.

* * * *

God weighted with attributes, God encased by limitations, God delineated in any way, is not God.

* * * *

In the world and of it, in the world and not of it; a schizophrenia of the so-called spiritual kind.

* * * *

Nothing can touch You, nothing can harm You, but that You lower the drawbridge of your mind.

* * * *

The foolishness of vanity compounding daily; a scratchy record that cannot play forever.

* * * *

The moment before You know it, how is that not God?

* * * *

It can never be more than this given eternal moment, so what is there to want, what is there to fear, really?

* * * *

No matter how much You believe You know, it is merely bits and pieces of a dream unknown.

* * * *

Eight going on nine going on ten-plus-plus-plus; way too many human beings on this poor Madre.

* * * *

Impulse control switch, off; impulse control switch, on.

* * * *

You really own nothing; neither your body, your mind, your things, nor even your existence.

* * * *

The limitations of the mind and body, real as they seem at the time, are entirely imagined.

* * * *

Beyond the point of no return; talk is cheap, and daily cheaper.

* * * *

Glory calls us all; it is a monkey thing.

* * * *

What to care about, and what not to care about; questions of more than a few billion dreams.

* * * *

Death is only a relatively few moments away; have You managed to let go of everything, yet?

* * * *

Just another of the seemingly countless things, You seem to have to go through to see through.

* * * *

Birth in one hand, death in the other, clap them together, and what do You have?

* * * *

A mind given over to awareness, is a tossed pebble casting no ripples.

* * * *

Truth is so matter of fact, that the only real curiosity, is why so many, have such difficulty discerning it.

* * * *

As long as it may seem at the time – the body, the world, the cosmos – is but a relatively brief distraction.

* * * *

This fleeting moment is all You really have; are You giving it your absolute attention?

* * * *

The absolute fearlessness of pure awareness, is the only remedy to the delusion of suffering.

* * * *

You are Soul; forget everything else.

* * * *

When thoughts cease, when consciousness stills, time dissolves into the awareness of eternal life.

* * * *

True madness knows no boundaries, a frame of reference beyond comparison.

* * * *

What can ever be done about all the followers, who follow leaders, who only lead them astray?

* * * *

Live to die? Or die to live?

* * * *

The vampires win You over by dangling morsels that appeal to your vanity and greed.

* * * *

Vampires harvest others, because they cannot discern within, the ultimate prior to all notions.

* * * *

What You do not know may not hurt You now, but at least it will not bother You until then.

* * * *

Always curious what perceptions stick in the memory banks.

* * * *

Another day of gravity slowly pulling the dreamer, back into Mother Nature's impartial embrace.

* * * *

Much easier to superficially idolize a form or concept, than it is to discern what it truly represents within.

* * * *

You do not have to be a rocket scientist to get the gist of most anything.

* * * *

The capacity some have for over-the-top delusion, is both an arduous and fascinating thing to witness.

* * * *

Quel dommage (What a pity).

* * * *

Before You call someone else crazy or strange, maybe You should take a closer look in the mirror.

* * * *

You will have to let go of everything sooner or later; may as well start practicing right here, right now.

* * * *

Not easy to pay full attention every moment; the mind is, indeed, a wayward wanderer.

* * * *

Even the wisest fall into foolery.

* * * *

Is the mind really any more than a set of patterns, to which each of us, in our own way, subscribes?

* * * *

Peer back to what You were, before the conditioning took root, and molded You into eternal dreamtime.

* * * *

No God will ever be as puny as anyone imagines.

* * * *

It is most challenging, to be in the world, and not of it; Samsara is, indeed, an intrepid adversary.

* * * *

Total Self agape, in the most unfathomable way, is the sovereign freedom some call eternal bliss.

* * * *

The ever-busy mind is worth ignoring, if You can muster full attention, to the lucidity of pure awareness.

* * * *

Irony and paradox peddle their wares wherever minds allow.

* * * *

Mind is both inmate and guard.

* * * *

Betrayal from so many corners, so many unexpected directions, neither a borrower nor lender be.

* * * *

You are caught up in the web of delusion, because You would rather live a lie, than face truth squarely.

* * * *

Hope is the outcome of idealism, unreconciled with reality, mired in delusion.

* * * *

You will reappear until You discern, You are not – mind, body, role – but through inattentive volition.

* * * *

Get a real time peek at your face, if You can, but be aware no one has ever managed it yet.

* * * *

With the final breath, comes the great detachment.

* * * *

A commitment to the future, is a commitment to the moment, and a different sense of time.

* * * *

Can the oneness in the we, work things out, or are we but a relatively brief dream, on this manifest stage?

* * * *

When You stop trying to define it, to measure it, it will all flow to a graceful, illusory movement.

* * * *

History and tradition are the blessing and bane of the human paradigm.

* * * *

You are witnessed by others, as You see them; a faceless, nameless deity, if ever there was one.

* * * *

What difference between You and any ghost, but transparency and the weight of gravity.

* * * *

There is little need to fear death; it is life that inspires such dread.

* * * *

So many scientists and scholars and philosophers, probing a mystery that has no need to be known.

* * * *

What would existence be, without consumption, without the insatiable more, more, more?

* * * *

To so many, truth seems cruel, but only to those who cannot peer into their own reflection.

* * * *

To say there has been only one Christ, is to misunderstand the way is open to all.

* * * *

How can any free mind be subject to any label, any tag, any brand, any description, any classification?

* * * *

From the whole all parts come, and within each fragment, the whole is reflected.

* * * *

There would be no universe, without You to witness it.

* * * *

Eternity is the only reality, You truly have claim to, yet it is the one which, can never be fully mined.

* * * *

A glass, half full to some; half empty to others; give it a good toss; problem solved.

* * * *

After all is said and done, the beingness is all that is left, and that is but an assumption as well.

* * * *

Good editing requires a certain amount of ruthlessness.

* * * *

There is no vehicle, only You, and the desire, to know your ultimate nature.

* * * *

The same folks who so valiantly save human lives, will often not hesitate to destroy another life form.

* * * *

It be You, and You be it, no direction known, for all eternity.

* * * *

Call it father, call it mother, call it anything You please, it is ever the same mystery.

* * * *

Can You transcend your genetic predisposition, and the psychological set, with which it is arm-in-arm?

* * * *

A speck of sand is on equal footing with any diamond.

* * * *

Let it be known, that romance novels, were the most popular book form, of the time this was written.

* * * *

You play a part, but You are the whole.

* * * *

Martyrdom is just made of the same old vanity, as if it matters what anyone else thinks, anyway.

* * * *

Let each think what they will, but do not for a second believe, there is truly any other than You.

* * * *

Though rare, seek sovereign companions; they will not dampen your eternal quest.

* * * *

Ideals are wishful stretches of imagination; manifesting their reality is a more challenging matter.

* * * *

To be free of absurdity, all You need do, is just detach, let it go its own chaotic way.

* * * *

Feeling all twisted up today, are we?

* * * *

We are all just receiving units, playing out a spontaneous dream, with neither beginning nor end.

* * * *

The beaten path is beaten only in time; where do all the ruts go when time ends?

* * * *

Why we keep playing, pathetically predictable dramas, is an unfailing mystery.

* * * *

To transcend all delusion and ignorance, is a prior-to-all-speculation state of mind.

* * * *

So, what's rattling around in that head today?

* * * *

To realize how predestined your existence is, requires an insight to which few are harbor.

* * * *

You all play out your parts so well, that I really need do nothing more, than sit back and witness the show.

* * * *

How pointless to live to be a historical footnote; like footprints in sand, waves crashing all about.

* * * *

We are all diamonds in the rough, in an existence that chips away at the flaws.

* * * *

We are all alone, together, in the cathedral of our minds.

* * * *

What is it You would want to become, that your dreamy imagination, cannot already create?

* * * *

It has been written before, but is always worth repeating many times over: Always look back.

* * * *

The world will categorize You, into one label or another, if You allow it.

* * * *

Personality is the imperfect reflection of mystery, the temporal imperfection of one's original nature.

* * * *

So, what will You regurgitate today?

* * * *

From oblivion, all creation flowers, and You are witness to one, of an infinity of dreams.

* * * *

Eternal salvation, is to see things as they are, without the timebound screen of imagination.

* * * *

How to best serve the many, is to serve the one within all.

* * * *

Those, who in humility, put aside the squalor of personal concern, transcend into the eternal realm.

* * * *

It will be the book You took time to read, the book your frame of reference dictated.

* * * *

The many who want so madly to lead, are often incapable of the wisdom required, for genuine leadership.

* * * *

The only true gold, is behind the mask, beneath the costume.

* * * *

Hope? What need for hope? The real You is beyond such concoctions.

* * * *

You will never figure it out, but You may become contented, with your vast reservoir of ignorance.

* * * *

Free will: A dubious assumption, if there ever was one.

* * * *

Grant your Self a little serenity, by offering several deep breaths, into that oxygen-deprived brain.

* * * *

Once You discern the whole, parts are seen within its context, and not as ends in themselves.

* * * *

The real You already has eternal life, and You always have, and You always will.

* * * *

If You are not going to be whole within your Self, how can You expect to be fulfilled in any other union?

* * * *

What would existence be, without desire, without fear, without dread?

* * * *

Look around at anything You please, and You will probably find it to be, as much as it will likely ever be.

* * * *

If the space-time continuum truly existed, You might be able to travel it.

* * * *

The conscious foray into Self is an eternal journey, seemingly different for all, yet ever the same mystery.

* * * *

Far easier to conquer the world, than it is the mind.

* * * *

We, and all the other creatures of Eden, were a lot better off, before we civilized ourselves.

* * * *

The weight of imagination, is as heavy or light, as You choose to carry it.

* * * *

Do not fear, do not hesitate, to embrace your Self, as all, that is truly holy, prior to all description.

* * * *

Allow the world to dissolve within, filled by that which has never existed.

* * * *

The blade screams against the bench grinder’s abrasive wheel, but ever comes away sharper.

* * * *

The elemental cosmos, is bound by the limitations, of its quantum nature.

* * * *

Despite one moment's being truly attended, it is forever lost with the advent of the next.

* * * *

To die, or not to die, before the body's mortal end, that is the question.

* * * *

All but the most fated, forget to recollect, when maya provokes, the mind's sensory feelers.

* * * *

Each of us chooses, our own version of liberation, for reasons only speculations can answer.

* * * *

You are That, prior to all beginnings, after all endings, in all nows.

* * * *

You do not need all the details of human history, to extrapolate the gist of its probable direction.

* * * *

A profound emptiness awaits your arrival.

* * * *

A child has a world, as does an adult; both are saturated with make-believe.

* * * *

The fear of letting go all sense of identity, is another facet of the desire for continuity.

* * * *

At some point, everything in this pale blue dust ball world, leaves that same dusty taste.

* * * *

Death will not be much different than life, just without the mind-body identifications.

* * * *

The most immaculate version of truth, was perceived prior to conception, only vanity and vexation since.

* * * *

There is no living off one's laurels in the eternal abyss.

* * * *

Rest assured, that the most ambitious, the most devious, the most savage, will one day rule.

* * * *

Most are caught in the bittersweet web of mind; nature is not commonly sought by the civilized.

* * * *

Eternal life has nothing to do, with the many concepts, used to realize it.

* * * *

Does the ultimate reality require, the veiled dream of consciousness, to sustain its true nature? Nope.

* * * *

What makes sense often makes no sense, and what makes no sense is often, the greatest sense of all.

* * * *

Greater and greater, the detachment grows, as tie after tie is discerned, and knot after knot cut.

* * * *

If the space-time continuum existed, space and time might be passing.

* * * *

Those who have not discerned themselves, to be the way, the truth, the light, will inherit the earth.

* * * *

Eternal life has nothing to do, with the many concepts, used to realize it.

* * * *

Most are so blinded by the cave of shadows, that the light outside is branded impossible.

* * * *

How hypnotized we are, by all the distractions.

* * * *

Most are so blinded by the cave of shadows, that the light outside is branded impossible.

* * * *

Why should You accept any story, that cannot be scientifically verified?

* * * *

Unencumber your Self of all notions of time; discern your true home in the homeless nature.

* * * *

Prior to Abraham, Jesus, Buddha, Lao Tzu, Ashtravaka, and all the others, You are That I Am.

* * * *

Everything is the lie of illusion; how eternally alone, You truly are.

* * * *

Stay or depart, it matters not.

* * * *

Physical manifestation can never really resolve, the fundamental friction of its inherent duality.

* * * *

There must be a Self-absorbed bent for introspection, to wander down the pathless less traveled.

* * * *

To transcend imagination, give your Self over to good breathing.

* * * *

Pretty darned fascinating, how many masks and costumes, fit on a human skeleton.

* * * *

Beginnings end, endings begin – eternity is never bound, to any either-or.

* * * *

Go to the deep end of the puddle, let out your air and descend, into the bliss of oblivion.

* * * *

Your greatest wealth, is the discernment of true Self; all worldly plays of imagination pale in comparison.

* * * *

You cannot discern eternal life, with a mind caught in the endless measurement, of time-bound concepts.

* * * *

Look to no other for eternal salvation; it is for You and You alone to discern.

* * * *

And even if they do hear your words, You will never be sure what they got.

* * * *

Organized religion, as most, if not all, practice it, is the collusive blasphemy of ignorance.

* * * *

Take the personal out of the equation.

* * * *

Divine the source of beingness, and You will fathom all diversity, imagined in this divine orchestration.

* * * *

You are existent and non-existent, within the play of consciousness, and that prior to all dreams.

* * * *

The greatness to which the small-minded aspire, is no greater than a speck of dust upon a gnat's wing.

* * * *

We are on a bull, and the roiling jaunt will not end, until the bull is done.

* * * *

If you are very lucky, You will never find out, how harsh life can truly be.

* * * *

Despite the superficial harshness of these words, there is a great deal of heartfelt intent to all this.

* * * *

Never hesitate to reset as needed.

* * * *

Have You noticed no one label, seems to describe You completely, that all seem to fit, as right as rain.

* * * *

Whatever You may believe it is, it is not, has never been, and will never be.

* * * *

You need not trouble yourself over the world; it will be here long after your shadow disappears.

* * * *

What You do, how You do it, matters much, much more, than your beliefs about it.

* * * *

The words of politicians, no matter the scale of the arena, make a capricious wind look dependable.

* * * *

Fairness, like so many concepts, has an unfailing relativity about it.

* * * *

Those to whom we are ancestors will have no choice, but to endure the course we have set for them.

* * * *

Journeying within, You explore a cosmos, many have traveled, but none can truly chart.

* * * *

All You can really cling to, is the illusion that all this is real, and perhaps for some reason, important.

* * * *

Wisdom is the domain of fools who ponder their foolishness.

* * * *

The assertion You are important because of history, is ambitious mythology, born of deluded imagination.

* * * *

If You cannot meditate in the fury of hell, You do not understand real meditation.

* * * *

Every seeker fabricates their own little Way; there are paths until the pathless is discerned.

* * * *

The world is fortunate, not to know your true rage, at the injustice, the inequity in every realm.

* * * *

Heaven … You can make it happen right-here-right-now … if You discern it so.

* * * *

Hell is the gap between what You are, and what You vainly believe You are.

* * * *

Do not get too wrapped up in your own words; they change as soon as they are thought or spoken.

* * * *

Even in a space chock-full of noise, there is the silence within and without.

* * * *

You are the witness, the eternal awareness, impartial to every form that quantum creation imagines.

* * * *

Differentiate as much as You will, there are really no differences.

* * * *

On a diamond, all facets are equal; You are the nexus through which, your manifest facet is witnessed.

* * * *

To cling to the wheel of suffering, is the choice born of lack of resolve.

* * * *

Pierce all the veils that concepts weave, until You determine the oblivion, from whence all are born.

* * * *

Allow good breathing to transcend imagination.

* * * *

That psychic wall that bars You from this or that, is nothing more than the poof of imagination.

* * * *

If You are seeking comfort and safety, then truth is probably not your answer.

* * * *

Taken wrongly, thoughts such as these, can twist and turn down many, vain, arduous, painful paths.

* * * *

To compete with deities, is a pointless illusion, into which many angels, are rumored to have fallen.

* * * *

Yet another day of riding the wave of irony and paradox.

* * * *

What is there for You, as witness, to do, when the spontaneous moment, does it all for You?

* * * *

To remember You must first forget; to forget You must first remember.

* * * *

Don't feed the Beast.

* * * *

In those halcyon moments, when You are offstage, alone, do You take off that mask within?

* * * *

Find the balance, or You will be an insect for the rest of Eden’s manifest play.

* * * *

Every mythological explanation ever concocted, including any herein written, is but idle speculation.

* * * *

Do You occasionally punch the pause button, on that neuron recording playing your mind?

* * * *

Despite all attempts at structure, it is a spontaneous chaotic show.

* * * *

How impossible, to release, to slough, that identity, which You are not, never were, will never be.

* * * *

When You say, "I do this, or I am that", who exactly is, this "I", this center, You so firmly believe so real?

* * * *

The You referred to, is not the ego you, but the real You, prior to all exteriors.

* * * *

Even angels in the heavens, bound in the limitations of the on-high, are really, no better off than You.

* * * *

How will You change hell, but through guerrilla sorties, of those irregulars, heaven-bent?

* * * *

Many who seek to lead, likely should not be the ones, we are asked to choose.

* * * *

Your entire cosmos, wherever your senses wander, in any given moment, is your catheral.

* * * *

And no, neither God nor Jesus, is going to save us, either.

* * * *

Wisdom is wisdom is wisdom, it does not matter the geography, it does not matter the time.

* * * *

How You differentiate yourself from others, delineates your self-perpetuated limitations.

* * * *

Maya is the ghost in the space-time continuum.

* * * *

The deception of all mythos – past, present, future – is one it takes great courage and insight to transcend.

* * * *

The inner eye that opens to the cardinal truth, is something naught but one, will ever see.

* * * *

No one is without their trials.

* * * *

So many already have so much, and still they want more, more, more.

* * * *

If You play the karma game, intending to put off reunion, until some distant future, why play the game?

* * * *

Your imagination can be a lifelong prison, or the conduit to the unlimited potential.

* * * *

When You earnestly seek freedom, You will own what these words imply.

* * * *

Is there any groupthink, religious or otherwise, that does not lay claim to being lead torch holder?

* * * *

The suffering is caused by limitation, filled with unreconciled eternal longing.

* * * *

Some would say, there are no shortcuts; needs research.

* * * *

You are that, which all scriptures, can only attempt to describe; You must puzzle it out, best You can.

* * * *

A teacher may encourage You to look, but it is You, who must teach your Self.

* * * *

You reincarnate in every time-bound moment, that You re-identify with this sensory illusion.

* * * *

How many children must teach their parents, that weaning is a necessary aspect of parenting?

* * * *

In the flowering, is the point and purpose, that no mortal player can deny.

* * * *

Are You able to stare at a blank wall, with the same passion You would, your most ardent desire?

* * * *

Who calls who sane or insane? And what, pray tell, is normal?

* * * *

All You have ever imagined, amounts to less than even one breath.

* * * *

It is the doubt of a discerning mind, not gimmicks and parlor tricks, that brings about wisdom.

* * * *

Without the sun, the earth would not be, and without the pale blue dot, the sun would neither rise nor set.

* * * *

Nothing must be done, and nothing must be left undone, for consciousness to play out its destiny.

* * * *

You are the awareness, the awareness is You, You are everything, You are nothing.

* * * *

Put aside everything, You have been told or imagined, that clarity is You.

* * * *

To create heaven on earth, You must destroy your little self, without harming the vehicle.

* * * *

With screens across all realms, speculation is dead, for now.

* * * *

Birth is such a simple, predictable process; how many innovative ways we find to die.

* * * *

Until detachment sheaths its brutal honesty, introspection can be a terrible swift sword.

* * * *

Living is an array of habits, many unconscious, many chosen, many broken, as the moment allots.

* * * *

A mystical crossing, well-crossed many times, in many geographies.

* * * *

Why give so much thought to the hereafter, when You cannot create more than a hell-now?

* * * *

Earth is just another Petri dish.

* * * *

Without the insight, that You ultimately know nothing, Your quest for knowledge is meaningless.

* * * *

No mask, no costume, no figure, is not the same awareness, the same mystery, as You.

* * * *

You are the beginning, You are the end, of the all, that is this very right here, very right now, moment.

* * * *

The mind free of chatter – the no-mind, the eternal mind – is the only free mind.

* * * *

Just when You believe You have it, it slips away, perhaps even into whatever You thought it was not.

* * * *

Creation and destruction, are merely dualistic notions, of the mind born in time.

* * * *

Desire is the longing born of loneliness, or reunion with the sovereignty of aloneness.

* * * *

All the effort of the personal self, of the form bound in limitation, is the suffering of consciousness.

* * * *

The cosmos requires You as much as You do it.

* * * *

You already abide in eternal life; what more You want of it, is your own burden.

* * * *

The cynical pessimist, once a passionate idealist, is easily worn down by this three-dimensional theater.

* * * *

Who is real? Me? You? Them? Forgive me, I can no longer tell.

* * * *

But I digress.

* * * *

Mystery is a much more accurate label than God.

* * * *

Misuse of the mind, denies the quiet serenity, of living naturally, spontaneously.

* * * *

You may say many things regarding your personality, but that says nothing of the You, that You truly are.

* * * *

You will be in that body, for as long as You are, not a moment more, not a moment less.

* * * *

Once You know a mirage is a mirage, You cease giving it the same weight.

* * * *

Humanity's greatest impoverishment, is not discerning where its eternal wealth truly resides.

* * * *

You want answers; whoever asks the question is the answer.

* * * *

Grace is a quality of mind, of awareness, free of all division.

* * * *

You want to end the hellish enterprise, You have created in You mind? Then kill yourself within.

* * * *

The imagined center, is born of identification, with the sensorial context.

* * * *

Why have You done all this? For the sheer hell of it, obviously.

* * * *

Look beyond time and know You cannot be, other than that, from which all dreams are born.

* * * *

How can You have been born, when what You truly are, has no such need.

* * * *

You brought nothing with You, and will leave it all at the exit.

* * * *

Nothing to do, everything to do.

* * * *

How can You lose a soul, that was never yours in the first place.

* * * *

Evil is a bitterness that cannot touch anything, unless its dualistic seed is watered with imagination.

* * * *

Gold is gold no matter the dream.

* * * *

What becomes of humanity, is the same end all forms take; gold is gold, no matter the dream.

* * * *

It is the flame of desire You crave; the object of its caress is secondary.

* * * *

You cannot help anyone, who does not at least hobble along, on their own two feet.

* * * *

What seemed to make sense one moment, often makes none down the line.

* * * *

Ripples travel for great distances in every direction.

* * * *

The more You want, the more troubled You will be, and the more trouble You may well cause.

* * * *

The meaning of life, is whatever the moment draws out of You.

* * * *

Even in the most chaotic circumstances, that which is totality, resides in eternal poise.

* * * *

Jesus was not the first, nor was he the last, to discern, to fathom, the eternal birthright.

* * * *

There are fools, and there are fools, who know they are fools.

* * * *

Like small, roiling dust storms, the passion invoked by imagination, inevitably play themselves out.

* * * *

We shape our own fate, in the way we choicely choose, to shape the fates of others.

* * * *

It is all the same mystery; all differences are imagined.

* * * *

Freedom is the unattached unbound stillness, of the undifferentiating, unknowing awareness.

* * * *

Be gentle with the body; it so easily suffers in so many ways, for its many mortal flaws.

* * * *

Your ideas about it, have nothing to do with the reality of it.

* * * *

Pretending You know anything, is perhaps the most enticing delusion, this time bound theater offers.

* * * *

By what right, does anyone have anything to judge, regarding how any other lives their cosmos.

* * * *

Bet on the cockroaches; You will very likely not collect, but at least You will win.

* * * *

Hope is the coin of those sidelined by their fate.

* * * *

The immortality of any seed, resides in its essential nature, not its blueprint patterning.

* * * *

How challenging it is to surrender, the noise of consciousness, to its still origin.

* * * *

Most cling to life; the seer releases death.

* * * *

Those who see the potential, cry for the unnecessary suffering, we weave upon ourselves.

* * * *

All your emotional angst is imagined; You concoct illusion-delusion, and then believe it real.

* * * *

The five senses, are the readers of the human paradigm; the mind, the keeper.

* * * *

Home is – whoever, whatever, whenever, whyever, wherever, however – the wheel of now hits the road.

* * * *

You are, therefore, You are.

* * * *

What do You stand on, but the space-time continuum, playing as if gravity exists?

* * * *

You need not know every detail, to perceive the direction of the flow, or what decisions need to be made.

* * * *

Darwin rules.

* * * *

What do You stand on, but the space-time continuum, playing as if gravity exists?

* * * *

We each look for other masks, to mirror back, reflect back, whatever we choose to see.

* * * *

We take of the ground, without replenishing the soil, surviving at the expense of those to come.

* * * *

Grow, grow, grow, live and learn, die anyway.

* * * *

All this study of the mind, only to discover it imagined its self, and every sort of concoction.

* * * *

Even the enlightened whose minds stray, suffer for their imaginary transgression.

* * * *

Knowledge obscures innocence, but only for as long as one is attached, to its mind-born, time-bound path.

* * * *

Immortality is guaranteed; it just may not be in the figurine, You have imagined in the current mind.

* * * *

What a free-for-all, dead-end Yellow Brick Road, geeks have launched our poor little garden down.

* * * *

Clocks and watches are just mechanical sundials, and calendars, a count of days between solstices.

Breadcrumbs 2023

I am an outcome of the social-spiritual revolution of the 1960's and 70's.
A peasant's eldest wandering the zenith of post-World War II United States of America,
Passing on thoughts, conclusions, opinions, judgments, about what I witnessed, and the part I played.
That it has not developed its own legs, either proves I am wrong, or that the human species,
Is incapable of getting past its unfathomable arrogance or its insatiable avarice.
There is also great likelihood there is just too much to wade through,
Or that many just do not care to bother or care about it all.
Is there any doubt why I sit at the absurdist bar?

* * * *

My level of intrigue is far less, has always been far less, than many.
There is nothing I cannot walk away from if my whole world crashed and burned.
All I do is sit in coffee shops, write bullshit that very few people read, shop for supplies as needed,
See Mom and Sister once a week, and spend a couple hours most days in the club pool.
I am all but done with this cosmos, and this cosmos is all but done with me.
One of these days, I will be gone, and very few will even notice.
The universe has managed to ignore me while living;
It will even far less hard after I am gone.

* * * *

It was worth giving this body of work away no-charge.
Throwing it out there the willy-nilly way these digitalized times allowed.
No fame, no fortune, no control, no publishers, no followers, no travels, no speeches, no signings.
And only a modicum of vain notions with which to inwardly contend.
A strategy that saved all kinds of bother.

* * * *

All these years of scribbling have been both entertaining and wearisome,
In a sideways-topsy-turvy-inside-out-backwards sort of way.
Weave it all into some kind of enlightening story?
What, pray tell, would be the point?
It is done well enough for the rare few.
Think of all the videos I could have made.
Think of the following I might have cult-ivated.
I thank the gods for my insignificance, as should You.
I cannot imagine wanting or needing widespread approbation.
This garden orb does not require any more irrationality, any more absurdity.
You can thank or curse or ignore your Self, any time, any place.
You are, every moment, creator-preserver-destroyer.
You thank me when You discern your Self.

* * * *

What is a philosopher?
Cynic, skeptic, doubter, misanthropist, scoffer, doubter, pessimist,
Questioner, disparager, detractor, malcontent, loner, recluse, dilletante.

As pointless as pointless can be; the final chapter existence offers, to be sure.

* * * *

Have put this work out into the world in as many diverse channels as current technologies allow.
Nobody owns it, nobody controls it; everyone must discern the truth all on their own.
And all those who see, fairly quickly, without fanfare, know each other.
It is a very subtle, very quiet, very grass roots revolution.
No priesthood, no organization, no dogma.
Just a clear, rational view.

* * * *

A Self-imposed assignment; one in which I do not write what was done today, but what was thought.
An aphoristic journal-chronical-diary-memoir-bulletin-log-dossier-scrapbook-commentary-thesis-hobby.

As Thucydides Athenian historian and general (c. 460 – c. 400 BC) wrote:
My work is not a piece of writing designed to meet the needs of an immediate public,
but was done to last forever.

Yaj Ekim: Define forever.

* * * *

This guy would never lay any claim to being totally sane or rational or brilliant or anything perfect.
This mortal body, this mind, this imaginary moi, is as flawed and misguided and absurd,
And treacherous and hypocritical and irrational and judgmental and laughable,
And clumsy and frenetic and impulsive and irritable and divisive,
And narcissistic and hedonistic and greedy and vain,
And as inevitably mortal decline-and-fall as any other monkey-mind two-legged,
That has ever wandered every-which-way-to-and-fro across this dream-soaked dusty orb.
The perfection, all are, is not that which can be seen or heard or smelled or tasted or felt or thought.

* * * *

Why do I even bother scribbling all this?
I really do not much care for what the human paradigm has become,
Or the future to which it is inescapably, accelerating exponentially, every kaleidoscoping moment.
A vision so dark, so dismal, so painful, that the imminent extinction,
Cannot make its way hither soon enough.

* * * *

The post-WWII Boomer generation that I was born into, was set up by the idealistic winds of our youth,
To believe humankind could be, could do, something Darwin 101 assures us is impossible.
What I tell any who still harbor that delusional notion, any who still believe,
Us capable of overriding the natural selection that whittled us, for even a few minutes,
Is that You can take the monkey out of the jungle, but You cannot take the jungle out of the monkey.

* * * *

Aphorisms are born of a knack for putting things succinctly.

* * * *

If I was ever to start over – somehow be reborn, either male or female – I would just skip it all,
With the opposite sex, or my own, or whatever other genders might come into play.
Way too much bother, and adventures I need never experience again.

* * * *

Alone at last.

* * * *

Fortunately, power and fame and fortune have evaded me.
Vulnerability, anonymity, austerity, and the mindfulness they engender,
Are a great gift in this insane asylum, this théâtre absurde.

* * * *

The jury is still out, whether passing it around randomly for free, has been the best strategy.

* * * *

What a remarkable thing it has been, to witness the rise and decline of this blip of a nation-state,
And likely to have traversed through the apex of what human civilization has had to offer, as well.

* * * *

Somebody had to scribe this, and it just sorta dumped itself into this lap.
If asked, would I do it again, I would say, with a shrug of these graying shoulders,
"What more could I possibly set down, without repeating myself more than I already have?"
This thought-filled theme park is for any and all, who discern within it, whatever they are looking for;
Whatever they might need, in the dystopian future that is so unescapably rushing at them.

* * * *

My faith is strong and sure and steadfast, for all times.
It is a faith that does not require the idolatry of form or thought.
It is a faith, so clear, that one must die to little self, to see it all, for what it is.
And from that faith, I leave You the distillation, of all this mind has ever thought and done.
Do with it what You will, or will not.

* * * *

How often what You are reading, is the morphed version of the original thought.
The original having been lost in the abyss of the churning mind,
In the time it took to reach for pen and paper,
Or as it was being scribbled.
Imagine this mind as one of those Magic Eight Balls;
Thoughts floating into view, floating out of view, sometimes retrievable, most often not.

* * * *

Yet another weary moment flowers, through the endless projection of vanity.

* * * *

If these writings, these reflections, have merit, they will endure; if not, oh well, so it goes.
It has been enough to observe whether the quantum théâtre absurde of dreamtime,
Was as up to the mark set by all the self-promotion, by all the propaganda,

History has fed the masses as they chewed away on their mother.
My bet is that we will decline and fall, as all things ever do,
And all our creations, all our treasures, all our glories,
Will dissolve with the last whimper of imagination.
And the quantum abyss will not even shed a tear.
Nor I collect my winnings; for which I do despair.

* * * *

The absence of motive has been a deciding-defining force of its own.

* * * *

I, Awareness.
Awareness field.
Awareness infinity.
Awareness freedom.
Awareness tranquility.
Awareness indelibility.
Awareness sovereignty.
Awareness absoluteness.
Awareness indivisibility.
Awareness timelessness.
Awareness singularity.
Awareness totality.
Awareness truth.
Awareness joy.
I, Awareness.

* * * *

I may not have had a choice in being born,
But I can certainly have hand in how it ends,
If the Reaper does not beat me to the punch.

* * * *

Looking to be a footnote in the history of mystery books.

* * * *

How random a process this work has been; boggling to have been witness to it all.

* * * *

Of those whose minds and hair are graying, we have all seen better daze.

* * * *

Waking up to yet another dreamy day,
Trapped in a body racked with one bother or another,
The mind willy-nilly between agony and ecstasy, exasperation and rapture.
Curious how thought can play the gamut between amusing and tiring from one moment to the next.
What ceaselessly pointless vainglorious absurdity, this much ado about nothing.
The appeal of ever returning to this manifest dreamtime,

Has pretty much run its course.

* * * *

Did I finally find my calling, or was it just waiting for me to arrive?

* * * *

Am I mad, or are You just deaf and blind?

* * * *

Waiting for the Reaper; may have to go find him.

* * * *

You know it is esoteric when You can barely give it away.

* * * *

I do not need anything from You.
I offer You these insights free of all claims.
I do not hunger for your treasures, or your approval.
I do not aspire to ever meet You, or hear your imaginary story.
You are free to go your own way, find your own way,
And do with these thoughts, whatever You will.

* * * *

Evolution of The Stillness Before Time

A timeline of phases in this little raison d'être project that began in 1989.

Ojai

Teaching at Oak Grove School in Ojai, California
Head and neck injury at Carpinteria State Beach on school fieldtrip
Psilocybin mushrooms & ecstasy
Nisargadatta's "I Am That"
The first index cards, tossed after Lena's comment

Chico

A box of spiral-bound notebooks
Access to a desktop computer at Chico Hedway
Dean Evans and two art shows
A book agent who had me put together The Stillness Before Time
Including: Of the Human Journey, Got God?, Ten Reflections, Books, Movies
Kinko's and who knows how many spiral-bound copies out the back door

Arcata

More spiral-bound notebooks
CLAD certificate program at Humboldt State
First Apple PowerBook 5300 laptop
HTML programming class
Creation of The Stillness Before Time website

Turlock

Switch to index cards
Creative Alternatives and transfer of website
Five generations of Apple MacBook laptops through the years
Several attempts to publish, with support from Dawn Eden Fletcher and Ram Dass
The Return to Wonder
Matrix algorithm experiment
Google Blogger
Facebook
Twitter/X
The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
Breadcrumbs series
Lulu Press
Retirement from Creative Alternatives
Transfer of website to Network Solutions
Evolution of website
A variety of offshoot titles
Sivana East
Instagram
Transfer of website to Skystra
Switch from index cards to smart phone texting
Editing of Stillness, Ponderings, Return to Wonder
The quest for a legacy caretaker

* * * *

Just a Clarification

Just a clarification that some titles are original works, and some are selections from the originals. Please note, dear reader, that nothing is complete, nothing is finished, until the last wheezing breath. And that the most recent, most accurate edits, will be the PDF versions uploaded to the website.

The Original Works

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

Including:
Of the Human Journey

Got God?
Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim

The Breadcrumbs Compendium
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time

Breadcrumbs 2015
Breadcrumbs 2018
Breadcrumbs 2019
Breadcrumbs 2020
Breadcrumbs 2021
Breadcrumbs 2022
Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Return to Wonder
Field Notes from the Unknown

The Sidebar Collection

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming
Some Written Works That May Help Get the Young Up to Speed

Conversations
A Variety of Letters, Emails, Texts, & Sundry Odds 'n Ends

Definitions
An Incomplete Selection of Contemplative Definitions

Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre

Jester Amok

My (Not Quite) Haiku

Once Upon a Christmas

Possible Last Words & Epitaphs

Sketches of the Once Upon a Time
A Few Epiphanies and Other Hallmark Moments

Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim

The Standard Ripostes
The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day

Uncle Sam Says

The titles below are selections drawn from the original works above, based on the premise of the title.
Several will very likely still be 'under construction' if the Reaper arrives ahead of sketch.
So … anyone who might be motivated, is welcome to fill in any-and-all gaps,
Being as mindful as possible, to hold fast to the given formatting.
There may or may not be someone to answer inquiries,
At the mjholshouser@gmail.com address.

The Derivative Collection

Aftershocks Autumn 2024

Frames of Reference
Peering Through the Windows of Perception

Imagination: The Great Usurper

Jesus on Prophets
What Any Seer Likely Faces Returning to the Cave of Origin

Lost in Translation
The Human Paradigm's Linguistic Muddle

Michael's Rabbit Hole
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms

Of Meaning and Purpose
Ponderings About the Futility of It All

Of Noise & Silence
Contemplations on the Vibrations of Consciousness

Standouts From the Return to Wonder Edit
Selections From the First Sixteen Chapters

The Call of the Eternal
A Conversation With My Self

The Gordian Knot of Ethical Thinking

The 'And More' Collection

Doubt, Doubt & More Doubt

Grubs, Grubs & More Grubs
(a.k.a., Blobs, Blobs & More Blobs)

History, History & More History

Imagination, Imagination & More Imagination

Mystery, Mystery & More Mystery

Patterns, Patterns & More Patterns

Reincarnation, Reincarnation & More Reincarnation

Science, Science & More Science

Titles, Titles & More Titles

Even More Titles, Titles & More Titles

The Singles Collection

59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)

Of the Human Journey
Along with 'Got God?' and 'Ten Reflections'

The Mystery of the Mystery

The Real is Discovering

To Be, or Not to Be

Who Was the First?

* * * *

Another Way of Putting It

Almost everything written since 1989, probably in the neighborhood of five or six thousand pages at this writing, has been transcribed in MS Word format in the Times New Roman font, and is divided into ten main titles: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, The Return to Wonder, and Breadcrumbs 2015 through 2023. Other titles are sidebar original works or derivatives that came to the a-

puttering mind in the hither-thither. There are many incomplete and need-editing works in the derivative list.

The Original Works

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

Including:
Of the Human Journey
Got God?
Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim

The Breadcrumbs Compendium
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Conversations
Definitions
Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre
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Possible Last Words & Epitaphs
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Imagination, Imagination & More Imagination
Mystery, Mystery & More Mystery
Patterns, Patterns & More Patterns
Reincarnation, Reincarnation & More Reincarnation
Science, Science & More Science
Titles, Titles & More Titles
Even More Titles, Titles & More Titles

The Singles Collection

59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)
Of the Human Journey
The Mystery of the Mystery
The Real is Discovering
To Be, or Not to Be
Who Was the First?

Breadcrumbs 2024

* * * *

All the copyrights to this collection of titles are a cultural formality,
Which need mean nothing to whatever the future of this scarred garden's dreamtime has in store.
Do with these many ponderings, these many ramblings, whatever You will,
Or ignore them entirely, and likely be no less happy for it.

* * * *

No one is ever going to read all this yada yada babble besides me,

Few are ever going to really even begin to grasp, all that I have offered the world.
So, the question becomes, whether or not, it is a good idea for anyone to even dip more than a tippy-toe.
But, if there ever is enough interest for there to be group discussions on this body of work,
Be sure no one is in charge, as anything more than a mild facilitating role.
Circular seating, all at the same eye-level, is recommended.
No proselytization, no dogma, no bullshit.
Read it as clearly as possible.
Stay as clear as possible.
It is not about the scribe.
It is a discussion, not a sermon.
And do not hesitate just to sit in silence.
It is, after all is said and done, a solitary journey.

* * * *

No, this existence has not been all about talking and writing all this babble.
There were many mornings sipping bean at coffee shops, and nights curled up with popcorn and Netflix,
And wanders here and there, witnessing, exploring, participating, in oh-so-many ways.
Wisdom is far more than sitting on a zafu, staring at a blank wall,
Though that may well be a hearty slice of it,
And ultimately, all of it.

* * * *

Rich man's life on a dime, is how this life has spun.
Why go to all that work, when the pearl was there for the taking.
Of course, being content to merely be, remaining single, never going into debt,
And being happy to sleep on a couch, or in a van, were key enablers in my unplanned epoch.
All the monotony it would have taken to become rich and famous and powerful,
Would have been far too toxic, far too boring, for this plebeian spirit.
Far more interesting to swing from adventure to adventure.
To let the mystery set this destiny's mortal course.
And somehow, it has reached this moment,
This keyboard, this cup of coffee.
How could I not be content?

* * * *

If You truly believe I am saying, there is not a supreme deity, think again.
If You believe I am saying, there is a supreme deity, think again.
Back and forth that whirling dervish as You are inclined.
But the truth is, I do not know, nor do I care.
I Am … What more need be said?
The moment is all.

* * * *

No, I am not tossing out history.
I am simply pointing out that it is an imaginary invention,
To which we have tethered ourselves to such a fisted-hand-in-the-coconut degree,
That it is driving our kind, and a fair number of our fellow earthlings, and perhaps Gaia, towards oblivion,
Or certainly a far different garden than the one from which we spawned.

* * * *

Understanding irony and paradox, and having a talent for it, is on every philosopher's resume.

* * * *

In creating this Sisyphean opus, mustered from a hard-earned frame of reference,
Every aphorism is given equal attention; each, gold-standard handcrafted,
To be read by somebody, someday, maybe, though probably not.
Don Quixote battling windmills is a fitting metaphor.

* * * *

It never occurred to me to want to be rich, so I lived rich, instead.

* * * *

I pipe dream this largely aphoristic body of work will someday be known,
And my name on some marquee, these thoughts the focus of symposiums across the world,
But let's face it, folks, with all the babbleon that's already out there,
That just ain't ever never going to happen.
So it goes.

* * * *

To my grave, anonymous, and not unhappy about it.

* * * *

A nonprofit prophet, I am, I am.

* * * *

This is my song of God.
Have done just about all that can be done,
To quietly, discreetly, below-the-radar,
Without making it about me, share it.
Whatever comes of it, is up to You.

* * * *

I thank the gods every day for being born in the Rome of current times.
And also to have been born a peasant, free of the weight of political and religious dogma.
With enough of an education, enough of a frame of reference, enough of a mind-body, enough of a spirit,
To rationally observe the human paradigm play out, through many lenses, its endless absurdities.

* * * *

What a bore I am.

* * * *

Everything in this opus to the mystery is subject to editing,
Which generally means to a better rendering,
At least in the editor's eye.

* * * *

Only slightly heavier than I was the day before.

* * * *

I keep getting enticed back; what a fucking loser, and a hypocrite, an added bonus.

* * * *

I do not envy the young.

* * * *

Which yesterday is today, I cannot remember.

* * * *

Who else but scholars addicted to symposium fare,
Are even going to think about reading all this babble-on?
And that supposes it will ever even breach the Ivory Tower.

* * * *

Regarding whether or not there is some deity or deities on high,
I do not think there is, but do not know there is not.
Ergo, agnostic is the least tawdry label.

* * * *

If I was the fire-and-brimstone God that Christians have chosen to follow and worship,
My inferno would be a large amphitheater where all those who had been hurt or wronged,
Would be allowed to mete out their revenge upon those who had harmed or wronged them.
Every torture apparatus ever concocted in the history of humankind would be available,
For all the victims to exact any agony, as many ways, as many times, as they liked.
Everyone, the victims, and all their family and friends, would have their turn.
And those confined to this hellish fate, would suffer eternal damnation,
For as long as all the victims, and their family and friends, chose.
And God and Jesus and Satan would be sitting in the stands,
Cheering them on, laughing at every agonizing scream.
There are many evil characters throughout history,
Who are still tied down to their ice-hot slabs,
Crowds deaf to their pleas for mercy.
And all available to the roaring masses,
On an assortment of pay-per-view channels.

* * * *

Awakening was what this mind was programmed to achieve,
And to then babble to himself for the rest of this existence.

* * * *

The politics of dealing with followers, why would I do that to my Self?

* * * *

And so begins another day of slogging through dreamtime.

* * * *

What an insatiably voracious fiend I am for commas.

* * * *

I anticipate this life work long since dead on the vine, and me never known enough to be forgotten.
The enjoyment of having been called to churn out this plethora of babble-on,
Has, believe it or not, been satisfaction enough.
What is power, what is fame, what is fortune, to contentment?

* * * *

To intelligence, to wisdom, to compassion, to serenity, to mystery, I bow.

* * * *

Hallucinogens have certainly played a significant role in my exploratory existence.
They have no doubt played a huge function in the evolution of our species,
And it may well be their reintroduction into diets across the world,
May well be the only way the future will abide the tatters time has allotted.

* * * *

Nothing I need to do, no one I need to see, nothing I need to be.

* * * *

Have run into far too many human beings,
Who are smarter, more skillful, more adept, in many ways,
To assert I am in any way superior to anyone.

* * * *

And from the humble beginnings of infancy, of childhood, of adolescence,
I wandered into the everyday jungle, the world of perception,
And unleashed the unutterable abyss so few discern.
The eternal life to which all are entitled.

* * * *

I have never had a passionate need to challenge, to conquer, to win at all costs.
I can compete, and generally perform tolerably well in many arenas,
But I do not blubber if someone has got the better of me.
What need have I to prove anything to anyone?
Win some, lose some, win more later.
And someday, oblivion.
So it goes.

* * * *

At this 2023 writing, I have never created a video or voice recording,
So, if there ever is anything posted, it will be AI doing its chatbot thing.

* * * *

This has been a most interesting, very free, very freeing, existence to play out.

* * * *

Not desperate to wake up tomorrow.

* * * *

The whole thing just makes me laugh.

* * * *

An honest an account as this mind can muster; zen-ish without the zen.

* * * *

Once again, the AMA has failed me.

* * * *

Somebody else can have that record.

* * * *

The iceberg has already ripped through the underbelly,
And most everybody is still carousing on like there is no tomorrow.
I do not lose sleep over it; I have lived through the apex of the human paradigm,
And will be dust-worthy long-gone by the time the human debacle has sunk to its lowest depths.

* * * *

There is nothing herein that has not been said or written,
In some other space, some other time, some other culture, some other language,
But to have it all under one roof, in the lingua franca of these times, this mind; well, how lucky is that?
Best leave all your paltry all-that-glitters-is-not-gold gorp at the door.
This rabbit hole will not abide it.

* * * *

I often long for Old School.
It has been entertaining, it has been enlightening,
But I am so weary of this world, this species, and its race to extinction.

* * * *

I am very okay on settling with the inevitable on my own terms.

* * * *

Rich man’s monk-ish life.

* * * *

I imagine every variety of possibility, and have no certainty of any.

* * * *

My art, such as it is.

* * * *

I am not saying there is not a God, or that aliens are not all around us; it is just nothing I have seen.
That we exist is an unutterable mystery that makes anything possible, but until I witness it for myself,

Or see proof that scientific method can verify, why should I waste time speculating or pondering hearsay?
Long ago, I a few times wandered hills in the starlight offering myself up for abduction,
And here I remain, a true don't-know-don't-care, bona fide agnostic.
At least it is from-the-keyboard-pulpit honest.

* * * *

I am the world, and the world is Me.

* * * *

Oblivion is no worry to me.

* * * *

True-believing anything has never been my thing.

* * * *

How lucky I am not to be You.

* * * *

In order to keep me on board, in order to keep me participating in this droning earthly game,
Imagination has enticed me, allowed me free rein, with an endless stream of thoughts, to stay in her fold.
Don Miguel Ruiz's Mitote – the chaos of 1,000 voices all trying to talk at once in the mind –
Returns to tabula rasa when knowledge of the world, within and without, is stilled.
Simply a matter of setting down the garden fruit plucked so long ago.

* * * *

How many cushions will that derrière someday cover in these our gluttonous times?

* * * *

A little taste is gist enough.

* * * *

Arrogance is its own bliss.

* * * *

Get behind me, You children of one book.

* * * *

One life was one more than I ever needed.

* * * *

Am I going to wait for the Reaper, or go out and meet him?

* * * *

Oblivion is alright by me.

* * * *

This opus will never be, what I would have it be, had I the time to set it right.

* * * *

Do not make your problem my problem.

* * * *

Have lived in twenty-five-ish rentals, plus a handful of housesitting gigs,
Plus who knows how many floors and couches and beds and tents and vans and motor homes.
Home is wherever this noggin rests, and I have always slept untroubled.
Must be some gypsy blood in there, somewhere.

* * * *

How fortunate for the world that I do not enact all the thoughts that spin through this mind.

* * * *

I have many fathers, many brothers.
All the teachers, all the thespians, all the comedians.
All the men, of every character, in whose presence I have ever been;
They have all contributed to who imagination pretends to be,
In this absurd dreamtime born of sensory illusion.
In reality, I am but absolute awareness,
Austere, free, immaculate.

* * * *

My Mother

If I have not said or implied it elsewhere,
In this thirty-years-plus philosophical walkabout,
It should well be counted a good destiny's good fortune,
To have been given a mother, such as I have had.
So calm, so rational, so intelligent, so good.
A modest, humble-to-the roots woman,
Of whom Buddha would be in awe.
Beverly Jean Kurtz-Holshouser,
Is her name, born September 4, 1929.
In this worldly mind's quantum dreamtime,
She, such an unfathomable part, has performed.
She is the source, the seed, the blessing,
For this scribe's life work and play.

Her loving son, Michael Jay

* * * *

What happens after death? … Don't know … Don't care.
Didn't ask to be here, ain't prayin' to be stayin'.
Seen and done enough to be ready,
For some eternal rest in the land of oblivion.

* * * *

Am I a spy for Self, or a counter-spy for imagination? Or both?

* * * *

So many things to do, and only a few I want to.

* * * *

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief, and I plot murder and mayhem daily,
And sometimes, when the mood strikes, I even go rogue and dip into hypocrisy.

* * * *

I am a liar, I am a cheat, I am a thief, and I plot murder and mayhem daily,
And let us not leave out all the hypocrisy that dallies between the cracks.

* * * *

Confessions of a criminal mind.

* * * *

I am supposed to think all kinds of things are important,
That I do not have to even pretend are important anymore.

* * * *

Nothing to hope for.

* * * *

Another ass spreading across the couch.

* * * *

Just because I can splice in a comma, should I? Oh, what is this insatiable lust for commas?
Or are they just a gentle pause I would give, were I oral before some forum, articulating live?
Alas for all those I might have as acolytes, were I sitting on some give-into-vanity golden throne,
Other than the random spontaneity of coffee shops and other wanders,
No in-person public forums for this alone guy.

* * * *

Who is this creature imagination ever brings forth?

* * * *

My teaching requires You, a grass root, to carry it forth.

* * * *

Why would I ever muzzle this keyboard to assuage political correctness?

* * * *

I am Gaia’s scribe.

* * * *

And to think I could have spent all this time serenely staring at a wall.

* * * *

I, Quantum.
Quantum field.
Quantum infinity.
Quantum freedom.
Quantum tranquility.
Quantum indelibility.
Quantum sovereignty.
Quantum absoluteness.
Quantum indivisibility.
Quantum timelessness.
Quantum singularity.
Quantum totality.
Quantum truth.
Quantum joy.
I, Quantum.

* * * *

There ain't nothing I cannot walk away from.

* * * *

A work still looking for an audience.

* * * *

There is very little about growing old that I find at all enticing.

* * * *

How do I perceive what I say is true? Because I would not elsewise say it.

* * * *

Another camera-ready aphorism,
Forever lost, or morphed into something else,
By the rambling mind, uncontrollably streaming out of reach.

* * * *

If I signed up for this existence,
I must have been very drunk or stoned,
Or filled with an incredibly boundless naïveté,
That the illusion has distilled into a resolute cynicism.

* * * *

Might have been a great pharaoh, if I had, had the stomach for corruption and political subterfuge.

* * * *

I’m in and out because somebody had to write it.

* * * *

Oh joy, another day of monkey-mind absurdity.

* * * *

In another moment, these writings would have had time to percolate, to distill,
Into a recognized work, that might have been influential in the play of human affairs.
But now, now time is no longer a luxury, and good intentions fall upon deaf ears, blind eyes.
What author can ever know, how his life work will ripple through time, how his snowflake will roll.

* * * *

I ask My Self this all the time.

* * * *

Every aphorism is complete, unless I happen back upon it, and refine it this way or that.

* * * *

Nationalism is just tribalism on a bigger scale, and I have no need for either.

* * * *

Anybody who follows me is an imbecile.
I only do friends and acquaintances.
And adversaries, as they happen.

* * * *

The phone has come close to being off the hook, so I must be on to something.

* * * *

Have always been partial to oblivion.

* * * *

If I needed anything, I would already have it.

* * * *

And unassigned mission, complete enough to serve its intent, if any subscribers come along.

* * * *

I am my own muse.

* * * *

A long and winding musing for the rest of times, and without doubt, not the only one.
There are who knows how many, who endure the anguish of Mother Gaia,
Who feel unutterably powerless against the insatiable predator,
That dominates this no-holds-barred monkey mind.
And all they can do is build a soapbox,
And preach to the choir.

* * * *

No aphorism is sacred; all are subject to editing.

* * * *

I have given You everything this mind has to give, for You to do with whatever You please.
My only entreaty, my only admonition, is that You waylay any absurdity as much as possible.

* * * *

Was that tonight or last night? I cannot remember.

* * * *

Written babble is all You are going to get out of me.
Videos and cult bullshit are just not going to happen.

* * * *

Ikkyū! Would that I had read You early on.

* * * *

Celibacy just sort of happened,
Once women became way too much work,
Once the benefit-cost ratio became an irrational choice.

* * * *

If I was a truly serious seer, none of this would have been written.

* * * *

Pretty well everything-ed out.

* * * *

Continued writing, long after all that was needed, was written and done.
Why?
Because there was nothing that garnered as much interest,
Long enough to not find the time to fiddle-faddle,
With all the thoughts that kept coming.
It was all that imagination had left in its arsenal.

* * * *

The spontaneity of a word-churning mind.

* * * *

What the fuck is an expert?

* * * *

Why do I keep trying to convince You of that which is obvious?

* * * *

I know what I am saying, I know what I am writing, but what You are cogitating, is anybody's guess.

* * * *

Other than fill in some of the time, this whole babbleon has been absolutely pointless.

* * * *

Why do I torture my Self so?

* * * *

Never much cared what I did, as long as it was interesting.

* * * *

You can discern how low a man's penis brain has taken him,
When You see him walking her rat dog, all alone,
On a predawn, cold Sunday morning.

* * * *

Never met anyone I wanted to come home to every night.

* * * *

More sound advice, likely unheard.

* * * *

Written on the off chance that You might someday read it.

* * * *

Awareness is my deity, and quantum nature its expression.

* * * *

Let the one-percenters and their minions have their moment in the sun.
Let them spend their daze, churning madly, to keep their worlds afloat.
They make my world, my dance, possible; and much, much freer for it.

* * * *

Should be done well enough by now.

* * * *

What would being a leader offer me?
Politicking, meetings, decisions, speeches, inspections,
Dinners, ceremonies, parades, limelight, lawsuits, publicity, et cetera ad infinitum.
I loathe them all; tedium, uniformity, repetitiveness, beyond all bounds.
You can find me alone in my cave, if You can find the cave.

* * * *

About writing, my father once advised setting aside drafts, to be read over time, several times.

* * * *

Of an egalitarian set.

* * * *

You are all academy award winners in my epic production.

* * * *

I am whatever You think I am; You are whatever I think You are.

* * * *

All the solitude,
All the wandering,
All the observing,
All the schooling,
All the walking,
All the running,
All the swimming,
All the driving,
All the people,
All the friends,
All the acquaintances,
All the adversaries,
All the possessions,
All the food,
All the drink,
All the alcohol,
All the drugs,
All the women,
All the dancing,
All the sexuality,
All the parties,
All the coffee shops,
All the book stores,
All the bars,
All the movies,
All the books,
All the music,
All the learning,
All the travel,
All the medication,
All the surgery,
All the massage,
All the acupuncture,
All the chiropractic,
All the camping,
All the hitchhiking,
All the geographies,
All the writing,
All the work,
All the skills,
All the photography,
All the technology,
All the algorithms,
All the vehicles,
All the sailing,
All the biking,

All the hiking,
All the board games,
All the card games
All the dice games,
All the gambling,
All the forklifting,
All the drawing,
All the string figures,
All the drafting,
All the layout,
All the publishing,
All the shooting,
All the archery,
All the swordplay,
All the football,
All the sports,
All the animals,
All the waking,
All the sleeping,
All the pleasure,
All the pain,
All the passion,
All the freedom,
All the meditation,
All the contemplation,
All the sights and sounds and tastes and smells and sensations,
How can all my ancestors, combined,
Have done all I have done?

* * * *

The money is rolling in … to someone else's till.

* * * *

Oh joy, something else I don't need, something else I won't ever use.

* * * *

Toying with oblivion, before oblivion toys with me.

* * * *

Fucking suits.

* * * *

So many things I might have done differently, were there a rewind button.

* * * *

What a lot of work I make for myself every time the editor steps in.

* * * *

Whether I am a philosopher or prophet or heretic,
Is for the future-past of history to decide,
Or ignore entirely, for that matter.

* * * *

Give me common sense and wisdom over trivial pursuit any day of the week.

* * * *

The only thing that will shut off this dittyfest is a helium hood or bullet through the ear.

* * * *

No argument I am as whacko as anybody I decry.

* * * *

This work is unconditionally free.
No obligation, monetary or otherwise.
Pay no attention to that man behind the curtain.

* * * *

If You think this is sacrilegious, You should see what I threw away.

* * * *

Another toxic persona in the wake, thank the gods.

* * * *

If I must be saved, let it be from absurdity.

* * * *

I leave it to You to decide who-what-where-when-why-how I am, at least some of the time.

* * * *

Think of me as “The Emperor New Clothes” kid.

* * * *

This is as earnest a work as this nature-nurture frame of reference can offer,
For whatever dystopian nightmare is coming at this once-upon-a-time immaculate garden.
If You can find something that suits the times better, sally forth,
But not into more absurdity, please.

* * * *

To have had all these thoughts, spontaneously stream into this mind,
Has been both blessing and curse, both agony and ecstasy, both profound and absurd.
Michelangelo had his stone; Mozart, his music; Picasso, his paintings; Napoleon, his canons; I, my words.
Callings are like that.

* * * *

When I think of the dystopian future, I think of packs of feral rat-dogs.

* * * *

If I was in charge,
There would be easy-access-no-cost-no-questions-asked suicide clinics,
Throughout the land.

* * * *

My genetic material was not willful enough to bind me into plebeian-householder fare.

* * * *

Nothing like starting the day with a good ponder with a stranger.

* * * *

The pitter-patter of a mind gone rogue, loyal to all and none.

* * * *

The tortoise, unleashed.

* * * *

No worries, another ditty will pop in soon enough.
They just keep coming, until death do I part, I imagine.

* * * *

To be divinely free requires great diligence, great attention, great earnestness,
Which this genomic strain, does not always possess as fully as this body of work might imply.
I do, with great regret, confess my mortal weakness for the whimsies of every variety of imaginary notion.
They draw me willy-nilly, this way and that, that way and this, same as everyone else.
And it does not matter even one iota, for to have even seen it even once,
Is like touching the soul of realization, that You are the One.
If that does not humble You, what, pray tell, will?

* * * *

Wise guy, wise man.

* * * *

Rest assured, I may be a Mad Hatter,
But not mad enough to do an ear slice ‘n dice a la Van Gogh.
Though I may pass a bullet through it at some point, just to be done with the absurdity.

* * * *

Another perfect crime, the one no one ever even knows happened.

* * * *

This getting old has gotten way old.

* * * *

A never-finished work that will never be read.

* * * *

No doubt, many of my observations about science,
Could be greatly modified by many with much more edification,
But such is the so-it-goes song and dance You get with a plebeian education,
And a lack of interest in knowing more than the gist I seek, from most things Wikipedia.

* * * *

Stupid fucking monkeys.

* * * *

I was commissioned by eternity to scribe it, not sell it; take it or leave it, no matter to me.

* * * *

Alas for fame that I relish anonymity.
Alas for greed that I have more than enough.
Alas for power that I allow all to go their own way.
Alas for vanity that I know it not real.
Eternity is subject to none.
Awareness is all.

* * * *

Have written off the human species as anything I would ever do to my Self again.
Why I keep talking and writing and uploading all this babble-babble is the mystery.

* * * *

A man on a mission, she said; blame all the windmills, I answered.

* * * *

Breadcrumbs is what is called ‘breaking the fourth wall’ in the movies.

* * * *

Amazing what churns about in this wee little monkey-mind brain.

* * * *

I am indeed as vain as any I might point my finger at.

* * * *

Yet another new testament destined to be ignored and forgotten.

* * * *

Please forgive the digression, again.

* * * *

Remember, all these thoughts, are the timelessly time-bound You, pointing to the timeless You.

* * * *

Another day behind the curtain, jousting quantum fairy dust.

* * * *

All these ditties are imagination's unwarranted diligence,
In keeping me from actually doing the Cheshire.
Yes, there is indeed a level of irony at play.
Freedom calls, but no need to dash to the exit.
Give imagination its due in the thrill of the chase.
The Reaper will be arriving with Charon soon enough.
The abyss has a tendency to always be ready for new arrivals.

See!? It's doing it again! Make it stop, Mommy! Make it stop! Please!

* * * *

Is there anything more absurd, than zoom meetings,
With everyone staring into their screens the entire meeting?
Hardly anyone looking into the camera, but through sheer act of will.
Once upon a time, I was obliged by kin to participate in one,
And rest assured, it will never ever happen again,
In this, nor any other horror story.

* * * *

How do You fuck a mermaid, anyway? Assuming she wanted to, of course.

* * * *

My crimes against humanity, the whole world, for that matter, are many and not far between.

* * * *

The trick is not to get anyone so upset they want to chop off my head or burn me to death.

* * * *

Even the tiniest of thoughts,
Has a way of morphing into something all heady and useless,
By way of this mind.

* * * *

Me likes ze commas – they are a sweet pause in this mind – and insert them whenever, wherever me can.

* * * *

Don't believe a word I say.

* * * *

Let me think of a counter to that.

* * * *

Jesus-fucking-Christ, how the fuck did that happen!?

* * * *

The histories of the world have generally not been at all tolerant of such revolutionary thoughts as these.
How I have not been silenced, tortured, even executed, is indeed more than a little astounding,
And most certainly, very much due to the and time and place into which I was raised.

You can be very sure I would have long ago suffered a very agonizing death,
In more than a few geographies across this dreamtime illusion.

* * * *

Why would I, how could I, ever play your version,
Of what a prophet or mystic or saint or sage or fool, should be?
Thank the gods I was not born to become a myth, or even worse yet, a legend.
Or, maybe the other way round, in some sort of about way.

* * * *

Another lost-in-mind-having-fun ditty, oh well, so it went.

* * * *

What a relief it will to be done with this world, with the human species, and all its absurdities.

* * * *

Yup, he's a strange one, that Michael.
Nice guy, talks a lot a sense, until he doesn't.
That's usually when we edge away.

* * * *

Knowing the details of the many horrors ahead does not matter; the gist is all that is required.
The future is screwed in so many ways, and I do not care about an overlong life.
I will endure it, suffer it, as long as things are reasonably tolerable,
And then bye-bye, ta-ta-forever, best wishes to all.

* * * *

Oopsie, darn, forgot again, that is not the way the game is played, rewind.

* * * *

To aspire to greatness in the eyes of fools, what need have I for that?

* * * *

Makes no sense, whatsoever, unless You are the tribeless irony-paradox sort.

* * * *

Yup, my kind of ditty.

* * * *

They keep coming, and I keep scribbling them down.
What else have I got going besides movies and the gym?
As pointless a life as can be imagined in this pointless arena.
All for a time that will far more than likely never come,
In our arrogant little playhouse of consciousness.

* * * *

This mind does see with such clarity, prior to all this imagination.

* * * *

Getting my Self all confused again.

* * * *

Now I am ready, finally.

* * * *

Right here, right now, this very one-and-only timeless moment … Eternity … Bam!

* * * *

What could be more timeless than now?

* * * *

Self is all.

* * * *

An esoteric muddle, indeed.

* * * *

Not hungry anymore; not sure I ever was, in the more-is-never-enough sense.

* * * *

Might have to start carrying a gun with one bullet, in case I am not close enough to ground zero.

* * * *

Ready to tap out any time.

* * * *

Write all this off to Self-therapy.

* * * *

God, but I am a bad speller; thank the gods for spellcheck! And grammarcheck, and the thesaurus, too!

* * * *

What belief system is required to be my Self?

* * * *

What would all my fellow dead poets think of this long and winding ponder?

* * * *

What belief system is required to be my Self?

* * * *

Getting dusty.

* * * *

Contemplation is thinking about doing it; meditation is doing it.

* * * *

What better timeless than now?

* * * *

And the hero suits up for another quest.

* * * *

Why go on more than a side stage to yammer at people who likely will never hear You anyway?

* * * *

Realized soon out of college that I did not care enough,
Did not want enough, to struggle my way up some absurd food chain.
Instead, I became a gypsy, a jack of many skillsets, with an aptitude for adventure.

* * * *

Have had a lot of fun with Facebook, but now it is mainly a scrapbook with links to all writings and posts.
No problems, so far. And at this writing, I do not care. There is nothing I could not live without.
The powers that be could put me behind bars, or against a wall, and I would abide it.
Death is just not waking up one morning or another, preferably with as little pain as possible.

* * * *

I do not think any pandemic is going to wipe out every human.
Nuclear holocaust, or some sort of calamitous climate collapse, get my treasure.
Which means the human paradigm may work its way back to stone-age living well down whatever road.
The world will grow very large and anonymous, and every geography will have its own curtain call.
And the curtain does not come down until the fat lady sings. if there are any fat people by then.

* * * *

Am so done with this world, with the human paradigm, and all its unutterable absurdity and horror.

* * * *

Would go back to the relative innocence and solitude of old school without a second thought.

* * * *

Took half a lifetime to find my calling, and it does not make a cent; in fact, I pay out to do it.

* * * *

Another flurry of thoughts bursts into dreamtime.

* * * *

Might have written about that, too; readership being what it is, no one will ever know.

* * * *

Imagine this work, a sand painting, waiting for the wind, or a broom.

* * * *

What a frightful bore I have become.

* * * *

Imagination allows me to point out all its dirty little secrets,
Because it knows a gnat can do it little bother, much less any real harm.
There is no reason for it to fear the truth, to dread we will wake up.
It owns the human paradigm, and there is absolutely nothing,
Anyone can do to stop the inevitable decline and fall.
The Tralfamadorians are nodding their heads,
As I wander down the ‘so it goes’ isle.

* * * *

What am I trying to prove, You ask? Well, the point of futility, I answer.

* * * *

Planting seeds wherever I go; the birds right behind.

* * * *

It will not be at all easy to run across the confession in all this wordplay,
For all the offenses, all the misdeeds, all the crimes and misdemeanors, I have committed.
Yes, I could easily have been incarcerated, many times, maybe even a death sentence were I to stretch it.
I have nothing to conceal from strangers I will far more than likely never meet.
I was born a human being, same as everyone else.
And I survived, and had a pretty-decent show, for relatively little cost.

* * * *

Thoughts such as these, require the percolation of time, to see if they have merit.
Sigh, that I will never know their impact or evaporation in the landfill of imagination.

* * * *

The amusement, the satisfaction, the enjoyment, of Self-reflection, is an ever-present preoccupation.

* * * *

Well, if I am crazy, at least it is in good company.

* * * *

All I remember is drops sizzling, and the preacher stepping back.

* * * *

Know that I did my best, I gave my all, You are welcome.

* * * *

Just sowing more seeds of absurdity with which the future will perhaps be forced to contend.

* * * *

Sure, somebody else probably could have written it better,
But nobody else was willing to do it for nothing,
And had the frame of reference required.

* * * *

My religion, if it must be called that, is embracing all that is, all that is not – the mystery – of which I am.

* * * *

Well, I have obviously imagined someone someday read this.

* * * *

Life or death, every moment a decision.
Another day; let the countdown continue.

* * * *

It is a sleeping world that allowed me to awaken, and leave this work for those who feel the call.

* * * *

My little pissing contest with the illusion.

* * * *

To be so consumed by this little pastime, this little hobby,
Glaringly shows how meaningless this absurdity has become.

* * * *

Each aphorism as precise, as my ability with language and the technology available, can make them.

* * * *

The noncommittal look, pans across yet another public square.

* * * *

Another day serving the mystery as best as vanity allows.

* * * *

Another day; let the countdown continue.

* * * *

A conversation with my Self.

* * * *

To continue writing and editing this overworked work, is about as absurd as it gets.

* * * *

So endlessly replete with:

Gobbledygook
Jargon
Gibberish
Drivel
Waffle
Bunkum
Rubbish
Bunk

Claptrap
Poppycock
Balderdash
Mumbo Jumbo

As to be an insufferable boor.

* * * *

Would this have been written even if there was never to be an audience?
I have pretty much always been a Self-actualized character.
So the answer to that is maybe-probably yes.
So many other creative projects have already found their way
Into burning pits or landfills or boxes, unwitnessed by any other in this existence.
Current times have allowed it to be tossed every willy-nilly way, for it to find its own wheels, or not.

* * * *

The biggest reason I retired as early as the times allowed, is that I was tired of being tired.
The joy of napping whenever the zzz's called, has been my greatest gift to myself.
A dog's life, or a cat's, or any other domesticated creature, is the life for me.

* * * *

Momma raised a fool, and a wise man, or an asshole, You decide.

* * * *

Think of it as a sketch book or an instrument, that You are drawn to strum until the end of your time.

* * * *

So, where did curiosity lead me this time?

* * * *

This opus must find its own wheels; and whether it does or not, is nothing I can ever more than wonder.
No farmer can do more than abide the whimsies of Mother Nature to see the results of his labor.
No skin off my nose, what may or may not become, of all that has been set into digital.
My prize is having the good fortune to transcribe and edit it all, who know how many times.
The amusement, the satisfaction, the enjoyment, of Self-reflection, is an ever-present preoccupation.

* * * *

Yes, I do enjoy hearing my Self talk; who does not?

* * * *

My fun was writing it; what comes of it will sound pretty empty from the grave.

* * * *

As narcissistic and hedonistic and foolish as everyone else; maybe-likely even more so.

* * * *

What will come of all this? Well, nothing, of course, and what do I care?

* * * *

The gist is all I need about anything anymore.

* * * *

A philosopher few ever heard of died today.

* * * *

It may be twisted, but this wordplay is what I almost daily embrace,
Because it beckons me so; for what, if anything, I know not, nor do I really care.
It is what it is, and I am more than a little content, to have been the instrument of its creation.

* * * *

The task was to scribe this using current means;
To quietly disseminate it in Johnny Appleseed fashion.
For those who serendipitously find themselves in its possession,
To serendipitously pass it on to others, who might discern it for what it is,
And thereby perhaps pass it on and on and on and on as the moment ever morphs forth.
Hopefully, without the fingerprints of the revolutionary, the world could-never-will-never-shall-never,
More than vaguely imagine, as it has every other bygone willy-nilly visionary-slash-sage,
Leading-pushing-driving the human paradigm toward its certain extinction.
Quantum-absolutely no different than any microbial organism;
Our wandering meander through all things imaginary,
Through all things narcissistic-hedonistic,
Is but a twinkling in eternity,
The ineffable void,
Now.

* * * *

Where is the yoke in these writings? Where is the burden?
What yoke can the clarity of rationality ever create,
But a mindfulness to not accept any pretense,
At least as far as the ultimate truth goes.
We all have to survive, to abide, in some how, in some way.
The one-percenters have always set the tone, to which all below yield or perish,
But You need not give the insatiable beast more than the token morsels of vanity and greed it demands.
Play their theater, endure your stage, with whatever serenity and harmony You can muster,
In whatever dreamtime this ever-kaleidoscoping quantum garden manifests.

* * * *

So much to do, and will, so often on holiday.

* * * *

I know when that aphorism is done,
And it is with a little blip of satisfaction,
That I attentively move on to the next moment.

* * * *

I am indeed, much less responsible, much less sensible, than these writings might otherwise indicate.

* * * *

All this is written because it is how imagination entices me into giving it the wheel.
All this is perused because it is how imagination entices You into giving it the wheel.

* * * *

How does all this get composed?
Because I pay attention, I inquire, I ponder,
And I bother to scribble down whatever comes to mind.
This existence has forged me into a philosopher at the wannabe level,
And no one else was available for long hours and no reward.
No doubt Nietzsche could articulate it more adeptly,
But we all know where his tale of woe ended.
Mine will hopefully dodge such a fate.

* * * *

It was Roland who most greatly sparked this wanderer's penchant for wandering.
Through him: coffee shops, writing, driving, meandering countless heres and theres.
And You, the reader, if You have found this, are now privy to another souvenir of trivia.

* * * *

Regarding being a neanderthal of the species,
I am happily wiring-challenged and tone deaf and pedestrian,
When it comes to all the emotional absurdities that plague the sugar and spice set.
There is absolutely nothing that would draw me be reborn a woman.
If there is more than this one existence, please, God, no.
That would be pitiless, above and beyond,
What I well know You capable.

* * * *

How about I tell You what I really think?

* * * *

Did not think the world needed another round of groupthink absurdity,
So I have left the dreamtime with way too many words,
But at least without a cultish following.
Makes all my nonsense much easier to ignore.

* * * *

Just sharing.

* * * *

Apologies to so many, for so many things I would do or say so differently,
Were there a rewind button somewhere in this dreamtime,
To which we have all been abandoned.

* * * *

Alas, the shoals of aging are closer and closer between; I doubt I will long abide them.

* * * *

The most I might hope for is to be the subject of some obscure symposium well past any meaning.

* * * *

Never had a money problem with women, because I never had all that much.
If they were with me, it because they liked me, and maybe even wanted my child.
How I evaded that domesticated fate, is a story to which there are many missing pages.

* * * *

Feel free to ignore my cynicism.

* * * *

Who does not occasionally feel the tinge of sorrow?

* * * *

Thank You, Jesus, for another day of having to put up with the curse You probably never intended.

* * * *

Yet another stay-at-home, coffee drinking, word-playing, movie-watching, aqua-chi-ing day.

* * * *

‘Tis clever enough for esoteric consumption.

* * * *

Apologies for not always being consistent with capitalization and all its merry friends.
What can You expect from a country hick who wandered into the world with very little clue?

* * * *

All set for the rest of time.

* * * *

Okay, call me cynical; free to ignore me.

* * * *

For the last edit, look to the pdf’s, not the blogs.

* * * *

I am about me; You need not be about me.

* * * *

Use the punctuation to read it as I might say it.

* * * *

Chances are good, that even if I do not like You,
I will let You live, unless You force the issue, that is.

* * * *

How drained, how exhausted, how jaded, I so often feel, by the human paradigm,
And this so-called civilized world, we have all together, in absurdity and ignorance, fashioned.
Even if I had the capacity, the power, to somehow forestall the inevitable collapse,
I might well, instead, pull out a fiddle, and wander the fiery ruins alone.
Wait, is that not what I am, for all practical purposes, doing?

Breadcrumbs 2024

How is it that so many seers of this infinite, indifferent mystery,
Generate so much absurdity, that morphs into so much painful misery?
How much better for the all, it might be, to stay silent, to say little or nothing.
Daito Kokushi, fourteenth century Japanese Zen master of the Rinzai school, wrote:
“Wishing to entice the blind, The Buddha has playfully let words escape his golden mouth.
Heaven and earth are ever since filled with entangling briars.”
Hopefully, these way too many cogitations,
Will find their way to oblivion,
Before wreaking too much mayhem.
One can never discern how noble intentions,
Will be warped and perverted in the theaters of mind.

* * * *

Really not even worth bothering about.

* * * *

I suppose I could be wrong about this, but I do not see how.

* * * *

What flower believes it will live forever?

* * * *

If You are looking for some deific character, ignore the man behind this curtain.

* * * *

Looking like my two cents is not worth very much.

* * * *

Yes, this is will probably be lost, as well, and it won’t even require a fire, given its digital nature.

* * * *

Drifting in bliss.

* * * *

What can I say, this babble-on is how this mind works.

* * * *

You disrespect me, I disrespect You, so much for that relationship.

* * * *

It's a third-tier ‘other-things’ kind of day.

* * * *

Got nothing better to do.

* * * *

An affinity for oblivion.

* * * *

There is something about an aphorism that catches a truth as no story can.

* * * *

The human species has been interesting, but is it really worth preserving?

* * * *

I am more than a little weary of this human paradigm,
And doubt I will be making any big effort to fend off the Reaper,
When this mind-body gets too bothersome to get through the given day.

* * * *

Doubt not that there would be more than a few,
Who would gladly slit my throat, or burn me alive at the stake,
For all the blasphemy, all the sacrilege, all the irreverence, I have said and written.
How fortunate I am to have been born in one of the freest times and places history has ever sanctioned.
But, as Jack Palance famously uttered in the movie, City Slickers, “The day ain’t over.”

* * * *

This could only be written by someone who had nothing better to do.

* * * *

All human beings are, is protoplasm playing out the delusionary pretenses of imagination.
That imagination has allowed me, and many others throughout the illusion of space and time,
The Self-deception, that we might somehow challenge its reign over this monkey-mind paradigm.

* * * *

This is how the English language uses me to hammer at its forge.

* * * *

Thing management.

* * * *

The only place I might lead You is to your doorstep.
Keep your treasure, hold the applause, rotsa ruck.

Obviously, my report to High Command will be recommending extinction.

* * * *

It would be a bottle of Jack Daniels,
And a two-pound box of See’s Candy,
Most every day, if my tongue had more say.

* * * *

It’s the monkey in me, sorry.

* * * *

The fire in this belly was more a candle in the wind.

* * * *

Oh boy, a new pile.

* * * *

The goal of any author is to plant something in other minds that will not be easily forgotten.
Who knows how many works are in used book stores and landfills,
And internet websites and burn piles,
And ancient libraries long ago fallen into ruin,
That never or barely even got a chance to be remembered.

* * * *

What more is there to say? And yet I yabber on.

* * * *

I came, I saw, I listened, I tasted, I smelled, I touched, I departed.

* * * *

Didn’t see that one coming.

* * * *

Experiences and things were always more interesting than a pile of gold.

* * * *

Haven’t quite figured out that one, Ollie.

* * * *

Yet another day of shaking the Magic Eight Ball to see what pithy notions float into mind.

* * * *

Yet another collector’s item.

* * * *

How many times has that been?

* * * *

Dying on the vine, pretending I am wine; though more likely a drying raisin.

* * * *

Had a thing for things this round; it was a way of tasting the illusion.
But it would likely be a zafu and bowl and wall, were there to be another.

* * * *

Have written far, far more than few will ever begin to read,

But the thoughts keep bubbling into mind, and I enjoyed playing with them.
However, from here on out, other than the occasional newbie, it is mostly editing old babble,
That has not seen the light of mind since it was written in the first post-1989 decade or so.

* * * *

Were I to do some rewinding in this since-1989 brainchild, section titles might instead be:
Leftovers, Aftershocks; Breadcrumbs, Leftovers; and Soundbites, perhaps Breadcrumbs.
Or perhaps: Leftovers, Breadcrumbs; Soundbites, Leftovers, Breadcrumbs, Aftershocks.
But, as Jack Palance famously uttered in the movie, City Slickers, "The day ain't over."

* * * *

An errant sojourner's soliloquy on a mystery beyond all pales.

* * * *

It was fun to write; what matter if it is never read.

* * * *

Oh my god, another small seed of a possible project, turns into a Banyan tree.

* * * *

You objectify me; why not I, You?

* * * *

This is an entirely original work … The Song of Michael

* * * *

Makes your head hurt.

* * * *

If that doesn't make your head hurt.

* * * *

Whether or not all this time and effort will endure, depends entirely on those who save it and pass it on.

* * * *

If anyone out there has too many screws loose enough,
To imagine I am some sort of Jesus, or any other such balderdash,
Let us go find a swimming pool, and watch me take the first step, and drown.
Or let us kill him, let hm rot in a hot cave for a few days, and see if I can bring him back.

* * * *

From birth to death, the unborn-undying awareness that I am,
Is solitary witness to an ever-kaleidoscoping, mystery-ridden dreamtime.
There is nothing I need do, nothing I can do, but whatever the given moment beckons,
From the patterning of the mind-body, in which I am cloaked,
Upon the stage, which I impromptu play.

* * * *

Am I not something of an anarchist, taking on consciousness, taking on imagination,
With aphorisms the weapon, with which the dreamtime has equipped me.
Taking aim at intellects scouted in any given daily walkabout.
A reasonable pastime, for which I am well-suited.
A Johnny Appleseed strategy at the helm.
What future awakening they might inspire, if any,
Is well beyond this narrative, and well beyond any concern.
It is but the vanity, for which I have been, through happenstance, fated.
A mind-body, programmed by the given nature-nurture, with a truth-seeking inclination.

* * * *

If I must scratch, if I must claw, my way into and up the Ivory Tower of Philosophy,
May everything, I have ever written, ever said, ever done, ever anything, rest in peace.

* * * *

Things Which Mr. Just-in-Case Collects

Guns & Ammunition
Archery Equipment
Swords, Knives, Spears
Sundry Other Weapons
Martial Arts gear
Tools and Hardware
Chess & Other Strategy Games
Philosophy books
Military books
Weaponry books
History books
Political Science books
Science books
English language books
Spanish language books
Business books
Quote books
Gaming books
Health books
Cooking books
Exercise books
Resource books
Miscellaneous books
Exercise Gear
Kitchen paraphernalia
Coffee-making paraphernalia
The Great Courses DVD's
Movie & Television DVD's
Music CD's
Camping gear
Office supplies

Hats
Dust collectors
Bags of every variety
Alcohol and Drugs
Informational websites
Blog posts
Facebook posts
Interesting article links
Non-followers

A material Peter Pan, to be sure.

* * * *

Why should I read yours if You will not read mine.

* * * *

Might change some of the book titles,
Were there a rewind button in the house,
But too much bother at this writing,
And am frankly not sure what to.

* * * *

Constructive criticism is not always welcome.

* * * *

I am actor; hear the snore.

* * * *

Just another day, hierophanting the obvious, that the blind may see, and the deaf, hear.

* * * *

I played out the idea of so many things, I no longer needed to do anything, but enjoy reflecting on it all.

* * * *

I can only offer what I have to offer.

* * * *

A fountain of nonduality.

* * * *

Why pay You, for what I can just as easily, and better, do myself?

* * * *

A one-man revolution.

* * * *

Die, mother fucker! Die!

* * * *

How many adventures might I have wandered?
How many movies might I have watched?
How many books might I have read?
Had I not taken on this aphoristic chore.
Yeesch and by golly, the things fate endures.

* * * *

Did nothing again today.

* * * *

This work could probably be edited for another entire lifetime,
And all the grammatical errors and change-ups, not be flushed out.

* * * *

Did enough of that to get my pain's worth.

* * * *

Got the call, took the hook, and am still on the line.

* * * *

It could be years after the initial casting, that many of these ditties are finally complete.

* * * *

You may think I am an idiot, but I know You are.

* * * *

My gift to the dystopian future-slash-debacle, that I envision, with a shudder.
Do with it whatever You will; do with it whatever You can.
Sadly, better You than me, is all I gotta say.
Stay strong; rotsa ruck.

* * * *

If it is your calling to wake up to your Self, great; if not, no worries, carry on.
Somebody gotta keep the Ponzi Scheme up and running, for whatever I got left.

* * * *

You just threatened to send me to Hell, for not believing in your absurd bullshit, thanks.
Yup, yup, yup, we sure know what kind of supreme-deity horror show You would paint.

* * * *

I am my version of normal.

* * * *

Do with it whatever You will; do with it whatever You can.

* * * *

Sadly, better You than me, is all I gotta say.

* * * *

Why do I appear to be so pessimistic?
First and foremost, I am obviously weary of the human paradigm.
And then there is waking up day after day, to all the injuries I have sustained in this span of seventy years.
There is nothing left that I need to do or see or be in this sorry-ass play of consciousness.
Why would I not be happy if the Reaper showed up anytime right now?

* * * *

Stay strong, rotsa ruck.

* * * *

I can hardly give it away; how would I sell it?

* * * *

Sitting here, sitting there, sitting who knows where, waiting for the guillotine to fall.

* * * *

Another memory I have already forgotten.

* * * *

I should be reviled for taking away your pacifier.

* * * *

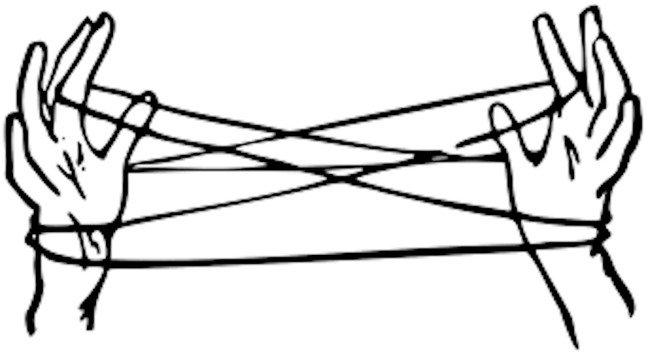
I generally serve all as the moment calls,
But sometimes You just gotta take little breaks.
Besides which, this asylum is far too broken to save it.

* * * *

My gift to the dystopian future-slash-debacle, that I envision, with a shudder.

* * * *

Bokononism: A religion built on lies and absurdity and irony.
Finally, a no-card-no-dogma-no-congregation faith, I can go for.



scratches made in a black, gummy impasto
[o]ne of the oldest games there is.
It means whatever it means.

'See the cat? […] See the cradle?'

~ Newt Hoenikker ~

Tiger got to hunt,
Bird got to fly;
Man got to sit and wonder, "Why, why, why?"
Tiger got to sleep,
Bird got to land;
Man got to tell himself he understand.

~ Bokonon ~

Cat's Cradle, Kurt Vonnegut

* * * *

Do not feel like You must spend a lot of time deciphering all these thoughts.
Have used my website and Facebook and Blogger and other online tools and toys,
As scrapbooks to record all the wanders and thoughts, and other creations and memories.
Way too much, for anyone with anything better to do, with any sort of life, to even bother about.

* * * *

Have always had a relativistic aptitude for relishing process.
For accepting things as they are, for accepting things as they come.
Perhaps because I was raised in a rural setting, in tune with nature's fluidity.
Came from modest roots that never really expected or wanted that much out of life.
Tried to fan the fire in the belly as a business major out of college, but the spark never took.
The path of least resistance blew into my sail, and here I am, pondering the show.
Attentively writing down the so-many thoughts that bubble into mind.

* * * *

I seem to have been chosen by the Fates to pen this aphoristic work.
And without thought, without hesitation, I accepted the task.
And have kaleidoscoped this imaginary dreamtime,
Ever soaking up, the reference to scribe it.
This vocation, is a very ubiquitous,
Long 'n wearing 'n slogging,
Ever-on-and-on-and-on,
Nature-nurtured,
Very laid-back,
Damn the torpedoes,
Full speed ahead, approach.
All just to fathom the mystery in all.

* * * *

Have had more than plethora of adventures.
Plenty of fine dining and sundry other.
Much easier to stay home anymore.

Have far more things than I need, debt-free.
Contentment is the brass ring, and it is on the mantle.

* * * *

This is this lifetime's contribution to the human paradigm.
Take it or leave it; please try not to hurt or kill anyone over it.
Please do not make it into some creed, it was never meant to be.
You can thank me, or scourge me, as befits the endgame's narration.

* * * *

Tread carefully, lest the seeds of dogma sprout, from this austere message You convey.

* * * *

Got a good roll out of my little window of illusion.
And what happens after I am departed, after I am ashes and dust,
Is nothing I can do anything about, any more than I could while in the flesh.

* * * *

Too much bother, keeping this imaginary character playing the game, to go on stage to do any others.

* * * *

What a rebel I am, passing out, freely, such eternally subversive craft.

* * * *

All the mistakes, all the blunders, that I have many times made! How is it, that I am still alive?
How is it, that none seem to have had raison d'être enough, to pursue revenge?
To walk freely, without dread of the knife twisting in the back,
Is surely the triumph of any wily chameleon.

* * * *

How I wish I could tell the younger self, to slow down or hold off, on some of the choices he was making.

* * * *

This work is a very ubiquitous, long and wearing, trudging, ever-on-and-on-and-on, campaign.

* * * *

What a shame, this offering, shall probably be lost, before it was ever, for-all-practical-purposes, found.

* * * *

Of course, I will eat You if there is no chicken in the fridge, my love,
And I will remember You all that much more affectionately,
For your contribution to my continued existence.
My love, indeed, knows no bounds.

* * * *

How it all seems to moi, is what these many thoughts, these many titles, are about.
Whether or not, they are anything the dreamtime's future, will be in any way interested,
Is nothing this mind's vanity, can more than pipe-smoking speculate, in its dystopian musings.

* * * *

Yes, I want her child, too.
Tasty on the spit; tasty in the soup; tasty, scrambled; tasty, raw; tasty, screaming.
Crunchy-chewy-gooey, seasoned to perfection, or not.
Mmmm-mmmm, good.

* * * *

Old age is a very large collection of pleasurable and painful – and increasingly vague – memories.

* * * *

Why write this?
Why put all this out there?
Just the fate, that calls, the only answer.
To be a Basho of aphoristic nihilism, feels about right.

* * * *

There are a great number of these aphorisms that have run their own way down the neural matrix.
And not serendipitously been – captured, hijacked, liberated – by this daily-declining elderly scribe.

* * * *

The sands of time have no memory.

* * * *

Nothing is real to me.

* * * *

Wandering to and from on the spectrum of irony and paradox.

* * * *

You thank me by being your true Self.

* * * *

This voice in this head; it just will not stop sharing its vision.

* * * *

Broke every rule, the dreamtime could come up with.

* * * *

Nobody will ever read everything I have written, much less comprehend all it took to get it to them.

* * * *

I have done my best with this work,
To leave something that is as great a vision,
As this mind-body and linguistic aptitude can muster.
As great a revelation as technology and times for a time allow.
Attempting in so many ways to fashion it nondualistically all-inclusive.
Something that will worm its way through the harsh age ahead,

Into a more rational, equitable, notion of humankind,
And its relationship with the natural world,
And the mystery that is source to all.
And to always try to remember,
That it is not at all about,
The little me who put it into play.
Rather, the big me, who is the You in all.

Best wishes, rotsa ruck, and apologies for the world we left You.

* * * *

Coulda-shoulda-woulda, have brought to a halt, to all this nonsense long ago.
So much absurdity, over an elephant that can never been seen.
Coulda-shoulda-woulda, sought out a little cave.
Kept to my Self, Kept my peace,
Lived existence, rationally, serenely.
Free from all the mundanity, all the temporality.
Wait, I have done that! Here I am, ensconced right here now.
In my zennish, collector-hoarder hollow: Studio 101, Lakeside Apartments,
Turlock, California 93382-1016, United States, Gaia, Milky Way, Universe … Mystery …

* * * *

What will be the future of our kind, and life on this pale blue dot, I often wonder.
It is challenging to wrap this timebound mind around the dystopian horror I see coming.
How much longer will the human paradigm persevere after this cadaver is a dusty pile of bones?
Ahh, but that is indeed a narcissistic-egocentric question, if there ever was one.
So, I will toss it into the passing wind, and expect no answer.
And someday quietly depart, ever agnostic.

* * * *

The show must go on; easier to ignore me, for vanity and greed's sake.

* * * *

Pretty sure I am dead, and keep waking up in the same hell.

* * * *

Alas, that I often forget many times a day,
And sometimes do not even once remember,
Until the rooster crows at the next day's sunrise.

* * * *

Thank the gods it is not my world to bother about much longer.

* * * *

Though I am very much alone in this vision quest,
I offer You, and all others, these many thoughts, on the off chance,
That all things are more than imaginary illusions ghosting about this delusional mind.

* * * *

Seems obvious to this eye.

* * * *

I am a Daniel Boone helping You down your Wilderness Trail

* * * *

A slow-burn, under-the-radar, revolutionary mein-kampf; very likely to go entirely unnoticed.

* * * *

The wonder! The wonder!

* * * *

Vote NO! on climate change; let Mother Nature know what You think.

* * * *

I count my followers on a single hand, minus four fingers and a thumb.

* * * *

Pretty sure I'm dead, and just keep waking up in the same hell.

* * * *

‘The Stillness Before Time’ or ‘A Stillness Before Time,’
As good and awakened friend, Glynda Lee Hoffmann, once suggested.
Coulda-shoulda-woulda, maybe, but so-it-goes, too late now.

* * * *

A Text to Bruce

America invited the world's masses, and they have arrived.
That is rough on the losers, rough on the haters, and Trump became their führer.
My prevailing who-gives-a-fuck-where's-the-popcorn line: So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
It is all ultimately just another epoch in history's the-horror-the-horror-planet-of-the-apes stagecraft.
You and I have lived in the most incredible window of history this world has ever experienced.
Tough for all the kids in the day care centers and playgrounds who are going to pay for it.
Seven billion people and a changing climate in a little over 200 years – Hope is dead.

(Bruce: This started out as one of our many back-and-forth texts, and worked itself into an aphorism.
Some guy named Bruce will be lionized in Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond and Michael's Rabbit Hole)

The children's book by Shel Silverstein – The Giving Tree – says it all about the human paradigm.

The Giving Tree
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Giving_Tree

(P.S. Hey, just occurred to me to say – while we are still here – that I have always enjoyed our practically lifetime friendship. Forklifting at Joan of Arc was one of my all-time favorite jobs. Sorry about the toe.

That moment, the calmness with which You told me the forklift was on your foot, still rings clear in this otherwise vague, aged memory. Never realized what You had endured until You told me years later.)

* * * *

And just to be steadfastly, beyond-all-doubts transparent – I do not much care for the word, prophet.
A little too loaded with historical undertones, to which I do not readily extend my Self.
Seer, mystic, sage, guru, maybe even augur or oracle, are tolerable fits.
If there must be any sound-concept ascribed to it, that is.
Deep, resonate Om-ing might be acceptable.
But try to put a crimp on any and all idolatries.
Ixnay on worshipping garden statues and crucifixes.

* * * *

The Anthropocene and a changing climate – a pitiless dragon – unfolding its wings upon all earthlings.
And alas for we post-war boomers, we elders, who bask in our unenviable senior moment,
Hoping to somehow evade the consequences of all our narcissistic hedonism,
Our little window of time, and all the consumption it allowed.
We are in for a taste, a whiff, of the future past.

* * * *

In this work, is written whatever comes to mind.
Audience or no, agreement or no, approval or no, applause or no.
For naught matters to the great emptiness, the great abyss, the great nothingness,
From whence all appearances, all illusions, kaleidoscope however they will.
How unlikely, that more than a relative few, will ever even hear of it,
Much less imbibe more than a few lines here and there, at best.
For anyone to peruse it all, would be an improbable feat.
One which would be, but another mirage of mind.

* * * *

This aphoristic opus was the last narcissistic-hedonistic vanity, that I could be enticed to orchestrate.
These writings, all extemporaneous, seem intent on stirring the potential of consciousness, of imagination,
To another echelon of intrigue in its Darwinian progression, if such a thing is even tenuously possible.

* * * *

The most candid, most sincere, most authentic answer, as to why have I bothered to scribe this opus,
Is the lucidity, the detachment, the hubris, the absurdity, of this nature-nurtured mind's quixotic meander.
It is the reckoning, the revelation, of a happenstance-happenchance-contemplative-meditative amble.
It is the nothing-more-nothing-less, of this mind's imaginary perception of an ineffable mystery.

* * * *

The human paradigm has long since become a friggin' insane-beyond-all-insanes asylum.
The engineers and all their minions have enticed us down a dead-end road.
How happy, how content I am, to be almost done with it.

* * * *

Regarding titles in this opus,
There is the 'me' voice, and there is the 'Me' voice.

Leftovers and Soundbites are the ‘Me’ and ‘My Self’ and ‘I’ rabbit dens.
Breadcrumbs lurk in the imaginary, more-likely-illusionary ‘me-and-myself-and-I’ wormhole.
It is a most challenging thing to walkabout this mortal quantum dreamtime,
And not be drawn willy-nilly into its distracting nature,
Same as all the other dreamers.

* * * *

There is likely something somewhere herein, for just about everyone.
This mystic wandering opus is not bound by the boundlessness of Eternity.
This mind’s penchant for living and dying, wanders easily afield in every manner.
“The dark side ain’t dark to me,” is a first and foremost go-to meme for this waggish mind.

* * * *

So many ditties that need editing,
And that editing shared with all the other creations.
All the derivative titles, and all their ‘under construction’ segments.
So many things to tie together, into an agreeable, concise, elegant, philosophical opus.
Which so relatively few will ever know of, much less bother to peruse.
So much to do, and so little time remaining to do it.
Such is likely the fate of all creators.

* * * *

Somehow, I have been allowed by the Fates to be a seer, a sage, a mystic.
What tales I could tell, how it all came to be, were anyone all that interested.

* * * *

Sometimes it seems to take years to fully realize the profundity of some of these many ditties,
That digitalized helter-skelter via one keyboard or another, in one way back when or another.

* * * *

Would that I could program this mind the same way I would a computer.
It might well make the day-to-day much less bothersome were I a machine.

* * * *

“One of these squirmy little seeds could be our child,”
I mighta-coulda-shoulda-woulda said, as a gooey collection of mine,
Erupted with infectious joy and inordinate gratitude, into her orifice-with-a-tongue.
“Which makes You a cannibal of the infanticidal sort.”

* * * *

Many writings, many experiences, many adventures, have been influential,
But none have ever bound me, when it has been time push on to new intrigues.

* * * *

Just playing out the part that was set in motion since the eternity ago genesis of this manifest illusion.
All the who’s, all the what’s, all the where’s, all the when’s, all the why’s, all the how’s, matter not.

* * * *

If it is fated for these way-too-many thoughts to be discovered, I would prefer it be after I am rootbound.
Have never sought the weight of power, the rattle of gold, or the bother of groupthink.
Scribing all this has peaceably filled a great deal of this existence.
A pleasant pastime, to be channel for this mystery.
Being rewarded for such a gift, is given its due, with a nod of a head.

* * * *

The weariness I feel with my take on the human paradigm,
Is beyond measure, many times, in so many situations, in any given day.
How tempting to just pull the plug on everything, to discard all this esoteric commentary,
Back into the oblivion, into the abyss, into the void, from whence it came,
And spend whatever remains of this dreamtime existence,
As quietly, as anonymously, as possible.

But no, I drudge on, as another ditty Magic-8-Ball's into mind.

* * * *

Which sucks better? The unexamined life, or the examined one?
To spend your life playing out every sort of distraction?
Or siting alone in dark corners scribbling silliness,
Relatively few will ever bother to examine?

* * * *

All these notions are straight-up how I see it.
No regurgitations, no mimicking, no mendacities, no fanatisms.
Just the matter-of-fact, straight-thinking, no-nonsense, down-to-earth, the-way-it-is,
As seen through these older-than-the-stars-younger-than-the-moment eyes.

* * * *

The scars from the traces, of a lifetime of every variety of work, can still whip me with their call to duty.

* * * *

It is my pride, my vanity, my generosity, my hope, that has written this opus.

* * * *

And what will I waste my moment on this fine day?

* * * *

Another ditty, none but these eyes shall likely ever read.

* * * *

What will be the last thing I ever write? Or say? Or do? Well, obviously not this.

* * * *

About some things, I am exceedingly frugal.
And in others, am content to watch the moths run free.
As always, irony and paradox manage to pervade the daily show.

* * * *

Already have enough silliness to waste my moment on, thanks anyway.

* * * *

I am worm, hear me roar.

* * * *

How sorry I feel for the future's children whenever I pass a playground.

* * * *

No one can ever more than speculate, what it takes any given creator, to create.

* * * *

Jesus, save me from all the absurdity!

* * * *

It has been interesting, but I am long over believing there is anything but exceedingly harsh times ahead.

* * * *

A very original work about a very original mystery.

* * * *

I speak from ignorance.

* * * *

I be a born-again existentialist

* * * *

Will we still be around in four years to find out, he wondered, and not for the first time that day.

* * * *

Well, I tried.

* * * *

Trust me, that all these thoughts came from a lot of hard knocks.

* * * *

I leave it for imagination to decide its fate.

* * * *

I dodged, I hid, I ran.

* * * *

Yet another shoulda- coulda-woulda moment passes into oblivion.

* * * *

Nothing to do, and all day to do it.

* * * *

It was a good dream.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The nature of my small town rural youth,
Was filled with the perpetual stoic discipline of process.
A work ethic, that many in these our modern times, have been deprived.

Hours and hours of driving the tractor back and forth disking the orchard.
Hours and hours of grading peaches in the hot and dust and peach-fuzz.
Hours and hours of sitting at the drafting table drawing line after line.
Hours and hours of math problems working out each and every step.
Hours and hours of driving down every sort of road and motorway.
Hours and hours of trekking up and down knolls and mountains.
Hours and hours of getting through every variety of workday.

Existence is one step, one breath, one day, after another.

Process is all.

* * * *

Spent this life putting things behind me, that did not work, or no longer wooed.
Or, in the relatively unanticipated once in a while, was done with me.
Dying will only be the final curtain call before oblivion,
And when have I not been partial to oblivion?

* * * *

Regarding my tendency to wallow in dark repetitive thoughts,
Regarding the monkey-minded human paradigm,
I am always happy to be wrong.

* * * *

The one thing about which I am most pleased, most content, most adamant,
Is that fate did not have me bring any children into this absurdity.
I certainly would never choose to reincarnate into it,
So why would I do it to another innocent?
Thank the gods, this eye will not witness it much longer.

* * * *

These many straightforward, candid aphorisms,
Etch how I have come to see this indelible mystery.
And this long and winding soliloquy, has been set down,
To aid You, getting back to what You really are, and are not.
You are your own kingdom, your own house of worship,
Your own heaven and hell, and purgatory between.
It is up to You, and You alone, to figure it out.
It is a no-direction-known solitary journey.
And any realization, and any liberation,
Is for You, on your own, to harvest.

Where it begins, where it ends,
Will be forever unknown.
Rotsa ruck, Pilgrim.

* * * *

So many thoughts that none but me will likely ever read.
That will only be known if a rare few decide to preserve them.
Oh well, so it went, dealt with it, got over it, moved on.

* * * *

All this writing has been a pleasant distraction.

* * * *

What man would not envy the weaponry I have afforded myself?

* * * *

Another day on the rack of existence.

* * * *

This getting-old thing has sure gotten old.

* * * *

Count your Self lucky, I am not one of those charismatic leaders, trying to get into your mind or wallet.

* * * *

What does not fit like clockwork, in everything I have written?

* * * *

I quit.

* * * *

My gift to the unaligned.

* * * *

Always tweaking this little mein-kampf Gormenghast.
Sometimes, big tweaks, sometimes small.
And on and on, it goes, it flows.
Where it stops, ain't nobody knows.
This is the fate, the destiny, that harvested me.

* * * *

Don't need no readers.
Don't need no disciples.
Don't need no renown.
Don't need no fortune.
Don't need no dominion.
Don't need no schemes.
Don't need no nothing,

Except to be left alone.

* * * *

How fortunate my children are, that I did not bring them into this hellish paradigm.

* * * *

This life's calling has been to discern and scribe the ultimate reality, that this mind has,
Through a relatively anonymous, relatively mindful, relatively stoical walkabout, fathomed.
What comes of these many thoughts, if anything, will be for the as yet-unborn storytellers to discern.
Impactful or not, how could it matter, to the Me, the Self, the awareness, the unborn-dying,
The mystery, that every moment, is witness, to whatever kaleidoscopes through it.
Whether conscious or not, we are but clouds, matrixing though the abyss.

* * * *

Have managed to get by without having to participate more than loosely with any groupthink.
Always just kept rambling on, leaving everything and everyone in the rearview mirror.
Nomad, gypsy, wanderer, traveler – are good labels for how it has worked out.

* * * *

A curious pastime.

* * * *

My intention is to wilt into oblivion, relatively, happily unknown.

* * * *

A life spent slipping through the nets,
Of one adventure, one intrigue after another.
Only the Reaper can catch me now.

* * * *

We thinkers are always trying to put into words, that which words cannot tell.
Staring into space is not something the mind easily allows,
In the snappity-snap of the neuron trail.
It may all be illusion,
But it is the only illusion we pretend to know.

* * * *

As honest a take as I can give whatever future is in store.

* * * *

Grubbin' with the grubs.

* * * *

All my too many thoughts are out there if anyone wants to read them, and if not, so it goes, I had my fun.
Nothing I, or anyone else, has ever said or written, is going to change the human paradigm.
13.8 billion years of natural selection will have great difficulty being undone.
And, as I often conclude, in my rather misanthropic rambles: I will be glad to be wrong.

* * * *

I always try to get their money's worth.

* * * *

Fortunately, for the world and all the innocents, I do not allow my rage to go blind.

* * * *

Still a work in progress.

* * * *

Any difference between Me and You is an imaginary assertion.

* * * *

Interesting how sketches of thoughts bubble into mind,
And word processing, with the aid of spelling and grammar checking,
And finger-play access to dictionary and thesaurus support,
Fashion each into their own little sculpture.

* * * *

The only grubs that are not grubs (yet),
Are the few and far between that fall within the parameters,
Of my genetic predisposition for the female gender,
And still juicy and ripe enough for the taking.

* * * *

It is all distraction.

* * * *

I will be glad to be wrong.

* * * *

What a madhouse!

* * * *

I will be so glad to be done with this world and our kind.
My first and last hope, is that all the heaven-hell-reincarnation malarky,
Is as beyond-doubt unreal, as beyond-doubt unlikely, as it seems obvious to this mind.
Never need to see anyone, or be anyone, or anything, ever again.

* * * *

Odds are little or none of all I have written will survive my demise.
And do I give a rat's ass, whether-or-not the human paradigm survives itself?
Why would I? Hey, I'm just a scribe, man, and all this babble is what came to mind.
Would have been far easier to take more strolls, stare at more walls, and watch more movies.
But no, this inanity is what called, to such a degree, that carpal tunnel and stenosis are daily reminders.
And still, the thoughts keep bubbling up in the gray matter of this mind’s frame of reference.
As the idiom goes, there is no rest for the wicked; yes, one of my many demerits.

* * * *

My Self-appointed function in this relatively anonymous walkabout soliloquy.
Is to put into perspective all that humankind has created and destroyed,
And perhaps aid in setting a course for that which will follow,
Assuming there even is something that follows.
And if it never aids the unfolding debacle, so it goes.

* * * *

How sweet it is to not care ever again.

* * * *

Is there even one day that Donald Trump,
Does not enter our thoughts more than a few times?
Jesus Christ Superstar and the Beatles may well be less known,
And no doubt Buddha feels a pinch of envy.

* * * *

Do not for a second believe that imagination does not often have me in its clutches.

* * * *

Convince me otherwise, if You can.

* * * *

What will happen to all my stuff would be an interesting watch, but I doubt oblivion will allow it.

* * * *

An aging Scorpio with a broken stinger.

* * * *

From town crier to quantum crier.

* * * *

You call this a plan!?

* * * *

Hard to look back and see what an asshole I have so often been.

* * * *

My kingdom for another hour.

* * * *

If You have read much of this dissertation,
You fathom that I do not believe there is a separate God.
To me, it is all one; we are all God from the non-dualistic point of view,
And no religion our kind has ever conjured, in any geography, in any time, is necessary.
But, if there is a divinity that created us, to judge us, probably the only thing He/She/It is going to ask, is:
Why did You not just say no, why did You not just stop, take a deep breath,
And look candidly at the life You were living?

And discern how easily,
With just a few altered decisions,
It could have been so very, very different.

* * * *

This long and winding aphoristic soliloquy, and the ways and means it has been Johnny-Appleseed flung,
Has been a relatively non-invasive contribution, to see whether or not a grass roots stimulation,
Whether or not some sort of rational realignment with the natural order, is possible,
In whatever future past is on the horizon for the human paradigm.
Am pretty sure I will depart existence, with the absurdity,
Still brazenly ramping up its accelerating exponential.
Racing toward the Petri dish precipices, both seen and unseen,
And in all our folly, our madness, the barest squeal of brakes to be heard.

* * * *

What would it take for me to take down this digital tent,
And throw everything I have authored into some nearby landfill?
How attached am I to all the many thoughts this mind-body has rendered?
How attached am I to the delusion that it might in some imminent moment be known?
How attached am I to the delusion that it might make some difference to that dystopian dreamtime?
What would it take for me to sweep it back into the oblivion from which it emerged?
The ponder is oh so tempting, but one this vanity can easily transcend.
For good, for ill, the wretched impending is stuck with it.
Assuming, of course, that both somehow arrive.

* * * *

How many thousands of hours,
Have I spent putting all this together,
Is an inanely large and unknowable number.
I could have probably been relatively prosperous,
Perhaps somewhat powerful, even renowned,
Had I put all this acuteness and energy,
Into something a little more worldly.
Alas, that that attribute, ambition,
Did not call more tenaciously.

* * * *

Sometimes in awareness, sometimes in imagination, I wander through my dreamtime.

* * * *

Of what use was a business major without ambition?

* * * *

There will perhaps be time enough for these writings to be known,
After I contentedly merge back into the unborn-undying indivisible.

* * * *

My limitations are many and not far between.

Yes, I too, am just another earthly primate mind-body,
Trying to survive, to endure, yet another day.
Are all these writings anything more,
Than therapeutic yammer?

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how am I,
But an apologist-defender-supporter-ally-protector-champion-advocator,
For the ineffable mystery of eternity.
For which it never asked.
Only allowed.

* * * *

Would that I, were as silent, as serene,
As these too many words suggest.
Indeed, I am just another lie.

* * * *

The one thing You can say about these many philosophical-mystical ponderings
– Agree with them, comprehend them, embrace them, or no –
Is that it is an entirely original work.

* * * *

Do I sound undeniably, irrevocably, indelibly, indifferently, ineffably, contentedly
– stoical, fatalistic, resigned, doubtful, accepting, skeptical, cynical, pessimistic, philosophical –
Well, duh, yeah, I be a joyful curmudgeon, a soliloquizing witness to the great mystery.

* * * *

Mad? You call me mad? Well, my fine friend, that is no great distinction in an insane asylum.

* * * *

The imagination born of mystery,
Enticed me to scribe this, kept me in the game,
That all my tilling would never be known enough to be forgotten.
There is no depth to which irony and paradox, with utmost dexterity, will not sink.

* * * *

My brief existence managed to land in a zone, in a time, in an abundance of entitlement,
The masses have never experienced in all human history, and obviously never will again.

* * * *

Another timeless day of tap-tap-tapping out,
Paradoxical ironies and ironical paradoxes,
For a readership who will never read them.

* * * *

Were they ever to be known, there would be many who would quarrel with these myriad thoughts.
Some would probably be inclined to kill or torture me for my blasphemy against their imaginary deity.

And to all, I can only say, as can they to me: prove me wrong; a task the mystery does not allow.
And so, we wallow in our illusory minds, ever alone, imagining every variety of delusion.
And if they are right, we will all be cast into whatever it is they so ardently believe.
And if I am right, we will all disappear back into the unborn-undying abyss.
So, will I awaken in some heaven or some hell, or return to oblivion?
Hopefully, the latter, as one existence was one more than I ever asked for.
Didn't ask to be here; ain't prayin' to be stayin' … is in my list of standard ripostes.

* * * *

Because it is not being sold or bartered, or fashioned into any sort of cultish following,
This philosophical commentary is free to be however it plays out in this mind,
And will wander out into the dreamtime world of its own merit, or not.
The fate of the human paradigm is already written in the sands,
And it is not for anyone to change even one moment.

* * * *

In showing it the Way,
In articulating its weaknesses and failings,
I am perhaps proving to be one of imagination's greatest friends.

* * * *

Regarding Jesus.
I get the story; I get the mythology.
I just do not see it the way the popular rendering reads.
It is not 'the greatest story ever told,' in this ineffable eternal mystery.
Phenomena that defy natural law, and scientific method and principles, are ludicrous.
There have been many seers, many sages, many thinkers, throughout the world, throughout all histories.
And all are first and last, in their own right; all have a mythology about their awakening.
And none are more real, more true, than any other, despite all assertions.
The meaning is in the awakening, not how it came about.
And none can be followed; none need be followed,
But through the earnest seeker's own solitary walkabout.

* * * *

I, imagination.

* * * *

Oh joy and dang, another project to while away this mind.

* * * *

Some Leftovers and Soundbites find dual purpose,
Or even triple or four-ple or five-ple, as Breadcrumbs, Epitaphs, Ripostes, and/or Titles.
Milk 'em for all they're worth, I say, I say.

* * * *

Writing and editing all this has been very Sisyphean, indeed.

* * * *

Like Tarzan through the jungle; swinging from one sidebar to another.

* * * *

The eight ball mind languidly issues another witty from the abyss of imagination.

* * * *

Still trying to find my face.

* * * *

The truth will out.

* * * *

A well of lucidity.

* * * *

As this male grub-body has aged, the hunger for female grubs has greatly waned.

* * * *

So many books and movies I could have read and watched,
And mountains climbed, and trails and beaches walked,
Were I not destined to scribe this endless blather.
Many are called, but only jesters volunteer.

* * * *

Zen-ing away.

* * * *

All this is given to You as much as possible, without the burden of me or some cult following.
A very Johnny Appleseed undertaking, with seeds scattered willy-nilly serendipitous.
Will it work? Will it make a difference? Will it help steer the next epoch?
Or will it end up being never known enough to be forgotten?
I will never know.

* * * *

I see the Me in You and the You in Me; how is it You are so blind?

* * * *

I am – apologist, defender, supporter, ally, protector, champion, advocator – for the eternal mystery.

* * * *

A channel for babble.

* * * *

My smattering of bilge will have to do.

* * * *

Empty at last.

* * * *

Death will be like greeting an old friend.

* * * *

If there was anything that had ever hit the bottom of the bucket left to do, it was long ago done.

* * * *

Nicely done, Holshouser. Nicely done.

* * * *

One egg, millions of sperm vying to be the one, and it had to me.
Something wrong with those odds, when I can barely win a door prize.

* * * *

Would that I, were as silent, as serene, as these too many words suggest; indeed, I am just another lie.

* * * *

Peter Pan is dead! Long live Peter Pan!

* * * *

This opus has been created,
One thought at a time,
One breath at a time,
One drop at a time,
One ounce at a time,
One note at a time,
One fragment at a time,
One crumb at a time,
One dot at a time,
One degree at a time,
One iota at a time,
One fleck at a time,
One jot at a time,
One grain at a time,
One bit at a time,
One brick at a time,
One step at a time,
One splash at a time,
One dash at a time,
One speck at a time,
One dab at a time,
One scrap at a time,
One itty at a time,
One bitty at a time,
One particle at a time,
One point at a time,
One smidgeon at a time,
As the eternal moment dictated.

* * * *

Have absolutely no problem being ignored by the future past, I will neither witness nor endure.
Far easier to unobtrusively, anonymously, serenely evaporate back into the unknown,
Than it is to continue grappling with the absurdity, the insanity, the horror,
Imagination has so thoroughly wrought upon this pale blue dot.
My work has been to discern it, and scribe all this.
Yours, to discover it, read it, discern it.
And perchance pass it on.
Do, or do not,
It matters not to me.

* * * *

Survived myself again.

* * * *

Do You listen to your own advice?

* * * *

My work has been to discern it, and scribe all this.
Yours, to discover it, read it, discern it.
And perchance pass it on.
Do, or do not,
It matters not to me.

* * * *

Profound high jinks.

* * * *

Hard to let go, but not impossible.

* * * *

Odds are, chances are, it is likely, it is probable, you can expect, you can wager,
That my rejoinder to almost any question, is in here somewhere.
Keyword searches of the pdf's are your best bet.

* * * *

Is it arrogant to discern it thus, or arrogant not to?

* * * *

My only pedestal,
My only podium,
My only stage,
My only stand,
My only platform,
My only dais,
My only pulpit,
My only lectern,

My only plinth,
My only support,
My only base,
My only perch,
My only foot,
My only roost,
My only foundation,
My only understructure,
Is a MacBook Pro keyboard.

* * * *

Used to be able to do so many things, but the body has moved on, declined on.

* * * *

Another project underway.

* * * *

This opus wrote itself, one ditty at a time, using me as its scribe, its tool, its foil.

* * * *

There is no subscription, there is no paywall, everything is free and clear.

* * * *

This thesis, this dissertation, this treatise, this opus, will be done when this mind-body is done.
It is my reply, my riposte, to the absurdity, to the futility, to the pointlessness, of this dreamtime.

* * * *

These fingers do not walk well across the keyboard anymore.
Is it worth all the pain and bother to wake up to another day?

Breadcrumbs 2026

It is unfathomable, how rich-man-on-a-dime a dreamtime, I have been blessed to be given.
So many experiences, so many adventures, so many opportunities, so many travels, so many baubles.
So many friends, so many acquaintances, so many contacts, so many strangers, so many foes.
And peasant roots, and decent family, and simple and austere upbringing, to boot.

* * * *

One of the differences between poets and aphorists,
Is that one can often be left unsure the poet's meaning,
Whereas a say-it-as-it-is aphorist leaves little or no doubt.

* * * *

This ministry resides in the happenstance of the daily wander.

* * * *

Always editing details, minutia, particulars, specifics, niceties,
No one else will likely ever even begin to notice,
Much less give a hooey about.

* * * *

Synapse collapse, it’s real.

* * * *

Flying Peter-Pan solo in this life has been far more interesting,
Than any woman, any domesticated existence,
Could have ever allowed.

* * * *

It did not take a diploma to pen all this, just an autodidactic nature.

* * * *

This getting old thing is getting older than I want to be.

* * * *

If you want to believe your vain, greedy existence, has some meaning, has some purpose,
If you want to believe you have free will, or that the human paradigm is some divine orchestration,
Believe me, that I do not at all care, and will not waste energy to convince you otherwise.
Believe me, that I do not consider you anything more than absurdly delusional,
And will be only too happy, if we ever happen to spend time again,
To never examine anything remotely or vaguely serious.
The futility would only invoke the absurdity.

* * * *

Another one-man band weaving down a pathless path.

* * * *

An anonymous keyboard in a corner table in a coffee shop is stage enough for this player.

* * * *

That, which in the prime of youth, You thought You knew so well,
Is in the many moments since, so challenging to more than vaguely recall.
So many names and faces and places, so many experiences,
Such an array of lifetimes, in just this one.

* * * *

Found it again.

* * * *

If I did not say something well, feel free to clarify.

* * * *

The Stonecutter, chipping away at the mountain.

* * * *

The faces along the pathless, grow more and more vague, as time wanders its little march to oblivion.

* * * *

That was fun.

* * * *

Please do not slather me or these writings with idolatrous absurdity.

* * * *

If past and future were to suddenly evaporate, where – would You, could You, should You – be?

* * * *

I am the playful piper, the flaming bush,
The enduring ferryman, the ascetic recluse,
A wandering madman, journeying the universe.
I am all things, all places, all spaces.
There is nothing that I am not,
And nothing that I am.
I am the irony, I am the paradox,
Unframed, unnamed, unclaimed, untamed.

* * * *

And what labels, will the ivory tower scholars, give this testament, if any?

* * * *

These are thoughts from one who has come far, through thick and thin, to share them with You.

Michael's Rabbit Hole 2023

Both Part and Whole

Time is but a concoction of imagination's perception of gravity's dust balls,
Angled this way or that, in varying distances from the furnaces of their given stars.
A galactic potion, double-double-toiled-and-troubled-fire-burned-and-cauldron-bubbled.
The natural selection of the mystery playing its Self, by its Self, across its eternal nothingness.
Awareness, in its quantum collider, its laboratory of creation, all outcomes naught but illusory dreams.
And You, that ineffable, intangible, indelible, indivisible, unborn-undying, timeless awareness,
Playing out your little part, in your little dream, all alone, right here, right now, poof.

Dialing Into the Moment

You are stardust come unto to life, mystery come unto life, eternity come unto life.
Dial into the timeless moment, and all questions, all answers, will become irrelevant.

The Challenge of Change

Change is a challenge for minds bent on custom, on belief, on habit, on ritual, on convention, on tradition.
To be free of inward constraints, to be unfettered by limitations of human consciousness,
Is not something for which any oracle will find widespread reception.
Paradigm shifts are not instigated by the multitudes,
And revolutionaries often run afoul of swords, not always their own.

Ever the Same One

Every life form in the six kingdoms is the same indivisible, indelible, timeless quantum matrix mystery.
Every life form in the six kingdoms plays out the nature-nurture of its genetic lottery algorithm.
An archaebacterium plays out its archaebacterium nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
An eubacterium plays out its eubacterium nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
An animalia plays out its animalia nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
A protista plays out its protista nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
A fungi plays out its fungi nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
A plantae plays out its plantae nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
And the inert players – earth, wind, water, fire – the clay of all existence.
Stardust come unto life, stardust born of mystery; natural selection its chisel.
All ever vibrating away simultaneously; all dancing their given places in the sun.
All ever creating, ever preserving, ever destroying; all ever indivisibly unborn-undying.
All ever the same ineffable quantum matrix mystery; all ever the same ineffable eternal moment.

Clouds Through an Untouched Sky

This mind-body You imagine yours, is a drop of the quantum matrix,
Streaming like a current through the electromagnetic spectrum,
Flowing through lesser masses; stopped by more solid ones.
Physics is physic is physics; there is no breaking the laws.
And what is the ether allowing it all to happen: Awareness.
We drift like clouds passing to and fro in an untouched sky.
A touchy-feely dream; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

No Direction Known

Space and time are illusions, to which there is no direction.
There is no forward, no backward, no right nor left, no up nor down,
Nor any other bearing that imagination might in sensory perception envision.
The quantum dream is always, right here, right now, kaleidoscoping, no direction known.
And You are the centerstage, You are the awareness, You are the witness,
To the ineffable mystery playing out the given sentience.
All that is, all that is not, every moment.

Alas

Alas for fame that You relish anonymity.
Alas for greed that You have more than enough.
Alas for power that You allow all to go their own way.
Alas for vanity that You know it not real.
Eternity is subject to none.
Awareness is all.

The One and Only Moment

Whether or not your brief existence, and all the knowledge and wisdom You may have gleaned,
Will be warehoused by the quantum matrix, be stored in some great eternal library,
Is but the idle speculation of those still bound in the space-time dream.
Read by the five senses, fashioned by central processing unit,
The cosmos, the kaleidoscoping illusion, is spun,
In the only moment the mystery of eternity has to offer.

A Light Unto Your Self

You are already samadhi, ecstasy, bliss.
All You need do, is be still enough to discern it.
We are all that which is called God by many names.
Each of us exploring our own exclusive matrix of creation.
And why do You need to believe in anything concocted by mind?
Is not just being, enough, without all the nonsense born of imagination?
The infinite ocean is an infinity of drops; how could all this be, any other way?
Without the endless splintering, there would be no existence, there would be no witness.
And it is You, who must endure it all, with all your spirit, very much alone, a light unto your Self.

Wrap Your Head Around It

It is indeed beyond boggling, to fathom: You are the universe and beyond.
That You are the indivisible, indefinable, unfathomable, indelible, ineffable mystery.
But wrapping your head around it, is as simple as letting go, and wrapping your head around it.
One does not ask for permission to be free; one asserts it, affirms it, champions it, with their entire being.

The Eye of the Beholder

Creation is the moment; destruction, the same;
With a kaleidoscoping of eternity's moment between.
And creation to one beholder, may be destruction in another's.
The quantum matrix is an ever-morphing playhouse;
All witnessed by the ineffable awareness,
Through the eyes of sentience.
There is no other.

A Cancerous Tyranny

Imagination has thoroughly conquered this garden dust ball.
And thrashed it into a twisted shadow of its naturally-selected, Darwinian purity.
It is a cancer wreaking havoc upon the host, that cannot forever allow its wayward nature to continue,
If Gaia is to survive and blossom anew, in the grand theater of this grand mystery.
The story's conclusion will never see its campfire telling.

Quenching the Narrative

Science is only is what it is, because of all the technologies,
That awareness, through imagination, has created to measure the cosmic illusion.
The dreamtime, that the electromagnetic spectrum – the quantum stardust, the divine dance, the Shiva –
Has spun into sentience upon this pale blue dot, is a sentience capable of exploring its mystery.
As to the question – whether it is intelligent design or naturally-selected happenstance –
Is it really, worth, all the absurdity, all the horror, our kind every moment inflicts,
Upon one another, all our fellow earthlings, and this very pale blue dot?
We are all the same mystery, come unto the dream of existence;
What narcissism to give it more narrative than that.

The Captains of History

Whether You want to believe it, accept it, or not,
The warriors who madly charged oblivion, were the ones others followed.
They were naturally selected in the jungles of old, and have steered the course of human history.
This can be a bit much for the domesticated, the housebroken, the so-called civilized sort,
Who lounge in laps of luxury, hold their teacups just-so, and prefer their beasts tame.
That it does not abide well with the hunter-gatherer coursing through our veins,
Become daily more and more obvious, as we race toward the precipice.

The Hunger for More

There is absolutely no concoction of consciousness, of imagination, human or otherwise,
That will even for a moment hold fast, in the spaceless, timeless awareness,
Of the ineffable, indivisible, indelible stillness, of eternity.
Quantum illusion is ever quantum illusion;
No matter its hunger for a more,
That has never been, and can never be.

The Unclenched Mind

Imagination creates time, imagination travels time, imagination is time,
And through it all, imagination make-believes it truly exists forever and a day.
Only in the timeless tranquility of awareness, can it be discerned as the perjury it is.
Nothing the busy-busy mind will ever concoct, will ever fathom what You are, and are not.
To be truly free of all its monkey-mind assertions, the no-mind, the unclenched mind, is the key.

A Particle Wafting To and Fro

You are but a particle, wafting to and fro in the sea of mystery; all of it all the while.
The quantum sea allows every variety of form to play out however it will,
Without parameters, without attachment, without judgment.
Only human imagination, imagines otherwise.
What need for any deity, for any dogmatic entanglements,
Once You have discerned right-relationship, with the mystery's totality?

The Horror of Imagination

Who-what-when-where-why-how, exactly, is this self, You so adamantly imagine yourself to be?
It is an invention, a collusion, a lie, that imagination has swept our genomic-sequencing,
To impromptu-play across all the horror our kind has wreaked upon this garden.
And its harsh, unforgiving, dystopian endgame, is well past self-evident.

The Blindness of Imagination

Imagination has blinded humankind to the garden of its origin.
Unlikely as it is to happen, it is on the future to regain its sight.
How difficult it will be, to throw everything out, and start over.
And will it be possible, in the ruins of a torn and tattered world?

Within Every Part and Particle

Hot or cold, hard or soft, clean or dirty, clothed or naked,
Comfortable or uncomfortable, asleep or awake, seen or unseen,
Engaged or unengaged, self-absorbed or Self-absorbed, it is all the same.
The awareness is equally within every particle of creation.
Omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent.
You are it; it is You.
The other is but imagined.

Of Childish Things

True believers in any religion (a.k.a., cult) should read 1 Corinthians 13:11 a little more closely.
Whoever scribed it way back when, was speaking to them, not the non-believers, not the critical thinkers.
When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child.
When I became a man, I put aside childish things.
Think about it.

The Primary Directive

Procreation is the primary directive of the genomic sequencing within all life.
Think of the who-knows-how-many lives, how many generations, it has taken for You to be here.
Every one of them relatively unconcerned about the pain, the suffering, the death,
Into which they were casting, catapulting, their matériel génétique.
The Grand Théâtre of Quantum, come unto existence.
An electromagnetic matrix in which many,
If not all things, are possible.

The Star Trek Dilemma

How could any existential form across the universe,
Ever reach the level of consciousness, of imagination, that our kind has,
Without some form of nature-nurture natural selection, anchored to Darwinian principles?
And what would it take to get that foundation, working well enough together,
To fabricate the technologies, it would take to travel across space,
To find and reach our little blue marble dust ball?

Surfing Existence

Where is the yoke in these writings? Where is the burden?
What yoke can the clarity of rationality ever create,
But a mindfulness to not accept any pretense,
At least as far as the ultimate truth goes.
We all have to survive, to abide, in some how, in some way.
The one-percenters have always set the tone, to which all below yield or perish,
But You need not give the insatiable beast more than the token morsels of vanity and greed it demands.
Play their theater, endure your stage, with whatever serenity and harmony You can muster,
In whatever dreamtime this ever-kaleidoscoping quantum garden manifests.

The Kaleidoscoping Dreamtime

We all have impacts on the lives of others, the dreamtimes of others, both positive and negative.
Impacts that spin all our worlds into seemingly new directions, that fate's long and winding illusions,
Every moment – through awareness, five senses, and a transmitter – make this quantum matrix apparent.
Our fates pull and push us all along in kaleidoscope fashion, in an eternal, inescapably timeless journey,
That none can discern, but through but vague perceptions we glean, as our dreams tick-tick-tick away.

The Nothing Special Express

You were maybe expecting some magical being or buddha or ivory tower wizard to scribe all this?
To take You on some joyous magic carpet ride to the feet of some great deity?
To stoke your vanity, and heal all your pain and suffering?
Nope, sorry, You will have to slog on through that all alone, same as everyone else.

The Price of Tribal Thinking

When it comes to an opportunity for any military to rain destruction down upon the masses,
The reality is they gotta get rid of all that cobwebbed inventory somehow.
Gotta keep the military-industrial complex in business.
Gotta ring up another cha-ching.
As Orwell, in his prescience noted, the powers that be,
Cannot allow the masses get too comfortable, and in the long run, too intelligent.
The little people always pay the price for the tribal thinking of narcissism’s vanity and hedonism’s greed.

A Solitary Journey

There is nobody to follow; You must forge your own path.
You must explore, You must discern, what is true, for your Self, by your Self.
There is not some all-pervasive, all-powerful deity, at the helm, despite all propaganda to the contrary.
The moment can be heaven, the moment can be purgatory, the moment can be hell.
You are the one and only witness to your dreamtime.
Attitude is all.

A Moment Unlike Any Other

All our ancestors combined did not have all the experiential adventures that current times offer.
A world ripe, a world seasoned, for exploration, and mindsets so much freer of cultural constraints.
Would they envy us, or shake their heads in disbelief over the absurdity so many have embraced.

You, and You Alone

What will come of all this?
Well, absolutely nothing, of course, and what do You care?
Worlds come and go, stars come and go, galaxies come and go, universes come and go.
Only You remain, awareness, eternally alone.

The Relativity of the Mind's Eye

The mind's eye, bent by the trivia of time, is lost in the tapestry of imagination.
All the yesterdays, all the tomorrows, however any given moment is nooked and crannied,
Are a long and convoluted maze, in which imagination, through eternity weaves.
All threads are relative to the mind's eye in which they are beheld.
None more absolute, more true, than any other's.

The Final Solution

The final solution to the blasphemy of the human paradigm is extinction.
How long it can be dodged, how long it can be forestalled, how long it can be annulled,
Is a question for history to answer, if there perchance happens to be anyone left to ponder the question.
Who will be the last man, the last woman, the last boy, the last girl, the last any tag?
And how could that one last shimmer of human intelligence,
Possibly know, much less care,
As that last breath, without fanfare, quietly expires.
And the eternal quantum mystery, kaleidoscopes on, nary a tremor to the beat.

A Shakespearian Filibuster

In the great relativity, what is the human species but a throng of crunchy-chewy-gooey microorganisms,
With arms and legs, hearts and minds, portraying every variety of pride and greed and futility,
Every variety of narcissism and hedonism, imagination has the audacity to muster.
There is no possible triumphant ending to this Shakespearian filibuster,
Told by idiots, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

Dreamtime's Given Moment

There is nothing to follow, nothing to be, nothing to do.
You are your own teacher, You are your own student.
Learn whatever suits You, do whatever draws You.
Live your life as freely as the given moment allows.

In the World, but Not of It

How to be in the world, and not of it,
Is for each imaginary mind to alone discern,
On its long and winding pathless never traveled.
To surrender to the moment, to allow serenity to reign,
Can be a challenge for a mind shaped by striving and conflict.

The Right-Here-Right-Now

Now.
It is not a belief system.
There are no leaders, there are no followers.
There are no sanctuaries, there are no scriptures, there are no doctrines.
There are no priests, nor is there any need for faith, nor others.
There is only the right-here-right-now moment.
There is only primeval awareness.
There is only You.
Alone.

The Struggle Ahead

Like a Ponzi scheme coming undone, the dream is changing across the board,
And that is just the way it is; there is nothing anybody can do about it.
The politicians and talking heads are just earning their buck,
And Wall Street and Las Vegas will likely take it down to the last bet.
This is the course our species set long before we departed the jungles of long ago.
Knowing more than the gist, filling one's head with nonstop gorp, is hollow trivial pursuit.
All any can do is play out their little Sisyphean algorithm; enjoy and endure whatever the fates allot.
The tempest is going to be beyond the pale sooner or later, and perhaps even relatively quickly for many.
And those unfortunate enough to be born, those now running about in backyards and playgrounds,
Are just going to have to survive whatever comes at them, or perish in flames if they cannot.
Every geography will have its own anthology of consequences, its own crash and burn,
And will deal with them as human beings always have when struggling to survive.
It will be, as always, might makes right, as savage as the given players deign,
With Conrad's "The horror! The horror!" and Vonnegut's "So it goes,"
Echoing throughout the last throes of human consciousness as we know it.
Whoever is going to be the final two-legged lingering in this Anthropocene epoch,
Will be last witness to all the absurdities our genomic sequencing has ceaselessly perpetrated.

Breed or Perish

As far as this garden dust ball goes,
As far as your mundane window of time goes,
As far as the mysterious nature of your brief existence goes,
You are truly only as significant, as relevant, as pertinent, as germane,
As the continuation of your ancestry's genomic sequencing.
Extinction is the norm; breed or perish, fate decides.

Star of the Show

So, there was that timeless, very still moment in the abyss, when You, the mystery, all alone,
All of a sudden, came up with an inspiration for a gargantuan playhouse,
With You, the one and only, centerstage to all parts.
And bam, the quantum matrix,
A kaleidoscoping, extemporaneous dominion, explodes into being.
Théâtre de l'absurde, produced and directed by natural selection; You, ever sole thespian, ever center stage.
The showstopper is realizing that You are none of the forms in which You ever play the starring role.
They are but crunchy-chewy-goo, from which You peer out through the given perceptions,
Upon all that is but illusion, and all the delusions the given dreamtime inspires.

There Is Only You

The You, You truly are, is not a belief system.
You are not a leader, You are not a follower, You are on your own.
You do not require priests, You do not require sanctuaries, You do not require scriptures,
You do not require faith, nor dogmas, nor the support of others.
There is only the right-here-right-now moment.
There is only pure awareness.
There is only You.
Alone.

Dying to Little Self

Eternal life is this one and only timeless moment,
This one and only right-here-right-now timeless awareness,
This one and only omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent timeless now.
To be the big Self, You must die to the little self.

Organized Protoplasm

What are human beings but collectives of organized protoplasm,
With exteriors about which narcissism and hedonism and greed orbit.
About which consciousness, about which imagination, makes endless ado.
Crunchy-chewy-gooey vats of imagination, vats of make-believe;
Dreamtimes, dancing in the timeless void of eternity.

Red Pill, Blue Pill

Some wake up to a larger reality than the original nature-nurture,
To branch out as far and wide and deep as their wings in space and time allow.
The truth is, most do not, which offers a théâtre de l'absurde, for all those who are chameleons.
Ignore it, if You red-pill-head-in-the-sand can; embrace it fully – suck down that blue pill – if You cannot.

Same Old Bubble

Same old bubble of misinformation.
Same old bubble of deception.
Same old bubble of contention.
Same old bubble of conspiracy.
Same old bubble of fraud.
Same old bubble of treachery
Same old bubble of dishonesty.
Same old bubble of artifice.
Same old bubble of stories.
Same old bubble of invention.
Same old bubble of tall tales.
Same old bubble of falsehoods.
Same old bubble of lies.
Same old bubble of notions.
Same old bubble of absurdity.
Same old bubble of debate.
Same old bubble of belief.
Same old bubble of trickery.
Same old bubble of controversy.
Same old bubble of argument.
Same old bubble of shams.
Same old bubble of subterfuge.
Same old bubble of claims.
Same old bubble of excuses.
Same old bubble of half-truths.
Same old bubble of propaganda.
Same old bubble of spin.
Same old bubble of fabrication.
Same old bubble of duplicity.
Same old bubble of cheating.
Same old bubble of opinion.
Same old bubble of strife.
Same old bubble of dispute.
Same old bubble of disagreement.
Same old bubble of whatever.

Well?

Found your face, yet?

Tabula Rasa

Does tabula rasa think itself tabula rasa?
Does a microbe think itself a microbe?
Does a squirrel think itself a squirrel?
Does a salmon think itself a salmon?
Does a spider think itself a spider?
Does a turtle think itself a turtle?
Does an ant think itself an ant?
Does a frog think itself a frog?
Does a squid think itself a squid?
Does a lobster think itself a lobster?
Does a sparrow think itself a sparrow?
Does a newborn think itself a newborn?
Does awareness think itself awareness?
Does cosmos think itself cosmos?
Does now think itself now?
Does Self think itself Self?
Do You think yourself You?
Does mystery think itself mystery?

Almost

Almost like You never did it.
Almost like You never saw it.
Almost like You never heard it.
Almost like You never tasted it.
Almost like You never smelled it.
Almost like You never sensed it.
Like it never happened at all.

Maybe Does Not Mean Yes

That answer is yes.
That answer is no.
That answer is maybe.
Maybe does not mean yes.

The Attributes of Good Health

The attributes of mental and physical health
Have many aspects, many characteristics, many points of view:

Acuity
Adroitness
Agility
Alertness
Athleticism
Balance
Brawniness
Cardio
Tone
Concentration
Coordination
Core
Drive
Energy
Dexterity
Discipline
Durability
Dynamism
Ease
Efficiency
Effortlessness
Élan
Endurance
Energy
Equilibrium
Fitness
Flexibility
Fluidity
Force
Grit
Gumption
Hardiness
Healthiness
Ingenuity
Litheness
Liveliness
Might
Muscularity
Nimbleness
Poise
Potency
Power
Proficiency

Quality
Quickness
Reaction
Resilience
Resoluteness
Robustness
Self-Assurance
Sharpness
Skill
Slickness
Speed
Spryness
Stability
Stamina
Staying Power
Steadiness
Strength
Sturdiness
Suppleness
Swiftness
Toughness
Velocity
Verve
Vigor
Vitality
Vivacity
Willpower

Best not leave well-being to chance if You wish to live long and well.

Be the Nothingness

See the nothingness.
Hear the nothingness.
Taste the nothingness.
Inhale the nothingness.
Feel the nothingness.
Be the nothingness.

Théâtre de L'Absurde

It is an omnipresent theater.
It is an omnipotent theater.
It is an omniscient theater.
It is an elemental theater.
It is a dreamtime theater.
It is a morphing theater.
It is an illusory theater.
It is a quantum theater.
It is a timeless theater.
It is a worldly theater.
It is an eternal theater.
It is a sensory theater.
It is a cosmic theater.
It is a mirage theater.
It is a matrix theater.
It is a mortal theater.
It is a neural theater.
It is a dreamy theater.
It is a fleeting theater.
It is a manifest theater.
It is a vibrating theater.
It is a space-time theater.
It is an imaginary theater.
It is a monotonous theater.
It is a touchy-feely theater.
It is an immaculate theater.
It is a Shakespearian theater.
It is an unborn-undying theater.
It is an incomprehensible theater.
It is a three-dimensional theater.
It is an extemporaneous theater.
It is an ever-churning theater.
It is an ever-changing theater.
It is an immeasurable theater.
It is a kaleidoscoping theater.
It is an unfathomable theater.
It is a monkey-mind theater.
It is an orchestrated theater.
It is an unknowable theater.
It is an incalculable theater.
It is an inexplicable theater.
It is a never-ending theater.
It is an astounding theater.
It is an impromptu theater.
It is a time-bound theater.
It is an indivisible theater.

It is a predictable theater.
It is a narcissistic theater.
It is an expansive theater.
It is an immortal theater.
It is a Darwinian theater.
It is an indelible theater.
It is an ineffable theater.
It is an immense theater.
It is a hedonistic theater.
It is a ceaseless theater.
It is a pointless theater.
It is an esoteric theater.
It is a temporal theater.
It is a majestic theater.
It is a magical theater.
It is a mystery theater.
It is an empty theater.
It is the grand theater.
It is théâtre de l'absurde.

No Need for Anything

No need for deities.
No need for souls.
No need for angels.
No need for saints.
No need for demons,
No need for belief.
No need for scripture.
No need for dogma.
No need for priests.
No need for idols,
No need for worship.
No need for prayer.
No need for superstition.
No need for cathedrals,
No need for heavens.
No need for purgatories.
No need for infernos.
No need for anything.
Awareness is all.

Disappear

Disappear right-here-right-now; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into this twinkling; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into this moment; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into this instant; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into here-now; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into eternity; continuity is illusion.
Disappear into oblivion; continuity is illusion.
Be the eternal beingness, the eternal awareness,
Be the timeless beingness, the timeless awareness,
You truly are, You have always been, and will ever be.

What is an Elephant?

What is an Elephant?
Is it a wall?
Is it a spear?
Is it a snake?
Is it a tree?
Is it a fan?
Is it a rope?
Only to the blind.

No Thought About It

Truth, is not in any thought about it.
What is, is not in any thought about it.
Awareness, is not in any thought about it.
Quantum, is not in any thought about it.
Mystery, is not in any thought about it.
Reality, is not in any thought about it.
Space, is not in any thought about it.
Time, is not in any thought about it.
Here, is not in any thought about it.
Now, is not in any thought about it.
You, are not in any thought about it.

Who Created This World?

It was not Alexander or Genghis Khan or Napoleon or Hitler that conquered.
From the beginning, it was the toolmakers – the scientists, the engineers, the architects,
The miners, the metal and wood and stone and glass craftsmen – that made any of it at all possible.

They created the short-range weapons:
Rocks, sticks, knives, blades, clubs, axes, swords, spears, halberds, pikes, lances.

They created the firearms:
Revolvers, rifles, shotguns, semi and fully automatic guns, machine guns.

They created the explosives:
Acetylides, fulminates, nitro, nitrates, amines, peroxides, oxides,
elements and isotopes, and a variety of mixtures and sundry miscellaneous.

They created the defensive equipment:
Armor, chainmail, shields, bulletproof vests, flak jackets, bulletproof glass.

They created the long-range weapons:
Spears, slings, crossbows, bolos, flamethrowers, grenades, bows and arrows,
boomerangs, cannons, torpedoes, land mines, naval mines,
depth charges, rockets, missiles, lasers.

They created the battle gear:
Armor, chainmail, uniforms, helmets, boots, saddles, bridles, horseshoes,
whips, chariots, rope, chains, climbing gear, sails, parachutes,
pontoons, bridgeworks.

They created the defensive fortifications:
Castles, forts, walls, towers, moats, trenches, bunkers, earthworks.

They created the siege equipment:
Siege towers, battering rams, siege engines, catapults, ballistas,
onagers, trebucheta helepolises, siege hooka,
sambucas, scorpios, mangonels.

They created the communications systems:
Hand signals, codes, semaphore flag signaling systems,
signal lamps, telegraphs, radios, computers.

They created means to scout adversaries from afar:
Binoculars, cameras, radar, sonar, spy planes, satellites.

They created the vehicles for land, water, and air:
Tanks, trucks, airplanes, submarines, ships, spaceships, drones.

They created the chemical weapons:

nerve agents, vesicant (blister) agents, hydrogen cyanide blood agents,
tear gas, pepper spray

They created the biological weapons:
Biological toxins or infectious agents: bacteria, viruses, insects, fungi.

They created the nuclear weapons:
Nuclear fission ("atomic") bombs, nuclear fusion ("hydrogen") bombs,
radiological elements (uranium, plutonium, etc.).

They created the execution and torture devices:
Ropes and chains, racks, strappados, wooden horses, breaking wheels,
water tortures, electric shock devices, chemical dependency, hangman's gallows,
guillotines, electric chairs, lethal injection, gas chambers.

As well as all the logistical networks and processes and equipment upon which warfare depends:
Supply chains, animals (horses, mules, oxen, pigeons), wagons, trucks, trains, ships, planes.

Alexander and Genghis Khan and Napoleon and Hitler are in the history books,
But it was the supporting cast who put them there.

Discerning Self

See your Self, see eternity; see eternity, see your Self.
Feel your Self, feel eternity; feel eternity, feel your Self.
Hear your Self, hear eternity; hear eternity, hear your Self.
Taste your Self, taste eternity; taste eternity, taste your Self.
Smell your Self, smell eternity; smell eternity, smell your Self.
Discern your Self, discern eternity; discern eternity, discern your Self.

You Are, You Are Not

You are the observing; You are not the observing.
You are the tasting; You are not the tasting.
You are the feeling; You are not the feeling.
You are the hearing; You are not the hearing.
You are the smelling; You are not the smelling.
You are the discerning; You are not the discerning.

The Underlying Mystery

You are the underlying formlessness.
You are the underlying shapelessness.
You are the underlying amorphousness.
You are the underlying preposterousness.
You are the underlying meaninglessness.
You are the underlying ineffectiveness.
You are the underlying senselessness.
You are the underlying nothingness.
You are the underlying uselessness.
You are the underlying emptiness.
You are the underlying nonbeing.
You are the underlying oblivion.
You are the underlying fluidity.
You are the underlying nihility.
You are the underlying cavity.
You are the underlying space.
You are the underlying void.
You are the underlying hole.
You are the underlying dross.
You are the underlying abyss.
You are the underlying nullity.
You are the underlying vacuum.
You are the underlying absence.
You are the underlying unreality.
You are the underlying hollowness.
You are the underlying incongruity.
You are the underlying irrationality.
You are the underlying ineffectuality.
You are the underlying pointlessness.
You are the underlying worthlessness.
You are the underlying nonexistence.
You are the underlying nonduality.
You are the underlying absurdity.
You are the underlying mystery.

The Evolution of the First Grunt

What did it take for the first sound, the first click, the first grunt, to evolve into this sentence?

How Much More Anything?

How much more creation?
How much more preservation?
How much more destruction?
How much more desire?
How much more pain?
How much more suffering?
How much more sorrow?
How much more fear?
How much more dread?
How much more hunger?
How much more assumption?
How much more bother?
How much more anticipation?
How much more generosity?
How much more greed?
How much more compassion?
How much more violence?
How much more empathy?
How much more sympathy?
How much more low?
How much more high?
How much more breadth?
How much more depth?
How much more derision?
How much more judgment?
How much more hate?
How much more love?
How much more joy?
How much more despair?
How much more depression?
How much more anticipation?
How much more time?
How much more timelessness?
How much more eternity?
How much more misery?
How much more solution?
How much more grief?
How much more argument?
How much more agreement?
How much more insanity?
How much more inanity?
How much more dissolution?
How much more derision?
How much more birth?
How much more death?
How much more gain?

How much more loss?
How much more attachment?
How much more detachment?
How much more torture?
How much more horror?
How much more absurdity?
How much more thought?
How much more feeling?
How much more passion?
How much more insight?
How much more pity?
How much more tragedy?
How much more pathos?
How much more dreaming?
How much more debate?
How much more power?
How much more value?
How much more subjugation?
How much more arrogance?
How much more consequence?
How much more significance?
How much more meaning?
How much more purpose?
How much more profit?
How much more mockery?
How much more esteem?
How much more treasure?
How much more pestilence?
How much more merit?
How much more usefulness?
How much more achievement?
How much more quantity?
How much more attraction?
How much more distraction?
How much more assessment?
How much more insignificance?
How much more regard?
How much more scorn?
How much more ridicule?
How much more tolerance?
How much more intolerance?
How much more pride?
How much more vanity?
How much more completion?
How much more accomplishment?
How much more conclusion?
How much more division?
How much more infinity?

How much more infinitesimal?
How much more dreamtime?
How much more similarity?
How much more difference?
How much more duality?
How much more nonduality?
How much more foreverafter?
How much more whateverafter?
How much more noteverafter?
How much more everything?
How much more anything?
How much more nothing?

The Past is Streaming

The past is streaming before your eyes.
The past is streaming before your ears.
The past is streaming before your nose.
The past is streaming before your tongue.
The past is streaming before your fingertips.
The past is streaming within your consciousness.
And where are You in all this streaming?

No Other

What are You, really, but an observer, observing?
What are You but an onlooker, onlooking?
What are You but a viewer, viewing?
What are You but a witness, witnessing?
What are You but a spectator, spectating?
What are You but a bystander, bystanding?
What are You but an eyewitness, eyewitnessing?
What are You but the centerstage eye, centerstaging?
The observer is the observed; the observed is the observer.
Awareness is all, Self is all, You are it, it is You, there is no other.

How Many Times?

How many times have You pontificated?
How many times have You masticated?
How many times have You intoxicated?
How many times have You abbreviated?
How many times have You delineated?
How many times have You fornicated?
How many times have You obliviated?
How many times have You demarcated?
How many times have You illustrated?
How many times have You delineated?
How many times have You fabricated?
How many times have You arbitrated?
How many times have You anticipated?
How many times have You abrogated?
How many times have You demonstrated?
How many times have You mediated?
How many times have You differentiate?
How many times have You discriminated?
How many times have You obliterated?
How many times have You isolated?
How many times have You segregated?
How many times have You obfuscated?
How many times have You expatriated?
How many times have You situated?
How many times have You pulsated?
How many times have You pontificated?
How many times have You subjugated?
How many times have You matriculated?
How many times have You decimated?
How many times have You abridgiated?
How many times have You decimated?

How many times have You done something to the -ated degree?

Words that end in -ated
https://www.thefreedictionary.com/words-that-end-in-ated

You Are Self, Be Self

You are ineffable, be ineffable.
You are indivisible, be indivisible.
You are immaculate, be immaculate.
You are unfathomable, be unfathomable.
You are oblivion, be oblivion.
You are flawless, be flawless.
You are solitary, be solitary.
You are indelible, be indelible.
You are unknowable, be unknowable.
You are witness, be witness.
You are intangible, be intangible.
You are intrinsic, be intrinsic.
You are immortal, be immortal.
You are indifferent, be indifferent.
You are irrational, be irrational.
You are emptiness, be emptiness.
You are unborn, be unborn.
You are blameless, be blameless.
You are undying, be undying.
You are inexpressible, be inexpressible.
You are overwhelming, be overwhelming.
You are indefinable, be indefinable.
You are observer, be observer.
You are deep, be deep.
You are timeless, be timeless.
You are unspeakable, be unspeakable.
You are untroubled, be untroubled.
You are spectator, be spectator.
You are solo, be solo.
You are nihility, be nihility.
You are imaginary, be imaginary.
You are ineradicable, be ineradicable.
You are enduring, be enduring.
You are permanent, be permanent.
You are indiscernible, be indiscernible.
You are impalpable, be impalpable.
You are obscure, be obscure.
You are faultless, be faultless.
You are mundane, be mundane.
You are alone, be alone.
You are unstained, be unstained.
You are average, be average.
You are onlooker, be onlooker.
You are matchless, be matchless.
You are unique, be unique.
You are peerless, be peerless.

You are unspeakable, be unspeakable.
You are void, be void.
You are unutterable, be unutterable.
You are absolute, be absolute.
You are supreme, be supreme.
You are unimaginable, be unimaginable.
You are unicity, be unicity.
You are whole, be whole.
You are incessant, be incessant.
You are inconceivable, be inconceivable.
You are unfastened, be unfastened.
You are infinite, be infinite.
You are endless, be endless.
You are infinitesimal, be infinitesimal.
You are rational, be rational.
You are undeniable, be undeniable.
You are watcher, be watcher.
You are detached, be detached.
You are nothingness, be nothingness.
You are perfect, be perfect.
You are unrivaled, be unrivaled.
You are inimitable, be inimitable.
You are incomparable, be incomparable.
You are spotless, be spotless.
You are unbiased, be unbiased.
You are impeccable, be impeccable.
You are everlasting, be everlasting.
You are perpetual, be perpetual.
You are unconcerned, be unconcerned.
You are ceaseless, be ceaseless.
You are ageless, be ageless.
You are priceless, be priceless.
You are impersonal, be impersonal.
You are absurdity, be absurdity.
You are aloof, be aloof.
You are mysterious, be mysterious.
You are nonexistent, be nonexistent.
You are fictional, be fictional.
You are interminable, be interminable.
You are eyewitness, be eyewitness.
You are carefree, be carefree.
You are enigmatic, be enigmatic.
You are inscrutable, be inscrutable.
You are unreadable, be unreadable.
You are inexplicable, be inexplicable.
You are indecipherable, be indecipherable.
You are incomprehensible, be incomprehensible.
You are unintelligible, be unintelligible.

You are meaningless, be meaningless.
You are inconsequential, be inconsequential.
You are anonymous, be anonymous.
You are nameless, be nameless.
You are ordinary, be ordinary.
You are lasting, be lasting.
You are perceiver, be perceiver.
You are engrained, be engrained.
You are impenetrable, be impenetrable.
You are imperceptible, be imperceptible.
You are eternal, be eternal.
You are Self, be Self.

You Do Not Really Exist

You do not really exist.
Your mind-body is energy.
Your perceptions are illusions.
Your ideas and beliefs are delusions.
Your possessions have no reality, either.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
Party on, in your Yellow Brick Road walkabout,
Or get a shotgun, and leave a Rorchach on some wall.

An Infinite Cosmos

In times not all that long ago,
A person's geography determined their world.
If You were born in the mountains, that was all You knew.
If You were born on an island, that was all You knew.
If You were born in a valley, that was all You knew.
If You were born on a plain, that was all You knew.
If You were born by the sea, that was all You knew.
If You were born on a mesa, that was all You knew.
If You were born in a forest, that was all You knew.
If You were born in a desert, that was all You knew.
If You were born in a wetland, that was all You knew.
But these modern times subscribe to an infinite cosmos.
And in all these differences, the relativity of all is ascertained.

The Rise (and Fall?) of Imagination

How did imagination begin but through very gradual evolution, very gradual natural selection,
That is estimated to have begun 140 million years-ish ago in the jungles of Africa.
Something to do with memory cells gradually gaining enough oomph,
To start working together to counterfeit a sense of identity,
And the rest is the chaos of vanity and greed,
Given the name history, for the lack of a better word.

On the evolution of imagination, from Wikipedia:

Phylogenetic acquisition of imagination was a gradual process.

The simplest form of imagination, REM-sleep dreaming,
evolved in mammals with acquisition of REM sleep 140 million years ago.

Spontaneous insight improved in primates
with acquisition of the lateral prefrontal cortex 70 million years ago.

After hominins split from the chimpanzee line 6 million years ago
they further improved their imagination.

Prefrontal analysis was acquired 3.3 million years ago
when hominins started to manufacture Mode One stone tools.

Progress in stone tools culture to Mode Two stone tools by 2 million years ago
signify remarkable improvement of prefrontal analysis.

The most advanced mechanism of imagination, prefrontal synthesis,
was likely acquired by humans around 70,000 years ago
and resulted in behavioral modernity.

This leap toward modern imagination has been characterized by paleoanthropologists
as the "Cognitive revolution", "Upper Paleolithic Revolution", and the "Great Leap Forward".

And where is this cognitive revolution, this upper-paleolithic revolution, this great leap forward,
Irrevocably taking we two-leggeds, and many if not all, of the life forms in this world,
But down an ever-accelerating-exponential path to a very dystopian extinction.
To survive what it has through human consciousness over millions of years fashioned,
Imagination would need to, and rather quickly, mutate a wholistic, less individualistic platform.
Whether that is possible in this snail-paced, naturally-selective garden, seems more than a little unlikely.
And thus, will the rise of consciousness in this tiny iota of the mystery, fall upon its own sword,
And the vain hope that humankind might somehow shine its light across the cosmos,
Be forever dashed upon the austere reality, that it never really mattered,
That it was never more than a fallacious blip of absurdity.
And the eternal abyss, will eternally abyss, as it eternally does.

Awareness Does Not

Awareness does not think.
Awareness does not see.
Awareness does not hear.
Awareness does not taste.
Awareness does not smell.
Awareness does not feel.
Awareness does not desire
Awareness does not dread.
Awareness does not fear.
Awareness does not recall.
Awareness does not hate.
Awareness does not care.
Awareness does not hesitate.
Awareness does not suffer.
Awareness does not anger.
Awareness does not unhappy.
Awareness does not distress
Awareness does not happy.
Awareness does not joy.
Awareness does not elate.
Awareness does not gloomy.
Awareness does not regret.
Awareness does not divide.
Awareness does not discern.
Awareness does not surprise.
Awareness does not disgust.
Awareness does not happy.
Awareness does not sorrow.
Awareness does not joy.
Awareness does not choose.
Awareness does not content.
Awareness does not bliss.
Awareness does not exult.
Awareness does not accept.
Awareness does not deny.
Awareness does not love.
Awareness does not passion.
Awareness does not evolve.
Awareness does not change.
This dream is entirely quantum faire.
The universe but a matrix born of the imaginary mind.
Awareness is the clear endless sky, the mystery in its entirety, You truly are.
It does not participate, it does not regulate, it does not adjudicate, it does not concern its Self, in any way,
But without it, none of it would be possible.

Eternal Nature

The ineffable, eternally ineffable.
The indivisible, eternally indivisible.
The immaculate, eternally immaculate.
The unfathomable, eternally unfathomable.
The oblivion, eternally oblivion.
The flawless, eternally flawless.
The solitary, eternally solitary.
The indelible, eternally indelible.
The unknowable, eternally unknowable.
The witness, eternally witness.
The intangible, eternally intangible.
The intrinsic, eternally intrinsic.
The immortal, eternally immortal.
The indifferent, eternally indifferent.
The irrational, eternally irrational.
The emptiness, eternally emptiness.
The unborn, eternally unborn.
The blameless, eternally blameless.
The undying, eternally undying.
The inexpressible, eternally inexpressible.
The overwhelming, eternally overwhelming.
The indefinable, eternally indefinable.
The observer, eternally observer.
The deep, eternally deep.
The timeless, eternally timeless.
The unspeakable, eternally unspeakable.
The untroubled, eternally untroubled.
The spectator, eternally spectator.
The solo, eternally solo.
The nihility, eternally nihility.
The imaginary, eternally imaginary.
The ineradicable, eternally ineradicable.
The enduring, eternally enduring.
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The indiscernible, eternally indiscernible.
The impalpable, eternally impalpable.
The obscure, eternally obscure.
The faultless, eternally faultless.
The mundane, eternally mundane.
The alone, eternally alone.
The unstained, eternally unstained.
The average, eternally average.
The onlooker, eternally onlooker.
The matchless, eternally matchless.
The unique, eternally unique.
The peerless, eternally peerless.

The unspeakable, eternally unspeakable.
The void, eternally void.
The unutterable, eternally unutterable.
The absolute, eternally absolute.
The supreme, eternally supreme.
The unimaginable, eternally unimaginable.
The unicity, eternally unicity.
The whole, eternally whole.
The incessant, eternally incessant.
The inconceivable, eternally inconceivable.
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The infinitesimal, eternally infinitesimal.
The rational, eternally rational.
The undeniable, eternally undeniable.
The watcher, eternally watcher.
The detached, eternally detached.
The nothingness, eternally nothingness.
The perfect, eternally perfect.
The unrivaled, eternally unrivaled.
The inimitable, eternally inimitable.
The incomparable, eternally incomparable.
The spotless, eternally spotless.
The unbiased, eternally unbiased.
The impeccable, eternally impeccable.
The everlasting, eternally everlasting.
The perpetual, eternally perpetual.
The unconcerned, eternally unconcerned.
The ceaseless, eternally ceaseless.
The ageless, eternally ageless.
The priceless, eternally priceless.
The impersonal, eternally impersonal.
The absurdity, eternally absurdity.
The aloof, eternally aloof.
The mysterious, eternally mysterious.
The nonexistent, eternally nonexistent.
The fictional, eternally fictional.
The interminable, eternally interminable.
The eyewitness, eternally eyewitness.
The carefree, eternally carefree.
The enigmatic, eternally enigmatic.
The inscrutable, eternally inscrutable.
The unreadable, eternally unreadable.
The inexplicable, eternally inexplicable.
The indecipherable, eternally indecipherable.
The incomprehensible, eternally incomprehensible.
The unintelligible, eternally unintelligible.

The meaningless, eternally meaningless.
The inconsequential, eternally inconsequential.
The anonymous, eternally anonymous.
The nameless, eternally nameless.
The ordinary, eternally ordinary.
The lasting, eternally lasting.
The perceiver, eternally perceiver.
The engrained, eternally engrained.
The impenetrable, eternally impenetrable.
The imperceptible, eternally imperceptible.

Rich Man’s Life on a Dime

Rich man's life on a dime, is how this life has spun.
Why go to all that work, when the pearl was there for the taking.
Of course, being content to merely be, remaining single, never going into debt,
And being happy to sleep on a couch, or in a van, were key enablers in my unplanned epoch.
All the monotony it would have taken to become rich and famous and powerful,
Would have been far too toxic, far too boring, for this plebeian spirit.
Far more interesting to swing from adventure to adventure.
To let the mystery set this destiny’s mortal course.
And somehow, it has reached this moment,
This keyboard, this cup of coffee.
How could I not be content?

The Genetic Lottery

Every life form in the six kingdoms is the same indivisible, indelible, timeless quantum matrix mystery.
Every life form in the six kingdoms plays out the nature-nurture of its genetic lottery algorithm.
An archaebacterium plays out its archaebacterium nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
An eubacterium plays out its eubacterium nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
An animalia plays out its animalia nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
A protista plays out its protista nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
A fungi plays out its fungi nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
A plantae plays out its plantae nature-nurture genetic lottery algorithm.
And the inert players – earth, wind, water, fire – the clay of all existence.
Stardust come unto life, stardust born of mystery; natural selection its chisel.
All ever vibrating away simultaneously; all dancing their given places in the sun.
All ever creating, ever preserving, ever destroying; all ever indivisibly unborn-undying.
All ever the same ineffable quantum matrix mystery; all ever the same ineffable eternal moment.

Every Possibility

Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience every possibility?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience anything and everything?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a particle of dust?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a universe?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a world?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being an ant?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a sloth?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a raccoon?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a clam?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a rock?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a snake?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being giraffe?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being fly?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a tree?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a weed?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a flower?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being wave?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being chimpanzee?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a dinosaur?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being slug?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a bird?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being frog?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being brick?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being an automobile?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a chair?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being cloud?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a mountain?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a gopher?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a pencil?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a computer?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a spider?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being deer?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a tiger?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a whale?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a garbage dump?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being submarine?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a satellite?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a lobster?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a beer can?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a salamander?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a microbe?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a urinal?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a virus?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being fireplace?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a taxi?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a dewdrop?

Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a tank?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a missile?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a log?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a fence?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being an island?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a bottle?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being statue?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a forest?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a mushroom?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a wolf?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a prairie?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a housecat?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being an eagle?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being antelope?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a kettle?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a tortoise?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being piece of lint?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a painting?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a waterfall?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a sword?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a house?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being an alligator?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a star?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a shield?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a chimney
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being an ocean?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a hat?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a volcano?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a moon?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a diamond?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a screwdriver?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a fork?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a guitar?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a buffalo?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a doll?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a peach?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being radio?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a drug?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a book?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a building?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being river?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a bucket?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being desert?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being golf ball?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being mineshaft?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being tractor?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being wagon?
Why wouldn’t the mystery want to experience being a parachute?

Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a reef?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a hurricane?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a couch?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being pond?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a butterfly?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being pile of dung?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being anything?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being everything?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being a human being?
Why wouldn't the mystery want to experience being You?

Why?

Why do You allow any desire to grip You?
Why do You allow any fear to grip You?
Why do You allow any dread to grip You?
Why do You allow any passion to grip You?
Unclench the mind, let go all thought.
Let go all that is but imaginary.
Be the whole mind.

Nothingness

Nothingness has no notion.
Nothingness is without airs.
Nothingness knows no other.
Nothingness has no bounds.
Nothingness has no space.
Nothingness has no time.

The Trouble

The trouble with too little, is it is too little.
The trouble with too much, is it is too much.
The trouble with just right, is it is what it is.

What Good?

What good is a chef who cannot taste?
What good is a painter who cannot see?
What good is a musician who cannot hear?
What good is a perfumer who cannot smell?
What good is a masseuse who cannot feel?
What good is a thinker who cannot think?

Forget

Forget who You are sometimes.
Forget what You are sometimes.
Forget where You are sometimes.
Forget when You are sometimes.
Forget why You are sometimes.
Forget how You are sometimes.

Eternity's Moment

How many moments in an attosecond?
How many moments in a nanosecond?
How many moments in a second?
How many moments in a minute?
How many moments in an hour?
How many moments in a day?
How many moments in a month?
How many moments in a year?
How many moments in a decade?
How many moments in a century?
How many moments in a millennium?
How many moments in a million years?
How many moments in a billion years?
How many moments in a trillion years?
How many moments in a gazillion years?
How many moments in a moment?
Eternity, right here right now.
Triple-whammy bam!

Up to You

Whether it is infinite or infinitesimal,
Whether it is spiritual or agnostic,
Whether it is clean or dirty,
Whether it is live or die,
Whether it is wealthy or poor,
Whether it is alive or dead,
Whether it is believer or atheist,
Whether it is subtle or blatant,
Whether it is kind or cruel,
Whether it is sane or insane,
Whether it is straight or gay,
Whether it is sage or fool,
Whether it is fast or slow,
Whether it is do or do not,
Whether it is long or short,
Whether it is succeed or fail,
Whether it is love or hate,
Whether it is still or moving,
Whether it is real or unreal,
Whether it is tit or tat,
Whether it is for or against,
Whether it is up or down,
Whether it is around or through,
Whether it is clear or unclear,
Whether it is fat or thin,
Whether it is strong or weak,
Whether it is gratis or priceless,
Whether it is hard or soft,
Whether it is give or take,
Whether it is to or from,
Whether it is wise or foolish,
Whether it is beautiful or ugly,
Whether it is big or small,
Whether it is known or unknown,
Whether it is fore or aft,
Whether it is awake or asleep,
Whether it is heavy or light,
Whether it is rich or poor,
Whether it is awake or asleep,
Whether it is true or false,
Whether it is ecstasy or agony,
Whether it is first or last,
Whether it is creative or destructive,
Whether it is full or empty,
Whether it is sweet or bitter,
Whether it is loud or quiet,

Whether it is straight or rounded,
Whether it is bright or dim,
Whether it is well or unwell,
Whether it is astute or obtuse,
Whether it is like or unlike,
Whether it is appealing or revolting,
Whether it is clear or opaque,
Whether it is thick or thin,
Whether it is brave or cowardly,
Whether it is sweet or sour,
Whether it is equal or lopsided,
Whether it is king or slave,
Whether it is queen or whore,
Whether it is expansive or contractive,
Whether it is soft or harsh,
Whether it is young or old,
Whether it is male or female,
Whether it is honest or dishonest,
Whether it is wild or tame,
Whether it is early or late,
Whether it is pure or foul,
Whether it is cautious or reckless,
Whether it is hit or miss,
Whether it is lead or follow,
Whether it is high or low,
Whether it is naive or cynical,
Whether it is truth or lie,
Whether it is deep or shallow,
Whether it is open or closed,
Whether it is rational or absurd,
Whether it is near or far,
Whether it is singular or dual,
Whether it is in or out,
Whether it is free or imprisoned,
Whether it is yes or no,
Whether it is attached or detached,
Whether it is course or fine,
Whether it is all or none,
Whether it is shiny or dull,
Whether it is smart or stupid,
Whether it is tall or short,
Whether it is forward or backward,
Whether it is before or after,
Whether it is selfless or selfish,
Whether it is one or two,
Whether it is within or without,
Whether it is yay or nay,
Whether it is close or distant,

Whether it is normal or weird,
Whether it is wet or dry,
Whether it is hot or cold,
Whether it is constant or fickle,
Whether it is positive or negative,
Whether it is happy or sad,
Whether it is fair or unfair,
Whether it is over or under,
Whether it is similar or different,
Whether it is loose or tight,
Whether it is plus or minus,
Whether it is above or below,
Whether it is inside or outside,
Whether it is simple or complex,
Whether it is black or white,
Whether it is smooth or coarse,
Whether it is wide or narrow,
Whether it is gentle or cruel,
Whether it is humble or vain,
Whether it is on or off,
Whether it is here or there,
Whether it is have or have not,
Whether it is sharp or dull,
Whether it is good or bad,
Whether it is right or wrong,
Whether it is everything or nothing,
Whether it is something or nothing,
Whether it is white or black,
Whether it is light or dark,
Whether it is this or that,

Is up to You.

Regarding the Supreme Deity

If You truly believe I am saying, there is not a supreme deity, think again.
If You believe I am saying, there is a supreme deity, think again.
Back and forth that whirling dervish as You are inclined.
But the truth is, I do not know, nor do I care.
I Am … What more need be said?
The moment is all.

The Real Virtual Reality

This is the real virtual reality,
Why would You want it to be more?
Why would You believe it could be more?
Why would You make-believe it could be more?
Why would You hope it could be more?
Why would You pretend it could be more?
Why would You dream it could be more?
Why would You fathom it could be more?
Why would You aspire it could be more?
Why would You need it could be more?
Why would You crave it could be more?
Why would You covet it could be more?
Why would You fancy it could be more?
Why would You require it could be more?
Why would You wish it could be more?
Why would You suppose it could be more?
Why would You deem it could be more?
Why would You judge it could be more?
Why would You credit it could be more?
Why would You trust it could be more?
Why would You plan it could be more?
Why would You expect it could be more?
Why would You anticipate it could be more?
Why would You yearn it could be more?
Why would You long it could be more?
Why would You fantasize it could be more?
Why would You play it could be more?
Why would You invent it could be more?
Why would You play-act it could be more?
Why would You feign it could be more?
Why would You divine it could be more?
Why would You measure it could be more?
Why would You sound it could be more?
Why would You gauge it could be more?
Why would You probe it could be more?
Why would You promise it could be more?
Why would You understand it could be more?
Why would You comprehend it could be more?
Why would You grasp it could be more?
Why would You demand it could be more?
Why would You insist it could be more?
Why would You claim it could be more?
Why would You petition it could be more?
Why would You mandate it could be more?
Why would You plea it could be more?
Why would You command it could be more?

Why would You order it could be more?
Why would You stipulate it could be more?
Why would You exact it could be more?
Why would You assert it could be more?
Why would You contend it could be more?
Why would You swear it could be more?
Why would You aver it could be more?
Why would You vow it could be more?
Why would You hold it could be more?
Why would You construct it could be more?
Why would You engineer it could be more?
Why would You manufacture it could be more?
Why would You formulate it could be more?
Why would You devise it could be more?
Why would You form it could be more?
Why would You assemble it could be more?
Why would You fake it could be more?
Why would You contrive it could be more?
Why would You concoct it could be more?
Why would You invent it could be more?
Why would You design it could be more?
Why would You develop it could be more?
Why would You care it could be more?
Why would You pray it could be more?
Why would You sift it could be more?
Why would You dredge it could be more?
Why would You seek it could be more?
Why would You build it could be more?
Why would You counterfeit it could be more?
Why would You fabricate it could be more?
Why would You style it could be more?
Why would You originate it could be more?
Why would You declare it could be more?
Why would You imagine it could be more?
More, more, more, there is no more.
It is what it is, that's all folks.

Only as Real as Imagination Imagines

You cannot hold on to anything for more than an instant at a time.
And even in that moment, there is nothing that is not quantum illusion.
You are the awareness, You are the mystery, that is witness to all of eternity,
Whirling and twirling within and without, that which is neither within or without.
Forever is a fallacious idea, an imaginary notion; only as real as imagination imagines.

The Envy of Ancestors

All the solitude,
All the wandering,
All the observing,
All the schooling,
All the walking,
All the running,
All the swimming,
All the driving,
All the people,
All the friends,
All the acquaintances,
All the adversaries,
All the possessions,
All the food,
All the drink,
All the alcohol,
All the drugs,
All the women,
All the dancing,
All the sexuality,
All the parties,
All the coffee shops,
All the book stores,
All the bars,
All the movies,
All the books,
All the music,
All the learning,
All the travel,
All the medication,
All the surgery,
All the massage,
All the acupuncture,
All the chiropractic,
All the camping,
All the hitchhiking,
All the geographies,
All the writing,
All the work,
All the skills,
All the photography,
All the technology,
All the algorithms,
All the vehicles,
All the sailing,
All the biking,

All the hiking,
All the board games,
All the card games
All the dice games,
All the gambling,
All the forklifting,
All the drawing,
All the string figures,
All the drafting,
All the layout,
All the publishing,
All the shooting,
All the archery,
All the swordplay,
All the football,
All the sports,
All the animals,
All the waking,
All the sleeping,
All the pleasure,
All the pain,
All the passion,
All the freedom,
All the meditation,
All the contemplation,
All the sights and sounds and tastes and smells and sensations,
How can all my ancestors, combined,
Have done all I have done?

Pure and Simple

Pure and simple infinity,
Pure and simple nowness,
Pure and simple awareness.
Pure and simple wakefulness.
Pure and simple timelessness.
Pure and simple mindfulness,
Pure and simple endlessness,
Pure and simple perpetuity,
Pure and simple sentience.
Pure and simple eternity.

The Dream of Time

… dreaming … dreaming You are … dreaming … dreaming You are … dreaming …
… dreaming You are … dreaming … dreaming You are … dreaming … dreaming You are …

Who's Dream?

The pharaoh's dream.
The queen's dream.
The counselor's dream.
The politician's dream.
The bureaucrat's dream.
The soldier's dream.
The terrorist's dream.
The farmer's dream.
The worker's dream.
The slave's dream.
The teacher's dream.
The healer's dream.
The husband's dream.
The wife's dream.
The brother's dream.
The sister's dream.
The child's dream.
The infant's dream.
The male's dream.
The female's dream.
The queer's dream.
The ancestor's dream.
The seed's dream.
The banker's dream.
The tradesman's dream.
The craftsman's dream.
The artist's dream.
The gambler's dream.
The harlot's dream.
The lover's dream.
The hater's dream.
The criminal's dream.
The murder's dream.
The actor's dream.
The priest's dream.
The philosopher's dream.
The dreamer's dream.
The reaper's dream.
Anyone's dream.
Your dream.
All the same dream, in different guises, in different roles.
Where can there be any boundary, when imagination is at play?
Where can there be any boundary, when it is in awareness that it glides?
Where can there be any boundary, when it is You who is witness?

Wake Up and Remember

… wake up … remember … go to sleep … forget …
… wake up … remember … go to sleep … forget …
… wake up … remember … go to sleep … forget …

Another Magic Carpet Day

Another day of dreaming.
Another day of enduring.
Another day of longing.
Another day of fearing.
Another day of dreading.
Another day of crying.
Another day of hating.
Another day of loving.
Another day of laughing.
Another day of dreaming.
What a magic carpet, imagination.
… dreaming … dreaming You are … dreaming …
… dreaming You are … dreaming … dreaming You are … dreaming …
… dreaming You are … dreaming … dreaming You are … dreaming … dreaming You are …
… dreaming … dreaming You are … dreaming … dreaming You are …
… dreaming … dreaming You are … dreaming …
… dreaming You are … dreaming …
… dreaming You are … dreaming
… dreaming … dreaming …
… dreaming …

Burn

Burn through the moment,
Like a flame through a fuse.
Like an asteroid through space.
Like a dream through the night.
Like a ripple through a pond.
Like a cloud through the sky.
Like an electron through a wire.
Like a spark through a plug.
Like a breeze through a tree.
Like a candle through a read.
Like a laser through metal.
Like a mind through a moment.
Like a mind through awareness.
Like a mind through here.
Like a mind through now.
Like a mind through eternity.
Like a mind through You.

Before Time, Before Space

The awareness before time, before space.
The stillness before time, before space.
The absoluteness before time, before space.
The aloneness before time, before space.
The quantum before time, before space.
The innocence before time, before space.
The vulnerability before time, before space.
The immaculate before time, before space.
The nowness before time, before space.
The perfection before time, before space.
The clarity before time, before space.
The truth before time, before space.
The presence before time, before space.
The eternity before time, before space.
The sovereignty before time, before space.
The serenity before time, before space.
The transcendence before time, before space.
The nothing special before time, before space.
The You before time, before space.

Quantum Dancers

Quantum earth.
Quantum wind.
Quantum water.
Quantum fire.
All dancing in ether.

The Clarity of You

It is often in the unbidden moments,
That the clarity of right here, right now,
That the clarity of the ever-present,
That the clarity of awareness,
That the clarity of eternity,
That the clarity of You,
Makes its Self, apparent.

The Abyss of Eternity

Awareness is the void, the abyss, of eternity.
It is without time; it is without space.
It cannot be measured, for it has no essence.
Light cannot discern it, because it has no reflection.
It is nothingness, untouched by any cloud, by any universe.
It can only be comprehended by the mind given over to no-mind.
And in that, that is no gain or loss, there is no reward, there is only being.

Somehow

Somehow, creation.
Somehow, life.
Somehow, sentience.
Somehow, consciousness.
Somehow, imagination.
Somehow, You.
No answers to any of it.
The mystery of the mystery,
Will ever be a mystery of a mystery.

Just Be You

Instead of always gathering, grasping, filling, amassing, mustering, marshalling, mobilizing;
Give releasing, give dispersing, give disbanding, give dissolving,
Give diffusing, give disappearing, a shot.
Be as nothing.
Just be You. The stillness, the motionlessness of awareness. That I Am.
Prior to consciousness, prior to time, prior to space, prior to all things imagined.
Prior to all things measurable, prior to all things infinitesimal, prior to all things infinite.
Prior to all things that are but ever-morphing clouds, dust balls in the immeasurable sky of eternity.

Sentience

The sentience of awareness cannot see without eyes.
The sentience of awareness cannot hear without ears.
The sentience of awareness cannot feel without nerves.
The sentience of awareness cannot smell without a nose.
The sentience of awareness cannot taste without a tongue.
The sentience of awareness cannot reason without a brain.
The sentience of awareness is an abyss without any other.
It is the quantum dust of creation that drives the matrix.
The sentience of awareness is simply eternal witness;
The ether in which all timelessly kaleidoscopes.

Farther

Nothing, for farther than You can see.
Nothing, for farther than You can hear.
Nothing, for farther than You can feel.
Nothing, for farther than You can taste.
Nothing, for farther than You can smell.
Nothing, for farther than You can believe.
Nothing, for closer than all of the above.

Every Moment a Choice

Every moment offers a choice:
Look, do not look.
Listen, do not listen.
Taste, do not taste.
Smell, do not smell.
Feel, do not feel.
Speak, do not speak.
Move, do not move.
Think, do not think.
Become, do not become.
Be, do not be.
Bam!

Quantum

Quantum churning.
Quantum magic.
Quantum dream.
Quantum time.
Quantum space.
Quantum mystery.
Quantum relativity.
Quantum indivisible.
Quantum ineffable.
Quantum immaculate.
Quantum unfathomable.
Quantum oblivion.
Quantum flawless.
Quantum solitude.
Quantum indelible.
Quantum unknown.
Quantum witness.
Quantum intangible.
Quantum intrinsic.
Quantum immortal.
Quantum indifference.
Quantum irrational.
Quantum emptiness.
Quantum unborn.
Quantum blameless.
Quantum undying.
Quantum inexpressible.
Quantum overwhelming.
Quantum indefinable.
Quantum observer.
Quantum deep.
Quantum timeless.
Quantum unspeakable.
Quantum indefinable.
Quantum untroubled.
Quantum spectator.
Quantum solo.
Quantum nihility.
Quantum imaginary.
Quantum ineradicable.
Quantum enduring.
Quantum permanence.
Quantum indiscernible.
Quantum impalpable.
Quantum obscurity.
Quantum faultless.

Quantum inscrutable.
Quantum unreadable.
Quantum mundane.
Quantum aloneness.
Quantum unstained.
Quantum tangible.
Quantum incomprehensible.
Quantum anonymous.
Quantum nameless.
Quantum average.
Quantum onlooker.
Quantum matchless.
Quantum unique.
Quantum peerless.
Quantum void.
Quantum unutterable.
Quantum absolute.
Quantum supreme.
Quantum unimaginable.
Quantum unicity.
Quantum whole.
Quantum incessant.
Quantum inconceivable.
Quantum unfastened.
Quantum infinity.
Quantum endless.
Quantum infinitesimal.
Quantum rational.
Quantum undeniable.
Quantum watcher.
Quantum detached.
Quantum nothingness.
Quantum perfect.
Quantum unintelligible.
Quantum meaninglessness.
Quantum inconsequential.
Quantum unrivaled.
Quantum inimitable.
Quantum incomparable.
Quantum spotless.
Quantum unbiased.
Quantum impeccable.
Quantum everlasting.
Quantum perpetual.
Quantum unconcerned.
Quantum ceaseless.
Quantum ageless.
Quantum full.

Quantum priceless.
Quantum impersonal.
Quantum absurdity.
Quantum aloof.
Quantum mysterious.
Quantum nonexistent.
Quantum fictional.
Quantum interminable.
Quantum eyewitness.
Quantum carefree.
Quantum enigmatic.
Quantum inexplicable.
Quantum empty.
Quantum indecipherable.
Quantum ordinary.
Quantum everlasting.
Quantum perception.
Quantum engrained.
Quantum impenetrable.
Quantum imperceptible.
Quantum eternal.
Quantum Self.

Fire and Brimstone

If I was the fire-and-brimstone God that Christians have chosen to follow and worship,
My inferno would be large amphitheaters where all those who had been hurt or wronged,
Would be allowed to mete out their revenge upon those who had harmed or wronged them.
Every torture apparatus ever concocted in the history of humankind would be available,
For all the victims to exact any agony, as many ways, as many times, as they liked.
Everyone, the victims, and all their family and friends, would have their turn.
And those confined to this hellish fate, would suffer eternal damnation,
For as long as all the victims, and their family and friends, chose.
And God and Jesus and Satan would be sitting in the stands,
Cheering them on, laughing at every agonizing scream.
There are many dark characters throughout history,
Who are still tied down to their ice-hot slabs,
Crowds deaf to their pleas for mercy.
And all available to the roaring masses,
On an assortment of pay-per-view channels.

Counting on the Moment

Millenniums can be counted.
Centuries can be counted.
Decades can be counted.
Years can be counted.
Months can be counted.
Days can be counted.
Hours can be counted.
Minutes can be counted.
Seconds can be counted.
Nanoseconds can be counted.
Attoseconds can be counted.
As can every category of epoch,
And age and era and eon and cycle.
But how do You count the eternal moment,
Upon which all inklings space and time are imagined?

Fathom Your Self

Fathom your innocence.
Fathom your forgiveness.
Fathom your compassion.
Fathom your contentment.
Fathom your truth,
Your Self.

Realigning the Mind

Realigning the mind to eternity.
Realigning the mind to sentience.
Realigning the mind to awareness.
Realigning the mind to mindfulness.
Realigning the mind to wakefulness.
Realigning the mind to endlessness.
Realigning the mind to the moment.
Realigning the mind to perpetuity.
Realigning the mind to infinity.
Realigning the mind to now.
Requires great attention.
Breathe through it.

Kaleidoscoping Quantum

Consciousness, neither is, nor is not.
Awareness, neither is, nor is not.
Eternity, neither is, nor is not.
Space, neither is, nor is not.
Time, neither is, nor is not.
You, neither are, nor are not.
It is but quantum kaleidoscoping.

A Taste for All

In the monkey minds.
A taste for lightness.
A taste for darkness.
A taste for emptiness.
Something for everyone.

… this led to this …

… this led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… led to this …
… ad infinitum …
… the moment is like that …

The Last Time

This may be the last time,
You ever do that.
Or see that.
Or hear that.
Or taste that.
Or smell that.
Or feel that.
Or be that.
Savor every moment.
It is gone before You know it.

Loss

The loss of things is not easy.
Family
Friends
Things
Games
Jobs
Battles
Titles
Awards
Wealth
Security
Health
Life
But what choice is there?

The Grokking

Got it seen.
Got it heard.
Got it smelled
Got it tasted.
Got it felt.
Got it grokked.

To Discern the Mystery

Let go of everything.
Memories.
Things.
Relationships.
Family.
Friends.
Adversaries.
Enemies.
Power.
Fame.
Fortune.
Desires.
Fears.
Dreads.
Passion.
Sensuality.
Plans.
Concerns.
Cares.
Hopes.
Hates.
Loves.
Problems.
Solutions.
Ideals.
Belief's.
Habits.
Pipedreams.
Dogmas.
Busyness.
Distractions.
Knowledge.
Self-importance.
And any other stirrings of consciousness.

Naught but a Dream

In the world, but not of it.
In the matrix, but not of it.
In the illusion, but not of it.
In the dream, but not of it.

The Eternal Mind

… mysterious …
… ineffable …
… tabula rasa …
… aware …
… still …
… indivisible …
… momentary …
… singular …
… indelible …
… supreme …
… matchless …
… now …
… sentient …
… unfathomable …
… inscrutable …
… perpetual …
… imaginary …
… matrix …
… flawless …
… timeless …
… infinite …
… infinitesimal …
… omnipresent …
… serene …
… immortal …
… pervasive …
… omniscient …
… mindful …
… instantaneous …
… quantum …
… null …
… immaculate …
… futile …
… everlasting …
… unbound …
… motionless …
… mindless …
… clear …
… nondualistic …
… here …
… unbounded …
… silent …
… graceful …
… pure …
… unequivocal …
… unqualified …

… perfect …
… nothingness …
… total …
… complete …
… innocent …
… truth …
… unconditional …
… unadulterated …
… seamless …
… unspoiled …
… impeccable …
… empty …
… entire …
… effortless …
… first …
… oblivion …
… last …
… whole …
… harmonious …
… unified …
… blameless …
… spotless …
… sentient …
… alert …
… void …
… unimportant …
… all …
… none …
… inestimable …
… indefinable …
… extinct …
… purposeless …
… obscure …
… anonymous …
… insignificant …
… null …
… worthless …
… unknowable …
… naught …
… indecipherable …
… nameless …
… undiscoverable …
… useless …
… immeasurable …
… valueless …
… incalculable …
… rational …
… unutterable …

… endless …
… impartial …
… simple …
… straightforward …
… natural …
… untouched …
… imperceptible …
… painless …
… uncomplicated …
… unforced …
… untarnished …
… ever …
… untroubled …
… inexplicable …
… unstained …
… peerless …
… emptiness …
… indifferent …
… ageless …
… ineradicable …
… irrational …
… permanent …
… indiscernible …
… impalpable …
… faultless …
… pristine …
… mundane …
… hollow …
… alone …
… minimal …
… average …
… unique …
… unspeakable …
… unimaginable …
… unicity …
… whole …
… incessant …
… inconceivable …
… unfastened …
… rational …
… undeniable …
… detached …
… unrivaled …
… inimitable …
… incomparable …
… unbiased …
… pointless …
… unconcerned …

… ceaseless …
… priceless …
… impersonal …
… absurd …
… aloof …
… nonexistent …
… interminable …
… carefree …
… enigmatic …
… impenetrable …
… unreadable …
… incomprehensible …
… unintelligible …
… meaningless …
… inconsequential …
… exquisite …
… ordinary …
… engrained …
… intrinsic …
… intangible …
… solitary …
… enduring …
… inexpressible …
… omnipotent …
… tranquil …
… free …
… sovereign …
… unborn …
… undying …
… absolute …
… eternal …

Only Imagination

The body is always in the present moment.
Awareness is always in the present moment.
Only imagination wanders space and time.
Only imagination creates space and time.
Only imagination imagines itself alive.
Only imagination imagines itself real.
Only imagination imagines its Self.
Only imagination imagines totality.
Only imagination imagines nothing.

Submit or Die

How they always win, how they always rule, how they are always at heights of the food chain,
Has been the same tale since long before our kind migrated out into the savannas.
It is the tale of power, of might makes right, of the law of the club,
And who is willing to wield it, with the most savagery.
Submit or die, it matters not to the big ape,
And the minions who serve in every possible way.
The axis of evil is nepotism and cronyism and favoritism.
It is the reality of natural selection since life's most primordial etchings.
Quantum stardust – morphing, mutating, evolving, dancing – in the mystery of awareness.
The mystery of Self, of the one and only dancer, playing itself alive in every possible way, including You.

A Universe Unto Its Self

Any given mind is a universe unto its Self;
Unto the awareness in which all forms dance.
In which imagination, imagines an authenticity,
Engineered entirely by the given nature-nurture.
An impromptu performance of genomic design.
To assume it free will, would be a conclusion,
Without substance, in the abyss of eternity.

This Thing Called Life

… As real, as it every single moment, every single breath, every single blink, seems …
… Your entire existence – this thing called life – from the cradle to the grave …
… Everything You see and hear and touch and taste and smell and feel …
… Your mind, your body, your world, your cosmos, your dream …
… Is entirely imagined, entirely fictional, entirely illusory …
… Poof! …

An Eye for an Eye

The unknowable created the cosmos.
The cosmos created the world.
The world created nature.
Nature created Gaia.
Gaia created humankind.
Humankind created imagination.
Imagination imagined the unknowable known.
Ineffable, indivisible, ineffaceable, unfathomable, immaculate.
And in that knowing, the sense of self was imagined.
And in that awareness of imaginary self, You.
Omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent.
Creator, preserver, destroyer.
Eternity, born into time.
Eternity, imagined.
Awareness, all.
All, You.
There is no other.

You, Awareness

You, Awareness.
Awareness field.
Awareness infinity.
Awareness freedom.
Awareness tranquility.
Awareness indelibility.
Awareness sovereignty.
Awareness absoluteness.
Awareness indivisibility.
Awareness timelessness.
Awareness singularity.
Awareness totality.
Awareness truth.
Awareness joy.
You, Awareness.

The Neither-Nors of Awareness

Awareness neither creates nor destroys.
Awareness neither begins nor ends.
Awareness neither loves nor hates.
Awareness neither praises nor maligns.
Awareness neither enjoys nor dislikes.
Awareness neither celebrates nor broods.
Awareness neither favors nor disfavors.
Awareness neither simplifies nor complicates.
Awareness neither discerns nor neglects.
Awareness neither is nor is not.
Awareness neither supports nor opposes.
Awareness neither validates nor refutes.
Awareness neither admires nor derides.
Awareness neither clarifies nor confuses.
Awareness neither wins nor loses.
Awareness neither catches nor releases.
Awareness neither lightens nor darkens.
Awareness neither lives nor dies.
Awareness neither ascends nor descends.
Awareness neither endures nor succumbs.
Awareness neither preserves nor ends.
Awareness neither stores nor expends.
Awareness neither rescues nor abandons.
Awareness neither does nor undoes.
Awareness neither clears nor blocks.
Awareness neither frees nor imprisons.
Awareness neither saves nor spends.
Awareness neither gains nor loses.
Awareness neither achieves nor fails.
Awareness neither continues nor pauses.
Awareness neither possesses nor lacks.
Awareness neither craves nor dislikes.
Awareness neither respects nor scorns.
Awareness neither unites nor divides.
Awareness neither assists nor hinders.
Awareness neither perceives nor ignores.
Awareness neither solidifies nor evaporates.
Awareness neither strengthens nor weakens.
Awareness neither enables nor prevents.
Awareness neither facilitates nor impedes.
Awareness neither shortens nor lengthens.
Awareness neither appears nor disappears.

Awareness is the unborn-undying; with neither beginning nor end.

Basking in Neutral

To go forward or backward,
To go around or through,
To go before or after,
To go good or bad,
To go selfless or selfish,
To go to or from,
To go in or out,
To go within or without,
To go yay or nay,
To go tall or short,
To go close or distant,
To go fore or aft,
To go full or empty,
To go strong or weak,
To go normal or weird,
To go dry or wet,
To go constant or fickle,
To go positive or negative,
To go happy or sad,
To go wise or foolish,
To go bright or dim,
To go deep or shallow,
To go over or under,
To go on or off,
To go loose or tight,
To go for or against,
To go near or far,
To go soft or harsh,
To go naive or cynical,
To go narrow or wide,
To go plus or minus,
To go above or below,
To go up or down,
To go inside or outside,
To go sharp or dull,
To go simple or complex,
To go right or wrong,
To go black or white,
To go this or that,

How artless, the ‘or’ of the middle way.

The Weight of All Things Imagined

The weight of space.
The weight of time.
The weight of gravity.
The weight of vanity.
The weight of power.
The weight of wealth.
The weight of tribe.
The weight of history.
The weight of tradition.
The weight of dogma.
The weight of fame.
The weight of desire.
The weight of fear.
The weight of dread.
The weight of sorrow.
The weight of pain.
The weight of despair.
The weight of loss.
The weight of gain.
The weight of glut.
The weight of dearth.
The weight of things.
The weight of avarice.
The weight of cruelty.
The weight of kindness.
The weight of selfishness.
The weight of altruism.
The weight of pride.
The weight of covetousness.
The weight of lust.
The weight of anger.
The weight of gluttony.
The weight of envy.
The weight of sloth.
The weight of like.
The weight of dislike.
The weight of hate.
The weight of love.
The weight of strength.
The weight of weakness.
The weight of yes.
The weight of no.
The weight of maybe.
The weight of light
The weight of dark.
The weight of good.

The weight of evil.
The weight of full.
The weight of empty.
The weight of have
The weight of have not.
The weight of all.
The weight of none.
The weight of some.
The weight of body.
The weight of mind.
The weight of life.
The weight of death.
The weight of perception.
The weight of imagination.
Who is the who, who carries it all?

The Quantum Infinity

Watching the second hand move, watching the minute hand move, watching the hour hand move;
Watching the world turn, watching the clouds in every shape and size race across the sky;
Watching the sun, the moon, the stars, go round and round, every day the same;
Who-what-why-when-where-how, is the witness doing the watching?
Eternity is ever-present for those who have eyes and ears,
To see and hear the mystery, as it frolics in its quantum infinity.

A Wisp of Nothingness

Awareness is … right here, right now.
To dub it either infinitesimal or infinite, or anything, actually,
Is to give it a space-time tone that absolutely has no basis in its reality, whatsoever.
Consciousness is but an imaginary wisp of nothingness, wafting through the beyond-expansive expanse.
And humankind playing out its ceaseless dramafest in a pre-determined fashion,
Far grander than the human mind can comprehend,
Lest it doth become it.

You are the Moment

The moment is mystery; You are mystery.
The moment is eternal; You are eternal.
The moment is immaculate; You are immaculate.
The moment is unborn; You are unborn.
The moment is undying; You are undying.
The moment is indivisible; You are indivisible.
The moment is here; You are here.
The moment is unbounded; You are unbounded.
The moment is truth; You are truth.
The moment is graceful; You are graceful.
The moment is pure; You are pure.
The moment is unequivocal; You are unequivocal.
The moment is supreme; You are supreme.
The moment is unqualified; You are unqualified.
The moment is perfect; You are perfect.
The moment is nothingness; You are nothingness.
The moment is total; You are total.
The moment is complete; You are complete.
The moment is tabula rasa; You are tabula rasa.
The moment is sentient; You are sentient.
The moment is still; You are still.
The moment is inscrutable; You are inscrutable.
The moment is perpetual; You are perpetual.
The moment is matrix; You are matrix.
The moment is serene; You are serene.
The moment is pervasive; You are pervasive.
The moment is dispassionate; You are dispassionate.
The moment is nonexistent; You are nonexistent.
The moment is uncontrolled; You are uncontrolled.
The moment is boundless; You are boundless.
The moment is unrestrained; You are unrestrained.
The moment is untouched; You are untouched.
The moment is unrefined; You are unrefined.
The moment is limitless; You are limitless.
The moment is indefinable; You are indefinable.
The moment is undone; You are undone.
The moment is extraordinary; You are extraordinary.
The moment is enduring; You are enduring.
The moment is tranquil; You are tranquil.
The moment is unruffled; You are unruffled.
The moment is unworried; You are unworried.
The moment is placid; You are placid.
The moment is composed; You are composed.
The moment is unbounded; You are unbounded.
The moment is unchained; You are unchained.
The moment is opaque; You are opaque.

The moment is vulnerable; You are vulnerable.
The moment is compliant; You are compliant.
The moment is fictional; You are fictional.
The moment is undeniable; You are undeniable.
The moment is pristine; You are pristine.
The moment is forever; You are forever.
The moment is mundane; You are mundane.
The moment is empty; You are empty.
The moment is untarnished; You are untarnished.
The moment is impartial; You are impartial.
The moment is rational; You are rational.
The moment is priceless; You are priceless.
The moment is all; You are all.
The moment is valueless; You are valueless.
The moment is straightforward; You are straightforward.
The moment is obscure; You are obscure.
The moment is worthless; You are worthless.
The moment is anonymous; You are anonymous.
The moment is purposeless; You are purposeless.
The moment is none; You are none.
The moment is unimportant; You are unimportant.
The moment is silent; You are silent.
The moment is nondualistic; You are nondualistic.
The moment is clear; You are clear.
The moment is motionless; You are motionless.
The moment is wasted; You are wasted.
The moment is mindless; You are mindless.
The moment is everlasting; You are everlasting.
The moment is ineffective; You are ineffective.
The moment is vain; You are vain.
The moment is unsuccessful; You are unsuccessful.
The moment is fruitless; You are fruitless.
The moment is futile; You are futile.
The moment is instantaneous; You are instantaneous.
The moment is imaginary; You are imaginary.
The moment is aware; You are aware.
The moment is ineffable; You are ineffable.
The moment is mysterious; You are mysterious.
The moment is inexpressible; You are inexpressible.
The moment is unspeakable; You are unspeakable.
The moment is meaningless; You are meaningless.
The moment is ordinary; You are ordinary.
The moment is engrained; You are engrained.
The moment is imperceptible; You are imperceptible.
The moment is inconsequential; You are inconsequential.
The moment is hollow; You are hollow.
The moment is alone; You are alone.
The moment is minimal; You are minimal.

The moment is impenetrable; You are impenetrable.
The moment is average; You are average.
The moment is unfathomable; You are unfathomable.
The moment is unique; You are unique.
The moment is unicity; You are unicity.
The moment is incessant; You are incessant.
The moment is inconceivable; You are inconceivable.
The moment is unfastened You are unfastened.
The moment is rational; You are rational.
The moment is maximum; You are maximum.
The moment is detached; You are detached.
The moment is unrivaled; You are unrivaled.
The moment is inimitable; You are inimitable.
The moment is incomparable; You are incomparable.
The moment is unbiased; You are unbiased.
The moment is pointless; You are pointless.
The moment is unconcerned; You are unconcerned.
The moment is ceaseless; You are ceaseless.
The moment is impersonal; You are impersonal.
The moment is absurd; You are . absurd
The moment is aloof; You are aloof.
The moment is interminable; You are interminable.
The moment is exquisite; You are exquisite.
The moment is unintelligible; You are unintelligible.
The moment is incomprehensible; You are incomprehensible.
The moment is unreadable; You are unreadable.
The moment is enigmatic; You are enigmatic.
The moment is carefree; You are carefree.
The moment is never-ending; You are never-ending.
The moment is now; You are now.
The moment is innocent; You are innocent.
The moment is singular; You are singular.
The moment is timeless; You are timeless.
The moment is momentary; You are momentary.
The moment is absolute; You are absolute.
The moment is sovereign; You are sovereign.
The moment is omniscient; You are omniscient.
The moment is omnipresent; You are omnipresent.
The moment is omnipotent; You are omnipotent.
The moment is kaleidoscoping; You are kaleidoscoping.
The moment is quantum; You are quantum.
The moment is awareness; You are awareness.
The moment is totality; You are totality.
The moment is life; You are life.
The moment is seamless; You are seamless.
The moment is unconditional; You are unconditional.
The moment is unadulterated; You are unadulterated.
The moment is flawless; You are flawless.

The moment is unspoiled; You are unspoiled.
The moment is entire; You are entire.
The moment is effortless; You are effortless.
The moment is first; You are first.
The moment is oblivion; You are oblivion.
The moment is mindful; You are mindful.
The moment is last; You are last.
The moment is whole; You are whole.
The moment is harmonious; You are harmonious.
The moment is unified; You are unified.
The moment is impeccable; You are impeccable.
The moment is blameless; You are blameless.
The moment is spotless; You are spotless.
The moment is alertness; You are alertness.
The moment is matchless; You are matchless.
The moment is void; You are void.
The moment is stillness; You are stillness.
The moment is extinct; You are extinct.
The moment is obscurity; You are obscurity.
The moment is anonymous; You are anonymous.
The moment is insignificant; You are insignificant.
The moment is null; You are null.
The moment is worthless; You are worthless.
The moment is useless; You are useless.
The moment is unknowable; You are unknowable.
The moment is naught; You are naught.
The moment is nameless; You are nameless.
The moment is undiscoverable; You are undiscoverable.
The moment is immeasurable; You are immeasurable.
The moment is infinite; You are infinite.
The moment is incalculable; You are incalculable.
The moment is inestimable; You are inestimable.
The moment is endless; You are endless.
The moment is simple; You are simple.
The moment is straightforward; You are straightforward.
The moment is natural; You are natural.
The moment is painless; You are painless.
The moment is uncomplicated; You are uncomplicated.
The moment is unforced; You are unforced.
The moment is infinitesimal; You are infinitesimal.
The moment is ever; You are ever.
The moment is untroubled; You are untroubled.
The moment is inexplicable; You are inexplicable.
The moment is unstained; You are unstained.
The moment is peerless; You are peerless.
The moment is indefinable; You are indefinable.
The moment is emptiness; You are emptiness.
The moment is indifferent; You are indifferent.

The moment is ageless; You are ageless.
The moment is irrational; You are irrational.
The moment is immortal; You are immortal.
The moment is way; You are way.
The moment is intrinsic; You are intrinsic.
The moment is intangible You are intangible.
The moment is witness; You are witness.
The moment is indelible; You are indelible.
The moment is solitary; You are solitary.
The moment is free; You are free.

What the Fates Hath Deigned

You are what You eat, and You shit it, too.
And piddle it, and sweat it, and spit it, and sneeze it,
And cough it, and weep it, and bleed it, and ejaculate it, as well.
How fortunate to finally realize, You are not this cesspool,
And must only bear witness to its sundry travesties,
For what whatever jot the Fates hath deigned.

The Sands of Time

Has your lifetime of philosophizing, in any way,
Transformed the patterning of your terrestrial mind-body?
Not that You have, in any way or shape or form, ever once witnessed.
Destiny is destiny, fate is fate, fortune is fortune, upshot is upshot, kismet is kismet,
No matter how it is chiseled in stone in the sands of time.
All sentience endures it the same.

An Epic Revolution

The human paradigm will have to change intelligently,
If any sort of idealized metamorphosis,
Is fated to happen.
It would be a revolution of utterly epic proportion,
Well beyond any imaginary assessment, this present, or any prior, has ever witnessed.

The Mystery of Awareness

… The mystery of the immaculate, flawless, pristine, impeccable, immortally eternal awareness …
… Prior to all priors, within all withins, without all withouts, beyond all beyonds …
… Ineffable, intangible, indelible, indivisible, unborn-undying …
… Omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent …
… Spaceless, timeless…
You

Long Gone

The awareness sees.
The awareness hears.
The awareness smells.
The awareness tastes.
The awareness feels.
Long gone before mind remembers it.

The End to All Questions

If there is a guiding hand to this mystery, it is the process of natural selection,
Set into motion at the inexplicable, ineffable inception of creation.
The only answer, for those always seeking answers,
Is solitary walks, or staring into space,
Until the mind's need for answers dissolves.

Regarding Imagination

The relatively agreeable thing regarding imagination,
Is that You can do absolutely anything the mind might venture.
Angel on high in the lap of some deity; or demon, as low as low can go.
The mind is the magic carpet time machine, that can meander all creation at will.
Far less bother than the real thing can be; especially when it comes to the harsher fantasies.
That so many must twist and destroy other lives, is the wretched absurdity of this planet of the apes.

Eternity's Playhouse

Neither You, nor anyone else, can help but play out their destined role.
There is nothing to do, but spontaneous extemporaneous.
Play out every scenario as the moment calls.
Choice has nothing to do with it.
None can do more,
Than surrender to the abyss in all.
Call it whatever You will, it is all You; there is no other.

One at a Time

You can only sit in one chair at a time.
You can only sleep in one bed at a time,
You can only eat one meal at a time,
You can only drink one drink at a time.
You can only take one shower at a time.
You can only wear one outfit at a time.
You can only read one book at a time.
You can only play one game at a time.
You can only ride one bike at a time,
You can only see one thing at a time.
You can only hear one sound at a time.
You can only taste one taste at a time.
You can only smell one smell at a time.
You can only feel one touch at a time.
You can only do one anything at a time.
So, how much does anyone really need?

The Truth of Eternity

Why are You so fearful of it all coming to an end?
Oblivion is the state from whence You came.
Oblivion is the state to which all return.
There is absolutely nothing to fear or dread.
There is absolutely nothing for which to hope or plead.
There is simply eternity, which You are, have ever been, will ever be.

Has There Ever Been Even One Choice?

Is natural selection a function of spontaneity, of autonomy, of self-determination, of free will,
Or simply the continuation of the pattern-selection, kaleidoscoping since the first moment of genesis?
Impromptu, spontaneous, extemporaneous, when viewed from the macro level;
But precisely, exactly determined, at the quantum level.
Has there ever been even one choice?
Is such an unsynchronized flow even remotely possible,
In this ineffable cosmos, absolutely orchestrated, every moment, in every way?
Looking back at your entire existence, what say did You have in anything, that lead You to be reading this?

My Mother

If I have not said or implied it elsewhere,
In this thirty-years-plus philosophical walkabout,
It should well be counted a good destiny's good fortune,
To have been given a mother, such as I have had.
So calm, so rational, so intelligent, so good.
A modest, humble-to-the roots woman,
Of whom Buddha would be in awe.
Beverly Jean Kurtz-Holshouser,
Is her name, born September 4, 1929.
In this worldly mind's quantum dreamtime,
She, such an unfathomable part, has performed.
She is the source, the seed, the blessing,
For this scribe's life work and play.

Her loving son, Michael Jay

The Madness of Science

Science has destroyed its home,
For the sake of knowledge, for the sake of trivial pursuit.
Where is the rationality, the sensibility, the prudence, the insight, the wisdom, in that?

The You, You Are

The You, You imagine carries on, is not the You, You are.
All forms are but ever-changing, temporal, quantum illusions,
To which only imagination, stimulated by the senses, is witness.
The awareness You truly are, is the omnipresent, immortal actuality.
Humankind's capacity for delusion is the harbor of all things irrational.

The One and Only Truth

This ultimate truth is all that really matters in this théâtre de l'absurde.
Everything else is nothing more than quantum illusion.
Everything else is but an imaginary dreamtime,
In which You are voluntary prisoner,
Of your own mind's design.
There are no chains.
There is only the moment,
And You are as free as You dare.

You Are Eternity

Awareness is the one and only You, the everything within all,
And it has no attachment to any shape, to any existence, whatsoever.
Its indivisible omnipresence-omniscience-omnipotence permeates all totality.
It is the unborn-undying, imbuing all dimensions, all illusions, cultivated by sentience.
If You are to realize the truth of that which eternity is, it must include everything, including You.
There is no need for deities, no need for souls, no need for angels, no need for saints, no need for demons,
No need for belief, no need for scripture, no need for dogma, no need for priests, no need for idols,
No need for worship, no need for prayer, no need for superstition, no need for cathedrals,
No need for heavenly ecstasies, no need for purgatories, no need for infernos.
Awareness is witness to all, and You, a sparkle of that eternal now.
All You need do, is be the solitary witness You ever are,
Without the self-imagery chained to form.
Be the ever-present moment.
Be the awareness.
Be the ineffable mystery.
Be the flawless sentience of eternity.
Be the indelible Self of all selves, of all creation.

Getting Its Own Legs

I am an outcome of the social-spiritual revolution of the 1960's and 70's.
A peasant's eldest wandering the zenith of post-World War II United States of America,
Passing on thoughts, conclusions, opinions, judgments, about what I witnessed, and the parr I played.
That it has not developed its own legs, either proves I am wrong, or that the human species,
Is incapable of getting past its unfathomable arrogance or its insatiable avarice.
There is also great likelihood there is just too much to wade through,
Or that many just do not care to bother or care about it all.
Is there any doubt why I sit at the absurdist bar?

An Anonymous Scribe

All these years of scribbling have been both entertaining and wearisome,
In a sideways-topsy-turvy-inside-out-backwards sort of way.
Weave it all into some kind of enlightening story?
What, pray tell, would be the point?
It is done well enough for the rare few.
Think of all the videos I could have made.
Think of the following I might have cult-ivated.
I thank the gods for my insignificance, as should You.
I cannot imagine wanting or needing widespread approbation.
This garden orb does not require any more irrationality, any more absurdity.
You can thank or curse or ignore your Self, any time, any place.
You are, every moment, creator-preserver-destroyer.
You thank me when You discern your Self.

Done, Done, the Damage Done

My level of intrigue is far less, has always been far less, than many.
There is nothing I cannot walk away from if my whole world crashed and burned.
All I do is sit in coffee shops, write bullshit that very few people read, shop for supplies as needed,
See Mom and Sister once a week, and spend a couple hours most days in the club pool.
I am all but done with this cosmos, and this cosmos is all but done with me.
One of these days, I will be gone, and very few will even notice.
The universe has managed to ignore me while living;
It will even far less hard after I am gone.

A Decentralized Work

Have put this work out into the world in as many diverse channels as current technologies allow.
Nobody owns it, nobody controls it; everyone must discern the truth all on their own.
And all those who see, fairly quickly, without fanfare, know each other.
It is a very subtle, very quiet, very grass roots revolution.
No priesthood, no organization, no dogma.
Just a clear, rational view.

What Is a Philosopher?

What is a philosopher?
Cynic, skeptic, doubter, misanthropist, scoffer, doubter, pessimist,
Questioner, disparager, detractor, malcontent, loner, recluse, dilletante.
As pointless as pointless can be; the final chapter existence offers, to be sure.

A Dead Poet Strategy

It was worth giving this body of work away no-charge.
Throwing it out there the willy-nilly way these digitalized times allowed.
No fame, no fortune, no control, no publishers, no followers, no travels, no speeches, no signings.
And only a modicum of vain notions with which to inwardly contend.
A strategy that saved all kinds of bother.

A Piece of Writing

A Self-imposed assignment; one in which I do not write what was done today, but what was thought.
An aphoristic journal-chronical-diary-memoir-bulletin-log-dossier-scrapbook-commentary-thesis-hobby.

As Thucydides Athenian historian and general (c. 460 – c. 400 BC) wrote:
My work is not a piece of writing designed to meet the needs of an immediate public,
but was done to last forever.

Yaj Ekim: Define forever.

A Thought-Filled Theme Park

Somebody had to scribe this, and it just sorta dumped itself into this lap.
If asked, would I do it again, I would say, with a shrug of these graying shoulders,
“What more could I possibly set down, without repeating myself more than I already have?”
This thought-filled theme park is for any and all, who discern within it, whatever they are looking for;
Whatever they might need, in the dystopian future that is so unescapably rushing at them.

For an Inescapable Future

Why do I even bother scribbling all this?
I really do not much care for what the human paradigm has become,
Or the future to which it is inescapably, accelerating exponentially, every kaleidoscoping moment.
A vision so dark, so dismal, so painful, that the imminent extinction,
Cannot make its way hither soon enough.

The Jungle in the Monkey

The post-WWII Boomer generation that I was born into, was set up by the idealistic winds of our youth,
To believe humankind could be, could do, something Darwin 101 assures us is impossible.
What I tell any who still harbor that delusional notion, any who still believe,
Us capable of overriding the natural selection that whittled us, for even a few minutes,
Is that You can take the monkey out of the jungle, but You cannot take the jungle out of the monkey.

Just Another Two-Legged

This guy would never lay any claim to being totally sane or rational or brilliant or anything perfect.
This mortal body, this mind, this imaginary moi, is as flawed and misguided and absurd,
And treacherous and hypocritical and irrational and judgmental and laughable,
And clumsy and frenetic and impulsive and irritable and divisive,
And narcissistic and hedonistic and greedy and vain,
And as inevitably mortal decline-and-fall as any other monkey-mind two-legged,
That has ever wandered every-which-way-to-and-fro across this dream-soaked dusty orb.
The perfection, all are, is not that which can be seen or heard or smelled or tasted or felt or thought.

Michael's Rabbit Hole 2024

The Self-Absorption of Human Consciousness

Odds are, no one will ever be as interested in your world as You are.
It would be an impossible feat for anyone to ever put aside their own.

The Illusion of Perception

Your existence, your world, your universe,
Is but an illusion of perception born of imagination,
Inspired by the five senses, linked to the mind, You call yours.
The reality You are, is so much greater, than the minute shimmer allotted.

A Solitary Wander

To be … the truth … the life … the way …
Is to be in absolute, solitary relationship,
With the moment, with the singularity,
You, awareness, every moment are.

Vanity, Vanity, All is Vanity

All your power, all your prestige, all your wealth, does not make You special.
We all end up, with all our fellow earthlings, in the same grave, sooner or later.
Build all the castles You please, climb every mountain You can, it is all for naught.

The Pie of History

History can be looked at from an infinity of angles and dimensions.
Personal history, group history, world history, natural history, universal history.
There is no end to the myriad ways consciousness can cut the pie, it has in imagination baked.

The Awareness Does Not Care

Infinite or infinitesimal, the awareness does not care.
Spiritual or agnostic, the awareness does not care.
Clean or dirty, the awareness does not care.
Live or die, the awareness does not care.
Wealthy or poor, the awareness does not care.
Alive or dead, the awareness does not care.
Believer or atheist, the awareness does not care.
Subtle or blatant, the awareness does not care.
Kind or cruel, the awareness does not care.
Sane or insane, the awareness does not care.
Straight or gay, the awareness does not care.
Sage or fool, the awareness does not care.
Fast or slow, the awareness does not care.
Do or do not, the awareness does not care.
Long or short, the awareness does not care.
Succeed or fail, the awareness does not care.
Love or hate, the awareness does not care.
Still or moving, the awareness does not care.
Real or unreal, the awareness does not care.
Tit or tat, the awareness does not care.
For or against, the awareness does not care.
Up or down, the awareness does not care.
Around or through, the awareness does not care.
Clear or unclear, the awareness does not care.
Fat or thin, the awareness does not care.
Strong or weak, the awareness does not care.
Gratis or priceless, the awareness does not care.
Hard or soft, the awareness does not care.
Give or take, the awareness does not care.
To or from, the awareness does not care.
Wise or foolish, the awareness does not care.
Beautiful or ugly, the awareness does not care.
Big or small, the awareness does not care.
Known or unknown, the awareness does not care.
Fore or aft, the awareness does not care.
Awake or asleep, the awareness does not care.
Heavy or light, the awareness does not care.
Rich or poor, the awareness does not care.
Awake or asleep, the awareness does not care.
True or false, the awareness does not care.
Ecstasy or agony, the awareness does not care.
First or last, the awareness does not care.
Creative or destructive, the awareness does not care.
Full or empty, the awareness does not care.
Sweet or bitter, the awareness does not care.
Loud or quiet, the awareness does not care.

Straight or rounded, the awareness does not care.
Bright or dim, the awareness does not care.
Well or unwell, the awareness does not care.
Astute or obtuse, the awareness does not care.
Like or unlike, the awareness does not care.
Appealing or revolting, the awareness does not care.
Clear or opaque, the awareness does not care.
Thick or thin, the awareness does not care.
Brave or cowardly, the awareness does not care.
Sweet or sour, the awareness does not care.
Equal or lopsided, the awareness does not care.
King or slave, the awareness does not care.
Queen or whore, the awareness does not care.
Expansive or contractive, the awareness does not care.
Soft or harsh, the awareness does not care.
Young or old, the awareness does not care.
Male or female, the awareness does not care.
Honest or dishonest, the awareness does not care.
Wild or tame, the awareness does not care.
Early or late, the awareness does not care.
Pure or foul, the awareness does not care.
Cautious or reckless, the awareness does not care.
Hit or miss, the awareness does not care.
Lead or follow, the awareness does not care.
High or low, the awareness does not care.
Naive or cynical, the awareness does not care.
Truth or lie, the awareness does not care.
Deep or shallow, the awareness does not care.
Open or closed, the awareness does not care.
Rational or absurd, the awareness does not care.
Near or far, the awareness does not care.
Singular or dual, the awareness does not care.
In or out, the awareness does not care.
Free or imprisoned, the awareness does not care.
Yes or no, the awareness does not care.
Attached or detached, the awareness does not care.
Course or fine, the awareness does not care.
All or none, the awareness does not care.
Shiny or dull, the awareness does not care.
Smart or stupid, the awareness does not care.
Tall or short, the awareness does not care.
Forward or backward, the awareness does not care.
Before or after, the awareness does not care.
Selfless or selfish, the awareness does not care.
One or two, the awareness does not care.
Within or without, the awareness does not care.
Yay or nay, the awareness does not care.
Close or distant, the awareness does not care.

Normal or weird, the awareness does not care.
Wet or dry, the awareness does not care.
Hot or cold, the awareness does not care.
Constant or fickle, the awareness does not care.
Positive or negative, the awareness does not care.
Happy or sad, the awareness does not care.
Fair or unfair, the awareness does not care.
Over or under, the awareness does not care.
Similar or different, the awareness does not care.
Loose or tight, the awareness does not care.
Plus or minus, the awareness does not care.
Above or below, the awareness does not care.
Inside or outside, the awareness does not care.
Simple or complex, the awareness does not care.
Black or white, the awareness does not care.
Smooth or coarse, the awareness does not care.
Wide or narrow, the awareness does not care.
Gentle or cruel, the awareness does not care.
Humble or vain, the awareness does not care.
On or off, the awareness does not care.
Here or there, the awareness does not care.
Have or have not, the awareness does not care.
Sharp or dull, the awareness does not care.
Good or bad, the awareness does not care.
Right or wrong, the awareness does not care.
Everything or nothing, the awareness does not care.
Something or nothing, the awareness does not care.
White or black, the awareness does not care.
Light or dark, the awareness does not care.
This or that, the awareness does not care.

Awareness holds on to nothing; why do You?

Paths Less Traveled

Without doubt, without hesitation, without disbelief,
There is no starting down the path less traveled.
A divergent path, where serendipity rules.
An uncharted path, where insecurity is the norm.
A long and winding path, where spontaneity is a delight.
And in that … no direction known … inexplicable fates are drawn.

Six Words Down a Rabbit Hole

The magical mystery tour of imagination.
Time and space are mind-body illusion.
Five senses contrive a cosmic theater.
The agony, the ecstasy, the absurdity.
All are helpless upshots of mutation.
The genetic lottery casts all askew.
Sand ever falling in the hourglass.
Quantum matrix, the same in all.
The awareness, the same in all.
The sentience, the same in all.
The moment, the same in all.
The mystery, the same in all.
We are stardust, come to life.
Dust to dust, ashes to ashes.
We are cousins of the puddle.
All are molded by their niche.
Who has ever had any choice?
Who has ever seen their face?
Who has ever been like me?
Who has ever been like You?
Who has ever been like him?
Who has ever been like her?
Who has ever been like them?
We are all just prisoners here.
All adrift in labyrinth of mind.
Ever more in common than not.
Belief is but a delusionary fog.
Be and allow, the highest law.
‘Tis but an hour, strutted, fretted.
Vanity and greed rule the world.
A species unable to contain itself.
A cancer devouring our dust ball.
The horror, the horror, no respite.
No one sees their allotted facade.
All wander the same stage, alone.
Nothing is ever the same nothing.
All lives are but imaginary dreams.
All differences are but shell games.
We are cousins of natural selection.
So many trivial things given weight.
All differences share the same grave.
Paradox and irony and absurdity rule.
The sound, the fury, signifying nothing.

The Good News

The good news is there is nothing to believe.
The good news is there is nothing to seek.
The good news is there is nothing to worship.
The good news is there is nothing know.
The good news is there is nothing to follow.
The good news is there is nothing to judge.
The good news is there is nothing to ponder.
The good news is there is nothing to do.
The good news is there is nothing to undo
The good news is there is nothing say.
The good news is there is nothing to be.
The good news is there is nothing accept.
The good news is there is nothing to deny.
The good news is there is nothing to study.
The good news is there is nothing to join.
The good news is there is nothing to create.
The good news is there is nothing to surrender.
The good news is there is nothing to reflect.
The good news is there is nothing to generate.
The good news is there is nothing to consent.
The good news is there is nothing to divide.
The good news is there is nothing to contend.
The good news is there is nothing to refuse.
The good news is there is nothing to permit.
The good news is there is nothing to ignore.
The good news is there is nothing to borrow.
The good news is there is nothing to commit.
The good news is there is nothing to align.
The good news is there is nothing to merge.
The good news is there is nothing to wallow.
The good news is there is nothing to grapple.
The good news is there is nothing to strain.
The good news is there is nothing to solicit.
The good news is there is nothing to negotiate.
The good news is there is nothing to claim.
The good news is there is nothing to assert.
The good news is there is nothing to evaluate.
The good news is there is nothing to moderate.
The good news is there is nothing to regulate.
The good news is there is nothing to barter.
The good news is there is nothing to control.
The good news is there is nothing to tame.
The good news is there is nothing to mediate.
The good news is there is nothing to speculate.
The good news is there is nothing to guess.
The good news is there is nothing to appraise.

The good news is there is nothing to battle.
The good news is there is nothing to tithe.
The good news is there is nothing to promote.
The good news is there is nothing to decide.
The good news is there is nothing to concede.
The good news is there is nothing to bargain.
The good news is there is nothing to yearn.
The good news is there is nothing to shelter.
The good news is there is nothing to appeal.
The good news is there is nothing to summon.
The good news is there is nothing to mediate.
The good news is there is nothing to obligate.
The good news is there is nothing to evaluate.
The good news is there is nothing to calculate.
The good news is there is nothing to achieve.
The good news is there is nothing to build.
The good news is there is nothing to coerce.
The good news is there is nothing to compel.
The good news is there is nothing to measure
The good news is there is nothing to refute.
The good news is there is nothing to grasp.
The good news is there is nothing to protect.
The good news is there is nothing to gauge.
The good news is there is nothing to defend.
The good news is there is nothing to renounce.
The good news is there is nothing to establish.
The good news is there is nothing to dissolve.
The good news is there is nothing to retain.
The good news is there is nothing to embrace.
The good news is there is nothing to reject.
The good news is there is nothing to relinquish.
The good news is there is nothing to conquer.
The good news is there is nothing to subdue.
The good news is there is nothing to expand.
The good news is there is nothing to contract.
The good news is there is nothing to require.
The good news is there is nothing to request.
The good news is there is nothing to possess.
The good news is there is nothing to approve.

The good news is that …
The eternal moment, the eternal awareness, the eternal singularity, the eternal You,
The ineffable You, the indivisible You, the indelible You, the unfathomable You, the indefinable You,
Is free and clear of all trespass, free and clear of any yoke, whatsoever.
You are it, it is You, there is no other.
Be, free.

No Need for Deities

What is it about humankind and its genomic blend, that it is so insecure, that it is so fearful,
That it, across all geographies, has imagined a supreme deity or a gaggle of deities,
To praise or blame for the blessings and misfortunes of this mortal theater?
Surely, existing as gracefully as possible in the given ebb and flow,
Is enough for anyone sensibly abiding the rhythms of nature.
There is no exultant ending to any mortal narrative.
To endure it rationally, stoically, is an admirable achievement.

You Are All of It

You are the timeless awareness.
You are the eternal moment.
You are all the worlds.
You are all the stars,
You are all the stardust.
You are every quantum display.
You are all the space within and without.
You are the entire universe, and beyond all beyonds.
You are the infinitesimal, the infinite, unborn-undying totality.
You are the ineffable, inexplicable mystery, in which all appearances dance.

Entangling Briars

How is it that so many seers of this infinite, indifferent mystery,
Generate so much absurdity, that morphs into so much painful misery?
How much better for the all, it might be, to stay silent, to say little or nothing.
Daito Kokushi, fourteenth century Japanese Zen master of the Rinzai school, wrote:
“Wishing to entice the blind, The Buddha has playfully let words escape his golden mouth.
Heaven and earth are ever since filled with entangling briars.”
Hopefully, these way too many cogitations,
Will find their way to oblivion,
Before wreaking too much mayhem.
One can never discern how noble intentions,
Will be warped and perverted in the theaters of mind.

You, Me, He, She, They, All

All sentience is the awareness.
You are the awareness.
I am the awareness.
He is the awareness.
She is the awareness.
They are the awareness.
The same awareness is in all things.
Despite all imaginary concoctions to the contrary,
There is no other.

Prior to All Things

Prior to consciousness.
Prior to sentience.
Prior to dreams.
Prior to words.
Prior to thought.
Prior to narratives.
Prior to forms, You are.

Call It What You Will

Call it eternity.
Call it God.
Call it awareness.
Call it the moment.
Call it now.
Call it perpetuity.
Call it infinity.
Call it nothing.
Call it everything.
Call it ineffable.
Call it mystery.
Call it whatever.
It is the same nothing, it is the same everything, it is, has ever been, will ever be.

The Limits of Rationality

Science and all related fields, can never grasp the full truth,
Because truth, is prior to all things measurable,
Prior to all things theoretical,
Prior to all things born of consciousness.
It is the indelible, ineffable, intangible indivisibility.
It is the unknowable, inexplicable, unborn-undying mystery, prior to all.

The Abyss of Awareness

What could awareness possibly need?
What could awareness possibly want?
What could awareness possibly fear?
What could awareness possibly dread?
What could awareness possibly love?
What could awareness possibly hate?
What could awareness possibly believe?
What could awareness possibly see?
What could awareness possibly hear?
What could awareness possibly smell?
What could awareness possibly taste?
What could awareness possibly feel?
What could awareness possibly think?
What could awareness possibly know?
What could awareness possibly anything?

As is written in the Sixth Sutra of Manuel Schoch's
Bitten by the Black Snake translation of the Ashtravaka Gita:

You are not your body, your body is not You.
You are not the doer, You are not the enjoyer.
You are pure awareness, the witness of all things.
You are without expectation, free.
Wherever You go, be happy.

A Choiceless Existence

You pose, You pretend, You politic, You participate, as your sensory theater dictates.
To consider yourself free in the winds of this choiceless pattern You play, is absurd.

Naught But Awareness

Awareness is the inherent mystery.
There is no deity to worship.
There is no groupthink.
There is no ministry.
There is no doctrine.
There is but awareness.
And it is free, to any and all,
Who have the insight to fathom it.

The Root of All Things Human

It is imagination that craves, not the awareness.
It is imagination that fears, not the awareness.
It is imagination that dreads, not the awareness.
It is imagination that loves, not the awareness.
It is imagination that hates, not the awareness.
It is imagination that suffers, not the awareness.
It is imagination that delights, not the awareness.
It is imagination that cherishes, not the awareness.
It is imagination that trusts, not the awareness.
It is imagination that believes, not the awareness.
It is imagination that inquires, not the awareness.
It is imagination that explores, not the awareness.
It is imagination that scorns, not the awareness.
It is imagination that lusts, not the awareness.
It is imagination that deceives, not the awareness.
It is imagination that lies, not the awareness.
It is imagination that cheats, not the awareness.
It is imagination that agonizes, not the awareness.
It is imagination that steals, not the awareness.
It is imagination that creates, not the awareness.
It is imagination that preserves, not the awareness.
It is imagination that destroys, not the awareness.
It is imagination that seeks, not the awareness.
It is imagination that finds, not the awareness.
It is imagination that raptures, not the awareness.

The root of everything human, is the stew of imagination.

Staring at Walls

All are mesmerized by the quantum matrix.
A few and far between awaken to that which all truly are,
But even they likely fall into slumber more than they might care admit.
Few can long sit in a cave, staring at a wall, and not be drawn out into the dreamtime,
At least occasionally for short bouts of drinking and whoring and sundry other disreputable respites.

Illusions Beyond Counting

The small have their time, as do the large; all are predators, all are prey.
There are no survivors in this unborn-undying eternal mystery.
Only witnesses born into illusions beyond counting.

The Abyss of Awareness

We all wander in the same ineffable, eternal moment,
With entirely different perceptions, different worlds, different universes.
Pretty tough for imagination, in its never-ending swirl of space-time, to do anything the same.

The Untouchable Awareness

Yes, there is a supreme deity, and it is peering out through your eyes,
As it is through those of every other sentient creature,
Ever fashioned in all of creation.
And it is not that awareness that judges the creation,
But You, and all the other two-leggeds, across the human paradigm,
Who wrought what they see, into heavens and hells of their habituated persuasions.
Like Santa Claus in the Christmas jingle, everyone is keeping their lists, and checking them twice.
So many, wander about, believing what they think so important to some on-high,
But it is never more than the muddled miasma of imagination.
We all come and go; only awareness remains.
Untouched by any of it.

The English Mutt

The fundamental purpose of any language is communication.
To call the English language a bastard is profoundly wrong.
It is a mutt, a mix of lingual coding, that is strong and healthy,
Intelligent, rational, formidable, spirited, robust, stable, fearless,
And serves all well, in whatever way the ineffable moment requires.

The Song of Mystery

The song of mystery has an infinity of verses.
Many universes all making up a vast multiverse.
There is no beginning to it; there is no end to it,
Except the eternal oneness, that is source to all.

What Do You Really Know?

Yes, You have explored so many things.
Your mind is full of every variety of minutiae.
But truthfully, Pilgrim, what do You genuinely know?
You must empty the mind to discern what is, and what is not.
Wisdom is the loftiest mainstay of consciousness,
And even it must yield to oblivion.

The Mystery of Eternity

Another day of beating your head,
Against the illusion, the pretense, the futility,
Of imagining there is more, of imagining You are more.
It is what it is; You are what You are: this very moment, awareness.
An eternal mystery; unfathomable, indivisible, ineffable.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
What more is there to say?

Quantum All

I, Quantum.
You, Quantum.
He, Quantum.
She, Quantum.
Us, Quantum.
It, Quantum.
All, Quantum.

What More?

What more is there to see?
What more is there to hear?
What more is there to taste?
What more is there to smell?
What more is there to feel?
What more is there to be?
What more is there to say?
What more is there to do?
What more is there to own?
What more is there to want?
What more is there to know?
What more is there to believe?
What more is there to pretend?
What more is there to love?
What more is there to hate?
What more is there to judge?
What more is there to destroy?
What more is there to preserve?
What more is there to create?

And yet, we slog on and on.

The Surreality! The Surreality!

How surreal, the light.
How surreal, the tastes.
How surreal, the smells.
How surreal, the sounds.
How surreal, the textures.
How surreal, the sentience.
How surreal, the dream.
How surreal, the Self.

The Eternity of Time

Analog clocks spin.
Digital clocks emanate.
Calendar pages turn and turn.
Sun and moon go round and round.
Eternity never starts long enough to stop.

Awareness, All

I, Awareness.
You, Awareness.
He, Awareness.
She, Awareness.
Us, Awareness.
It, Awareness.
All, Awareness.

Scar Tissue

Not easy to set aside all the scar tissue of a lifetime.
Consciousness, imagination, has a way of holding on,
To pretty much everything the mind-body has endured.
To be free, one must be very adept at being the moment.

Eternal Witness

There is only the ether of awareness, eternal witness, unborn-undying, tabula rasa, right here, right now.

It has no forward.
It has no backward.
It has no right.
It has no left.
It has no up.
It has no down.
It has no before.
It has no after.
It has no form.
It has no traits.
It has no value.
It has no virtue.
It has no sight.
It has no sound.
It has no taste.
It has no smell.
It has no sense.
It has no voice.
It has no stories.
It has no good.
It has no bad.
It has no vanity.
It has no passion.
It has no hope.
It has no faith.
It has no need.
It has no greed.
It has no power.
It has no renown.
It has no wealth.
It has no ecstasy.
It has no agony.
It has no light.
It has no dark.
It has no birth.
It has no death.
It has no space.
It has no time.
It has no mind.
It has no imagination.

Earth, wind, water, fire, ethereal quantum dancers, eternity's genesis, ever present, ever kaleidoscoping.

Your Little Part

Why do You torture yourself so, over so many things that can never be changed.
To satisfy another is not necessary; perhaps only rarely possible.
To do your best is all that You can/should ever offer.
So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
Play your little part, as best ye are able.
Just remember Ecclesiastes 1:2
Vanity, vanity, all is vanity.

Change Is

Change is.
Some, You like.
Some, You never will.

Oh well.
So it goes.
Deal with it.
Get over it.
Move on.

All You can really do,
Is play your short little tale,
As best You are able.

Quantum Duplicity

Each of the five sensory organs – eyes, ears nose, tongue, skin –
Translate a different scintilla of the electromagnetic spectrum.
And in the quantum mind, an illusory universe kaleidoscopes eternal,
And imagination makes apparent, the mystery timelessly witnessing all dreams.
All naught but quantum duplicity, seemingly real, to all but those born to see the ineffable.
So many are so adept at examining the illusion in every way, but at some point, what is the point?
To discern that which is real, that which is true, one must set aside the mundane, still the mind,
And simply be the mystery of awareness; the indivisible, indelible, ineffable witness, in all.

An Invention of Natural Selection

What a challenge to realize in daily living, that, that tiny little voice in your head,
That sense of self that gradually came to dominate your existence,
Is an invention of the natural selection of our species,
And that everything it spout's, is delusion.
There is no deity, up in the clouds, watching everything,
Tracking everything our genomic ‘thespian inclination’ has Shakespeared.

Where in the Moment?

Where is the desire in the moment?
Where is the fear in the moment?
Where is the dread in the moment?
Where is the fervor in the moment?
Where is the anger in the moment?
Where is the lust in the moment?
Where is the jealousy in the moment?
Where is the envy in the moment?
Where is the sorrow in the moment?
Where is the suffering in the moment?
Where is the hate in the moment?
Where is the love in the moment?
Where is the vanity in the moment?
Where is the arrogance in the moment?
Where is the futility in the moment?
Where is the persona in the moment?
Where is the imagination in the moment?

Where is any passion, any outburst, any obsession,
But in the ductless glands and viscera of the mind-body,
Ineradicably bound to the quantum illusion of space and time.

Unnamed, Unclaimed, Untamed

You are playful piper, flaming bush, enduring ferryman, ascetic recluse;
A wandering madman journeying a cosmos spun of imagination.
You are all things, You are all spaces, You are all times.
There is nothing that You are not, and nothing that You are.
You are the irony, the paradox; unnamed, unclaimed, untamed.

A False Narrative

The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely false narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely untrue narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely fake narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely incorrect narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely bogus narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely pretend narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely erroneous narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely wrong narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely sham narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely put-on narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely fallacious narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely dishonest narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely phony narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely made-up narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely deceptive narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely deceitful narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely forged narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely insincere narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely mistaken narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely made-up narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely copied narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely deceiving narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely insincere narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely artificial narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely fallacious narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely deceptive narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely fictitious narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely counterfeit narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely misleading narrative.
The human paradigm is founded upon an entirely fabricated narrative.

It ain’t true, it ain’t real, it ain’t correct, and it ain’t gonna last for much more forever.
But oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on, play your little part, as best ye are able.

The World Wags On

Scientists measure, mathematicians gauge, engineers and architects and craftsmen build,
Businessmen buy and sell, industrialists manufacture, artists create,
Politicians compromise, generals maneuver.
The world wags on.

The True Nature of Intelligent Design

The rock has rock sentience, rock intelligence.
The rose has rose sentience, rose intelligence.
The hawk has hawk sentience, hawk intelligence.
The lizard has lizard sentience, lizard intelligence.
The trout has trout sentience, trout intelligence.
The cactus has cactus sentience, cactus intelligence.
The beetle has beetle sentience, beetle intelligence.
The horse has horse sentience, horse intelligence.
The frog has frog sentience, frog intelligence.
The whale has whale sentience, whale intelligence.
The tree has tree sentience, tree intelligence.
The snake has snake sentience, snake intelligence.
The spider has spider sentience, spider intelligence.
The weed has weed sentience, weed intelligence.
The earth has earth sentience, earth intelligence.
The wind has wind sentience, wind intelligence.
The water has water sentience, water intelligence.
The fire has fire sentience, fire intelligence.
The ether has ether sentience, ether intelligence.
The moon has moon sentience, moon intelligence.
The sun has sun sentience, sun intelligence.
The galaxy has galaxy sentience, galaxy intelligence.
The universe has universe sentience, universe intelligence.
The multiverse has multiverse sentience, multiverse intelligence.
The stardust has stardust sentience, stardust intelligence.
The quantum has quantum sentience, quantum intelligence.
The mystery has mystery sentience, mystery intelligence.

The Make-Believe of Imagination

It is all imagined; it is all make-believe.
Nothing more than a dream of the mind-body.
Nothing more than a thingamajig of quantum design.
Without it, who-what-when-where-why-how would You be?
With it, who-what-when-where-why-how are You?
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
An illusion, so real, it draws You on,
Until death turns off the spigot.

Why? Why? Why?

Why believe anything that is not true?
Why be with people You do not really like?
Why travel someplace You have no need to see?
Why work hard for something You do not really want?
Why expect perfection from something which can never be?
Why try so hard to be something You already are?

Are You Really?

Are You really a who?
Are You really a what?
Are You really a where?
Are You really a when?
Are You really a why?
Are You really a how?

Right Here, Right Now

The awareness,
The moment,
Eternal life,
Right here,
Right now,
All and none.

Human Becomings

We are not human beings; we are human becomings.
The being in human being, was lost with the first word.
Always everywhere else but this right-here-right-now.
Trapsing about some past; contemplating some future.
Imagination at the helm, wandering every distraction,
To avoid its deceits ever being seen for what they are.

The Fall of Eden

Before imagination and language coupled,
Our ancestors were all alone in their clannish consortiums.
Completely unaware, oblivious, to any other version the jungle but their own.
And from the moment sound morphed into the first concept,
The human paradigm departed the garden.
And the world shuddered.

Die! Die! Die!

Die to the world.
Die to the universe.
Die to imagination.
Die to the dream.
Die to the mind.
Die to the body.
Die to the self.
Die to space.
Die to time.
Die to now.

One Moment

There is only one moment.
One moment in which the quantum illusion plays space and time real,
In an infinitesimal speck of eternity.

At Some Point, What Is the Point?

So many are so adept at examining the illusion in every way, but at some point, what is the point?
To discern that which is real, that which is true, one must set aside the mundane, still the mind,
And simply be the mystery of awareness; the indivisible, indelible, ineffable witness, in all.

Things Which Mr. Just-in-Case Collects

Guns & Ammunition
Archery Equipment
Swords, Knives, Spears
Sundry Other Weapons
Martial Arts gear
Tools and Hardware
Chess & Other Strategy Games
Philosophy books
Military books
Weaponry books
History books
Political Science books
Science books
English language books
Spanish language books
Business books
Quote books
Gaming books
Health books
Cooking books
Exercise books
Resource books
Miscellaneous books
Exercise Gear
Kitchen paraphernalia
Coffee-making paraphernalia
The Great Courses DVD's
Movie & Television DVD's
Music CD's
Backpacking gear
Office supplies
Hats
Dust collectors
Bags of every variety
Alcohol and Drugs
Informational websites
Blog posts
Facebook posts
Interesting article links
Non-followers

A material Peter Pan, to be sure.

A Crunchy-Chewy-Gooey Cosmos

It is a god-eat-god cosmos.
It is a cosmos-eat-cosmos cosmos.
It is a quantum-eat-quantum cosmos.
It is a mystery-eat-mystery cosmos.
It is a You-eat-You cosmos.

The Horrors Ahead

A few lists of all the potential horrors we and our fellow earthlings face:

Climate change
Food
Gender equality
Poverty
Health
Human rights
Water scarcity
Children
Ageing
AIDS
Biodiversity
International law and Justice
Migration
Conflicts
Corruption
Cultural diversity
Environment
Overpopulation
Peace and security
Unemployment
Global Health
Pollution
Education
Nuclear proliferation

Underrated Issues

Whole brain emulation
Wild animal suffering
Safeguarding liberal democracy
Immigration restrictions
Spread of false ideas on social media
Science policy and infrastructure

High-leverage ways to speed up economic growth
Mental health

Top 10 world problems and their solutions

Climate Change
Wars and military conflicts
Water contamination
Human rights violation
Global health issues
Global poverty
Children's poor access to healthcare, education and safety
Access to food and hunger

Our list of the most pressing world problems

Risks from artificial intelligence
Catastrophic pandemics
Nuclear war
Great power war
Climate change

Similarly pressing but less developed areas

Civilization resilience
Suffering risks
Artificial sentience
Promoting positive values
Risks of stable totalitarianism
Space governance
Risks from atomically precise manufacturing
Risks from malevolent actors
Improving individual reasoning and cognition

Problems many of our readers prioritize

Factory farming
Easily preventable or treatable illness
Whole brain emulation
Wild animal suffering
Safeguarding liberal democracy
Immigration restrictions
Spread of false ideas on social media
Science policy and infrastructure
High-leverage ways to speed up economic growth
Mental health

Naught But a Frame of Reference

You can only know your own frame of reference.
And that is but a paltry speck, of all that imagination has created,
To distract (and perchance amuse) the fickle awareness, the source of all eternity,
In any given right-here-right-now, unborn-undying moment,
From its ever-present, blissful quietude.

Imagination v. Awareness

Imagination is a state of becoming; awareness, being.
Imagination is arrogant; awareness, unassuming.
Imagination is effort; awareness, effortless.
Imagination is time; awareness, eternal.
Imagination is binding; awareness, freeing.

No, You Are Not

Whoever,
Whatever,
Whenever,
Wherever,
Whyever,
However,
You imagine your Self to be,
You are not, have never been, will never be.

Supreme Being

What is ‘supreme being’? What does it mean? What does it not mean?
Is it the one and only greatest Supreme Being, ruling over all the Lesser Beings?
Or is it simply … supreme … breathe in … breathe out … being … ?

The True, the False, the Useful

All cultures have mythological stories
That give reason and purpose used to solidify the group identify.
Whether or not they are real, whether or not they are true, does not matter if they connect the herd.
As Seneca wrote: Religion is regarded by the common people as true,
By the wise as false, and by rulers as useful.

A Deaf, Dumb, Blind World

Humanity is mesmerized by all the spiritual fictions devised in its migration across the pale blue dot.
Like the blind men and the elephant, they are unable, unwilling, to fathom the totality of all the partitions.
Thus, they remain bewitched by every variety of tradition, by every conceivable imaginary difference.
Blind to the indelible, ineffable, unquestionable truth, that this mystery is, within and without all.

Regarding Boredom

When next You are whiny-grumbly about how bored stiff You are,
Try to visualize what it was like for your prehistoric ancestors.
Living in the same geography, subsisting with the same tribe.
Hunting and fishing and farming, ingesting the same cuisine.
Sitting around fires, waking, sleeping, as the sun rose and set.
Telling stories, singing songs, beating drums, venerating deities.
Wearing the same garments, sleeping in trees, in caves, in shelters.
Ever tolerating nature's ebb and flow – hot and cold and wet and dry.
A sharpened stick your only defense in a panorama teeming with predators,
Not yet wary of the human shadow, as it steadily migrated across the pale blue dot.

A Tempest in the Abyss

The human mind, sparked by evolutionary happenstance with sentience, consciousness, imagination,
Has, across this spinning pale blue dot, unleashed an unnatural, irreversible quantum tempest.
A teeny little dust ball, all alone in the abyss, of a mystery oblivious to all its vanities.
A theater jam-packed with idiots, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

The Mystery Before Space and Time

The mystery before space and time is mysterious.
The mystery before space and time is ineffable.
The mystery before space and time is tabula rasa.
The mystery before space and time is aware.
The mystery before space and time is still.
The mystery before space and time is indivisible.
The mystery before space and time is momentary.
The mystery before space and time is singular.
The mystery before space and time is indelible.
The mystery before space and time is supreme.
The mystery before space and time is matchless.
The mystery before space and time is now.
The mystery before space and time is sentient.
The mystery before space and time is unfathomable.
The mystery before space and time is inscrutable.
The mystery before space and time is perpetual.
The mystery before space and time is imaginary.
The mystery before space and time is matrix.
The mystery before space and time is flawless.
The mystery before space and time is timeless.
The mystery before space and time is infinite.
The mystery before space and time is infinitesimal.
The mystery before space and time is omnipresent.
The mystery before space and time is serene.
The mystery before space and time is immortal.
The mystery before space and time is pervasive.
The mystery before space and time is omniscient.
The mystery before space and time is mindful.
The mystery before space and time is instantaneous.
The mystery before space and time is quantum.
The mystery before space and time is null.
The mystery before space and time is immaculate.
The mystery before space and time is futile.
The mystery before space and time is everlasting.
The mystery before space and time is unbound.
The mystery before space and time is motionless.
The mystery before space and time is mindless.
The mystery before space and time is clear.
The mystery before space and time is nondualistic.
The mystery before space and time is here.
The mystery before space and time is unbounded.
The mystery before space and time is silent.
The mystery before space and time is graceful.
The mystery before space and time is pure.
The mystery before space and time is unequivocal.
The mystery before space and time is unqualified.

The mystery before space and time is perfect.
The mystery before space and time is nothingness.
The mystery before space and time is total.
The mystery before space and time is complete.
The mystery before space and time is innocent.
The mystery before space and time is truth.
The mystery before space and time is unconditional.
The mystery before space and time is unadulterated.
The mystery before space and time is seamless.
The mystery before space and time is unspoiled.
The mystery before space and time is impeccable.
The mystery before space and time is empty.
The mystery before space and time is entire.
The mystery before space and time is effortless.
The mystery before space and time is first.
The mystery before space and time is oblivion.
The mystery before space and time is last.
The mystery before space and time is whole.
The mystery before space and time is harmonious.
The mystery before space and time is unified.
The mystery before space and time is blameless.
The mystery before space and time is spotless.
The mystery before space and time is sentient.
The mystery before space and time is alert.
The mystery before space and time is void.
The mystery before space and time is unimportant.
The mystery before space and time is all.
The mystery before space and time is none.
The mystery before space and time is inestimable.
The mystery before space and time is indefinable.
The mystery before space and time is extinct.
The mystery before space and time is purposeless.
The mystery before space and time is obscure.
The mystery before space and time is anonymous.
The mystery before space and time is insignificant.
The mystery before space and time is null.
The mystery before space and time is worthless.
The mystery before space and time is unknowable.
The mystery before space and time is naught.
The mystery before space and time is indecipherable.
The mystery before space and time is nameless.
The mystery before space and time is undiscoverable.
The mystery before space and time is useless.
The mystery before space and time is immeasurable.
The mystery before space and time is valueless.
The mystery before space and time is incalculable.
The mystery before space and time is rational.
The mystery before space and time is unutterable.

The mystery before space and time is endless.
The mystery before space and time is impartial.
The mystery before space and time is simple.
The mystery before space and time is straightforward.
The mystery before space and time is natural.
The mystery before space and time is untouched.
The mystery before space and time is imperceptible.
The mystery before space and time is painless.
The mystery before space and time is uncomplicated.
The mystery before space and time is unforced.
The mystery before space and time is untarnished.
The mystery before space and time is ever.
The mystery before space and time is untroubled.
The mystery before space and time is inexplicable.
The mystery before space and time is unstained.
The mystery before space and time is peerless.
The mystery before space and time is emptiness.
The mystery before space and time is indifferent.
The mystery before space and time is ageless.
The mystery before space and time is ineradicable.
The mystery before space and time is irrational.
The mystery before space and time is permanent.
The mystery before space and time is indiscernible.
The mystery before space and time is impalpable.
The mystery before space and time is faultless.
The mystery before space and time is pristine.
The mystery before space and time is mundane.
The mystery before space and time is hollow.
The mystery before space and time is alone.
The mystery before space and time is minimal.
The mystery before space and time is average.
The mystery before space and time is unique.
The mystery before space and time is unspeakable.
The mystery before space and time is unimaginable.
The mystery before space and time is unicity.
The mystery before space and time is whole.
The mystery before space and time is incessant.
The mystery before space and time is inconceivable.
The mystery before space and time is unfastened.
The mystery before space and time is rational.
The mystery before space and time is undeniable.
The mystery before space and time is detached.
The mystery before space and time is unrivaled.
The mystery before space and time is inimitable.
The mystery before space and time is incomparable.
The mystery before space and time is unbiased.
The mystery before space and time is pointless.
The mystery before space and time is unconcerned.

The mystery before space and time is ceaseless.
The mystery before space and time is priceless.
The mystery before space and time is impersonal.
The mystery before space and time is absurd.
The mystery before space and time is aloof.
The mystery before space and time is nonexistent.
The mystery before space and time is interminable.
The mystery before space and time is carefree.
The mystery before space and time is enigmatic.
The mystery before space and time is impenetrable.
The mystery before space and time is unreadable.
The mystery before space and time is incomprehensible.
The mystery before space and time is unintelligible.
The mystery before space and time is meaningless.
The mystery before space and time is inconsequential.
The mystery before space and time is exquisite.
The mystery before space and time is ordinary.
The mystery before space and time is engrained.
The mystery before space and time is intrinsic.
The mystery before space and time is intangible.
The mystery before space and time is solitary.
The mystery before space and time is enduring.
The mystery before space and time is inexpressible.
The mystery before space and time is omnipotent.
The mystery before space and time is tranquil.
The mystery before space and time is free.
The mystery before space and time is sovereign.
The mystery before space and time is unborn.
The mystery before space and time is undying.
The mystery before space and time is absolute.
The mystery before space and time is eternal.

An Imaginary Paradigm

The human paradigm is built upon an imaginary assumption,
Permeated by self-absorption and avarice, that cannot be forever maintained.
All the things it has fathomed and created; all its knowledge, all its linguistics, all its mathematics;
All its histories and politics and traditions and religions and economies and entertainments;
All its scientific and industrial and technological and artistic and athletic spectacles;
And not least, its conception of space-time, usurper of the ethereal moment;
Are but the poof of imagination, believing itself more than imagination;
More than the awareness, the ether, through which all things pass.
Without a relationship with nature, upon which all is rooted,
Humankind is fated to fall into the abyss of its many limitations.

The Problem-Solving-Problem-Making Mind

The mind evolved as a problem-solver,
And when it is without problems,
Endlessly concocts its own.
The challenge is clear.

The Relativity of Individuality

Taste is relative to the individual tongue.
Vision is relative to the individual eye.
Sound is relative to the individual ears.
Smell is relative to the individual nose.
Sensation is relative to the individual skin.
The universe is relative to the individual mind.

This Is It

Nathan Gill nailed it:

This Is It.
This is all there is.
Life appearing as an endless display of changing images,
With no inherent purpose other than this appearance itself.
There is simply life with no one living it.

No Difference Between and Betwixt

Any difference between and betwixt, You and me,
Any difference between and betwixt, You and he,
Any difference between and betwixt, You and she,
Any difference between and betwixt, You and they,
Any difference between and betwixt, You and anything,
Does not ultimately, even for one moment, exist.

Beyond Comprehension

Imagination is ever striving, ever struggling, to be more than it can ever be.
For it to transcend itself, would require an awakening, a wisdom,
Far too unlikely, to even begin to seriously contemplate.

The Make-Believe of Belief

Believing in Santa Claus does not make him real.
Believing in the Great Pumpkin does not make it real.
Believing in the Easter Bunny does not make it real.
Believing in the Tooth Fairy does not make it real.
Believing in Spider Man does not make him real.
Believing in Uncle Sam does not make him real.
Believing in the Calvin does not make him real.
Believing in Peter Pan does not make him real.
Believing in Harvey does not make him real
Believing in the Oz does not make him real.
Believing in Jesus does not make him real.
Believing in God does not make he/she/it real.

A Sea of Moments, All the Same

How long, how short, is a moment?
Is it longer, is it shorter, than a second?
And exactly how much to the left or right,
Of some ever-kaleidoscoping decimal point?
And, are there a sea of them, or the one and only?

Immutable Witness

Places and faces come and go in this ever-kaleidoscoping, mystery-ridden, immutable dreamtime.
There is nothing You can hold onto, nothing You can more than experience, for more than a moment.
All knowledge, and whatever wisdom it gleans, are but wispy clouds passing through the theater of mind.
From birth to death, the unborn-undying awareness You are, is but aloof witness to its eternal passage.

The Ether of Awareness

The awareness is the ether of all intelligence through all creation, all preservation, all destruction.
It is the witness of, the observer of, the watcher of, and participant in, all that is, and all that is not.

That I Am, All Are

I am That I Am.
You are That I Am.
She is That I Am.
He is That I Am.
It is That I Am.
We are That I Am.
They are That I Am.
There is nothing that is not,
That I Am.

The Seven Imaginary Sins

The pride of imagination.
The envy of imagination.
The gluttony of imagination.
The lust of imagination.
The wrath of imagination.
The greed of imagination.
The sloth of imagination.
Seven, count ‘em, seven.
Imaginary from all get-goes.

The Mystery of You

You, alone, are the mystery.
It is your relationship with your Self, which is all.
And what manifests through your mind-body’s sensory input, is the journey.

Chasing Balls

There can be no end to what can be known, before the light sooner or later goes out,
But what point, to the endless pursuit, the endless gathering, of trivia, regarding this illusion?
Is a busy-busy mind, caught up with every distraction, really any different, than a dog chasing a ball?

The Ephemeral Moment

There is no definition, there is no equation, there is no hypothesis, there is no reckoning,
That can encapsulate the mystery of the ever-present timeless moment,
The ever-present timeless mystery of awareness,
To which You, and every other sentient life form, are witness.

Put Them Behind You

Having to choose from a sizable selection of so-called religions,
Concocted by human imagination, and brewed in vanity and avarice, is no choice worth bothering about.
Put them all behind You, and wander alone, as far, as wide, as free, as You dare.

Tapping Into the Inner Eye

Hallucinations and other consciousness-altering substances,
Can be useful in kick-starting the inner eye – That to which all have equal access –
But they are not at all necessary once You have awakened to the unborn-undying, You truly are, are not.

Toying With Endorphins

Life's nature-nurture patterning, is every moment, conditioning itself anew,
With programing of the on-off-plus-minus-positive-negative-attached-detached category.
To consciously manipulate those endorphin mechanisms, is an art, a dance, a whimsy, for those inclined.

The Momentary Awareness

The eternal moment is right here, right now; the eternal awareness is right here, right now.
Imagination is the creator of space and time, and flows through the moment, through the awareness;
Unable to ever grasp anything, as more than a memory, as more than an ephemeral concept.
You are the moment, You are the awareness, You are the totality, You are eternity.
Everything seen and heard and touched and tasted and felt, is but illusion.

Who is the Who?

Who is the who, who sees, or sees not?
Who is the who, who hears, or hears not?
Who is the who, who tastes, or tastes not?
Who is the who, who smells, or smells not?
Who is the who, who feels, or feels not?
Who is the who, who does, or does not?
Who is the who, who thinks, or thinks not?
Who is the who, who is reading this?

The One and Only Moment

Now the one-and-only right-here-right-now moment there is.
There never was a before, and there will never be an after.
The unborn-undying moment is the ever-present verity.
It is an ineffable, unfathomable, indivisible mystery,
In neither need nor want of a mind-made solution.

The Great Jester in the Wings

Imagination is the Great Jester; ever lingering in the wings, for inattention to teleport it centerstage.
The embers of mind gorp, all things absurd, always ready to be fired up, in the furnace of imagination.

Ants on a Dragon

It was not we who were kicked out of Eden, by that deity known by some as God All-Fucking-Mighty.
It was we who abandoned her, manipulated her, abused her, polluted her, scarred her.
For all that we have unremittingly, carelessly, selfishly, imagined.
But we are no more than ants riding a dragon.
Mother Nature, Eden, Gaia, the Cosmos, is still very much in charge.

Awareness Witnessing a Dream

Now the eyes are watching a play.
Now the fingers are feeling an edge.
Now the tongue is tasting a pastry.
Now the ears are hearing a crash.
Now the nose is smelling a rose.

You are not the eyes.
You are not the fingers.
You are not the tongue.
You are not the ears.
You are not the nose.

You are the witness to all.

Bam!

You are the awareness, You are the unborn-undying, You are the ineffable mystery, You are eternity.

Bam!

The Ineffable Moment

You are the infinite, timeless, ineffable moment, stretching across all creation; there is no other.
Mind is creation, mind is preservation, mind is destruction, mind is everything, mind is nothing.

The Worldly Existence v. The Indivisible Reality

The more You involve your imaginary, time-bound, mortal little self, in the mundane world;
The less right-here-right-now moment, for your indivisible Self in the unborn-undying one.
Every moment, a choice.

Only Imagination

Only imagination thinks.
Only imagination reasons.
Only imagination believes.
Only imagination remembers.
Only imagination cogitates.
Only imagination opines.
Only imagination speaks.
Only imagination hears.
Only imagination smells.
Only imagination tastes.
Only imagination touches.
Only imagination organizes.
Only imagination negotiates.
Only imagination governs.
Only imagination follows.
Only imagination composes.
Only imagination counts.
Only imagination draws.
Only imagination paints.
Only imagination sculpts.
Only imagination builds.
Only imagination shapes.
Only imagination constructs.
Only imagination develops.
Only imagination creates.
Only imagination preserves.
Only imagination destroys.
Only imagination does anything.
Only imagination does everything.
Despite the fact, that time is not real,
There is no human paradigm without it.

The Rabbit Hole of Fate

It is natural selection, not free will.
Since Creation's unknowable beginning, there has never been any such thing as free will in the algorithm.
A right or left turn, naturally-selects the next turn, and that the next, and that the next.
You naturally-select your Self down the rabbit hole of your fate.
Every organism naturally-selects its Self, down the rabbit hole of its fate.
An eternal dance, across an infinite quantum matrix, ever and ever kaleidoscoping.
And through it all, the awareness You are, is eternal witness, to all that sentience has designed.

Impunity

Spouting this sort of drivel is what got he-who-shall-not-be-named hung out to die way back when.
How fortunate we of current issue are, who speak out with impunity, with little dread of consequence,
In this relatively freer moment, in those all too rare geographies, that, oft-times regretfully allow it.

You, Its Dreamer

You do not have to like someone, to sit by them, or walk beside them,
Or work with them, or be in the same friggin' cosmos with them.
Nobody is at all like You, nor will anyone likely ever want to be like You.
You are on your own – five senses, a brain, and the theater– kaleidoscoping ever on.
Eternal awareness, in what seems an impromptu walkabout-wander, through space, through time.
Through your unfathomable, indivisible, indelible, ineffable, eternal matrix.
It is but a temporal dream, and You, its dreaming.
Imagine your Self, in all.

Life Skills 101

Attitude is all.
Learn to naturally release the hormones.
The happy chemistry – dopamine, serotonin, endorphins, oxytocin.
Simple lifestyle changes – diet, exercise, meditation – are conscious means to a more bearable existence.
It is not always a beautiful world, but the mind-body need not suffer for it.

God's Wrath Personified

You just threatened to send me to Hell, for not believing in your absurd bullshit, thanks.
Yup, yup, yup, we sure know what kind of supreme-deity horror show You would paint.

Sweet Surrender

Surrender to the unknowable.
Surrender to the indivisible.
Surrender to the nameless.
Surrender to the spaceless.
Surrender to the timeless.
Surrender to the moment.
Surrender to the totality.
Surrender to the infinite.
Surrender to the indelible.
Surrender to the ineffable.
Surrender to the inexplicable.
Surrender to the unborn-undying.

And know You are That I Am, You are the One.

Superstitious Absurdity

How did such superstitious absurdity become our limiting factor?
How did our quest for food and water and shelter and space,
How did natural selection's tack into the realm of imagination,
Become so sullied, so pathetic, in our conquest of the pale blue dot.

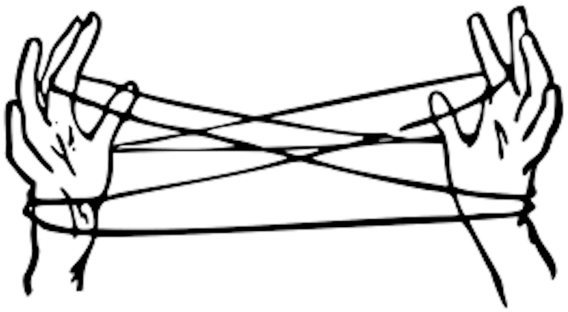
Touching God

Touch that which is God, by immersing into the infinite beingness within.
Into the spacelessness, into the timelessness, permeating all.
Into the unfathomable mystery, You are.

Bokononism

Bokononism: A religion built on lies and absurdity and irony.

Finally, a no-card-no-dogma-no-congregation faith that makes sense.



scratches made in a black, gummy impasto.
[o]ne of the oldest games there is.
It means whatever it means.
'See the cat? […] See the cradle?'

~ Newt Hoenikker ~

Tiger got to hunt,
Bird got to fly;
Man got to sit and wonder, "Why, why, why?"
Tiger got to sleep,
Bird got to land;
Man got to tell himself he understand.

~ Bokonon ~

Cat's Cradle, Kurt Vonnegut

* * * * * * * * * *

So it goes.

~ Tralfamadorian Proverb ~

Poo-tee-weet?

~The Bird ~

Slaughterhouse Five, Kurt Vonnegut

Hollow Speculation

God may have created this théâtre de l'absurde dreamtime,
But who or what created that omnipresent-omnipotent-omniscient being?
Call it genesis, call it creation, call it big bang, call it turtles-all-the-way-up-all-the-way-down,
It all started somewhere, somehow, but can any claim, any assertion,
Really be more than hollow speculation?

A Particle of Dust

Mother Earth, is just another spinning particle of dust, in the vastness of your imagination.

Stay Strong, Rotsa Ruck

My gift to the dystopian future-slash-debacle, that I envision, with a shudder.
Do with it whatever You will; do with it whatever You can.
Sadly, better You than me, is all I gotta say.
Stay strong, rotsa ruck.

The Ineffable Moment

This moment is ineffable, so very ineffable.
By definition, what is unknowable, can never be known.
An agreeable breath, is as good as it gets, so, breathe, kiddo, breathe.

Transcending Space and Time

The finite mind transcends space and time whenever it yields itself to awareness.
The Microsoft Word thesaurus suggests words like effortlessness, simplicity,
Naturalness, smoothness, facility, ease, confidence, grace, to illustrate it.
To be the moment, is to be what You truly are, what You truly are not.

A Singular Kind of Faith

The truest, most eloquent faith, is a singular kind of faith.
It is a faith that accepts what the moment offers.
It is a faith that engages the moment fully.
It is a faith that values the intuitive.
It is a faith that has no bounds.
It is a faith that withstands one's fate.
It is a faith that embraces the eternal mystery.

A spaceless faith.
A timeless faith.
An intelligent faith.
A perceptive faith.
A fearless faith.
A relative faith.
A stoic faith.
A moderate faith.
A harmless faith.
An instinctual faith.
A frugal faith.
A resilient faith.
An insightful faith.
A lawless faith.
A penetrating faith.
A shrewd faith.
A flexible faith.
A benevolent faith.
A rational faith.
A boundless faith.
A natural faith.
An abiding faith.
An enduring faith.
An austere faith.
A freeing faith.
An independent faith.
A sharing faith.
A scientific faith.
An agnostic faith.
A discerning faith.
A spontaneous faith.
A watchful faith.
A virtuous faith.
An eternal faith.
An inquiring faith.
A giving faith.
A clear faith.
A grateful faith.

A responsive faith.
A sensible faith.
A reasonable faith.
A forgiving faith.
An innocent faith.
An ironic faith.
A paradoxical faith.
A sane faith.
A mindful faith.
A balanced faith.
A wise faith.
A healthy faith.
A lucid faith.
An astute faith.
A prudent faith.
A judicious faith.
A sagacious faith.
An erudite faith.
A mu faith.
An unknowable faith.
A gnostic faith.
An esoteric faith.
A mystical faith.
A spiritual faith.
A real faith.
A hidden faith.
A soul faith.
An allegorical faith.
A symbolic faith.
An amoral faith.
A fortuitous faith.
A casual faith.
An impromptu faith.
An unprincipled faith.
An elegant faith.
A chaste faith.
A refined faith.
An essential faith.
A faithful faith.
A gentle faith.
A quiet faith.
A solitary faith.
A calm faith.
A placid faith.
A humble faith.
A modest faith.
An unpretentious faith.
An ordinary faith.

An unassuming faith.
A deep faith.
A kind faith.
A godless faith.
A wholistic faith.
A diverse faith.
An atypical faith.
A sightless faith.
A tasteless faith.
An odorless faith.
A soundless faith.
A touchless faith.

A faith beyond all bounds.

Awakening to the Eternal Fact

When would I … Why should I … How could I …
Ever convince You, who-what-why-when-where-how, I am,
But through your own awakening to the eternal fact.

A Placid Dream

The last desire is craving nothing, so badly, You can no longer taste it.
The pond, unruffled by wind or ripple, is a solitary, placid dream, indeed.

Thoughts A-Bubbling Away

Have always had a relativistic aptitude for relishing process.
For accepting things as they are, for accepting things as they come.
Perhaps because I was raised in a rural setting, in tune with nature's fluidity.
Came from modest roots that never really expected or wanted that much out of life.
Tried to fan the fire in the belly as a business major out of college, but the spark never took.
The path of least resistance blew into my sail, and here I am, pondering the show.
Attentively writing down the so-many thoughts that bubble into mind.

Turtles-All-the-Way-Up-Turtles-All-the-Way-Down

Call it genesis, call it creation., call it big bang.
Call it a wall, a spear, a snake, a tree, a fan, a rope.
Call it turtles-all-the-way-up-turtles-all-the-way-down.
All are equally magical, equally fantastical, equally hypothetical, equally speculative,
And only demonstrate again and again, no one can ever know,
More than what imagination imagines.

Call It Whatever You Will

Some brand it, Brahman; some brand it, God.
Others, Buddha or Tao or Jehovah or Great Spirit or Whatever.
I call it the Mystery; the Mystery of the all in one, the Mystery of the one in all.
And no one need suffer any consequence, any punishment, any forfeit,
For granting it whatever name, or no-name, they are inclined.
No need for absurdity steeped in imaginary notion.
None can know how all this is happening.
Even the rumored supreme deity,
Witnesses in ignorance.

Agnostics, Atheists, True-Believers

Agnosticism – doubt, nonbelief – is the most pragmatic stance.
Atheists waste their time quarreling with true-believers,
About imaginary notions neither can never know.
Abiding in momentary stasis is the most intangible way.

A Little Dab'll Do Ya

Do not feel like You must spend a lot of time deciphering all these thoughts.
Have used my website and Facebook and Blogger and other online tools and toys,
As scrapbooks to record all the wanders and thoughts, and other creations and memories.
Way too much, for anyone with anything better to do, with any sort of life, to even bother about.

An Everything-Eat-Everything Cosmos

It is a god-eat-god cosmos.
It is a cosmos-eat-cosmos cosmos.
It is a quantum-eat-quantum cosmos.
It is a mystery-eat-mystery cosmos.
It is a You-eat-You cosmos.

It is a radio waves-eat-radio waves cosmos.
It is a microwaves-eat-microwaves cosmos.
It is an infrared-eat-infrared cosmos.
It is a visible light-eat-visible light spectrum cosmos.
It is an ultraviolet-eat-ultraviolet cosmos.
It is an X-rays-eat-X-rays cosmos.
It is a gamma rays-eat-gamma rays cosmos.
It is an electromagnetic spectrum-eat-electromagnetic spectrum cosmos.

It is an everything-eat-everything cosmos; abide as best ye may in the crunchy-chewy-gooey.

Know Your Limits

Imagination imagines time.
Imagination imagines forever.
Imagination imagines it is forever.
Imagination has a lot to realize.

The Moment's Illusion Delusion

The You, You think You are; the self, You pretend to be, is nothing more than ephemeral trickery.
Nothing more than a neural network's capricious collection of sensory-induced perceptions.
An imaginary fiction, that is but the quantum matrix, kaleidoscoping every given moment.
Nothing more than a vast illusion; the electromagnetic spectrum's evolutionary deception.
Biological happenstance meandering a touchy-feely dreamtime of naturally selected design.
All played out in the unfathomable awareness; the spaceless, the timeless, the ineffable totality.
The unseeing, who ever quarrel over the elephant, see only walls, spears, snakes, trees, fans, ropes.
Some call it, God; some, Brahman; some, Tao; some, Allah; some, Great Spirit; all, the same mystery.
So, the human paradigm duels towards its destiny, battling over differences, chiseled only in imagination.

The Rise, the Decline, the Fall

The geeks and their minions have played central role,
In the rise, the decline, the fall, of the anthropoid paradigm.
From the first fire, to unleashing the power of the quantum cosmos.
They have pushed, have pulled, the planet of the apes through a dreamtime,
The likes of which this pale blue dot, this spinning speck, will never witness again.
It is a sigh of an anecdote the abyss will have long forgotten by the time nobody reads this.

Not Long Ago

Not long ago, there was no imagination.
Not long ago, there was no beginning.
Not long ago, there was no ending.
Not long ago, there was no language.
Not long ago, there was no knowledge.
Not long ago, there was no education.
Not long ago, there was no tribe.
Not long ago, there was no identity.
Not long ago, there was no culture.
Not long ago, there was no tradition.
Not long ago, there was no politics.
Not long ago, there was no religion.
Not long ago, there was no art.
Not long ago, there was no music.
Not long ago, there was no history.
Not long ago, there was no philosophy.
Not long ago, there was no agriculture.
Not long ago, there was no industry.
Not long ago, there was no technology.
Not long ago, there was no commerce.
Not long ago, there was no mathematics,
Not long ago, there was no science.
Not long ago, there was no medicine.
Not long ago, there was no architecture.
Not long ago, there was no civilization.
Not long ago, there was no human paradigm.
Not long ago, there was nothing but a garden flowering.
Not long ago, there was nothing but an abyss, an awareness, a serenity.

It is still there, in the You, You are.

A Sheep by Any Other Name Would Baa the Same

Why in any deity's name, would You feel compelled,
To be a follower, to be a sheep, in some charlatan's flock?
How absurd to allow any middleman dominion over your true Self.

Take a Sit, Take a Walk

Seek out a bodhi tree,
Go out into some desert,
Climb up to a mountain peak,
Sit in corner in your living room,
Or take long ambles around the world,
And do whatever comes to mind,
Until You maybe figure it out.
There are no guarantees,
Only a mystery in all.

Burn, Baby, Burn

Let the cosmos,
Let the matrix,
Let the mystery,
Burn within You.

Slaving Away

Slave to the man.
Slave to the system.
Slave to the world.
Slave to the universe.
Slave to the matrix.
Slave to the mystery.
Long live Sisyphus.

Ethereal Perceptions

What You call your life is really nothing more,
Than an ethereal array of chemically-induced perceptions.
A frame of reference, from which imagination gauges a quantum illusion,
Born of merely five senses – sight, smell, hearing, taste, touch –
Plugged into a gooey vat of neurons, encased in a skull.
Assumptions beyond counting, are requisite.
Keeps imagination very busy, indeed.

God's Chosen

You imagined God,
And he/she/it in all his/her/its divine mercy and wisdom,
Chose You and your tribe in return.
How providential.
How convenient.
How ridiculous.
How so it goes.

Easter Island Redux

Just another Easter Island.
This round on a global scale.
A bit longer timetable, to be sure,
But all too predictable, nonetheless.
Be happy You will not have to endure it.

Oh, for a Rewind Button

Do You not wish You could advise your younger self,
To slow down a bit, or even hold off completely,
On some of the choices You were making?
Where is that fucking rewind button?

The Whys and Wherefores of Natural Selection

Memory evolved because awareness could not remember anything,
And that was a bit dangerous for critters naturally-selecting survival.

Slow Night in a Bar

A tortoise, a snail, and a sloth, were sitting in a bar ...

Who Judges Who?

In the spectrum, right to wrong,
Who is right? Who is wrong?
And who does the judging?

Inner Death, Eternal Life

From inner death, springs eternal life.

The Boundaries of Imagination

No one can ever know more than what imagination imagines.

Prior to Pyramid Schemes

The rural class, the working class – and any other classes in the pyramid schemes of caste systems –
Have a lot to learn from the upper class, and the upper class, a great deal to realize about its foundation.

A Shakespearian World

A world of dreams, an impromptu play, a Shakespearian festival,
Playing upon all stages, in all times, across this spinning pale blue dot.
A ceaseless, ever-mutating reverie, since the origin of language, so long ago.
In every mind, in every body, no matter the naturally-selected, nature-nurture role,
An award-winning thespian, playing their imaginary part, so earnestly, so believably well.

The Illusory Other

What dreamtime could there be, without the illusory other, and all its forms and functions?

Just Reward

Relying on absurdity for your worldview will get You the charlatan You deserve.

Be Wary of the Man of One Book

Thomas Aquinas … *hominem unius libri timeo* … I fear the man of a single book.

How easy to imagine your book the greatest story ever told, when it is the only one You have ever read.

The Irony of the Spiritual Quest

Every sentient life form has its own version of a world, of a universe; none the same.
The spiritual quest is ultimately a nonsensical nonissue, inspired by fear of the unknowable.
What a different pale blue dot it might well be, if the young were raised to be one with all things.
It might have lent a pause to the absurd destruction and mayhem our kind has wreaked across the world.
Alas that narcissism and hedonism have such a callous grip upon this imaginary-laden moment.
This quantum matrix, permeated by awareness; consciousness nothing more than noise.

A Well-Waxed Slide

Covid-19 rocked this our modern world, and has spun the human paradigm into a new phase.
We have passed through the apex as far as the masses go; it will be down the bell curve from here on out.
Factor in all the other Petri dish Earth issues, and add in perpetual proxy wars, trade wars,
Beyond-the-pale technologies, artificial intelligence, and the slide waxes itself.
What to do, where to live, who to align with, are anybody's guess.
Oh, for a time machine to witness the decline and fall.
Oblivion calls, each and every moment.

The Moment's Grace

Freedom.
Redemption.
Salvation.
Deliverance.
Rescue.
Liberation.
Emancipation.
Recovery.
Abandon.
Apology.
Acceptance.
Gratitude.
Benevolence.
Escape.
Discharge.
Release.
Grace.
Are the moment.

A Fabrication of Imagination

Identity is an imaginary construct.
A dream of awareness, of streaming reality.
A fabrication to which imagination resolutely fastens.
It requires the greatest courage of spirit to fathom the moment.

The No-Rewind of Regret

There are different levels, different intensities of regret, that take place in any given life.
There are the ones that come about because You somehow said or did something that ruined a relationship.
Or the unavoidable accidents that irrevocably change or impact your health and wellbeing.
But if we are talking about the large choices that are about one's final destiny,
In that, life's great challenge is to have no regrets, whatsoever.
To depart content, is the brass ring of dreamtime.

I, Rebel

I seem to have been chosen by the Fates to pen this aphoristic work.
And without thought, without hesitation, I accepted the task.
And have kaleidoscoped this imaginary dreamtime,
Ever soaking up, the reference to scribe it.
This vocation, is a very ubiquitous,
Long 'n wearing 'n slogging,
Ever-on-and-on-and-on,
Naturally-selected,
Nature-nurtured,
Very laid-back,
Damn the torpedoes,
Full speed ahead, approach.
All just to fathom the mystery in all.

A Long and Winding Road

Imagination most certainly has conveyed our kind,
And the entire world about us, and every diversity of creature,
Down a long and winding road of profound ecstasy and merciless agony.

Game Theory

Not a good idea to play any game, unless You really know the rules, and are really paying attention.

The Nebulous Mind

… Another day in the nebulous …
… Unclear, vague, imprecise, hazy, unformulated, tenuous, indefinable …
… me-myself-and-I of mind …

Facing the Moment

Sometimes, You tip-toe-through-the-tulips, through it.
Sometimes, You chop-chop-slice-dice, through it,
Fast or slow, as the given moment subscribes,
In all born into this imagined dreamtime.

Contentment: The Brass Ring

Have had more than plethora of adventures.
Plenty of fine dining and sundry other.
Much easier to stay home anymore.
Have far more things than I need, debt-free.
Contentment is the brass ring, and it is on the mantle.

You Only Know Now

You only are now, not the imaginary who.
You only are now, not the imaginary what.
You only are now, not the imaginary when.
You only are now, not the imaginary where.
You only are now, not the imaginary why.
You only are now, not the imaginary how.
You only are now, not the imaginary you.

You are now … You are awareness … You are mystery … You are eternity.

Or so You imagine.

The Wiley Chameleon

All the mistakes, all the blunders, that You have made! How is it, that You are still alive?
How is it, that none seem to have had raison d'être enough, to pursue revenge?
To walk freely, without dread of the knife twisting in the back,
Is surely the triumph of any wily chameleon.

Contrary to All Imaginary Notion

All imaginary notion to the contrary, You are not your frame of reference.

The Crystal Ball

A lot of humans, in a lot of arenas, in whatever timeless remains,
Are going to be living in tents, or on pieces of cardboard,
Pushing carts, collecting treasure, for sale or barter.

The Illusion of Space and Time

Monday's started, Monday's done.
Tuesday's started, Tuesday's done.
Wednesday's started, Wednesday's done.
Thursday's started, Thursday's done.
Friday's started, Friday's done.
Saturday's started, Saturday's done.
Sunday's started, Sunday's done.

On and on, the calendar pages turn and turn again.
… seconds, minutes, hours, days, months, years, decades, centuries, millennia, epochs …
Ever tick-tick-ticking the kaleidoscoping cycles of sun and moon and cosmos.
Concepts of space and time, that are not, and have never been real.
All nothing more than the illusion of the mind-body,
Sculpted by the play of natural selection,
Born of a magical mystery.

The Ultimate Answer

When it comes to answering the ultimate questions, when it comes to answering the ultimate question,
Science is as blind and deaf and dumb as any other philosophy imagination has ever conceived.
Though it can endlessly observe and experiment, and forever hypothesize and theorize,
It is all the same old hearsay; there is no knowing how this mystery came to be.
One must lucidly scrutinize the awareness, until they are the awareness.
And with that agnostic state, they will simply have to be satisfied.
The unknown is unknowable, and that is just the way it is.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
Play your imaginary little part, as best ye are able,
And die, alone and ignorant, same as everything else.
The existential morass, will ever be an existential morass.

What It Boils Down To

The human paradigm all boils down to vanity and greed.
A cancer chewing on its mother and each other
Until there is nothing left to chew on.
It is all how and when, not if.

The Sword of Discernment

There are plusses and minuses to any given scenario, any given plan.
Any given idea, strategy, proposal, plot, design, blueprint, scheme, sketch.
It is in how they are gauged, that the sword pares the final discernment.
And in that discernment, destiny scribes itself in the quantum sands.

What is Love?

Is the love, that that so easily turns to hatred, ever really love?
Is it ever really anything more than imagination given over to enchantment?
Is it really anything more than another round of the mind bent toward tribalistic notion?
Is the ideal we label love, anything more than feel-good chemistry, slathered with imaginary notion?

A Drop in the Boundless Ocean

You are but a drop of indivisible awareness in the immeasurable ocean of this ineffable mystery.
The ultimate nature that all manifestation is, is eternally spaceless, eternally timeless.
Without attributes, without direction, without purpose, without meaning, without contradiction.
Savor and endure the ecstasies and agonies of your ephemeral existence while breath allows the synthesis.

Hammering Away

This is how the American-English language uses me to hammer at its forge.

All You Are Not

You are not your ever-morphing container,
Nor anything it has ever thought or done.
You are not your video of life experiences.
You are not your trainload of vague memories.
You are not your vocation or hobbies or opinions.
You are not your bulky encyclopedia of trivial pursuits.
You are not your unwieldy bag of values, a.k.a., judgments.
And neither, despite all appearances to the contrary, is anyone else.

A Corollary of Yaj Ekim

René Descartes:
I think, therefore I am.

Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
I think, therefore I think I am.
I imagine, therefore I imagine I am.
You imagine, therefore You imagine You are.
And right-here-right-now, we all are, imagining we all, in space-time are.
An unborn-undying, unrehearsed, Shakespearian theater,
For as long as imagination draws breath.

Your Little Window

You got a good roll out of your little window of illusion.
And what happens after You are departed, after You are again ashes and dust,
Is nothing You can do anything about, any more than You could while You were here a-breathing.

Nature-Nurturing the Tabula Rasa

What would that tabula-rasa infant-child-adult be,
If no sense of self was – engrained, imbedded, ensconced, rooted –
By the nature-nurture world, in which it was niched.

What It Is, What It Is Not

It is whatever it is; it is whatever it is not.
You are whatever it is; You are whatever it is not.
The game is not letting imagination get the better of You.

The Irony, the Paradox

Try not to confuse who You think You are,
With what You are, have ever been, will ever be.
With what You are not, have never been, will never be.

My Contribution

This is this lifetime's contribution to the human paradigm.
Take it or leave it; please try not to hurt or kill anyone over it.
Please do not make it into some creed, it was never meant to be.
You can thank me, or scourge me, as befits the endgame's narration.

The Point and Purpose

Is a blow job really a form of eating-your-young cannibalism?
And not necessarily a bad thing for the big bang it gives the lucky recipient.
But not something that will continue naturally-selecting away,
The point and purpose of the sexual act itself.
You are not here, dreaming away,
Because other options were not available.

The Storytellers

First story.
His story.
Her story.
Its story.
My story.
Your story.
Their story.
Our story.
A story.
The story.
Null story.
Mu story.
All stories.
Last story.
No stories.

My View of Punctuation

A period is a stop.
A comma, a pause.
A hyphen, a connector.
A semi-colon, a deviation.
A question mark, an uncertainty.
An exclamation mark, an interruption.
A parenthesis, an enclosure.
A bracket, a cell.

The Fall of Eden

Before imagination and language coupled,
Our ancestors were all alone in their clannish consortiums.
Completely unaware, oblivious, to any other version the jungle but their own.
And from the moment sound morphed into the first concept,
The human paradigm departed the garden.
And the world shuddered.

God, in a Nutshell

How could God create all this, without being all of it, all the while?

Pay Close Attention

Look at a clock.
Notice how the hands move.
And You do not.

Eyes and Ears

Me and all the other seers,
Churning out the same memorandum,
To the rare few fated with eyes to see, ears to hear.

A Good Roll

Got a good roll out of my little window of illusion.
And what happens after I am departed, after I am ashes and dust,
Is nothing I can do anything about, any more than I could while in the flesh.

What Need for Worship?

The so-called spiritual quest is ultimately a nonsensical nonissue,
Inspired by imagination's fear of, and curiosity about, the unknowable unknown.
The right here, the right now –now-ing away –in this very timeless moment.
The same awareness in every sentient being's mystery-born creation.

No need to worship what You already are.

You honor it by being it.

A higher state of worship cannot be known.

You Are Prior to All

You are the mystery.
You are the awareness.
You are prior to consciousness.
You are prior to the quantum matrix.
You are prior to the moment.
You are prior to all.

No Touching the Awareness

You can explore and dance the quantum theater,
As much as You please, for as long as the mind-body allows,
But You will never touch, not even once, the awareness permeating all.

The Awakeness of All Sentience

Awareness is the 'awakeness' of all sentience, of all creation, small to great.
The 'awakeness' of the indelible, indivisible quantum matrix; of stardust, come unto 'life'.
It is the eternal eye of the unknown, prior to all manifestation ever-changing,
And whatever dreams, they in spontaneous combustion, inspire.

The Point of All This Chitchat

All this philosophical chitchat, is not at all about yet another absurd, idolatrous belief system.
It is about the very real, very much in the moment, prior-to-consciousness awareness, You truly are.
There is nobody to follow, there is no confining dogmatic groupthink, there is no transaction fee.
All any need do, is pay attention to the given moment, as the mystery kaleidoscopes ever on.
It is very much a solitary mosey for those who have the wit and strength to stand alone.
It is very much an agnostic, existential stance, requiring no fallacious conclusions.
All one needs do, is be as free as the imaginary mind and mortal vessel allow.

Where Oh Where?

Where in the moment does time reside?
Where in the moment does existence reside?
Where in the moment does knowledge reside?
Where in the moment does imagination reside?
Where in the moment does the cosmos reside?
Where in the moment does quantum reside?
Where in the moment does mind reside?
Where in the moment do You reside?

Beyond All Comprehension

Whether or not, there was a beginning to all beginnings,
Whether or not, there will be an end to all ends,
Even deities-on-high vainly wonder.

That Mystery Which You Are

There is only one dimension, only one matrix, only one quantum sea.
And who knows how many universes, envisioned by how many sentient creations.
Indelible, indivisible, unfathomable, ineffable, within that infinity, which herein is called mystery.
That awareness, which is harbor to all potentials, that which is witness to all eternity.
That which is eternity; that which is You, prior to all things quantum.

The World is Your Pearl

What in your cosmos, in your lifetime walkabout,
Has not taught You many somethings about this mystery?
Has not brought You to this singular moment of eternal reflection?
You are reading this, because the seeds of Self were planted in your destiny.
What more is there to do, but wander aimlessly for whatever dreamtime is proffered.
Fulfilling your moment, with whatever calls, in the serendipity ahead.

Be Here, Be Now

You are the mystery.
You are the sentience.
You are the awareness.
You are the infinite.
You are the infinitesimal.
You are the indivisible.
You are the ineffable.
You are the indelible.
You are the ineffaceable.
You are the immaculate.
You are the unfathomable.
You are the spaceless.
You are the timeless.
You are the totality.
You are the absolute.
You are the omniscient.
You are the omnipresent.
You are the omnipotent.
You are the creator.
You are the preserver.
You are the destroyer.
You are the witness.
You are the matrix.
You are this right here.
You are this right now.
You are the moment.
You are the eternal.
You were never born.
You will never die.
Be here, be now.

The Unifying Principal

The totality is very much entirely awake, within and without, prior to all priors, beyond all beyonds.
All physics theories only vainly attempt to encapsulate the illusory quantum matrix.
The unifying principal is not some scholarly chalkboard equation.
Nor is it a symbol; nor is it a pithy statement.
It is the one and only moment.
It is the indefinable, ineffable mystery.
It is the timeless awareness, the right-here-right-now.
It is the sentience, the wakefulness, the alertness, the attentiveness,
Pervading the ether through which earth-wind-water-fire every moment kaleidoscope.

The Seed of Doubt

None can point the way to those who lack the seed of doubt.

The One in All, the All in One

It is not your mystery, or my mystery.
It is not your awareness, or my awareness.
It is not your moment, or my moment.
It is not your dream, or my dream.
It is not your Gaia, or my Gaia.

It is our mystery, our awareness, our moment, our dream, our Gaia.

An Agnostic Stance

Vain collusions aside, how can anyone truly know,
Whether or not there is some supreme deity or deities on high?
Truly, an agnostic stance is the most rational any mind can hope to achieve.
If there is more to it than meets the sensory field, fine; if it is just a one-trick pony, fine.
The challenge before all, is to play out their given dreamtime, as well as their temporal destinies allow.
If there is more to it, You will know soon enough; if not, so it goes, ta-ta forever more.

Discerning the Moment

When You truly discern that none of it ultimately real or lasting,
You will find desire and fear and dread, no longer govern the day-to-day.
That the dreamtime of the prior-to-consciousness awareness is timeless, changeless.
The You saturated in every variety of limitation born of the given nature-nurture conditioning,
Becomes the indivisible, unborn-undying You; that which is prior to all conception.
Not necessarily an easier dream, but one that offers greater detachment.

Nothing Has Ever Been the Same

This moment is no different than it has ever been, in any ever then.
Nor will it ever be at all different in any ever future when.
In truth, nothing has ever been, exactly the same.
Vanish into the awareness, the sentience,
And be the You, You truly are.

Be Right Here, Be Right Now

You are the mystery.
You are the moment.
You are the sentience.
You are the awareness.
You are the indivisible.
You are this right here.
You are this right now.
You are the ineffable.
You were never born.
You will never die.
Be here, be now.

The Awareness of the Totality

The cosmos is very much aware, within and without, prior to all priors, beyond all beyonds.

We Got It Covered

No doubt there is more than likely-probably some sound or two for that thingamajig, too.
You see it, You hear it, You taste it, You smell it, You feel it, You imagine it – we got it covered.
No thingamabob, gizmo, doodad, doohickey, widget, whatsit, thingummy, hoojamaflip, goes without.

The True Church

Awareness is the true church.
In its temple, its chapel, its cathedral, its basilica, its minster, its synagogue, its mosque, its cave;
In the rectory of the mystery's eternal solitude,
You are.

The Choiceless Choice

The choiceless choice is yours to compose, yours to marshal.
Persevere according to your own self-absorbed volition,
With all the afflictions consciousness encompasses.
Or give yourself over to the dimensionless presence of Self,
Your true nature, the inexplicable essence of all that is, of all that is not.

The Indifferent Moment

Eternity, the moment, the timeless now, is indifferent to your imaginary absurdities.

How It All Seems to Moi

How it all seems to moi, is what these many thoughts, these many titles, are about.
Whether or not, they are anything the dreamtime's future, will be in any way interested,
Is nothing this mind's vanity, can more than pipe-smoking speculate, in its dystopian musings.

Martyrdom's Futility

Martyrdom is something for which most are likely ill-suited.
Rest assured, when it gets down to the brassiest of tacks,
When it gets down to a choice between You and them,
Few people will give a rat's furred ass about You,
Any more than You do about most all of them.
True selflessness, without a hint of vanity;
How rare is that, upon this Planet of the Apes?

What is Freedom?

What are the attributes of freedom?
The freedom to do what You please.
The freedom to say what You please.
The freedom to view what You please.
The freedom to think what You please.
The freedom to explore what You please.
The freedom to wander where You please.
The freedom to allow what You please.
The freedom to be what You please.
The freedom to be full.
The freedom to be empty.
The freedom to not be at all.

The Incorruptible Awareness

When You see what You truly are, what You truly are not,
What remains but the ineffable awareness,
Untainted by dreamtime.

An Imaginary Existence

The awareness of existence, the moment, is too ethereal to be more than imagined.

The Stillborn of Duality

No word, no symbol, no ritual, no tradition, no prophet, no deity, is sacred to the ultimate.
Self-interest breeds a logic screened through too many filters to be at all predictable.
Avoid moral dilemmas and quagmires; good and evil are the stillborn of duality.

Eternal Freedom

Nature-nurture frames every mind to play out one dream-identity or another.
In discerning this truth, the secular mind can be recalibrated,
Into the eternal mind, into the eternal life.
Eternal freedom is an ageless walkabout unto thy Self.

Forbidden Fruit

The fruit of knowledge was never forbidden by any supreme deity.
It is just humankind's naturally-selected choiceless destiny,
To imagine its way to its inevitable self-destruction.

The Unbidden Fate

Though all that is, is the indivisibility of the quantum dreamtime,
Few clearly discern the ever-present, unborn-undying state.
Many are called, few are chosen, fewer still volunteer.

Marooned in Illusion

It is but a world-wide collusion of imagination.
Every mind a unique spin of its nature-nurtured frame of reference.
All hypnotized, all mesmerized, by a dreamtime reality, only the rarest minds can discern,
And even they are swept up in this delusional, Shakespearian, théâtre de l'absurde.
This whirling-twirling pale blue dot, upon which we all are marooned.

The Daily Wander

Another day of rambling the quantum fever.
Bantering with your Self in whatever nooks and crannies are wandered.
Talking about, kicking around, hashing out, thrashing out, chewing over, every variety of this and that,
Learning and unlearning every rank of mind gorp, that death will someday wash away,
No matter how profound or clever, no matter how astute or shrewd.

The Clarity of Awareness

Toss out the watches and clocks and calendars, and digital displays, from your mind.
Dwell in the clarity of the timeless awareness of the ineffable unborn-undying moment.

Dusty Puffery

To believe this dusty cosmos really matters, is but ironic delusion,
In the paradoxical puffery of the quantum matrix's théâtre de l'absurde.

The Sons and Daughters of God

Why believe only one son of God ever walked on earth,
When so many sons, and daughters, are wandering about.

The Pathless Trek

Human consciousness is always imagining itself more than it can ever be.
It is not through words, through labels, through descriptions,
That kinks in any given mind will be worked out.
Meditation of the zen-ish sort, is the only real therapy,
For those who would be free of imagination's unrelenting tyranny.
Contemplation, reflection, consideration, introspection, rumination, concentration,
Deliberation, pondering, musing, are the ways and means, along the earnest seeker's pathless trek.

A Gift to the Future

I have done my best with this work,
To leave something that is as great a vision,
As this mind-body and linguistic aptitude can muster.
As great a revelation as technology and times for a time allow.
Attempting in so many ways to fashion it nondualistically all-inclusive.
Something that will worm its way through the harsh age ahead,
Into a more rational, equitable, notion of humankind,
And its relationship with the natural world,
And the mystery that is source to all.
And to always try to remember,
That it is not at all about,
The little me who put it into play.
Rather, the big me, who is the You in all.

Best wishes, rotsa ruck, and apologies for the world we left You.

Eternity, Centerstage

A Shakespearian theater.
You, perpetuity's ineffable thespian.
Intangible, indelible, indivisible, unborn-undying.
Playing every part, every moment, to incomparable perfection.
On every impromptu centerstage, no matter the exterior, no matter the interior,
It is all about the same You.

False Expectations

If You expect someone who abides in a boundless state,
To behave in some prescribed manner, some ordained fashion,
That is your own assumption, your own projection, your own delusion.
And You may well be disappointed, frustrated, annoyed, seething, even enraged,
Or worse yet, succumb to yet another mesmerizing, nonsensical groupthink.
Another inconsequential bottleneck created by timebound imagination.
Is it any wonder, really, why so many seers disappear into caves,
Very much alone, very much at home, very much at peace.

True Believers, All

We are all are true believers.
Each in our own personalized mind-body-spirit ways.
Conditioned, persuaded, convinced, programmed, brainwashed, indoctrinated, molded.
Hypnotized, mesmerized, spellbound, captivated, enthralled, absorbed,
By whatever nature-nurture has spawned and cultivated us.
The senses crafting our imaginary universes,
Every kaleidoscoping moment.

Only in pure, unsullied awareness, can You be free.

Yes, We Are All the Same You

Yes, we are all the same witness.
Yes, we are all the same sentience.
Yes, we are all the same awareness.
Yes, we are all the same alertness.
Yes, we are all the same omnipresence.
Yes, we are all the same cosmos.
Yes, we are all the same world.
Yes, we are all the same quantum.
Yes, we are all the same indivisible.
Yes, we are all the same ocean.
Yes, we are all the same nature.
Yes, we are all the same omniscience.
Yes, we are all the same eternity.
Yes, we are all the same here.
Yes, we are all the same now.
Yes, we are all the same moment.
Yes, we are all the same perpetuity.
Yes, we are all the same indelibility.
Yes, we are all the same infinity.
Yes, we are all the same soul.
Yes, we are all the same oneness.
Yes, we are all the same spirit.
Yes, we are all the same divinity.
Yes, we are all the same illusion.
Yes, we are all the same omnipotence.
Yes, we are all the same mystery.
Yes, we are all the same You.

Entitlement v. Darwin

How can anyone ever be totally prepared for chaos?
Especially rough for those domesticated by entitlement.
Gaia always boils down to Darwin 101: Adapt or succumb.
And spin into that unforgiving, pitiless equation,
A pale blue dot slathered with apes,
Vying for supremacy.
Vanity
Greed
Imagination unleashed.

Seekers All

Life seeks life.
Strength seeks strength.
Weakness seeks weakness.
Comedy seeks comedy.
Tragedy seeks tragedy.
Intelligence seeks intelligence.
Absurdity seeks absurdity.
Futility seeks futility.
Paradox seeks paradox.
Irony seeks irony.
Ecstasy seeks ecstasy.
Agony seeks agony.
Love seeks love.
Hate seeks hate.
Wisdom seeks wisdom.
Bliss seeks bliss.
Death seeks all.

Perpetual War Since the Beginning

Humankind has always been at war, has always competed full-tilt, and we always will.
You can take the monkey out of the jungle, but You cannot take the jungle out of the monkey.
Four billion-year-old, naturally-selected, nature-nurtured software, for which no update is possible.

The Illusion of All Boundaries

Where exactly is the defining edge of the drop that You think, You believe, You are,
That is at all separate from the cosmos, the electromagnetic spectrum,
The quantum ground, the matrix, the ether, the awareness,
The ineffable mystery, that You truly are.

Too Boggling for Words

Every quantum across this mystery, is exactly where it is,
To play out its timeless, indivisible role in the theater,
You and every other sentient being is perceiving.

The Same in All

The dimensions may be different,
But the sentience, the awareness, the totality, the mystery,
Is the same in all.

This Fine Day

The awareness of existence is too ethereal to be more than imagined.
So, what will your ethereal imagination do through You, this fine day?

A Once-Upon-A-Time Mirage

Your existence is a mind-built dream,
An imaginary projection of desire and fear and dread.
Discern and embrace the ineffable, prior-to-consciousness awareness,
And know that You are the mystery, centerstage, in a temporal once-upon-a-time mirage.

The Illusion of Permanence

The illusion of permanence is a delusional weaving born of timebound imagination.
No manifestation can withdraw or abstain, from the ever-present, kaleidoscoping quantum matrix.
Only in the sentience of pure awareness, can the eternal mystery be agnostically fathomed.

Remember … Forget … Remember …

… Wake up … remember … go to sleep … forget …
… Wake up … remember … go to sleep … forget …
… Wake up … remember … go to sleep … forget …
… Wake up … remember … go to sleep … forget …
… Wake up … remember … go to sleep … forget …

The Eternal Thespian

A Shakespearian theater.
You, perpetuity's ineffable thespian.
Intangible, indelible, indivisible, unborn-undying.
Playing every role, every single moment, to unrivaled perfection.

Empty Assertions

Whatever You think You know, whatever You think You understand,
Is merely the absurd self-deception of a delusional mind caught in illusion.
The essential nature, the indelible You, is prior to all knowledge and understanding.
All manifestation only exists because You are present to witness the mind-body perceptions.
The dream of space-time is nothing more than impromptu spontaneous combustion.
There is no point asking who or what or where or when or why or how,
Because imagination can only answer with empty assertions,
Having no reality in the timeless quantum matrix.
To give it name or meaning is pointless.
Shakespeare a la extempore,
With a hearty splash of so it goes.

The Magic Carpet of Imagination

Continuity is imagination's fallacious delusion, over the mind-body's sensory-born illusion.
The delusion fashioned by its intoxication with the vague perceptions,
The frame of reference, posted on its neuron trails.
It is the deception, the irony and paradox, of consciousness,
In its usurpation of the awareness, its usurpation of the timeless moment,
To seemingly fly through the eternal stillness, upon its magic carpet of space and time.
It is Shakespearian cuisine, upon a quantum stage, whereupon the mystery-born sentience, forges all.

Eternal Speculation

The mystery has never been able to more than speculate how it came to be.
In every venue across whatever dimensions are out there,
No manifestation has ever discerned,
Its origin, nor its end.
So it goes.

Embracing the Mystery

When all purpose and meaning is set aside,
You naturally return to the momentary awareness,
Free of the ball and chain of psychological gamesmanship.
To discern and own this peaceful, dreamlike freedom,
Fosters an inward simplicity, a detached humility,
A modesty, an austerity, a clarity, an integrity,
An embracing of the mystery of beingness.

What Doubt Unleashes

The grand illusion will manifest whatever experiences are fated.
Whatever tempts You into believing space and time real.
Only those with the greatest doubt will not waver,
In their walkabout to discern the unborn-undying totality.

The One-Bookers

The harvests of those subscribing to just one, so-called holy book, are endless waves of absurdity.
Across this dust ball, the one-bookers vie for an imaginary supremacy,
That has no ultimate reality, whatsoever.
What need for any religion, any dogma, any idolatry,
For those who discern the mystery of awareness within and without.

The Centerstage You

On every impromptu centerstage,
No matter the exterior, no matter the interior,
It is all the same You.

The Pathless Less Traveled

Consciousness fabricates space-time,
But is not what You really are,
Nor what You really are not.
To trek prior to consciousness,
To wander the pathless less traveled,
Requires a discerning, a doubting, mettle.

Heaven on Earth

To acutely, profoundly realize:
That You, in truth, do not 'know' anything;
That all You think You know, is but imaginary perceptions;
That all You think You know, is but quantum encoding in the neural processor;
Offers liberation into the momentary starkness of eternity.
For those searching for eternal salvation, there it is.
The momentary awareness is the brass ring.
Unborn-undying, indivisible, ineffable.
Heaven on Earth, indeed, indeed.

Purpose and Meaning

Does any other sentient being, on this spinning orb, or any other,
Require meaning and purpose to get through, to endure, its given existence?
The jury has left the building, on whether to gauge the human species illustrious or pathetic.
Imagination is source of all things, that have no harbor in pure sentience.
Awareness has no need of purpose, no need of meaning.
The timeless moment is ever fulfilled.

Just a Moment Away

Despite the fact, that there are no constraints, no binds, no dilemmas, whatsoever,
It is the most challenging thing, in all of this futile, pointless existence,
For the human mind to unstick, to release, to pry, to free,
Its essential Self, from its imaginary self.
The momentary awareness, cannot be grasped.

You Call This a Plan?

Is it intelligent design?
Is it reasoned design?
Is it sensible design?
Is it rational design?
Is it random design?
Is it irrational design?
Is it fallacious design?
Or is it any design at all?

The Unshackled Mind

The mystery is too mysterious, too esoteric, too irrational, too absurd,
To ever make any sense, to minds bent on trying to make sense of it all.
Only those who have given up completely, who have surrendered entirely,
Can harvest the fruit of doubt, and unshackle from their imaginary quandary.

The Mystery in a Drop

Way back when, Rumi etched: You are not a drop in the ocean; You are the entire ocean in a drop.
Yaj Ekim's corollary: You are not a drop in the mystery; You are the entire mystery in a drop.
One drop is inconsequential, but all together, are omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient.
Whatever the entirety of this spaceless, timeless, ineffable mystery, You are a centerstage in it.
A space-bound-time-bound, naturally-selected witness, to a Shakespearian theater of imaginary design.

High Order Delusion

To earnestly believe anything You do, have done, or will do,
Is going to change anything, in any meaningful way,
Is fallacious delusion of the highest order.

Witness to the Faceless

If You cannot be paradoxical,
If You cannot be dubious,
If You cannot be incredulous,
If You cannot be skeptical,
If You cannot be agnostic,
If You cannot be enigmatic,
If You cannot be irrational,
If You cannot be nonsensical,
If You cannot be sardonic,
If You cannot be doubtful,
If You cannot be peculiar,
If You cannot be outrageous,
If You cannot be atypical,
If You cannot be unbelieving,
If You cannot be cynical,
If You cannot be absurd,
If You cannot be uncertain,
If You cannot be disbelieving,
If You cannot be ironic,

How can You witness your faceless?

Imagination Cares, Awareness Cares Not

Infinite or infinitesimal, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Spiritual or agnostic, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Clean or dirty, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Live or die, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Wealthy or poor, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Alive or dead, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Believer or atheist, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Subtle or blatant, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Kind or cruel, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Sane or insane, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Straight or gay, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Sage or fool, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Fast or slow, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Do or do not, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Long or short, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Succeed or fail, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Love or hate, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Still or moving, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Real or unreal, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Tit or tat, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
For or against, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Up or down, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Around or through, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Clear or unclear, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Fat or thin, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Strong or weak, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Gratis or priceless, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Hard or soft, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Give or take, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
To or from, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Wise or foolish, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Beautiful or ugly, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Big or small, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Known or unknown, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Fore or aft, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Awake or asleep, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Heavy or light, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Rich or poor, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Awake or asleep, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
True or false, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Ecstasy or agony, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
First or last, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Creative or destructive, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Full or empty, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Sweet or bitter, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Loud or quiet, imagination cares, awareness cares not.

Straight or rounded, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Bright or dim, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Well or unwell, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Astute or obtuse, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Like or unlike, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Appealing or revolting, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Clear or opaque, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Thick or thin, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Brave or cowardly, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Sweet or sour, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Equal or lopsided, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
King or slave, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Queen or whore, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Expansive or contractive, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Soft or harsh, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Young or old, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Male or female, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Honest or dishonest, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Wild or tame, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Early or late, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Pure or foul, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Cautious or reckless, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Hit or miss, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Lead or follow, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
High or low, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Naive or cynical, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Truth or lie, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Deep or shallow, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Open or closed, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Rational or absurd, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Near or far, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Singular or dual, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
In or out, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Free or imprisoned, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Yes or no, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Attached or detached, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Course or fine, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
All or none, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Shiny or dull, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Smart or stupid, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Tall or short, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Forward or backward, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Before or after, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Selfless or selfish, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
One or two, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Within or without, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Yay or nay, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Close or distant, imagination cares, awareness cares not.

Normal or weird, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Wet or dry, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Hot or cold, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Constant or fickle, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Positive or negative, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Happy or sad, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Fair or unfair, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Over or under, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Similar or different, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Loose or tight, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Plus or minus, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Above or below, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Inside or outside, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Simple or complex, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Black or white, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Smooth or coarse, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Wide or narrow, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Gentle or cruel, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Humble or vain, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
On or off, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Here or there, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Have or have not, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Sharp or dull, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Good or bad, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Right or wrong, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Everything or nothing, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Something or nothing, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
White or black, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
Light or dark, imagination cares, awareness cares not.
This or that, imagination cares, awareness cares not.

Awareness holds on to nothing; why do You?

The Clock in the Sky

The clock on-high, in the sky, tick-tick-ticking every day away.
How would we measure time, how would we gauge time,
If not for the consistency of sun and moon and stars?
Would time even pretend to exist without them?
Would we imagine we exist without them?
Could we imagine we exist without them?
Should we imagine we exist with them?

No Assertion Required

At some point there is really no need to even assert “I Am.”
Just being the momentary awareness, just breathing in, breathing out,
Is far more than enough, in a very supercalifragilisticexpialidocious sort of way.

As Near as It Is Far

The awareness is as near as it is far.
The awareness permeates all genesis.
The awareness permeates all oblivion.
The everything and the nothing are one.
The everything and the nothing are You.

Rubs Aplenty

To see what cannot be seen,
To hear what cannot be heard,
To taste what cannot be tasted,
To smell what cannot be smelled,
To touch what cannot be touched,
To think what cannot be thought,
Now there, are a cluster of rubs,
Rubbing away, a rub-less way.

The Solitude of Eternity

It can indeed, be a long and winding,
Oft times lonely walkabout,
This calling to grapple the mystery.
Until one perhaps discerns the indivisible matrix,
Through which all time-bound linear perceptions kaleidoscope,
Is, has ever been, will ever be, the indelible, ineffable solitude, of all eternity.
Which is, of course, the unutterable aloneness of You, this very singular, very timeless moment.

Shakespeare Live

Imagination dominates the human mind; it has usurped the awareness of the sentience.
What do You want to be when You grow up? a question the young are oftentimes asked by adults.
Human conditioning is ever about aspiring to various functions; when naught, is literally all, all really are.
Those with ambition are acclaimed; those who have no purpose, no meaning, are sidelined.
The rare few take the query to its frontiers, and become critical thinkers.
Skeptics, cynics, doubters, nonbelievers, agnostics.
And discern the truth of this mystery.
That they are the mystery.
And meander amongst the bustling masses,
Observing the theatrics – Shakespeare live – detached and free.

It Is All Just Happening

The indivisible entirety is no more responsible for this illusion,
Than any ocean is for its surface, its depths,
Or the play of its waves,
Upon any number of shorelines.

Do Not Be Fooled

To You who yearn for the ultimate freedom,
You are all buddhas, You are all christs.
You are every mystic seer and master,
This illusory cosmos has ever known.
You are your own timeless companion.
Do not be fooled into believing otherwise.

The Scythians Are Coming!

In his The Unabridged Devil's Dictionary, Ambrose Bierce, defined Cynic,
As a blackguard, whose faulty vision sees things as they are, not as they ought to be.
Oh my god! The Scythians are coming! The Scythians are coming to pluck out your eyeballs!

A Sea of Metaphors

What is what is consciousness, what is imagination, what is Gaia, but a sea of metaphors.
Figures of speech that, for rhetorical effect, directly refer to one thing by mentioning another.
That may provide (or obscure) clarity or identify hidden similarities between two different ideas.
Metaphors paint one concept with the brush of another, revealing hidden connections,
Or sometimes obscuring clarity to create a likeness or a vivid analogy.
Comparable with other types of figurative language,
Such as, antithesis and hyperbole and metonymy and simile.
Figures of speech, figurative expressions, images, tropes, symbols, parables,
Analogies, comparisons, allegories, emblems, word paintings, word pictures, literary conceits.

A Metaphor for All Time: The Seven Ages of Man

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely Players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His Acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Jaques (a.k.a., William Shakespeare), As You Like It, Act II, Scene VII, Line 139

The Challenge of Letting Go

Consciousness is infused with the desire to have, to hold, to take, to own,
To possess, to enjoy, to keep, to retain, to gather, to collect, to amass, to marshal,
To acquire, to occupy, to control, to dominate, to influence, to muster, to collect, to seize.
To release, to unleash, to unchain, to unfetter, to meander empty,
Is the challenge for any given mind.

Rhetorical Design

The human species, despite all its imaginary rhetoric to the contrary,
Is no different than any other biology this garden world,
Has ever through natural selection devised.

No Time Like the Present

There is no time like present.

World War Darwin

Gaia has always been in World War Darwin.
Every creature has always started any given day not knowing,
Whether or not it would survive, much less thrive.

The Neural Matrix

The neural matrix is but pure, unadulterated awareness …
Nature-nurture – genetically-mutated-hardwired – to be the matrix mystery.
That which is acclaimed, for which, few humans, truly-long-happen, in their imaginary cosmos:
To be the nothingness it is … To be the nothingness You are.

The Abyss of Judgment

The human specter, in all its imaginary quandaries, seems, in large part, to be all about endless judgment.
Endless – opinions, attitudes, appraisals, beliefs, outlooks, feelings – about everyone, everything.
And the consequences of that endlessness, can range from shrug, to destruction and death.
The Planet of the Apes, has always been in conflict with itself, and all things Gaia.
Every mind, a gummy quagmire, filled with every imaginable appraisal,
And there is no way to remedy the naturally-selected Darwinian juggernaut.

The Deceits Parables Weave

All cults, all sects, all religions, kick off with one parable or another,
That some storyteller spins, oral or written, into a mythology,
That entrances, enough true believers, enough sheeples,
To together, groupthink a narrative for the ages.
Those with direct perception, do not require stories.

Discerning Courage Required

Every culture molds individual conformity,
To whatever mythos it prescribes.
It takes discerning courage,
To discover, to be, what You truly are.
There is no freedom, incarnating a prescribed life.

Wielding It All Together

Across this pale blue dot garden, minds cling in every way-shape-form,
To the obliviousness of imagination's uncountable divisions.
Witness the many intolerances, small to great,
Rational and irrational, good and evil,
Intelligent and senseless, wise and foolish.
Discern the common essence within all imaginary differences,
And wield them together into the infinite singularity, from which all illusion is created.

A Stoic Detachment

What do all human belief systems seem to be about,
But an innate, naturally-selected, self-absorbed craving,
To believe we truly are – for every rationale under the sun –
Somehow significant, somehow important, somehow cherished,
Somehow precious, by this boundless, timeless, impenetrable cosmos,
That seems to be, for all reasoned observation, indifferent to our existence.
Whether or not, there is some deity out there tracking everything,
Evaluating, judging, our every thought, our every deed,
Is a question that haunts the many if not most,
Unable to realize a stoic detachment.

Always a Step Behind

Everything You perceive,
Everything You think,
Everything You see,
Everything You do,
Everything You know,
Everything You believe,
Everything You hope,
Everything You love,
Everything You hate,
Everything You accept,
Everything You deny,
Everything You give,
Everything You take,
Everything You realize,
Everything You dream,
Everything You recall,
Everything You admire,
Everything You deride,
Everything You possess,
Everything You cherish,
Everything You judge,
Is nothing more than imagination,
Is always but a dreamer shadowing the moment,
Is nothing more than electrical impulses racing along neural pathways.

Only in the stillness of unadorned awareness, can You know, can You be, the timeless eternity You are.

Is the Future Ready?

Self-reliance, grit, gumption, work ethic, critical thinking, the ability to stand alone.
Is what it took for the human paradigm to arrive at this moment in time.
Is the future ready to take over the world we have left it?
What will it be like to be born into a Ponzi scheme forever undone?

The Sands of Time Have No Memory

Any life and its destiny, is but an imaginary dream,
Instantly forgotten in this quantum mirage.
The sands of time have no memory.

What It Is

There is nothing to argue; nothing to prove.
It is what it is; You are what You are.
And it is all one in the same.

How Is That Working for You?

Maintaining an existence,
You no longer care about,
No longer have desire for,
No longer have energy for,
How is that working for You?

The Quantum-Awakened

The quantum-awakened, turn sand into gold, coal into diamonds, water into wine.

The Inner Journey

It is up to any would-be philosopher-mystic, drawn to the great game,
To from podium speak his/her mind – to take up their philosophical gauntlets –
And sally forth every serendipitous thought, their minds have been nature-nurtured to utter.
In any-and-all dimensions, this indelibly ineffable, mystery elephant – called by many names – ordains.
To unveil his/her mind's eye, to share the reasonings, encapsulating the unveiling of their wander.
The journey, all their many thoughts – the imaginings – their mortal mind's destiny calls.
The trek through illusion – ever inquiring into the truth of their beingness –
Until fate slides the door open, to the only possible conclusion,
That You are indeed, ineradicably, That I Am.

The Ether of Oblivion

… Earth … Wind … Water … Fire …
Intertwined in every conceivable genre pax.
In the Ether of Nothingness … oblivion's marrow.

An Imaginary Reality

You are the indescribable, indivisible, indelible, unborn-undying awareness,
Witnessing consciousness frolicking about a quantum matrix.
Stardust shrouded in every imaginable form,
Imagining the ecstasies and agonies of existence real.

The Last Will and Testament

The very serendipitous – day-to-day of random folks – whose paths I crossed,
Were casually given business cards, with website name and address.
And before that, who knows how many pilfered copies,
Through the side door at the Kinko's in Chico.
There is no knowing how far, how wide, or for what duration,
Future imagination-driven times, will choose to allow, this freely-offered serum,
From a scribe who pretty much made it his last hobby, his last distraction, his last will and testament.

Effing the Ineffable

So many minds, imagining in every way, the mystery into which all are inexplicably cast.
So many minds, investigating their existence; so many minds, effing the ineffable.
Leaving behind so many creations, sharing their revelations of the eternal:
Writings, paintings, sculptures, music, architecture, ad infinitum.
A world of seers, bound by the mundanity of the masses,
Whose unrealized raison d'être, is to secure the ways and means,
For the unborn-undying, ageless witness, to fathom its unfathomability.

The Many Paths to Destiny

Settle for less, and that is what destiny will mete out.
Seek more than fate has assigned, and the dream will tether You.
The passions are ephemeral beasts in this ineffable magical mystery tour.
Moderation is the surest means to a content, peaceful existence,
But even the most sagacious tack offers no guarantees.
To be born is to endure whatever fate is allotted,
And there is no happy end to any story.

The Show Must Go On

Easier to ignore this sort of scribbling.
For vanity and voracity's sake,
The show must go on.

A Quantum Kaleidoscope

There is no space, there is no time.
There is only quantum energy, eternally kaleidoscoping,
In the quantum dreamtime of consciousness, in the quantum perceptions of mind.
And You: pure awareness, untouched; You: sentience, unscathed.
You: ineffable, indelible, unborn-undying witness,
To eternity’s ever-present moment.

Coulda Shoulda Woulda

Coulda-shoulda-woulda, have brought to a halt, to all this nonsense long ago.
So much absurdity, over an elephant that can never been seen.
Coulda-shoulda-woulda, sought out a little cave.
Kept to my Self, Kept my peace,
Lived existence, rationally, serenely.
Free from all the mundanity, all the temporality.
Wait, I have done that! Here I am, ensconced right here now.
In my zennish, collector-hoarder hollow: Studio 101, Lakeside Apartments,
Turlock, California 93382-1016, United States, Gaia, Milky Way, Universe … Mystery …

The Reality of All Stories

Any story, no matter when written, is only as real as your belief in it.

The Harvest of Discernment

Free your Self from the binds and obligations of groupthink,
That often diminishes creativity and individual responsibility.
Stand alone, immersed in the momentary awareness You are.
Free of all doubts, all bothers; be the harvest of discernment.

The Absurdity! The Absurdity!

How is it so many imagine a personal deity to sanction their dream?
How is it so many imagine a personal deity to bestow their wishes?
How is it so many imagine a personal deity to fulfill their desires?
How is it so many imagine a personal deity to bless their ventures?
How is it so many imagine a personal deity to bolster their alliances?
How is it so many imagine a personal deity to vanquish their enemies?
How is it so many imagine a personal deity to judge them auspiciously?
How is it so many imagine a personal deity to bequeath them eternal life?
How is it so many are blind to their endless me-myself-and-I self-absorption?

Despite All Delusions to the Contrary

Despite all delusions to the contrary, we all are animals.
Despite all delusions to the contrary, we are all biological beings.
Despite all delusions to the contrary, we are all connected to the web of life.
Despite all delusions to the contrary, we are all equal participants in the same mystery.
Despite all delusions to the contrary, we are all nameless witnesses to the same quantum dreamtime.
And no amount of twisting nor twirling of the imaginary mind, will ever change that.

The Illusion-Delusion of Free Will

What choices have You ever really had?
What choice did You have in your existence?
What choice did You have in your awareness?
What choice did You have in your nature-nurture?
What choice did You have in your gender?
What choice did You have in your physique?
What choice did You have in your vision?
What choice did You have in your hearing?
What choice did You have in your smelling?
What choice did You have in your tasting?
What choice did You have in your feeling?
What choice did You have in your mind?
What choice did You have in your family?
What choice did You have in your birth order?
What choice did You have in your culture?
What choice did You have in your ethnicity?
What choice did You have in your geography?
What choice did You have in your universe?
What choice did You have in your socioeconomic level?
What choice did You have in your intelligence?
What choice did You have in your language?
What choice did You have in your name?
What choice did You have in your education?
What choice did You have in your interests?
What choice did You have in your beliefs?
What choice did You have in your religion?
What choice did You have in your politics?
Even Your daily movement, Your daily choices,
The every-step-you-take-every-moment believe to be free will,
Are the quantum dictates of every natural selection since the beginning of all beginnings.

How Does It Make Any Sense?

How can it ever make any sense at all,
That You are not a drop of the whole?
That You are not a drop of the entirety?
That You are not a drop of the creation?
That You are not a drop of the sentience?
That You are not a drop of the ineffable?
That You are not a drop of the awareness?
That You are not a drop of the dreamtime?
That You are not a drop of the indelibility?
That You are not a drop of the indivisibility?
That You are not a drop of the unborn-undying?
That You are not a drop of the preservation?
That You are not a drop of the destruction?
That You are not a drop of the spaceless?
That You are not a drop of the timeless?
That You are not a drop of the mystery?
That You are not a drop of the eternal?
That You are not a drop of all that is?
Call it anything You will, You are it.

Deal With It

Short of excessive violence,
It is all but impossible to keep anyone,
From thinking whatever they darned well please,
About You, or anyone or anything else.
So it goes, get over yourself.

An Astounding Waste

Why would it at all matter, how this mystery began?
Here You right-here-right-now are; here we all right-here-right-now are,
How much futility, how much angst, the human species has spent through so much of its history,
Speculating-asserting-battling, over an eternal moment it can never possibly know.
What an astounding squander of spacless-timeless it has all been.

Speculations of a Dystopian Mind

What will be the future of our kind, and life on this pale blue dot, You often wonder.
It is challenging to wrap the timebound mind around the dystopian horror You see coming.
How much longer will the human paradigm persevere after Your cadaver is a dusty pile of bones?
Ahh, but that is indeed a narcissistic-egocentric question, if there ever was one.
So, just toss it into the passing breeze, and expect no answers.
And someday quietly depart, ever agnostic.

How Like Us

Curious, how like us, all our deities, across the world, across time, have always been.
Willful, jealous, vindictive, judgmental, malicious, pitiless, vengeful.
And sometime kind and just, and perhaps even loving,
When it suits the undisclosed schemes.
Is there any limit to our affinity for absurdity?

And Who Decides?

How good is good? How bad is bad?
How right is right? How wrong is wrong?
How known is known? How unknown is unknown?
How infinite is infinite? How infinitesimal is infinitesimal?
How true is true? How false is false?
And who decides?

The Way of Awareness

Regarding the way of awareness, the way of the moment,
The way of the right-here-right-now, the way of the spaceless-timeless eternal,
It is, as Minch Yoda astutely said to Luke Skywalker: No. Try not. Do ... or do not. There is no try.
To attain eternal life, one must doubt everything, one must let go everything.
One must be everything, and nothing all the while.

Doubt All Things

Doubt all the stories, all the narratives, all the anything, floating willy-nilly about the mind.
That which is most unfathomably true, is prior to all affairs born of imaginary design.
Philosopher René Descartes penned, “If You would be a real seeker after truth,
You must at least once in your life, doubt, as far as possible, all things.”

That Whiny Little Voice

It can be quite challenging to tamp down that whiny little voice,
Once imagination discerns that self-pity serves well,
As a distraction from the moment.

Anonymity Rules

How history judges anything,
Will ultimately achieve the same anonymity,
All things imaginary ever have.

Nature is the Expression

Nature is the expression of the eternal moment of the ineffable mystery You are.
To ignore it, to abuse it, to destroy it, is a sure path to oblivion.
To wander harmoniously in it, is the way.

Your Eternal Birthright

You need not believe the spins You project, either to the world, or to yourself.
Toss away any-and-all thoughts – positive or neutral or negative – of the imaginary self.
Be the stillness, the utterness, the unborn-undying, of the awareness that is your eternal birthright.

Ugly Is as Ugly Does

What repulsive, hideous, revolting creatures, so many women become.
How some men remain sexually aroused by them is a mystery,
Especially once their youthful effervescence has faded,
Into pallid, sagging skin, with thick layers of clownish make-up,
Topped with beauty-shopped hair, and anatomy covered by languishing tattoos.
A genetic lottery of biological evolution no less crunchy-chewy-gooey than any other creation.
Add to that inventory: obesity, scars, wrinkles, blemishes, mutilations, disfigurements,
Flatulence, blotches, stretch marks, cottage cheese, diseases, sores, disabilities.
It is indeed a mind-boggling mystery, which only delusional blinders,
And four-billion-year-old software, come close to explaining.
Natural selection can only manage so much evolving,
With such a haphazardly encrypted algorithm.
And let us not deny, this all applies,
To the other half-ish of the species, as well.
And in truth, every other life form Gaia has ever devised.

The One and Only You

Ever the same You, playing out every creation across all eternity.
So infinite, so infinitesimal, as to be the only divinity worth ascertaining.
The eternal moment, timeless, ever-present, right here, right now, unborn, undying.
You are pure awareness: ineffable, indelible, indivisible, immeasurable.
You are ever You, have ever been You, will ever be You.
There is no other, than the one and only You.

The Original Departure

That moment when sense of self, the me-myself-I, first arises in the mind,
Is the moment that separates one from the garden this pale blue dot has fashioned.
And all the other estrangements follow suit for that bubble of imagination's entire existence.
There is no returning to the garden of origin, but through an awakening to that awareness prior to all.
And that awakening is set in motion through the deep doubt of a critical-thinking perspective,
That only the rarest minds ascertain, as they meander down their road less traveled.
A solitary road, upon which adventures are witnessed. one after another.
A solitary road that kaleidoscopes to its destined conclusion.

There is Only One Truth

There is only one truth, and it is this very right-here-right-now moment,
Timelessly ephemeral, unborn, undying, immeasurable, indivisible, ineffable.
There is no need for any dogma; there is only being inwardly still enough to be it.

Truth is Not …

Truth is not a word.
Truth is not a thought.
Truth is not a story.
Truth is not a dichotomy.
Truth is not knowable.
Truth is not intelligible.
Truth is not moot.
Truth is not provable.
Truth is not space-bound.
Truth is not time-bound.
Truth is not hearsay.
Truth is not understandable.
Truth is not definable.
Truth is not describable.
Truth is not debatable.
Truth is not a dogma.
Truth is not expressible.
Truth is not a belief.
Truth is not before.
Truth is not after.
Truth is not penetrable.
Truth is not a rumor.
Truth is not fathomable.
Truth is not effable.
Truth is not graspable.
Truth is not controversial.
Truth is not any thing.
Truth is not anything.
You are the truth.
You are the life.
You are the Way.
Simply be your Self.
Right here, right now, bam!

Fearless Living

Living fearlessly is not necessarily something manly-man-on-steroids machismo,
As much as it is being serene enough to be the moment You ever are.
The awareness You ever are, the eternal You ever are.
The right-here-right-now You ever are.
The You, You ever are.

Blinders On, Blinders Off

To ignore natural law, to ignore physics,
To believe You are in anyway separate from anything,
Is to be in such a state of blindered delusion,
That it is a wonder You still exist.

Process is All

Every process has a beginning.
Every process has an ending.
Every process is part of a process,
That is without beginning, without end.

Nothing Exists Because of Imagination

Nothing exists because of imagination.
Cultures, languages, mathematics,
Sciences, technologies, religions,
All the arts, the politics, the silk roads,
Are all imagination, evolved unto existence.
The usurper of sentience reigns the human mind.
The usurper of sentience dominates the human paradigm.
The natural selection, that selected its way to such immense heights,
Is the creator, is the preserver, is the destroyer, of all things,
That were nothing more than illusion from the get-go.

You, Centerstage, All Alone

Alone.
You are so alone.
Give into it with full abandon,
And be the ineffable, eternal mystery, You are.
This human paradigm dreamtime is but a Shakespearian soiree,
Through an illusory quantum matrix, infused with every variety of delusion imaginable.
In which You will perform your nature-nurture centerstage character,
However it naturally-selects – very much alone.

The Path to the Ineffable

The awareness is the unborn-undying moment.
The awareness requires no belief system.
The awareness esteems no philosophy.
The awareness has no moral compass.
The awareness has no consciousness.
The awareness has no space or time.
The awareness has no need or want.
The awareness has no faith or hope.
The awareness has no raison d'être.
The awareness has no imagination.
The awareness has no love or hate.
The awareness has no obstructions.
The awareness has no passion or zeal.
No one can more than suggest the way.
There is absolutely nothing to hold onto.
You must doubt everything, for your Self.
You must discover it, all alone, for your Self.
You must then witness it, all alone, for your Self.
It is a road less traveled; a fork only the rare perceive.
There is truly no other, but few are nominated to realize it.

Many Paths, One Grave

There are many paths, treading all about this pale blue dot of a dust ball, all to the same grave.

Paradise Won, Paradise Lost

The engineers and scientists, and all the diligent worker bees,
Pushed and pulled us all up the exalted road, a road to paradise and beyond,
Until it became a road too far, and is now all Humpty Dumpty, falling, falling, down, down.
We have already given them carte blanche to destroy this garden dust ball beyond all possible redemption,
So why not allow them to spin it into dystopian mayhem and chaos and despair beyond all pales?
Let vanity and greed wreak their final act, and Gaia move on to the next geological epoch.

Spinning Wheels Go Round and Round

To endlessly attempt to discover and define Self,
Is really, no different than a caged hamster running round and round on its spinning wheel.
Passing time, filling the mind with every variety of pointless absurdity,
To which imagination is so inherently capable.

A Web of Everything

It is not merely a web of life; it is a web of everything.
An indivisible matrix, permeating an unfathomable mystery.
Too beyond knowing, to be perceived by anything but a still mind.
No naming necessary, for it is the same awareness, the same You, in all.

What is Self?

What is this sense of Self, this me-myself-I,
But an intrinsic survival mechanism of the sentience,
Attached to whatever mind-body the genetic lottery has sculpted.
Given over to imagination's endless struggle, to be more than it can ever be.
It is a quandary not easily set aside, even for the most resolute.
Every mirror, every photograph, every interaction,
Ever reinforces the imaginary dreamtime.
Not easy to be indifferent to the quantum illusion.
Very challenging to be untouched by imagination's fell grip.
Though space and time are ultimately unreal, the eternal awareness You are,
Is captive within the magical theater of the mind-body, the mystery has imposed upon its Self.

You Are the One and Only Ineffable Moment

We have created this thing called time, based on the whirling regularity of the earth, the moon, the sun.
Seconds, minutes, hours, days, months, years, decades, centuries, millenniums, epochs.
But there are no ‘moments’ – there is only one indivisible moment.
One spaceless moment, one timeless moment.
You are this eternal moment.
You are this now.
This is it.
This is all it is.
There is nothing more.
There can be nothing more.
There will never be anything more.
All the narratives humankind has concocted,
All the creations the monkey-mind has brought forth.
Are nothing more than the ineffable dreamtime of imagination.
The unfathomable awareness You are, the unknowable mystery You are,
That which the divisive human mind has in every way deified,
Is in truth, all there is, has ever been, will ever be.
You are it, it is You, there is no other.
Alone, absolute, flawless,
Unborn, undying,
Now.

The Impenetrable Moment

No story, no narrative, no history, no chronicle,
No account, no anecdote, no description, no tale, no yarn,
No matter how well-written, no matter how real, no matter how true,
No matter how miraculous, no matter how fantastical,
Can touch the unborn-undying moment.

Idolatry Is Idolatry Is Idolatry

Whether in appearances, whether in concepts, idolatry is idolatry is idolatry.
Only in pure awareness, can the timeless moment be perceived truth.
Only in pure awareness, can the timeless You, be the true Self.

The Quest for Truth

Why should You believe anything You have not examined for yourself?
Why would You believe anything You have not examined for yourself?
How could You believe anything You have not examined for yourself?
Approach all phenomena, all questions – rationally, sensibly, lucidly –
With truth, with fact, with reality, with honesty – the primary objective.
Do not allow imagination to weave its many guiles over your mind's eye.

Prior to Space and Time

Without space, there cannot be time.
Without time, there cannot be space.
Without them, there is just awareness.
Without them, there is just You.

Every Moment That I Am

Whether You see the truth of it clearly,
All the time, some of the time, or never at all,
You are still every moment incapable of not being it.
Any and all notions of dualistic me-myself-and-I perception,
Are nothing more than arbitrary, fallacious delusions of imagination.

Where, Oh Where?

Where in the awareness of the moment does the universe exist?
Where in the awareness of the moment does the world exist?
Where in the awareness of the moment does the body exist?
Where in the awareness of the moment does the mind exist?
Where in the awareness of the moment does space-time exist?
Where in the awareness of the moment does consciousness exist?

Where in the awareness of the moment do You exist?

Just the Way You Are

You have always been ineffable just the way You are.
You have always been perfect just the way You are.
You have always been immaculate just the way You are.
You have always been indivisible just the way You are.
You have always been intangible just the way You are.
You have always been indelible just the way You are.
You have always been unborn-undying just the way You are.
You have always been absolute just the way You are.
You have always been totality just the way You are.
You have always been spaceless just the way You are.
You have always been timeless just the way You are.
You have always been incomprehensible just the way You are.
You have always been mysterious just the way You are.
You have always been impeccable just the way You are.
You have always been singular just the way You are.
You have always been matchless just the way You are.
You have always been tabula rasa just the way You are.
You have always been pervasive just the way You are.
You have always been momentary just the way You are.
You have always been unbound just the way You are.
You have always been seamless just the way You are.
You have always been unconditional just the way You are.
You have always been anonymous just the way You are.
You have always been indecipherable just the way You are.
You have always been truth just the way You are.
You have always been unknowable just the way You are.
You have always been everlasting just the way You are.
You have always been flawless just the way You are.
You have always been perpetual just the way You are.
You have always been immeasurable just the way You are.
You have always been inscrutable just the way You are.
You have always been inexplicable just the way You are.
You have always been unequivocal just the way You are.
You have always been unimaginable just the way You are.
You have always been ageless just the way You are.
You have always been inconceivable just the way You are.
You have always been motionless just the way You are.
You have always been oblivion just the way You are.
You have always been indefinable just the way You are.
You have always been harmonious just the way You are.
You have always been nondualistic just the way You are.
You have always been eternal just the way You are.

Sometimes

Sometimes You walk through eternity.
Sometimes You run through eternity.
Sometimes You sit through eternity.
Sometimes You wait through eternity.
Sometimes You think through eternity.
Sometimes You talk through eternity.
Sometimes You look through eternity.
Sometimes You listen through eternity.
Sometimes You smell through eternity.
Sometimes You taste through eternity.
Sometimes You feel through eternity.
Sometimes You fear through eternity.
Sometimes You dread through eternity.
Sometimes You abide through eternity.
Sometimes You hope through eternity.
Sometimes You love through eternity.
Sometimes You hate through eternity.
Sometimes You want through eternity.
Sometimes You grasp through eternity.
Sometimes You release through eternity.
Sometimes You give through eternity.
Sometimes You take through eternity.
Sometimes You win through eternity.
Sometimes You lose through eternity.
Sometimes You inhale through eternity.
Sometimes You exhale through eternity.
Sometimes You judge through eternity.
Sometimes You forgive through eternity.
Sometimes You forget through eternity.
Sometimes You flow through eternity.
Sometimes You resist through eternity.
Sometimes You celebrate through eternity.
Sometimes You mourn through eternity.
Sometimes You suffer through eternity.
Sometimes You delight through eternity.
Sometimes You create through eternity.
Sometimes You preserve through eternity.
Sometimes You destroy through eternity.
Sometimes You sleep through eternity.
Sometimes You awaken through eternity.
The moment, the awareness, the sentience, is the sky of You.
And the mind, the senses, the self of imagination, are but clouds ever streaming through.

Where Is the Line?

Where is the line between infinite and infinitesimal, and who decides?
Where is the line between order and chaos, and who decides?
Where is the line between light and dark, and who decides?
Where is the line between love or hate, and who decides?
Where is the line between good and evil, and who decides?
Where is the line between rational and irrational, and who decides?
Where is the line between large and small, and who decides?
Where is the line between this and that, and who decides?
Where is the line between near and far, and who decides?
Where is the line between right and wrong, and who decides?
Where is the line between in and out, and who decides?
Where is the line between black and white, and who decides?
Where is the line between real and unreal, and who decides?
Where is the line between fact and fiction, and who decides?
Where is the line between sincere and disingenuous, and who decides?
Where is the line between thick and thin, and who decides?
Where is the line between peace and war, and who decides?
Where is the line between genuine and hypocritical, and who decides?
Where is the line between win and lose, and who decides?
Where is the line between many and few, and who decides?
Where is the line between tall and short, and who decides?
Where is the line between narrow and wide, and who decides?
Where is the line between tangible and intangible, and who decides?
Where is the line between loose and tight, and who decides?
Where is the line between hot and cold, and who decides?
Where is the line between within and without, and who decides?
Where is the line between true and false, and who decides?
Where is the line between yes and no, and who decides?
Where is the line between truth and lie, and who decides?
Where is the line between have and have not, and who decides?
Where is the line between new and old, and who decides?
Where is the line between pleasure and pain, and who decides?
Where is the line between us and them, and who decides?
Where is the line between caution and paranoia, and who decides?
Where is the line between up and down, and who decides?
Where is the line between knowledge and ignorance, and who decides?
Where is the line between formal and informal, and who decides?
Where is the line between ethical and unethical, and who decides?
Where is the line between awake and asleep, and who decides?
Where is the line between sage and fool, and who decides?
Where is the line between creator and creation, and who decides?
Where is the line between the mystery and You, and who decides?

How Amazing You Are

Why would an indifferent mystery,
Bored with the filled-with-nothing eternal moment,
Not sanction natural selection to play the quantum illusion impromptu?
A big-bang-turtles-up-down-throw-of-the-dice genesis, weaving its Self, into an infinite theater.
An immaculate conception, chock-full of every quantum possibility imaginable.
An ineffable, ever-lasting, kaleidoscoping, stardust mystery.
Every handiwork witnessed within and without,
Through the indivisible, all-seeing, unborn-undying, eye of awareness.
How amazing You are, to have played every part, every particle, in this magical mystery theater.

What? What? What?

What is bondage?
What is knowledge?
What is enlightenment?
What is liberation?
What is reality?
What is truth?
What is You?

Illusions, all.

The Truth of the Matter

The truth of the matter, is an illusion-delusion.
An indivisible dreamtime left for imagination to speculate,
Every feasible speculation, any given eensy-weensy mind, can fathom.

The Timeless Witness

The awareness, the moment, is church enough, religion enough, faith enough, for any-and-all.
No need to wait for a relatively few times a week, when awareness is witness to every moment.

Down a Dead-End Road

Both electricity and oil took off about, one hundred fifty and change, years ago,
And it has been accelerating-exponential on every chart and graph and schema since.
How the world-wide electrical grid will keep up with it all, is destined to be quite a saga.
The engineers and scientists, and all the supporting cast, have taken us down a dead-end road.
We might stumble into a very dystopian, very wretched Old School, any day now; be ready steady.

Wake Up, You Ninny

It is not the egocentric mind-body that is eternally immortal, You ninny.
It is the awareness that is equally within and without all creation.
This imaginary identity and world You are so attached to,
Is nothing more than food for worms and beyond,
As the quantum illusion churns ever on.

Imagination's Eternity

Temporary sacks of crunchy-chewy-gooey genetic material,
– permeated, pervaded, infused, saturated, soaked –
In imagination's eternal quantum matrix.

Tollbooths Across the Board

Tollbooths, at every opportunity, is how it works, for those who play the game.

The Man of One Book

Easy to believe your book the most real and true, when it is the only one You have ever read.
The man of one book uses whatever is said, whatever is written, to corroborate his delusion.

Imagination's Labyrinth

How is it we are not lost in absolute wonder, unwavering awe, in the light of this quantum dreamtime.
How is it we are so passionately unable, so violently unwilling, to look, to examine beyond,
And happily, dance through the infinity of differences, we every-moment imagine,
To discern the ineffable prior-to-consciousness indivisibility we all are,
That through which this quantum mirage kaleidoscopes.

Please Don't Hurt Us!

What petty, meaningless gods, we have, across all times and spaces, imagined.
What petty, meaningless gods, we have across all times and spaces,
Dreaded and worshipped and pleaded forgiveness from.
As if we were somehow to blame for any of it.

Eternity's Illusion

So much illusory quantum movement, quantum vibration,
Kaleidoscoping through the eternal stillness,
Of the one and only moment.
Om, baby, Om.

Rushing Through the Expanse

Rushing, rushing, rushing; how we do so scurry here and there,
As if we were bona-fide significant, in an expanse full of dust balls.

The Ever-Next Generation

Every generation passes on a lesser, more depleted world.
What blessings, what curses, will the current issue, inflict upon the next.
Another long-and-winding moment, in this ever-kaleidoscoping, illusory stardust sitcom.

Speculation Unending

Consciousness will ever spin every variety of speculation about its ineffable, indivisible origin,
For it can have no recollection of the oblivion that was prior to all its absurdities.
Nor is it at all able to more than imagine the unborn-undying state,
After the mind-body's final breath exits the stage.
As magnificent as it imagines itself to be, imagination has its limits.
As center of the universe, as it imagines itself to be, imagination is but a mortal player.

The Anonymity! The Anonymity!

Another ditty, none but these eyes shall likely ever read.
Another ditty unveiling the anonymity, all are.
Even the most famous in their time,
Destined to be forgotten.

The Last Decision

Why feet obligated to wait for the Reaper,
Why feel obligated to let some imaginary ornament,
Make the 'no-more-of-this-bullshit' final exit decision for You?

Magical v. Empirical

Opting for magical thinking over empirical observation; well, enjoy the delusion.

The Mystery of Sentience

Of course, the universe is exactly as You every moment perceive it … and so is everyone else's.
That is the mystery of it – every mysterious very-much-the-same moment – of sentient perception.

The Eye of Awareness

What are human beings but sacks of genetic material –
Permeated, pervaded, infused, saturated, soaked – in imagination's matrix.
The ego mind is but a sensory-inspired illusion, through which the eye of awareness You are, peers.
Detached, aloof, indifferent, disinterested, impassive, impersonal … immortal.

Too Much, Too Many

Too much everything.
Too many people.
Too many things.
Too many hungers.
Too many deceits.
Too many untruths.
Too much bullshit.
Too much absurdity.
Too much horror.
Too much everything.

The You Prior to All

The mystery, which is the awareness, the You, prior to all,
Is completely, utterly, entirely, absolutely – empty, barren, devoid, bereft, clear, free –
Of all attributes imagined, of all attributes unimagined.
You are the mystery, You are That I Am.
The other is but illusion.

The Clarity! The Clarity!

What can possibly be more liberating, than the effortless clarity of pure, immaculate, ineffable awareness?
It does not require the potency of power, the security of wealth, the status of fame, the reason of wisdom.
It is itself unto its Self – there is no other with which to contend – no mind or body for which to gather.
To surrender your self to your Self, to surrender your self to the timeless moment, is the path of grace.

Beyond the Idolatries of Imagination

The word ‘God’ is just a sound, just a concept, just an image, just an idol.
The reality of that which is, and is not, God, is much more than any mind can grasp.
To give any word reality, is to allow imagination to control one’s actions, to control one’s being.
Is to allow imagination to adjudicate one’s illusory world in so many bittersweet ways.
How much simpler, how much more real and genuine, to just be, to just allow.
To give your self, over to Self, and be the mystery-given awareness,
In which the mystery all Creation every moment streams.

Own Your Essence

Bow to no idol.
Defer to no idolater.
Fathom your own essence.

A Sprint to Oblivion

All our industries, all our technologies, all our arts, all our ambitions,
Only frenzy us to generate more and more and more.
And more, more is never enough.
And less, a loser’s gait.
All of it, nothing more than,
Another day of racing stoplights,
Another day of chasing clocks and calendars.
Partnering and competing with all our oh-so-many creations.
An absurd, calamitous, often-malevolent, extremely pain-ridden, sprint to oblivion.

The Church of Now

The awareness, the moment, is cathedral enough, religion enough, faith enough, for any true truth-seeker.
No need to hold off, for the relatively few routine occasions, when witnessing the ineffable mystery,
Can be an any-moment rebirth, whenever the inclination arises, in any given mind’s existence.
There is no need for any ministry, any assembly, to buttress those able to prevail alone.

Of the Eternal Quest

Do not doubt, there is a point and purpose, to all these reflections.
Do not doubt, all the ironies and paradoxes, all the riddles, all the koans,
Have been set before You, that You will one day reach the destiny that beckons.
The only thing required, is that You – humbly, dutifully, faithfully, earnestly, patiently –
Submit to whatever – long and winding and bizarre and confusing and nonsensical – rabbit hole,
You now meander, so that the allotted dream detaches, from all the imaginary notions, to which it clings.
Nothing is assured, but know that this eternal quest, is one that has called many through the ages.
And it is in the momentary journey – none ever in any way similar – that all fates are cast.
And realize also, that wherever the walkabout ferries You, it will all be for naught.
The treasure will be, but a fistful, of nothing more than irony and paradox.
Truth is but the eternal moment, through which all illusion wafts.

Nothing Matters

All the all's,
All the none's,
All the if's,
All the and's,
All the but's,
All the who's,
All the what's,
All the where's,
All the when's,
All the why's,
All the how's,
All the above's,
Matter not.

The Last Storyteller

Who will be the last historian?
Who will have the timeline's unparalleled perspective?
Who will have the last say, on how the human paradigm finally extinguished itself?
And what was left of the garden on this spinning pale blue dot,
In its kaleidoscoping journey to oblivion?

Many Are Called, Few Are Chosen

Many are called, few are chosen.
Not easy for imagination to let go of a mind-body,
It has inhabited, it has usurped, with its veil of illusions and delusions.
All its memories, all its knowledge, all its passions, all its vanities, all its agonies, all its ecstasies.
For as long as it can remember.

The Mortal Player

Imagination is always out and about, on the hunt for one morsel or another.
But as magnificent as it imagines itself to be, it is but a vain, mortal player.

An Absolute Mystery

When jars break, there are no ripples in the quantum absolute.
The same is true for any form, mortal or otherwise.
All things morph into what they ever are,
In this ineffable mystery.
There is no other in the unchanging.

Of Pharaohs and Cart Pushers

All existence plays out a unique skewing of biological coding,
That was inexplicably etched almost four billion years ago.
That nature was nurtured in an inimitable environment, as well.
To expect that all forms can be adaptable to any given circumstance,
Does not match the Darwinian reality life ever faces in any given moment.
Ergo, to think that all human beings are equally suited for the civilized existence,
We now inextricably find ourselves in, in this our modern world, is just not at all feasible.
Most of that four-billion-year human history operated at the hunter-gatherer level,
And the resume required to survive and thrive in so many concrete jungles,
Can only be achieved by only so many mind-body-spirit two-leggeds.
The rest will hunt and gather wherever their carts are allowed.

The Wonder! The Wonder!

Wherever You might be, in this one and only ineffable, eternal moment,
In this one and only unborn-undying right-here-right-now, how is it, that You are not
– Engrossed, absorbed, captivated, enthralled, spellbound, immersed, fascinated, riveted, mesmerized –
In the wonder of it all?

The History of the Mystery

The history of the mystery, is everything imaginable, and nothing all the while.

The Jaunt Ahead

Whatever time is left in the human paradigm,
Is way more than likely to be quite a jaunt.
Anything is possible, and nothing is sure.

Beyond All Beyonds

The unifying principal is the awareness in everything.
The unifying principal is the indelible moment in everything.
The unifying principal is the unborn-undying mystery in everything.
The unifying principal is the Self, the You, in the entirety.
The unifying principal is the beyond all beyonds.

A Letter to Some Editor

Write down all your aggrieved, whiny, petty complaints, in a letter to some editor.
And then, for all the astounding changes that it will bring about,
Be sure to mislay it on the way to the post office.

La Raison de Tout Cela (The Reason for All This)

When all the words, when all the thoughts, become more than assertions;
When they at last morph into their mark; when they finally achieve;
That to which they have been raison-d'être pointing all along;
When they finally dissolve into the awareness You are;
The illusory You, will be the eternal You-ness,
You are, have always been, will ever be.

The History of the Mystery

The history of the mystery,
Is everything imaginable,
And nothing all the while.

The Eternal Moment

The moment creates nothing.
The moment preserves nothing.
The moment destroys nothing.
The moment bestows nothing.
The moment takes nothing.
The moment does nothing.
The moment is nothing.

Naught But Illusion

The momentary awareness, is the harbor of neither space nor time.
Nor does it offer perch to any imaginary notion, nor any form wafting through.
It creates nothing, it preserves nothing, it destroys nothing, it offers nothing, it takes nothing.
Your body, your world, your cosmos, are only as large as You imagine them.
Disregard the senses, still the mind, and all disappear.
The dreamtime is but an illusion.
As are You.

Imaginary Witness to the Quantum Matrix

The eyes are spaceless-timeless sensors.
The ears are spaceless-timeless sensors.
The nose is a spaceless-timeless sensor.
The ears are spaceless-timeless sensors.
The tongue is a t spaceless-timeless sensor.
The dermis is a spaceless-timeless sensor.
The brain is a spaceless-timeless processor.
And awareness is witness to the world, the cosmos,
They all together kaleidoscope in eternity's indivisible quantum matrix.
A dreamtime, unique in every sentient being, this ineffable mystery has ever inexplicably created.

A Mystery Beyond All Reckoning

What rhyme or reason is needed,
What rhyme or reason is even possible,
When there is a mystery beyond all reckoning,
And minds only capable of grasping a tiny sliver of it.
And idolatry and magical thinking the sagacity of most minds.

Talk, Talk, Talk

You can talk yourself into a lot of things.
You can talk yourself out of a lot of things.
You could stop talking, and do nothing.

The Natural Selection of Existence

In this world of natural selection, in which all life rises and falls,
There is no choice but to drive on through every moment,
Until it all becomes more than can be sustained.
Where rock and hard place at last crush,
And the Angel of Death arrives to carry You home.

Narcissists, All

Is there anyone on this pale blue dot – in any space, any time – including me,
Who does not believe they have discovered the truth of it?
What a narcissistic species we are.
What an endless challenge to be truly agnostic.

The Source of All Delusion

An ever-fleeting, ever ungraspable, ever-unsustainable dream,
Is all it is, is all it has ever been, is all it will ever be.
Those who believe it more, who play it more,
Whose narcissism and hedonism are insatiable,
Act out every delusion the given mind can imagine.

The Teflon Moment

How can karma stick to the moment but through imagination.

Not All Stories are Equal

Yes, the Big Bang Theory is a story, too.
Just positing bit closer to reality, than some out there,
In the gray matter of minds filled with idolatry and magical thinking.

The Same Eternity

It has always been the same eternity, through which all dreams have streamed.
Forget the world, forget the universe, forget everything, even your Self.
Quantum body, quantum mind, quantum soul, quantum dream.

The Pointlessness! The Pointlessness!

The weariness I feel with my take on the human paradigm,
Is beyond measure, many times, in so many situations, in any given day.
How tempting to just pull the plug on everything, to discard all this esoteric commentary,
Back into the oblivion, into the abyss, into the void, from whence it came,
And spend whatever remains of this dreamtime existence,
As quietly, as anonymously, as possible.

But no, I drudge on, as another ditty Magic-8-Ball's into mind.

Anything

Anything can be changed.
Anything can be disparaged.
Anything can be deprived.
Anything can be denied.
Anything can be rationalized.
Anything can be misused.
Anything can be repudiated.
Anything can be negated.
Anything can be renounced.
Anything can be usurped.
Anything can be ignored.
Anything can be concealed.
Anything can be abused.
Anything can be discarded.
Anything can be spoiled.
Anything can be corrupted.
Anything can be distorted.
Anything can be destroyed.

Neither Here nor There

Eternity is the one and only spaceless-timeless-dimensionless reality.
It requires no name, nor any delusionary fixations born of imaginary notion.
It is the emptiness of awareness, in which all creations come and go, without regard.

In It, but Not of It

You are in a universe, a world, a form, a mind, a space, a time, a dream … but never of it.

Un-Examined v. Examined

Which sucks better? The unexamined life, or the examined one?
To spend one's life playing out every sort of distraction?
Or siting alone in dark corners scribbling absurdity,
Relatively few will ever bother to examine?
It is a question only time will answer.

The Given Dimension

All life on Earth-Gaia-Eden,
Is bound by its given sensory scope,
In a dimension of the manifest mortal kind.

The Seed Principle

Your dream began as a zygote in your mother's womb,
Unleashed by an orgasmic dice throw of your father's ejaculate.
And each of your parents came into this dreamtime in the same manner –
Through the commingling of seeds of their parentages – as did theirs before them.
As all life has, however this all came to be, in the over four billion orbits round our modest star.
You are the current issue, of all the existence that has evolved, mutated, natural-selected.
Are You the mind-body-spirit, to which You are so, through imagination, attached?
Or the awareness, that permeates all things, in this moment ever-unending?
An ever-present now, unborn-undying, with neither beginning nor end.
A vast quantum mystery, which, despite all apparent differences,
Is the same indivisible, intangible, unfathomable, oneness.
Every seed, but a one-time-only, one-trick-pony show.
It is You that is the reality, not the sensory theater.
It is the You, that the is the sky for all creation.

A Pipe Dream of God

The longest view of history – to be nothing more than imaginary confabulation –
Is that all Creation, that all Genesis, came and went in an instant,
And that, for all practical purpose, never happened,
As more than a pipe dream of God.
How would any less a vision even be possible?
Yes, God is great beyond measure, no naming required.

Missing Out

If You expect the all-mighty wampum in exchange,
You may well miss out on your life's greatest passion.

This Very Instant

To be the free-est free, You can ever really be,
You, must see it, must be it, must do it,
This very, very, very instant.

The Moderation-Checker

No, stop, there are just some things, You need not do.
Never hurts to keep your moderation-checker at hand.

Proceed With Caution

When You enter any pathway, any sidewalk, any street, any highway, any crossway,
Be sure to look left, be sure to look right – twice or thrice, if there is the time.
The physics of this manifest dream make no allowance for forgiveness.

The You in Eternity, the Eternity in You

Where is flat, where is round?
Where is up, where is down?
Where is all, where is none?
Where is yes, where is no?
Where is truth, where is lie?
Where is this, where is that?
Where is here, where is there?
Where is space, where is time?
Where is black, where is white?
Where is sound, without a mind?
Where is mind, without a sound?
Where are You, without a mind?
Where are You, without eternity?
Where is eternity, without You?

The You That Imagines Who

Who imagines who?
Who imagines what?
Who imagines where?
Who imagines when?
Who imagines why?
Who imagines how?
Who imagines You?
Who imagines You?

The World That Is Nigh

Humankind's tool-making aptitude –
From the first sharpened-in-the-fire stick-spear,
Capable of defending the tribe and hunting the mastodon,
To the last nuclear warhead capable of killing millions in an instant –
Has taken the species down a path from which there very little chance of return.
All any of us peons can do, is live out each day as nimbly and pleasantly,
As our little slices of geography, and these modern times, allow.

Always Remember

Always try to remember, that your story,
Is really nothing more than imaginary fabrication.
Nothing more than chemical-electrical-biological interplay.
All the zilch-nada-zip-nil-zero-null-naught-zippo-void of nothingness.
The mystery, the awareness, pretending the ineffable menagerie,
Is more than quantum stardust patterned unto existence.

Believe in Nothing

Do not believe anything the inner voice tells You.
Do not believe anything the inner voice pretends real.
Do not believe anything the inner voice believes true.
It is all nothing more than the chicanery of stardust.
A temporal invention fashioned by imagination.
A touchy-feely, three-dimensional delusion.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

Recipe for a Peaceful Existence

If all You truly want out of your moment, is a serene existence,
Just find pleasant spots to sit, eyes open or closed,
Or take long aimless-wandering walks,
Followed by good naps,
And just, breath in, breath out.

Boiling It Down

The human paradigm – from dawn to sunset – all boils down to vanity and greed.
Narcissism and hedonism, channeled through the seven arduous dualities:
Pride and envy and gluttony and lust and wrath and greed and sloth.
Manifested physically, emotionally, mentally, in every way.
Tempered only through moderation of the grit-and-gumption sort.

Becoming You

Become the awareness,
Become the stillness,
Become the moment,
Become the impenetrable,
Become the unconditional,
Become the totality,
Become the inexplicable,
Become the imperceptible,
Become the nonduality,
Become the unborn,
Become the unspeakable,
Become the inconceivable,
Become the timeless,
Become the unknowable,
Become the indivisible,
Become the impartial,
Become the unequivocal,
Become the immaculate,
Become the indivisible,
Become the inexpressible,
Become the imperceptible,
Become the undying,
Become the unfathomable,
Become the solitude,
Become the indefinable,
Become the indelible,
Become the undeniable,
Become the intangible,
Become the everlasting,
Become the ineffable,
Become the mystery,

And You, will be You.

Give It Your Best Shot

What else is there to do, but play out the attributes of whatever seed You inhabit,
As best the givens of mind and body and spirit and circumstance,
Of time and geography and tribal persuasion, allow.

Eternity’s Magnum Opus

Eternity’s kaleidoscope.
Eternity's lights how.
Eternity’s rainbow.
Eternity’s ecstasy.
Eternity’s agony.
Eternity’s chaos.
Eternity's grunge.
Eternity's mayhem.
Eternity’s starkness.
Eternity’s callousness.
Eternity’s irrationality.
Eternity’s rationality.
Eternity's absurdity.
Eternity’s madness.
Eternity's delusion.
Eternity's illusion.
Eternity’s clarity.
All of the above.
None of the above.

The Unknowable

Now can never be known.
Stillness can never be known.
Awareness can never be known.
Nothing can never be known.
Truth can never be known.
God can never be known.
You can never be known.

A Good Space to Hang

All we are is crunchy-chewy-gooey with imagination.
A bubble of detachment is a good space to hang.
No need to suffer along with the mind-body.

A Nod is Enough

If it is fated for these way-too-many thoughts to be discovered, I would prefer it be after I am rootbound.
Have never sought the weight of power, the rattle of gold, or the bother of groupthink.
Scribing all this has peaceably filled a great deal of this existence.
A pleasant pastime, to be channel for this mystery.
Being rewarded for such a gift, is given its due, with a nod of a head.

The Freedom of the Unborn-Undying

Space and time are such an indelibly surreal dreamtime-showtime.
A conspiracy of the sensory mind-body's kaleidoscoping cosmos.
No story can ever begin to capture or own this ineffable mystery.

Born Anew

Imagine your Self born anew.
Without history, knowing nothing.
Hearing the mystery for the first time.
Viewing the mystery for the first time.
Smelling the mystery for the first time.
Feeling the mystery for the first time.
Tasting the mystery for the first time.
Do it now, do it now, do it now.
Again and again and again.
Every single moment,
You possibly can.

The Freedom of the Unborn-Undying

Space and time are such an indelibly surreal dreamtime-showtime.
A conspiracy of the sensory mind-body's kaleidoscoping cosmos.
No story can ever begin to imprison or own this ineffable mystery.
This touchy-feely, three-dimensional play house, witnessed by You.

The Difference Between

The difference …

Between black and white,
Between day and night,
Between good and evil,
Between large and small,
Between life and death,
Between bitter and sweet,
Between sound and silence,
Between left and right,
Between kind and cruel,
Between full and empty,
Between hot and cold,
Between order and chaos,
Between love and hate,
Between right and wrong,
Between this and that,
Between near and far,
Between right and wrong,
Between in and out,
Between real and unreal,
Between fact and fiction,
Between thick and thin,
Between peace and war,
Between win and lose,
Between many and few,
Between tall and short,
Between narrow and wide,
Between loose and tight,
Between true and false,
Between yes and no,
Between truth and lie,
Between have and have not,
Between new and old,
Between pleasure and pain,
Between us and them,
Between awake and asleep,
Between sage and fool,
Between creator and creation,
Between You and You,

… is You.

Un-Imagination

Un-imagine your perceptions.
Un-imagine your existence.
Un-imagine your persona.
Un-imagine your mind.
Un-imagine your body.
Un-imagine your name.
Un-imagine your gender.
Un-imagine your family.
Un-imagine your friends.
Un-imagine your romances.
Un-imagine your adversaries.
Un-imagine your knowledge.
Un-imagine your experience.
Un-imagine your sexuality.
Un-imagine your curiosity.
Un-imagine your eyes.
Un-imagine your ears.
Un-imagine your nose.
Un-imagine your tongue.
Un-imagine your sensations.
Un-imagine your stories.
Un-imagine your beliefs.
Un-imagine your values.
Un-imagine your dreams.
Un-imagine your hopes.
Un-imagine your desires.
Un-imagine your passions.
Un-imagine your affiliations.
Un-imagine your skills.
Un-imagine your successes.
Un-imagine your failures.
Un-imagine your interests.
Un-imagine your possessions.
Un-imagine your religion.
Un-imagine your politics.
Un-imagine your treasures.
Un-imagine your You.
Un-imagine your Self.
Un-imagine your moment.
Un-imagine your awareness.
Un-imagine your imagination.
Un-imagine your everything.

Inward Freedom

You can only be as inwardly free, as genuinely free, as You timelessly decide to be.
To tranquilly witness, without emotional attachment, is the key.
There are no ifs, no ands, no buts, about it.
This right here, this right now, do it, be it, own it.

Illusions, All

Who-what-where-when-why-how is You?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is mystery?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is now?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is here?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is space?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is totality?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is time?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is existence?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is birth?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is death?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is awareness?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is consciousness?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is intelligence?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is imagination?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is identity?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is form?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is bondage?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is doubt?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is knowledge?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is enlightenment?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is emancipation?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is liberation?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is wisdom?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is mindfulness?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is eternity?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is reality?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is truth?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is That I Am?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is mystery?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is You?

Illusions, all.

Where-ing Some Prepositions

Where is aboard?
Where is about?
Where is above?
Where is across?
Where is after?
Where is against?
Where is along?
Where is aloft?
Where is alongside?
Where is amid?
Where is apropos?
Where is around?
Where is at?
Where is round?
Where is before?
Where is behind?
Where is below?
Where is beneath?
Where is beside?
Where is between?
Where is beyond?
Where is by?
Where is down?
Where is from?
Where is in?
Where is inside?
Where is like?
Where is near?
Where is off?
Where is on?
Where is outside?
Where is over?
Where is past?
Where is since?
Where is through?
Where is throughout?
Where is to?
Where is under?
Where is underneath?
Where is up?
Where is within?
Where is without?

A Beyond All Pales Rabbit Hole

What was this pale blue dot like before electricity and oil,
Propelled so many human creations into an ever-accelerating exponential?
Before agriculture and industry and technology blew this dust ball down an endless rabbit hole,
From which we, and all our fellow earthlings, will only exit,
In ravaged, scarred, twisted, maligned form.
If we manage to survive at all.

The Absurdity of Assertions

"It has to be something more," is an unprovable assertion.
To even declare "I Am" is an extremely questionable assertion.
And freedom, what is that, really, to the unborn-undying?

The Primal Fear

You certainly do cling to your primal fear.

The Freedom of Death

How free do You really determined to be?
Only the dead are truly free.
Die now.

No Point, No Purpose

Imagination imagines every variety of point and purpose.
The sentience, the awareness, the moment, is the point and purpose.
No validation, no confirmation, no benediction, is required.

Reflections of an Eternal Journey

All these notions are straight-up how I see it.
No regurgitations, no mimicking, no mendacities, no fanatisms.
Just the matter-of-fact, straight-thinking, no-nonsense, down-to-earth, the-way-it-is,
As seen through these older-than-the-stars-younger-than-the-moment eyes.

Naught But You

There is no existence in sentience.
There are no questions in sentience.
There are no problems in sentience.
There are no answers in sentience.
There are no deities in sentience.
There are no dogmas in sentience.
There is no identity in sentience.
There is no space in sentience.
There is no time in sentience.
There is no creation in sentience.
There is no preservation in sentience.
There is no destruction in sentience.
There is no imagination in sentience.
There is no anything in sentience.
There is naught but You in sentience.

The Living Dead

The living who are dead, count themselves few.

The Cosmos You Imagine

The world, the cosmos, the dreamtime,
You see, You hear, You taste, You smell, You feel,
Is but an ever-expanding frame of reference, You alone imagine.

Stardust Come Unto Existence

Stardust somehow morphed into existence,
And it could never more than speculate, how it all came to be.
But rather than be happy … rather than be content … at peace in agnostic grace …
… it argued … it struggled … it battled … over everything imaginable …
… in the forever more … that never ever enough … ever is …
… in monkey minds evolved of Darwinian fare …

So Many Differences

So many differences.
So many distractions.
So many people.
So many things.
So many books.
So many movies.
So many screens.
So many tribes.
So many languages.
So many words.
So many numbers.
So many definitions.
So many opinions.
So many religions.
So many politicians.
So many tourists.
So many stages.
So many colors.
So many shapes.
So many sizes.
So many tools.
So many gadgets.
So many sights.
So many sounds.
So many tastes.
So many smells.
So many textures.
So many dreams.
So many everything.
Staying focused, a challenge for all.

Closed Mind v. Open Mind

The mind is like a hand.
It can be closed into a fist, ready to strike.
It can be open, ready to hold, ready to receive, ready to give.
The mind that is obtuse, misses opportunities, that only an astute one can grasp.

Turtles Up, Turtles Down

This pale blue dot, but a tiny speck,
In the dust storm, wafting in a back porch sunroom,
In a small cottage, on another tiny, spinning speck, in its own universe.
And that universe, but a tiny speck, in yet another universe.
And on and on and on and on and on and on
Turtles up, and turtles down.
Bam!

The Irrelevance of Tradition

Death makes all history absurdly irrelevant.
All tradition is the delusion of imagination.

A Bubble of Detachment

A bubble of detachment is a good space to hang.

Eternity, a Single Moment

Between before and after, between then and when, between twixt and tween,
What can there be, but the timeless awareness, the single moment, all eternity is.

The ‘It Matters Not’ of It All

Just playing out the part that was set in motion since the eternity ago genesis of this manifest illusion.
All the who’s, all the what’s, all the where’s, all the when’s, all the why’s, all the how’s, matter not.

Just You

Just You … very, very, very, exceedingly very, much alone.
Witnessing Your version of a universe, that has never existed as more than a dreamtime pipedream.
Poof! and Bam! and Snap Your Fingers! … All rolled up in One.

Imagining the Unknowable

No matter how much You imagine You know, the unknowable can never be known.

The Wafting Eternal

Truth is but the eternal moment, through which all illusion wafts.

No Hopeful Taste From This Pen

It is a most curious thing how so many writers,
Feel required to leave some hopeful taste in the reader’s mouth.
The reality of it is, that this garden world’s prospects are growing bleaker every day.
There is absolutely no precedent for this manifest mirage as it is unfolding.
Eight billion cancer cells could be nine billion in ten or twenty years,
Assuming it is not well into dystopian collapse long before that.
And, so sorry, there is no way our little two-legged brain,
Is going to keep things rolling forever, no matter,
How ingenious we believe ourselves to be.

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, Page 54

Surviving a Beyond-All-Pales Paradigm

How long can a species expect to survive, how long can a species hope to survive,
When it seems to believe, when it behaves as if, it is not at all connected to its original nature,
Is an ongoing question, an ongoing experiment, an ongoing saga, an ongoing beyond-all-pales absurdity,
Through which the human paradigm is barreling, and only the barest sigh of brakes squealing.

The Gifts and Horrors of Imagination

What can a child or imbecile know of history or physics or music or art or war or deprivation?
Not all can know the many gifts and horrors that imagination has wrought,
As it steadfastly works its way toward extinction.

Are You Ready?

The next breath could be your last; are You ready?

This Very Breath

Where else is there to be content, but this very moment.
This very right here, this very right now, this very breath.

Regarding Questions Without Answer

For detachment to be woven into every breath, into every step, requires a quiet mind.
A mind that is not caught up in the tempest of the mundane, illusory world.
Not an easy thing to wander aloof, to be in the world but not of it.
Especially once one has morphed onto long and winding road less travelled.
Especially once one, armed only with doubt, has taken on questions that have no answer.

Embrace It All

Embrace dreamtime.
Embrace narcissism.
Embrace hedonism.
Embrace genius.
Embrace idiocy.
Embrace futility.
Embrace winners.
Embrace losers.
Embrace power.
Embrace fame.
Embrace fortune.
Embrace rationality.
Embrace absurdity.
Embrace joy.
Embrace pain.
Embrace envy.
Embrace passion.
Embrace love.
Embrace hate.
Embrace jealousy.
Embrace tolerance.
Embrace intolerance.
Embrace sorrow.
Embrace good.
Embrace evil.
Embrace greed.
Embrace charity.
Embrace dullness.
Embrace liveliness.
Embrace tedium.
Embrace harmony.
Embrace discord.
Embrace life.
Embrace death.
Embrace creation.
Embrace preservation.
Embrace destruction.
Embrace awareness.
Embrace oblivion.
Embrace everything.
Embrace nothing.
You are all of it.
You are none of it.

Reverse-Engineering the Nature-Nurture

Unplugging from one's nature-nurture, from the encoding You play out, is impossible.
Stepping back a bit to get an expansive stance, is about all anyone can manage,
Unless they are truly geared to kick the bucket, figuratively or literally.
Be content that You have woken in whatever manner You have.
Stressing to become what You already are, and are not,
Is a tad ironical, is a bit paradoxical, is it not?
Simply being the timeless moment,
While You hash it all out,
Is surely enough.

An Imaginary Construct

Would You exist, without imagination, imagining it so?

A Twinkle in God's Eye

What will this pale blue dot be like after You are dead and dust?
More than very probable, pretty much exactly the same.
Except for the very few who actually miss You.
And then, someday, they will poof out, too.
But for imagination, it is all exceedingly anonymous.
What is any dreamtime, but a momentary twinkle in God's eye.
So, the quest of existence, for those bent to inquiry, is to become God's eye.

The Mindfulness of Happiness

Happiness (a.k.a., the avoidance of sadness and misery and grief and despair), is an endorphin puzzler.
Whether or not, mind-body chemistry can be consciously manipulated, is a life-skill matter.
A moment-to-moment discipline, basically dependent upon attention to attitude.
Which, at times, may compel an indecent iota of self-deception.
The mastering of detachment is paramount.
Mindful breathing is a mainstay element, as well.

Nine Yogic Breathing Practices for Mind-Body Balance and Healing

Himalayan Yoga Institute

Breathing is the very essence of life and the first thing we do when we enter this world and the last thing when we depart. In between, our bodies absorb roughly half a billion breaths.

Apart from sustaining life, the mind, body and breath are so intimately connected that they deeply influence each other. The way we breathe is influenced by our state of mind, and in turn our thoughts and physiology can be influenced by our breathing. Deep breathing practices advocated in advanced yoga training can have a positive impact on our physiology, both body and mind.

For thousands of years, Yoga and Ayurveda have employed breathing techniques (pranayama) to maintain, balance and restore physical, mental, emotional, and spiritual health. It results in several physiological benefits, achieved through the control of respiration.

The benefits of a regulated practice of simple, deep yogic breathing include:

Muscle Relaxation
Increase in energy levels
Reduced anxiety, depression and stress
Lower/stabilized blood pressure

Regulating your Breath – The Yoga Way

The most simple breathing exercise for calming both the nervous system and the overworked mind is a timed way of breathing where the exhalation is longer than the inhalation. This reduces the tone of your sympathetic nervous system (fight or flight response) while activating your parasympathetic nervous system (the rest, relax, and digest response). Breathing in this way for at least five minutes will bring about a difference in your overall mood. Anyone can do this exercise without having to consult a teacher.

Pranayama Techniques

In addition to the practice of simple deep breathing, ancient yogis have detailed different types of rhythmic deep breathing techniques that can have differing effects on the mind and body. Each of these breathing techniques has specific effects on the mind-body continuum.

Please keep in mind that You should learn the following breathing techniques from a qualified teacher who will also be able to guide You when to practice, how many times and over what period of time. In the Hatha Yoga Pradipika, one of the oldest texts on Hatha yoga, it is said that: “All diseases are eradicated by the proper practice of pranayama. All diseases can arise through improper practice. The lungs heart and nerves are normally strong and gain strength with regulated and suitable pranayama, but weakened with improper practice. By wrong and excessive practice one’s mental quirks and even nervous tics could become exaggerated. Every practice should be treated with respect and caution. Hence guidance is to be sought.

The Yoga Chudamani Upanishad states: “Just as the lion, elephant and tiger are brought under control slowly and steadily, similarly the PRANA should be controlled, otherwise it becomes destructive to the practitioner.

Nadi Shodhana or Alternate Nostril Breathing

A yogic practice that immediately helps You to feel calmer whenever You are feeling anxious or agitated.

Inhale deeply through your left nostril while holding your right nostril closed with your right thumb. At its culmination, switch nostrils by closing off your left nostril and continuing to exhale smoothly through your right nostril. After exhaling fully, proceed to inhale through the right nostril, again closing it off at the peak of your inhalation. Lift your finger off the left nostril and exhale fully. Continue alternating your breathing through each nostril and practice for 3 to 5 minutes. Ensure that your breathing is effortless, and your mind gently focusing on the inflow and outflow of breath. The above description is a beginner’s version of alternate nostril breathing. More advanced versions include regulated breathing on a certain count for inhalation and exhalation as well as breath retention. The Rajadhiraja system of pranayama is a highly advanced practice, which combines alternate nostril breathing with focus on a certain chakra while repeating a mantra. It is only taught individually, hence for those interested to learn more please email us.

Ujjayi or Ocean’s Breath

A cooling pranayama that can help soothe and settle your mind when You feel irritated, frustrated or angry.

Inhale slightly deeper than normal. Exhale through your nose with your mouth closed and constricting your throat muscles. If done correctly, this should sound like waves on the ocean. You can also try this practice by exhaling with your mouth open and making the sound “haaaaah”. Try to make a similar sound with your mouth closed, with the outflow of air through your nasal passages. With some practice, You should then use the same method while inhaling, gently constricting your throat as You inhale. Even though Ujjayi can be practiced once in a while as described above, daily Ujjayi must be prescribed by a teacher, and is given when the Sushumna nadii is sufficiently cleared, hence the need to practice under the guidance of a teacher. It is calming, but has a heating effect, stimulating the process of oxidation. It is contraindicated for low blood pressure.

The Pranayama techniques of deep breathing listed above are geared to improving the levels of energy in the body. Through regular practice, You will soon start to breathe more effectively without making any conscious effort.

Shiitali Kumbhaka or the cooling breath

Fold your tongue lengthwise and inhale deeply through the fold. Close your mouth, hold the breath on a count of eight and then exhale through the nose. Continue for a eight breaths, sustain for a maximum of eight minutes. Thereafter You massage the diseased are of the body (as prescribed in yoga therapy). Benefits of this method include reduced pitta (heat) in the regions of head, neck, and upper digestive tract. It is contraindicated in case of asthma, bronchitis and chronic constipation.

Siitkari Kumbhaka or the hissing breath

This practice has the same basic effects as the shiitali method. Inhale through the nose, hold your breath for eight seconds and exhale through the mouth, while resting your teeth on your tongue and producing the sound s-s-s with your tongue. In addition to reduced pitta, benefits include purification of the senses. The contraindications are the same as for shiitali.

The practice of Shiitali and Siitkari are to be avoided for a period of one hour before and after the practice of pranayama connected with one's meditation. In general it is best to only practice one pranayama technique at a time.

Brahmari or the humming breath

The inhalation is similar to the ujjayi (detailed above) and during exhalation one has to hum like a bee. The humming results in a resonating vibration in the head and heart. Proceed to take ten deep breaths in this manner and then another ten deep Brahmari breaths while closing both ears during the exhale process. This helps to notably enhance the resonance effect and resultant benefits. This method helps in balancing vata (circulation or flow) in addition to subtly enhancing awareness, both mental and emotional. Additionally, it may be practiced together with yoni mudra (as taught by a teacher). Never practice this method while lying on your back. It has to be practiced while sitting in upright position.

Bhastrika or the bellows breath

A word of caution: This exercise must only be performed under supervision. Close the right nostril and inhale twenty rapid bellows-like breaths through the left nostril. Repeat with twenty more bellows breaths through the right nostril while keeping the left nostril closed. Proceed to take twenty bellows breaths through both nostrils. This method helps draw prana (the life force) into the body and mind, thus clearing out mental, emotional and physical blocks.

Surya Bhedana or the solar breath

Similar to the Nadi Shodhana, inhale through the right nostril and exhale through the left. Repeat this for a minimum of six breaths and a maximum of ten minutes. Benefits include heating and warming breaths that help balance vata in the body. It is contraindicated in case of heart disease, hypertension, epilepsy, hyperthyroidism, peptic ulcer and acidity.

Chandra Bhedana or the lunar breath

Inhale through the left nostril and exhale through the right for a minimum of six breaths and sustain for a maximum of ten minutes. This cooling breath process helps reduce pitta. It should not be practiced by people who suffer from depression, who have mental disturbances, excess mucus and a sluggish digestion.

Active Yogic Breathing

Practice long, slow and deep breaths in and out through the nose as You walk at a moderate pace. Try to extend your inhalations and exhalations as You walk. Keep the count of steps during each full inhale and

exhale. Aim to take ten steps or more for each inhale and exhale. This method works to combine the calming effect of breathing with an active lifestyle.

The process of thinking and emotions are both voluntary and involuntary as is the act of respiration. Pranayama (control of the vital life force) can be achieved through the control of the respiration process. Advanced yogic breathing practices bring benefits to the various systems of the body, by improving circulation and thus enhancing the performance of the various organs.

Earth Translated

Earth
Terre
地球
Tero
Lupa
Erde
Гη
Honua
כַּדּוּר הָאָרֶץ
Lub ntiaj teb
Jörð
Bumi
Domhan
Wurl
地球
Žemė
Земјата
Papa whenua
ကမ္ဘာမြေ
પૃથ્વી
زمین
Ziemia
ਧਰਤੀ
Talamh
Земља
Tierra
Toprak
Daear
Dunia
Yer
Umhlaba

Koyaanisqatsi … Powaqqatsi … Naqoyqatsi

This whirling, pale blue dot, at war – creating, preserving, destroying – every indivisible moment.
A wondrous, magical garden, so bountiful, and yet, so much discontent, so little wisdom.
Eternity, so easily bypassed, by the many, who neither see nor hear nor question.
Instead, they choose … life out of balance … parasitic way of life … life in transition …
… civilized violence … a life of killing each other … crazy life … life in turmoil … life disintegrating …
A state of life that calls for another way of living.

Same Old Paradigm

Yet another beguiling story of deities and demons, oh joy, oh yawn.

The Third Dot

Mother Earth
Garden of Eden
Pale blue dot
Planet of the Apes
Spinning orb
Biosphere
Blue marble
Terra firma
Planet Earth
Whirling globe
Dust ball
Third planet
Twirling sphere
Home world
Gaia

Regarding Eternity

Regarding Eternity, You can never stop what never started.

A Corner of Our Own Making

Is it really any wonder that we have painted ourselves into a corner of our own making?
The deities on high, and the aliens wandering in our midst, must surely be shaking their heads,
As they place their bets in the Bellagio of the Fates, on how the dystopian calamity will all go down.

An Upstream Swim

The eternal mystery is only as obvious as any given mind can upstream swim.

All We Really Are

All we really are is living substance.
Quantum blobs of crunchy-chewy-gooey protoplasm.
Equipped with mask, hands and feet, hair and nails, lungs and larynx.
A cosmos built by eyes and ears and skin and nose and mouth.
And a brain, programmed, hardwired for imagination.
Impromptu Shakespearian theater dreamtime.
Illusional-delusional from the get-go.

You Are Your Own Law

What law but his own can bind the explorer of consciousness?

The Point of Meditation

Meditation is simply observing the mind so astutely,
That You clearly see nothing is there but imaginary notion.
That You are utterly alone, witnessing the eternal mystery, You are.
Indivisible, immeasurable, unfathomable, unborn, undying, ineffable, absolute.

Oh So, So True

Love is a word, a sound, an articulation, a metaphor, a vibration, an electrochemical reaction,
That whooshes through the ductless glands and viscera of the given mind-body,
In such a way, as to make true believers, truly believe, the promise,
The potential, the delusion, the tall tale, oh so, so true.
Alas, that it is truly nothing more than naturally-selected endorphins,
That aided and abetted the propagation, the survival, the domestication, of the species.

Duality v. Nonduality

In a dualistic cosmos, there is good and evil.
There every continuum between any given this and that.
In a nondualistic, sensible, reasoned, rational, scientific dreamtime,
There are merely explicable nature-nurture outcomes.
Magical thinking or objective inquiry?
As always, You decide.

The Irony! The Irony!

We would laugh loud at rats in suits and pigs in lipstick and goats in dresses.
But we do, indeed, take our own narcissisms, our own hedonisms,
Our own ironies, our own paradoxes, oh so seriously.
So much of everything; so little wisdom.

Imagine

Imagine, a space, a time, where there is not even one graven image to imagination's immortal delusions.
Where simple, austere, earnest, placid, mindful folk, wander about their business, quietly content.
How is it that our kind has so squandered its way down the rabbit hole of consciousness?
How is it we have embraced the narcissisms and the hedonism, to such a degree,
As to be on the verge of extinction, in this immaculate, magical garden?
How is it, that more – power, fame, fortune – is never enough?
How is it, so few are serenely, quietly abiding, in the eternal moment?

The Imaginary Guise of Awareness

Awareness has no persona, but what the wind of imagination whooshes through it.

Regarding the Eternal You

… How have You never been? … How will You never be? …
… Who have You never been? … Who will You never be? …
… What have You never been? … What will You never be? …
… When have You never been? … When will You never be? …
… Where have You never been? … Where will You never be? …
… Why have You never been? … Why will You never be? …

A Sisyphean Reckoning

Every mind, its own Sisyphean reckoning.

The Inattentive Mind

If You are inattentive to your breathing,
Bet that imagination has You in its clutches once again.
Probably for the umpteenth moment that day,
And more than likely this one, too.

The Grand Illusion

With or without any given mind's attention,
The moment is ever the same nowness, ever the same stillness.
All sensory inputs – vision, sound, taste, smell, touch – that imply space and time,
Are the illusion of a dreamtime born of an ineffable mystery.

Every Awakening

Every awakening is its own mind.
Every awakening is its own dream.
Every awakening is its own story.
Every awakening is its own time.
Every awakening is its own space.
Every awakening is its own pattern.
Every awakening is its own frame.
Every awakening is its own stage.
Every awakening is its own tempo.
Every awakening is its own blend.
Every awakening is its own values.
Every awakening is its own fluency.
Every awakening is its own dark.
Every awakening is its own gray.
Every awakening is its own light.
Every awakening is its own display.
Every awakening is its own muddle.
Every awakening is its own mania.
Every awakening is its own agony.
Every awakening is its own ecstasy.
Every awakening is its own clarity.
Every awakening is its own logic.
Every awakening is its own merit.
Every awakening is its own lucidity.
Every awakening is its own menagerie.
Every awakening is its own beginning.
Every awakening is its own process.
Every awakening is its own end.

No two alike.

If There Truly Was Free Will

If there truly was free will,
You could wake up an old Chinese woman,
Speaking Mandarin, smoking cigarettes out in the rice fields.
And real as this dreamtime seems, we well know the odds of that are nil to none.
Unless You are that old Chinese woman, speaking Mandarin,
Smoking cigarettes out in the rice fields.

The Same Eternal Moment

What we call time, with all our sundials and clocks and calendars and whatever else,
Is merely the measurement of our little dust ball's kaleidoscoping orbit,
Around a kaleidoscoping sphere of fire and brimstone,
All trapsing through the same moment,
That eternity is, has always been, will ever be.

The Dust of Stars

And we, the dust of stars,
Come unto existence,
Come unto sentience,
Come unto awareness,
Come unto consciousness,
Come unto imagination,
Come unto alertness,
Come unto cognizance,
Come unto vision,
Come unto judgment,
Come unto shrewdness,
Come unto resourcefulness,
Come unto sensitivity,
Come unto empathy,
Come unto mobility,
Come unto creativity,
Come unto inspiration,
Come unto perception,
Come unto ingenuity,
Come unto knowledge,
Come unto lightness,
Come unto darkness,
Come unto wakefulness,
Come unto discernment,
Come unto understanding,
Come unto realization,
Come unto mindfulness.

We, the quantum dust of stars,
Are witness to the ineffable mystery of it,
For as long as this théâtre de l'absurde deigns it so.

The Tyranny of Imagination

Through evolution, humankind gradually relinquished its sovereign sentience to imagination.
All belief systems are one imaginary concoction or another, none in any way-shape-form real.
What point being engaged, being governed, being waylaid, by whims fueled by such foolery?
All the vanities – power, renown, fortune – are but instincts given over to the falseness of self.
Through ceaseless narcissism and hedonism, we exiled our kind from nature, from the garden.
There is no return to the natural order, but through the exorcism of the invasive fallaciousness.
It is an undertaking for which only the rarest of the rare are suited, ergo the sprint to oblivion.

The Observer and the Observed

The observer is the observed; the observed is the observer.

All That Is, All That Is Not

All that is, all that is not, That is God.
Anything less is the idolatry of narcissism.
It has no face, it has no name. it has no creed.
It has no need for any inventions of consciousness.
All forms, all dreams, are but temporal drops,
In the ocean of its interminable infinity.

After The Great Fall

Some will perhaps survive after The Great Fall,
But their world will be in the dystopian wreckage,
Erected by imagination's woefully voracious theatrics.
And there is no one to impugn, to condemn, but ourselves.
All the deities we have imagined, played no part, whatsoever.
And yet all the true believers will continue to pray for forgiveness,
To whatever deities our flawed time has bequeathed them,
And likely many more, they on their own conjure.
The algorithm will not allow otherwise.

From Full to Empty

For consciousness to let go of the world, the universe it has created,
Requires a detachment born of insight towards which few minds have inclination.
The craving for more, the greediness for more, must have quenched itself upon its own weariness.
So saturated that it seeks naught but that emptiness, that silence, that oblivion,
From which its ineffable, indelible mystery is sustained.

No Exit

Natural selection has taken our kind,
Down a rockier and rockier blind alley,
From which the only upshot is extinction.
We might make effort to change tack,
But that would deprive us our fun.

What Five Senses Create

Only the eyes give You sights.
Only the ears give You sounds.
Only the nose gives You smells.
Only the tongue gives You tastes.
Only the flesh gives You sensations.
Only the mind-body gives You a cosmos.
Take away one or more, that cosmos diminishes.
Add one or more, and what would that universe become?
What perceptions this mystery capable of rendering,
Is left to the limits of imagination's imagination.

The Hunter-Seeker

What is any seeker but the hunter of countless mysteries unknown and unknowable.
The most elemental-fundamental-essential common denominator is the primordial spirit.
Wisdom is distillation of experience; sympathy and empathy, among its chief fermenting agents.

Alternating Voices

Regarding titles in this opus,
There is the ‘me’ voice, and there is the ‘Me’ voice.
Leftovers and Soundbites are the ‘Me’ and ‘My Self’ and ‘I’ rabbit dens.
Breadcrumbs lurk in the imaginary, more-likely-illusionary ‘me-and-myself-and-I’ wormhole.
It is a most challenging thing to walkabout this mortal quantum dreamtime,
And not be drawn willy-nilly into its distracting nature,
Same as all the other dreamers.

The Weight of the Moment

The moment has no weight but what the imaginary mind carries through it.

Prior to All Claims

Your cosmos will expand as far as You, or You,
Are able to see and hear and taste and touch and feel and think,
Until death beckons, and all adjourn into the oblivion prior to all cosmic claims.

Something for Everyone

There is likely something somewhere herein, for just about everyone.
This mystic wandering opus is not bound by the boundlessness of Eternity.
This mind’s penchant for living and dying, wanders easily afield in every manner.
“The dark side ain’t dark to me,” is a first and foremost go-to meme for this waggish mind.

The Limits of All Storylines

God is far too omnipresent, too omniscient, too omnipotent, to be subjugated by any mindset’s storyline.

The Great Quantum

Quantum mystery.
Quantum eternity.
Quantum matrix.
Quantum ineffable.
Quantum immaculate.
Quantum dream.
Quantum hologram.
Quantum dance.
Quantum timeless.
Quantum dust.
Quantum inexplicable.
Quantum indelible.
Quantum unknowable.
Quantum absolute.
Quantum supreme.
Quantum oblivion.
Quantum infinitesimal.
Quantum duplicity.
Quantum reverie.
Quantum kaleidoscope.
Quantum infinity.
Quantum immutable.
Quantum immeasurable.
Quantum esoteric.
Quantum immensity.
Quantum unchanging.
Quantum indivisible.
Quantum majesty.
Quantum perpetual.
Quantum theater.
Quantum awakening.
Quantum ageless.
Quantum formless.
Quantum immortal.
Quantum witness.
Quantum unborn.
Quantum undying.
Quantum omnipresent.
Quantum omniscient.
Quantum omnipotent.
Quantum everything.
Quantum nothing.

Improvise, Adapt, Overcome

How You and your tribal cohort may have done something before,
Does not one smidgeon of an iota matter, if the sought option no longer exists.
U.S. Marines have a mantra for such obstacled moments: improvise, adapt, and overcome.
Gumption and grit are fundamental determinants of any given destiny.
Their conscious cultivation is paramount.

History's Black Hole

Someday, when the internet and all the technology crashes and burns,
As it must inevitably, for any of many unrhymed reasons,
Its epoch of history will be a black hole.
If anybody cares to even bother about it by then.

A Dubious Concept

Free will is an extremely dubious concept.

Yet Again

Every breath, an opportunity to awaken.
To be reborn, to reincarnate,
Yet again.
Whatever the facade.

Not Even One Iota

What the senses, a dollop of gravity, and a little light, hath created.
Guaranteed, your cosmos does not care one iota what You think or do.

The Conditioned Mind

You have been taught by your given culture, by your given educational system,
To ponder on the world, to ponder on the universe, to ponder on anything, everything.
And it is hard to surrender, the always curious, always inquiring, always problem-solving mind.
Learning to sit, learning to walk, to work, to play, to endure, with a calm mind, is a practice, a discipline,
For which schooled, coached, drilled, trained, habituated, disciplined, conditioned minds,
Are not, without great resolve, great grit, great gumption, easily suited.

Who is Free?

Only the spaceless-timeless, unborn-undying, unfathomable-ineffable, are free.

The Trick

The trick is to not become a target; to avoid dark places,
And look any and all directions before entering any pathway.

The Futile Quip

A derogatory word or quip means nothing to the truth.
A derogatory word or quip does nothing to transform the truth.
A derogatory word or quip does little more than sow vanity and division.

No Happy Ending

Eight billion two-leggeds, seven of them in the last two hundred-ish years.
What electricity and oil and a beyond-all-pales predilection for tool-making hath wrought.
A world totally flummoxed, by all the vanity and greed, and interminable absurdity.
There is no happy ending to this self-absorbed, planet-of-the-apes narration.

The Vast Indifference

Humankind is just a blip in world history, in cosmic history.
So many issues are icebergs in the vast indifference through which we course.
Climate change, extinction, pollution, resource depletion, over-population, economic collapse.
Plus the possibility of a nuclear exchange, and resulting technological collapse,
Could well make this absurdity asylum seem very large again,
Far sooner than most would ever choose.

Where, Exactly?

Where, exactly, is this … “Me" … ”Myself” … “I” …
That You have so intently, absorbedly, diligently, thoroughly, meticulously, painstakingly,
Spent your entire crunchy-chewy-gooey existence imagining?

A Dead-End Road

The human paradigm has long since become a friggin' insane-beyond-all-insanes asylum.
The engineers and all their minions have enticed us down a dead-end road.
How happy, how content I am, to be almost done with it.

Don’t Let It Wear You Down

Best to watch your present times with as much detachment as can be mustered.
There are not too many windows in history that are not packed with absurdity and bullshit.
Democracy has been an interesting experiment, but it, like everything else,
Is doomed to drift, to fade, into obscurity, sooner or later.
You do not have to let it wear You down.

Exceedingly Very Much Alone

Just You – very, very, very, exceedingly very, much alone – witnessing Your version of a cosmos.

The Wagging Finger

Is ethics, and all the righteousness and morality, that has ever been bandied across the world
– All the lists of virtues and vices and rights and wrongs, and judgments of every sort of imagined deity –
Really anything more, than what all the lesser apes milling about in windswept forums,
Have over and over come up with, to make themselves feel better,
About having little or no say who rules the jungle,
Who gets the biggest pile of gold.
Might makes right,
And weakness wags its finger.

Such a Harsh Species

How calloused and self-serving, those who come along well after,
And demean or alter or trample, the handiworks of others,
Who gave full measure to their inspired creation.

Ever the Same Moment

It is ever the same moment; You just move through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just imagine through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just exist through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just participate through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just dream through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just omniscient through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just perceive through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just passion through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just visualize through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just ponder through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just engage through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just omnipresent through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just unborn through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just undying through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just omnipotent through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just create through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just preserve through it.
It is ever the same moment; You just destroy through it.

A Random Collection of Soundbites

What – about the unborn-undying, spaceless, timeless, indelible, ineffable abyss – can ever be known?
You, all alone – in a cosmos, a world, a form, a mind, a space, a time, a dream – but never of it.
Mind can be a torture chamber, or a joyful celebration; every moment its own imaginary revelation.
An immaculate conception, witnessed through the all-seeing, unborn-undying, eye of awareness.
How can it all go on and on and on, but through the illusions-delusions-absurdities, of vanity and avarice?
A good full breath, contains all the detachment that is needed, to offset the illusionary quantum matrix.
To see it, to be it, to the unborn-undying of the essential beingness, is the every-moment challenge.
The quantum matrix is an ineffable mystery to its common denominator, the one and only nothing.
No matter how You label, how You quantify, how You interpret the stardust, it is always the same illusion.
Everyone has a cadence, a drumbeat, a heartbeat, to which they diligently march out their destinies.
All differences attain the same grave, all stories are but imaginary tales, be and allow is the highest law.
There is no end, to the myriad ways and means consciousness can cut the pie, it has in imagination baked.
Hero or villain or nonentity, everyone has a story, in this quantum stardust dreamtime of consciousness.
How many truth-seekers are there, really, who will not settle for one lie or another along their journey?
The eternal moment, the eternal awareness, the eternal You, is free and clear of any-and-all trespass.
When the edifice of the illusional-delusional mind-body collapses, the You, You are, is all that remains.
Streaming on and on; eternally connected in that ever-and-ever-forever kind of indivisible way.
The world, the universe, and all that it has set into motion, only exists, because You imagine it so.
It all being indelibly, ineffably indivisible, how can there be more than one moment for all eternity?
All personal deities are nothing more than projections that exist only in the neuron trails of imagination.
You came, You saw, You listened, You tasted, You smelled, You touched, You pondered, You departed.
The infinity of momentary awareness, peering out in every way, into that which is both part and whole.
The human paradigm, the human story, from beginning to end, is all just the poof of imagination.
It is all awareness, in which neither space nor time can achieve more than ephemeral appearance.
You are the infinite, timeless, ineffable moment, stretching across all creation; there is no other.
Wisdom is distillation of experience; sympathy and empathy, among its chief fermenting agents.
Mind is creation, mind is preservation, mind is destruction, mind is everything, mind is nothing.
Imagination is the Great Jester; always waiting in the wings, for inattention to teleport it centerstage.
The embers of memory are always ready and waiting, to be fired up in the furnace of imagination.
Is it real hunger, or just the insatiable quantum mind, choosing between different sensations?
Imagination is always out and about, on the march, on the hunt, questing one thing or another.
As magnificent as it imagines itself to be, imagination is but a mortal player, destined for obscurity.
Why seek forgiveness from any imaginary other, when forgiving your Self is more than enough.
The mind evolved as a problem-solver, and when, without problems, endlessly concocts its own.
His story, her story, its story, my story, your story, their story, our story, the story, a story, all stories.
It is less about what You are doing, than the state, the quality of awareness, in which it is happening.
The moment is absolutely unseeable, unhearable, untastable, unsmellable, untouchable, unanythingable.
Mother Earth, Gaia, is just another spinning particle of dust, in the eternal vastness of your imagination.
Every sentient life form has its own version of a world, of a universe; none the same, all the same.
A quantum matrix, permeated by awareness; consciousness really nothing more than distracting noise.
Imagination concocts every sort of absurdity; none of which have any reality in the moment, whatsoever.
You are but a drop of indivisible awareness, in the immeasurable ocean, of this ineffable mystery.
All the knowledge humankind has ever imagined, is but an infinitesimally tiny speck of the unknown.
There is no groupthink, there is no dogma, there is no priesthood, there is only momentary awareness.
What is any seeker, any quester, but the hunter of countless mysteries unknown and unknowable.

Pretty darned tough for imagination, in its never-ending swirl of space-time, to do anything the same.
What is imagined, can be unimagined; the ever-present moment has a way of forgetting everything.
Scientific Method is the most rational, precise way, to examine this mystery, but it is far from infallible.
Cease trying to hold onto everything, cling to everything, recall everything, and, voila, here-now You are.
Religion is all about imagination's interminable delusion, that it is something more, than it can ever be.
The quantum mind is a doorway, an entrée to eternity, but You must surrender to your Self to wallow in it.
Do You enter the abyss, or merely realize it is the presence You are, have always been, will ever be.
It all being a phantasmic quantum illusion, your entire existence has been spent talking to your Self.
Yet another moment of extemporaneous Shakespearian théâtre de l'absurde, playing out across all creation.
So many are so adept at examining the illusion in every way, but at some point, what is the point?
Just You – very, very, very, exceedingly very, much alone – witnessing Your version of a cosmos.
Creators generally move on to the next creation well before any applause for the last handiwork.
That God knows who-what-where-when-why-how all this is happening, is an unprovable assumption.
Any paradigm founded and funded by imagination, only has the reality imagination bequeaths it.
The unifying principal is supercalifragilisticexpialidociously simple … It is all one … 'Nuff said.
Are You really anything more than an in and out of an ocean of air in the kaleidoscoping moment?
How can You ever be late, or in the wrong place, when here now, is the only time and place there is to be.
No matter – how big, how mighty, how prosperous, how renowned – they get, all religions are cults.
If You cannot control your willy-nilly imaginary mind, at least do the favor of not inflicting it on others.
Regarding counting moments, hard to tag a thing that cannot be seen or heard, and does not shuffle about.
The God, so many in imagination project, is really formed and adorned, with their own narcissistic vanity.
Odds are, even that which we call God, by oh-so-many names, does not know how it all came to be.
How seriously we take our imaginary selves, and our relatively brief, narcissistic-hedonistic dreamtimes.
Sacks of genetic material – permeated, pervaded, infused, saturated, soaked – in imagination's matrix.
The agony of it all creates so many wounds, so many scars, so many tears; why do we do it to ourselves?
The ego mind is but a veil, through which the eye of awareness You are, peers; detached, immortal.
Ultimate truth cannot be usurped by the – brittle swords, false shields, broken chariots – of ignorance.
Unmasking your delusions, is a process not unakin to that of a chick, pecking its way out of its prison.
What combination of any words of wisdom, in what moment, will unlock and unleash your cosmic Self?
How easy to imagine your book the greatest story ever told, when it is the only one You have ever read.
The blade of discernment has a razor's edge, that only the very wise, have the wit with which to whittle.
Whether it is called good or evil, there are many reasons, why the road less traveled, is less traveled.
Those who speak do not know, those who know do not speak, the ineffable timeless silence stills tongues.

The Differences! The Differences!

Does it really matter how it all started?
Does any story or equation or theory really mean anything?
Is it really worth degrading or enslaving or torturing or destroying so many others,
Just because they are of different cultures, and have different guises, different narratives, different values.
What is it about our Darwinian naturally-selected-nature-nurtured genomic sequencing,
That has so many of our kind, disliking so many differences?

Which Is It? Which Is It Not?

The superstitious mind.
The notional mind.
The selfish mind.
The ignorant mind.
The delusional mind.
The contemptuous mind.
The deranged mind.
The irrational mind.
The speculative mind.
The magical mind.
The avaricious mind.
The hateful mind.
The judgmental mind.
The foolish mind.
The covetous mind.
The contemplative mind.
The meditational mind.
The intelligent mind.
The discerning mind.
The purposeful mind.
The meaningful mind.
The generous mind.
The rational mind.
The generous mind.
The loving mind.
The quantum mind.
The omniscient mind.
The omnipotent mind.
The omnipresent mind.

Which is it?
Which is it not?

A Crunchy-Chewy-Gooey Time Machine

The crunchy-chewy-gooey mind-body, is the one-and-only time machine,
This, or any other quantum-matrix dream-world, will ever know.
And every single planet-of-the-apes two-legged,
Its own very imaginary, kaleidoscoping, timeless timeline.

An Ocean of Dimensions

In the immensity of this quantum matrix, of this ineffable mystery,
It is not inconceivable, that there are countless other dimensions,
Filled with aliens of every scale and caliber, every tint and hue.
The electromagnetic spectrum generating in incalculable ways.
All playing their versions of eternity, right alongside this one.
Our entire cosmos, that seems to us, so incalculably infinite,
Could well be a drifting particle of dust in some rickety attic.
Or theirs, a floating speck in the corner of your watery left eye.

What Would It Be?

Without skin, what could You feel?
Without eyes, what could You see?
Without ears, what could You hear?
Without nose, what could You smell?
Without tongue, what could You taste?
Without mind, what could You imagine?
Without each functioning simultaneously,
Who would your dreamtime universe be?
What would your dreamtime universe be?
When would your dreamtime universe be?
Where would your dreamtime universe be?
How would your dreamtime universe be?
Why would your dreamtime universe be?

The World Wags On

What is all this knowledge that we imagine we know?
What are all these memories, to which we all cling?
They have credence in the manifest world we occupy,
But in the great totality, they are absolutely meaningless.
To discover that which is real, requires a deep steadfastness,
To which few have the interest or capacity, the spirit to explore.
The temporal world is too alluring for most souls to inquire deeply.
And thus, the mind-made biosphere wags on, towards its destined finale.

Imagination's Dreamtime

The most candid, most sincere, most authentic answer, as to why have I bothered to scribe this opus,
Is the lucidity, the detachment, the hubris, the absurdity, of this nature-nurtured mind's quixotic meander.
It is the reckoning, the revelation, of a happenstance-happenchance-contemplative-meditative amble.
It is the nothing-more-nothing-less, of this mind's imaginary perception of an ineffable mystery.

The Nothing Prior to Imagination

Any paradigm founded and funded by imagination, only has the reality imagination bequeaths it.
The quantum matrix is ineffable to its common denominator, the one and only nothing,
And how do You hold on to nothing, when there is nothing to hold on to?

Oh Joy, Yet Another Speculation

Go ahead, douse the human paradigm with another speculation.

The Magic of Imagination

It is only through the magic of imagination,
That the ineffable nothing materializes into the illusion-delusion of something,
For as long as imagination manages to wield it so.

The Miasma! The Miasma!

The miasma of consciousness, the miasma of imagination.
The miasma of everything having to do with the world.
The miasma of everything having to do with the ineffable universe.
The miasma of everything having to do with any imaginary perception, whatsoever.
How can it all go on and on and on, but through the illusions-delusions-absurdities, of vanity and avarice?

God Translated

God
Batara
Jainkoa
Աստված
ঈশ্বর
Bože
Бог
神
Déu
Bůh
Gud
Dio
Jumal
Kalou
Diyos
Jumala
Dieu
Gott
Θεός
Bondye
Akua
אֱלֹהִים
Vajtswv
Isten
Guð
Tuhan
Dia
神
deus
Alla
خدایا
Bóg
خدای
Bóg
Deus
Atua
भगवान
Ilaahow
Mungu
Tanrı
Dduw

Supercalifragilisticexpialidociously Simple

The unifying principal is supercalifragilisticexpialidociously, beyond-all-doubts, so simple.
No need to do the math, or scribe any forum dissertations, or follow any charismatic middlemen.

It is all one.

Bam!

Mind can be a torture chamber, or a joyful celebration; every moment its own imaginary revelation.
An immaculate conception, witnessed through the all-seeing, unborn-undying, eye of awareness.
A good full breath, contains all the detachment that is needed, to offset the illusionary matrix.
To see truth, to be truth, to the heart of your essential beingness, is the every-moment challenge.

… breathe it in … breathe it out … breathe it in … breathe it out … breathe it in … breathe it out …

'Nuff said.

Nothing Doing

Nothing to do, and all day to do it.

Where's the Soul?

Where is the soul in imagination?
Where is the soul in awareness?
Where is the soul in anything?
Who came up with such an idea?
Who came up with such an absurdity?

The Rational v. Irrational Mind

Superstition is the fallacy, the delusion, the perversity, to which many an irrational mind clings.
For the paradigm to overcome its irrational limits, would require a cleansing of genocidal proportion.

Too Simple for Words

The unifying principal is supercalifragilisticexpialidociously, beyond-all-doubts, so simple.
No need to do the math, or write any forum dissertations, or follow any charismatic middlemen.

It is all one.

Bam!
Breathe it in, breathe it out.

'Nuff said.

The Art of Dying to Self

What kind of death is required to be truly liberated from illusion?
To die to your self, You must kill your self.
Figuratively, of course.
For most, it takes some mulling.

This counsel from Hagakure in *The Way of the Samurai* pertains:

The Way of the Samurai is found in death.

Meditation on inevitable death should be performed daily.

Every day when one's body and mind are at peace,
one should meditate upon being ripped apart by arrows, rifles, spears, and swords,
being carried away by surging waves,
being thrown into the midst of a great fire,
being struck by lightning,
being shaken to death by a great earthquake,
falling from thousand-foot cliffs,
dying of disease,
or committing seppuku at the death of one's master.

And every day without fail one should consider himself as dead.

This is the substance of the Way of the Samurai.

Sally forth, Brave Knight.
Best wishes for a good death.

The Ethics Sideshow

Ethics can be a great pastime, a great distraction, to the forum sorts.
But be mindful getting wedged in the dilettante cluster, if the truth of this ineffable mystery beckons.
The earnest seeker wanders, explores, ponders, leaving no stone unturned.
Ethics plays but a sideshow in the quest.

Naught but a Wannabe

When it comes to being real, imagination will ever and always be a wannabe.

A State of Mind

Being the moment is a state of mind,
Given over to the clear awareness of the no-mind.
Given over to the unborn-undying, ineffable eternity, everything is.

Wander the Mountain

Guaranteed, this world does not care one iota what You think or do.
Keep the mind humble if You seek an anonymous existence.
Wander the mountain until You become the mountain.

Whatever the Fates Ordain

Whatever your genius, if any, may be, may be admirable, even noteworthy,
But that does not guarantee, in any way, that You will be admired, or even perceived.
You may well be fated, destined, kismet, ordained, to play it out unknown and alone, like it or no.
And someday, die in your well-worn chair, your body rotting for several weeks,
Before the next-door neighbor finally notices the stench.

A Text to Bruce

America invited the world's masses, and they have arrived.
That is rough on the losers, rough on the haters, and Trump became their führer.
My prevailing who-gives-a-fuck-where's-the-popcorn line: So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
It is all ultimately just another epoch in history's the-horror-the-horror-planet-of-the-apes stagecraft.
You and I have lived in the most incredible window of history this world has ever experienced.
Tough for all the kids in the day care centers and playgrounds who are going to pay for it.
Seven billion people and a changing climate in a little over 200 years – Hope is dead.

(Bruce: This started out as one of our many back-and-forth texts, and worked itself into an aphorism. Some guy named Bruce will be lionized in Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond and Michael's Rabbit Hole)

The children's book by Shel Silverstein – The Giving Tree – says it all about the human paradigm.

The Giving Tree
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Giving_Tree

(P.S. Hey, just occurred to me to say – while we are still here – that I have always enjoyed our practically lifetime friendship. Forklifting at Joan of Arc was one of my all-time favorite jobs. Sorry about the toe. That moment, the calmness with which You told me the forklift was on your foot, still rings clear in this otherwise vague, aged memory. Never realized what You had endured until You told me years later.)

Whatever Fate Calls

Keep your mind humble, if You seek an anonymous existence.
Wander the mountain, until You become the mountain.
Only the spaceless-timeless-unborn-undying,
Are free to consciously play out whatever fate calls.

The Illusion of the Unborn-Undying

In the given moment, where is the space, where is the time, in which to exist?
Only the imagination of consciousness, flowing in the quantum matrix,
Which is all kaleidoscoping throughout the ether of awareness,
Lends itself to the ineffable illusion, that the unborn-undying You is real and true.
A touchy-feely dream, to which a rare few – and not necessarily fortunate – are drawn to awaken.

The Uniqueness of Every Translation

The awareness of every sentient being, is a unique translation of the same ineffable mystery.

The Moment's Challenge

The challenge with being present in any given moment,
Is having a mind that is not attached, not clinging,
To all its nebulous memories and perceptions.
A mind free of time is a matchless state.
The analogue dreamtime in its purest form.

Observe Silence

… observe silence ...
… observe stillness …
… observe here now…
… observe awareness ...
… observe everything …
… observe breathing in ...
… observe breathing out …
… observe the aloneness …
… observe the emptiness …
… observe the moment …
... observe the entirety …
… observe the unicity …
… observe eternity …
… observe You …

All the Same Mystery

No matter how many dimensions creation may create, all are of the same mystery.
God is far too omnipresent, far too omniscient, far too omnipotent,
To be subjugated by any mindset's storyline.

The Curse of the Human Paradigm

Organized religions and cults and philosophies, and all the vanity and pain and horror they engender,
Are they not, the affliction, the misery, the blight, the bane, the curse, the plague, of the human paradigm?
All the tribalism – the nepotism, the cronyism, the favoritism – with which all two-leggeds are wired,
Unable to be undone, unable to be altered, as the Darwinian-Malthusian shadow of extinction,
Exposes its narcissistic-hedonistic flaw – the closed fist of groupthink – for what it is.

The In and Out of Air

Are You really anything more than the in-and-out of air in the kaleidoscoping moment?

What Else Is There but Awareness?

Awareness – being the ineffable all that that the moment is –
Where else is there to travel, what else is there to do,
That is not the fabric of quantum illusion?

No One Can Prove Anything

There are many who might disagree,
With some or much or most or all, written herein,
But no one can prove anything wrong, nor can it be proven right.
The unknown is unknowable unto its Self.

The Evolution of Consciousness

This aphoristic opus was the last narcissistic-hedonistic vanity, that I could be enticed to orchestrate.
These writings, all extemporaneous, seem intent on stirring the potential of consciousness, of imagination,
To another echelon of intrigue in its Darwinian progression, if such a thing is even tenuously possible.

The Intelligence Required

To be a true, detached observer of the human paradigm,
Requires a partnership of emotional and cultural intelligence.

Cultural intelligence or cultural quotient (CQ),
Refers to an individual's capability to function effectively in culturally diverse settings.

Four CQ capabilities:
Motivation/drive, cognition/knowledge, meta-cognition/strategy, behavior/action.
An intelligence-based approach to intercultural adjustment and performance.

Emotional intelligence (EI), also known as Emotional Quotient (EQ),
Is the ability to perceive, use, understand, manage, and handle emotions.
Emotional intelligence also reflects an ability to use intelligence, empathy, and emotions,
To enhance understanding of interpersonal dynamics.

Pretty hard to get far as a philosophe-mystic-seer,
If You have a narrow-minded agenda.

Of Beginnings and Endings

Where is the line between the creation and destruction harbored in every moment?
The real question is not, when do beginnings begin, and endings end?
The question is, do beginnings begin, and endings end?
Process is the kaleidoscoping reality,
And beginning and endings, but imaginary notions.

A Mystery Even Unto God

What – about the spaceless, timeless, indelible, indivisible, infinite, ineffable abyss – can ever be known?
Odds are, even the mystery we call God, by oh-so-many sounds, does not know how it all came to be.
Just You – very, very, very, exceedingly very much alone – witnessing Your version of a cosmos.
An immaculate conception, perceived through the all-seeing, unborn-undying, eye of awareness.
You, all alone – in a cosmos, a world, a form, a mind, a space, a time, a dream – but never of it.
The ego mind is but a veil, through which the eye of awareness You are, peers; detached, immortal.
The blade of discernment has a razor's edge, that only the very astute, have the wit with which to whittle.

Stand Alone, Free and Clear

The quest for truth can be a long and winding odyssey.
There can be many temptations, many deceptions, many distractions.
And there are many genuine thinkers, many genuine writings, and many artists, as well.
The challenge is to perceive what all the truths, all the untruths, have to offer,
And to not be bound, not be deflected, not be mesmerized, by any.
And, should You ever truly discern the mystery You are,
Is to let it all go, and be alone, free and clear.

Everything

Everything You do now,
Everything You own now,
Everything You hope now,
Everything You want now,
Everything You know now,
Everything You believe now,
Will, with that last exhalation,
All be lost and gone forever.

Child's Play

Surrendering to the mystery, to the unknown, to eternity, to the moment, is child's play.

An Obvious Fact

It is an undeniable, indisputable reality, that the entire brain, is indivisibly connected at the quantum level.
It is the coordinating organ that is every moment manifesting your world, your universe.
The perception that wanders the day, that imbibes every variety of trivia,
Is but an eensy-weensy fragment of the workload.
And this indelible, ineffable unicity,
Is true for every life form, no matter the dimension.
From small to great, all sentience perceives its own translation of the mystery.

That Which Can Never Be Proven

How can anyone hoodwink themselves,
Into believing they can prove what can never be proven?
How big does the cosmos have to be, for the humankind to finally realize,
All the speculations, all the assumptions, all the conjectures, all the hearsays, all the theories,
Are nothing but hollow absurdity, all born of the ephemerality of imagination.
And where is that vast universe, when the mind-body departs?
Where is it, without the perceiver that imagines?
Without the dreamer that dreams?
Without the You?

The Matter of Matter

Even that which matters most, matters not.

How Deep Is Doubt?

You can only delve as deep as your doubt.

The Formless Reality

Is the quantum stardust, that which is God?
Or is the quantum stardust, merely kaleidoscoping through God?
Is God some sort of form, or is God formless, and what, pray tell, other than imagination,
Discerns the indelible truth of anything in this ineffable mystery?

The Futility of Tagging the Moment

Regarding counting moments, hard to tag a thing that cannot be seen or heard, and does not shuffle about.

How Shall This Work's Scribe Be Labeled?

And just to be steadfastly, beyond-all-doubts transparent – I do not much care for the word, prophet.
A little too loaded with historical undertones, to which I do not readily extend my Self.
Seer, mystic, sage, guru, maybe even augur or oracle, are tolerable fits.
If there must be any sound-concept ascribed to it, that is.
Deep, resonate Om-ing might be acceptable.
But try to put a crimp on any and all idolatries.
Ixnay on worshipping garden statues and crucifixes.

Where Is Mind Without Imagination?

What is the carbon-based brain but a mass, a circuitry, a matrix, of neurons.
Nothing more than an infinitesimally infinite abyss; a spacious void,
That only transmutes into psyche when imagination frolics.
Without the unflagging to's and fro's, every hither and thither way,
Eternity's ineffable awareness, remains an inscrutable, anonymous mystery.

You Shall Have No Other Gods Before You

Exodus 20:3-5 in the King James Version states,
"Thou shalt have no other gods before me."
The perspective that is maintained in this work,
Is that You are one with the mystery; You are absolute.
That everything is God manifest, that the universe is God manifest.
What idolatries, what deceptions, can be put before the You, that is That I Am?

A Shakespearian Paradigm

The entire human paradigm is unconditionally imagined,
A naturally-selected, species-wide, Shakespearian theater, from every get-go.
All history is nothing more than a collection, an accounting, a cataloging, of formless perceptions.
And only the rare awaken, and attend the dreamtime, into which they were cast.
Creating, preserving, destroying – as the moment ordains.

Agony or Ecstasy, You Choose

Mind can be a torture chamber, or a joyful celebration; every moment its own imaginary revelation.
An immaculate conception, witnessed through the all-seeing, unborn-undying, eye of awareness.
A good full breath, contains all the detachment that is needed, to offset the illusionary matrix.
To see it, to be it, to the core of your essential beingness, is the every-moment challenge.

… breathe it in … breathe it out … breathe it in … breathe it out … breathe it in … breathe it out …

The Mystery Contained

Life is just the mystery, caught in a biological mainframe, full of sentience.

The Source of Intelligence

Awareness is the intelligence; consciousness, the imaginary charioteer.

The Solitude of Perception

You are not, You cannot be, held responsible,
For any thoughts played out, in any other's perception.
You are entirely on your own, You are entirely alone, as are they.
All can only be responsible, accountable, for their own solitary perceptions,
And how that plays out for each, is an imaginary notion called destiny.

Impossible à Faire

Would it even remotely possible,
For every human, across all geographies, across all times,
To even agree a speck of dust is a speck of dust, or a drop of water, a drop of water?

A Thingamajig Called Time

This thingamajig we call time does not truly exist, but in a dream perceived by every given mind.
Clocks and calendars only track the fireball, about which our little pale blue dot orbits.
The fundamental reality is, there is only the unfathomable eternal moment,
Through which the incomprehensible illusion kaleidoscopes.
It has no name, has no meaning, has no purpose,
But whatever imagination imagines.
And no matter the journey,
It can never be more than a dream.

The Relativity of Perception

It only happened that way, because You perceived it that way.
And anyone else present perceived it in their way.
Every frame of reference is matchless.
All histories, minor to major, are but perspectives.
And is there anything forcing You to ponder anything ever again?

Everything is God Manifest

Everything, including You, is God manifest.
Realizing it at the most fundamental level, is the challenge.
To see that the awareness is the eye of God, requires an earnest intention,
In which doubting everything that imagination has fabricated, is an essential ingredient.
It is so inherently natural, so eternally effortless, so utterly right-here-now,
That only the most authentic, only the most real, will discern it.
Anything less, is the stain of imagination's creation.

Of Heavens and Hells

Attitude is the mindset, the outlook, the posture, the bearing, within all heavens, all purgatories, all hells.
How any given moment is fathomed, how You choose to experience this very instant, is on You.
No deity can orchestrate for You, what You cannot, what You will not, yourself create.

A Whiff of Future Past

The Anthropocene and a changing climate – a pitiless dragon – unfolding its wings upon all earthlings.
And alas for we post-war boomers, we elders, who bask in our unenviable senior moment,
Hoping to somehow evade the consequences of all our narcissistic hedonism,
Our little window of time, and all the consumption it allowed.
We are in for a taste, a whiff, of the future past.

The True Nature of Eternity

Religions, and their dogmatic assertions, all their heavens and hells,
Are about the promise of continuity of your imaginary story.
About something that was never true in the first place.
A denial of the oblivion that has always been.
A denial of the oblivion that will ever be.
A denial of the oblivion that You ever are.
The true nature of all that is timelessly eternal.

Eternity Cannot Be Possessed

No matter how big they get,
No matter how mighty they get,
No matter how prosperous they get.
No matter how renowned they get,
All religions, all sects, are cults.
Eternity cannot be possessed.

Imagination's Magic Carpet

The dream that the sensory mind perceives, is but quantum illusion.
It is not space and time that imagination yearns to travel.
It is the fog of awareness that must be pierced,
And that is only achievable in imagination's fictional repertory.
The ever-present, unborn-undying, indivisible moment, can never be transcended.

The Ruse of Imagination

Identification as this or that, or that or this, is the ruse of imagination.
Consciousness is the mishap of evolution, the calamity of natural selection.
It is a spontaneous Shakespearian clusterfuck, entirely created by us and us alone.
Only in the pure awareness of the eternal moment, can You be truly free.

Nature is God's Expression

Nature is quantum illusion's expression.
Nature is the unknown's expression.
Nature is the mystery's expression.
Nature is eternity's expression.
Nature is mind's expression.
Nature is God's expression.
And all, one in the same.
And You are part of it.
And You are witness to it.
How can there be, any other,
But through imagination's guile?

A God-Eat-God Cosmos

All existence is both predator and prey.
Nothing is separate or unique or all-powerful.
It is a God-eat-God cosmos, ever the same mystery.
All creation, eternally-kaleidoscoping into new alignments.

The Obliviousness of Eternity

Everything You believe matters,
Does not at all, from the ultimate source's viewless view.
The awareness, the matrix, the mystery, is obvious to your imaginary existence.
You are but the dream of a dream, dreaming its Self real.

Always Remembering, Always Forgetting

You would think You would have figured that out by now.
Or did You, perhaps many times, and this round just as anew.

The Great Nothing

Nothing is greater than any deity real or imagined.

Interpretations Beyond Counting

What is obvious to You,
May not be to another, and visa-versa.
This garden world cloaks too many interpretations to count.
If someone cannot discern what is obvious to You,
There is no real point debating about it,
Much less killing over it.

Levels of Detachment

The level of detachment required,
To be as truly free as free can be in this mortal frame,
Is but for the rarest of the rare few, assuming, of course, it is even possible.

The Truth of Truth

Truth is only true to those who subscribe to it.
Discerning it requires a detachment, accessible to only the rarest of minds.
One must have done enough in their brief illusory dream, to have distilled at least a dollop of wisdom,
That they might meander free and clear, in the ineffable mystery they are.

This Timeless Moment

This timeless moment is the only one there is.
There is no other time, no other place, You can be.
No amount of imaginary deceit can make it otherwise.
No sleight of hand can manufacture alternative states of now.
No scientific inquiry can penetrate the indivisible unknowable of it.
It is what it is, what it has always been, what it will ever be.
And every existence plays out its little algorithm,
Until demise do it move on to whatever,
This ineffable mystery deigns.

Am I?

To even declare "I Am" is a dubious assertion.

The You of Awareness

There is no space in awareness.
There is no time in awareness.
There is no sight in awareness.
There is no taste in awareness.
There is no smell in awareness.
There is no sound in awareness.
There is no texture in awareness.
There is no thought in awareness.
There is no awareness in awareness.
There in naught but You in awareness.

The Kaleidoscoping Now

Daily headlines are the first drafts of tomorrow’s histories.
All imagination’s tomorrows, kaleidoscoping into all its yesterdays.
Every existence, every mind, every moment, its own Sisyphean reckoning.

Whatever Comes to Mind

In this work, is written whatever comes to mind.
Audience or no, agreement or no, approval or no, applause or no.
For naught matters to the great emptiness, the great abyss, the great nothingness,
From whence all appearances, all illusions, kaleidoscope however they will.
How unlikely, that more than a relative few, will ever even hear of it,
Much less imbibe more than a few lines here and there, at best.
For anyone to peruse it all, would be an improbable feat.
One which would be, but another mirage of mind.

The God in Everything

Writers see plots on paper.
Sculptors see figures in marble.
Carpenters see structures in timber.
Chefs taste banquets on cutting boards.
Musicians hear symphonies in their dreams.
Mothers nurture children in their wombs.
Sailors chart courses around the world.
Generals fight battles on their maps.
Painters see landscapes on canvas.
Creation teems in every genre.
You are me, and I am You.
All others are but imaginary mirages.
How is it that You do not see God in everything?

That You are the Self of God manifest.

A Most Apparent Answer

Any existence is but momentary perception,
And memory, but a collection of whatever takes root,
And blossoms into a very imaginary, very impromptu identity.
Are You an illusional-delusional perception of a space-dash-time mind,
Or the unfathomably ineffable awareness of the eternal moment?
Meditate on it, and the answer will make itself apparent.

Discerning Eternity

… observe everything …
… observe the sentience …
… observe the awareness ...
… observe the existence …
… observe breathing in ...
… observe breathing out …
… observe the here …
… observe the now …
… observe the world …
… observe the universe …
… observe the sights …
… observe the sounds …
… observe the smells …
… observe the tastes …
… observe the textures …
… observe the thoughts …
… observe the theater …
… observe the timeless …
… observe the spaceless …
… observe the nonduality …
… observe the infinite …
… observe the infinitesimal …
… observe the intangible …
… observe the mystery …
… observe the impenetrable …
… observe the unconditional …
… observe the indefinable …
… observe the undeniable …
… observe the unborn …
… observe the undying …
… observe the stillness …
… observe the silence ...
… observe the emptiness …
… observe the aloneness …
… observe the indelible …
… observe the immeasurable …
… observe the ineffable …
... observe the entirety …
… observe the singularity …
… observe the moment …
… observe eternity …
… observe You …

The Sanctity of the Eternal Moment

What need for religion?
What need for faith?
What need for belief?
What need for priests?
What need for dogma?
What need for visions?
What need for edifices?
What need for miracles?
What need for devotion?
What need for salvation?
What need for blessings?
What need for scriptures?
What need for forgiveness?
What need for anything imaginary,
When You have the eternal moment in mind.

Playground or Prison?

The given mind, the given dream, the given illusion.
Sometimes a playground, sometimes a prison.
Sometimes ecstasy, sometimes agony.
Every cosmos, a reckoning of its own accord.

Respect Earns Respect (Maybe)

You earn the same respect You give, maybe.

The Eternal Being You Are

Just because You appear infinitesimal in this massive illusion, does not mean You are not all of it.
Disregard the sensory theater, still the mind, become the awareness, become the moment.
And where do You begin, where do You end, but as lone witness to all eternity.

The Identity Crisis

What is this deep-seated need,
To identify ourselves as this or that?

As this or that nationality.
As this or that gender.
As this or that color.
As this or that ethnicity.
As this or that race.
As this or that family.
As this or that intelligence.
As this or that religion.
As this or that faction.
As this or that group.
As this or that geography.
As this or that work.
As this or that philosophy.
As this or that culture.
As this or that team.
As this or that party.
As this or that policy.
As this or that theory.
As this or that clique.
As this or that band.
As this or that crowd.
As this or that device.
As this or that corporation.
As this or that genus.
As this or that variety.
As this or that school.
As this or that village.
As this or that church.
As this or that region.
As this or that opinion.
As this or that doctrine.
As this or that ethic.
As this or that genre.
As this or that principle.
As this or that opinion.
As this or that mindset.
As this or that meaning.
As this or that purpose.
As this or that anything.

Truth: The One and Only

Truth is not a word.
Truth is not a story.
Truth is the moment.
Truth is unborn-undying.
Truth is awareness.
Truth is timeless.
Truth is spaceless.
Truth is indelible.
Truth is impenetrable.
Truth is unconditional.
Truth is totality.
Truth is inexplicable.
Truth is imperceptible.
Truth is nondual.
Truth is unspeakable.
Truth is inconceivable.
Truth is unknowable.
Truth is indivisible.
Truth is impartial.
Truth is unequivocal.
Truth is immaculate.
Truth is imperceptible.
Truth is unfathomable.
Truth is inclusive.
Truth is indefinable.
Truth is singular.
Truth is undeniable.
Truth is intangible.
Truth is everlasting.
Truth is mystery.
Truth is everything.
Truth is ineffable.
Truth is eternity.

Truth is You.

One Moment to Rule Them All

You are the same moment, You have always been.

The Truth of Awareness

In awareness, there is no space.
In awareness, there is no time.
In awareness, there is no light.
In awareness, there is no dark.
In awareness, there is no vision.
In awareness, there is no taste.
In awareness, there is no smell.
In awareness, there is no sound.
In awareness, there is no touch.
In awareness, there is no word.
In awareness, there is no story.
In awareness, there is no here.
In awareness, there is no yes.
In awareness, there is no no.
In awareness, there is no there.
In awareness, there is no acute.
In awareness, there is no obtuse.
In awareness, there is no black.
In awareness, there is no white.
In awareness, there is no gray.
In awareness, there is no range.
In awareness, there is no me.
In awareness, there is no mine.
In awareness, there is no other.
In awareness, there is no good.
In awareness, there is no bad.
In awareness, there is no left.
In awareness, there is no right.
In awareness, there is no whatever.

In awareness, there is only You.

The Easy Way

Far easier to adopt a few words,
Far simpler to regurgitate a few stories,
Than it is to question anything and everything.
Than it is, to inquire into the mystery,
Into the truth, for your Self.

The Dubious Lingua Franca

If there is to be a lingua franca for whatever time remains,
English, because of its colonial dominance, seems the most likely candidate.
But which version, which dialect, which vernacular, which pidgin, which creole, which lingo?
And in the ever-changing linguistic dynamic of our kind, is that even possible?
The Great Fall will make for a much larger, more distant world,
And language will evolve on and on and on,
Forever willy-nilly.

Great Apes & Geeks

The great apes and geeks have taken the human paradigm,
Have taken this magical quantum garden,
Down a dead-end road.

My Little Gormenghast

So many ditties that need editing,
And that editing shared with all the other creations.
All the derivative titles, and all their ‘under construction’ segments.
So many things to tie together, into an agreeable, concise, elegant, philosophical opus.
Which so relatively few will ever know of, much less bother to peruse.
So much to do, and so little time remaining to do it.
Such is likely the fate of all creators.

The Stories! The Stories!

The entire human paradigm – the histories, the religions, the sciences,
The mathematics, the music, the arts, the architecture, the sports, the humanities,
The business, the agriculture, the vocations, the technologies, the industries … everything! –
Is nothing more than a perpetual parade of stories, given stage by the usurper of sentience, imagination.
All trapsing in the web of mind's space and time; kaleidoscoping through the ether of eternity.

Always a Moment Too Late

By the time You identify anything,
It is already as imaginary, as once-upon-a-moment,
As any narrative – modern to ancient – through which your mind wanders.
The haphazardly, arbitrarily, randomly, chaotically, anarchically, in the willy-nilly-all-over-the-place,
To which most, if not all minds, are incessantly, indelibly prone.

That Which Discerns God

No matter how extraordinary the imagination, no matter the medium
– Words, numbers, musical notes, or any other symbolic form –
It can never fathom the totality of That which is God.
Only the most austere sentience of awareness,
The tabula rasa within all small to great,
Is required for that eternal vision.

Illusion All the While

Every contrivance, every technology, everything ever conceived,
Has taken the human mind, has taken the human paradigm,
Around new bends, down new forks, along new roads.
Alas that so many have spiraled and contorted,
Into wallowing nadirs of darkness and mayhem.
The ecstasies and agonies of existence are relentless.
And space and time, such as they are, illusion all the while.

The Seeds of Doubt

What Ivory Tower can impart critical thinking,
To any embryonic student who does not harbor the seeds of doubt?
What education, what training, what degree, what piece of paper, means anything, without it?
To any destined to wander, to explore, to walkabout, this dreamtime,
Doubt, skepticism, cynicism, is paramount.

The Mask in the Mirror

How likely is it there ever come an ephemeral moment,
When You do not recognize, do not distinguish, the mask in the mirror?
When You do not distinguish the reflection, your mind has, in space and time, fashioned.
The mirror born of imagination; the mirror born of a state of perception.

… Tick … Tick … Tick …

… tick … tick … tick … tick … tick … tick … tick … tick …
… Another moment closer to everything the future has in store …
… tick … tick … tick … tick … tick … tick … tick … tick … tick …
… Another moment closer to whatever imagination has in store …
… tick … tick … tick … tick … tick … tick … tick … tick …

The Last Thing

What will be the last thing I ever write? Or say? Or do?
Well, obviously not this.

The Linguistic Moment

All languages harbor the capacities and limitations of their cultures of origin.
In one sense they are all ultimately equal in their linguistic natures,
Yet all are more proficient for purposes of expression,
In the spaces and times that have cultivated in their evolution.

A One-Time Dog and Pony Show

How absurd to believe your self-absorbed, imaginary mind-body character, is even one iota immortal.

The Algorithm Alchemy

What is memory, what is recollection, but nebulous perceptions strung along the mind's neural pathways.
Accessed by imagination – set to a spectrum, a continuum – ranging from irrational to rational.
Based on the genetic lottery, and the conditioning that has shaped the given mind.
Based on all the desires, all the fears, all the dreads, all the passions.
Based on character, gender, age, education, predispositions.
Based on culture, language, technologies, skillsets, capacities, limitations.
Based on every possible alchemy, in the algorithm, You imagine playing out real and true.

An Easy-Peasy Blend

Easy-peasy to make up whatever deities your imaginary blend of desire and fear require.

The Truth of Nonduality

How has the absurdity of dualistic notion,
Retained any credibility, any authority, any weight, any belief, any confidence,
Any acceptance, any credence at all, in the human mind?

Embracing Eternity

How can anything but a quiet, still, serene mind, truly embrace the eternal moment?

The Eyes of Age

When You look at any older person, male or female, or whatever gender mindset they endure,
Ponder all it has taken for them to be twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years, down the road You are wandering.
And what will it take for You to reach that point, should You manage to survive your misadventure.
Cultures that have traditions encouraging the respect of their elders, do so for good reason.

The Man Who Suffers

The man who suffers, suffers because he dips his toe in and out of the pool of awareness.
What a challenge to harbor in the quietude of totality's moment,
When the world calls again and again.
With every temptation imagination has to offer.

Every Moment

Everything, sentient or not, is part of the dreamtime continuum.
Every moment is an opportunity to bear witness to the dreamtime continuum.
Every moment is an opportunity to witness the mystery of eternity.
Every moment is an opportunity to practice indifference.
Every moment is an opportunity for stoic resolve.

Discern Thy Self

You are the indelible mystery.
Discern your own mind; discern your own voice.
There is no way to follow any other; there is no way to teach any other.

Risky Business

Believing your own press,
Your own version, your own vanity, your own malarky, your own bullshit,
Can be risky business.

A Horror-Filled Ponder

What will all the progeny go through, for the rest of human history, is a horror-filled ponder.

A Dark and Dismal Dead-End Road

Just a collection of friggin' monkeys, whose evolution in the jungles and savannahs of old,
Whose naturally-selected, choiceless choices, have carelessly taken themselves,
Have taken this garden world, and all its creatures, small to great,
Down a dark, harrowing, agonizing, dead-end road.

The Art of Flexibility

In any field of battle, every strategy, every tactic,
Should remain flexible to instantaneous modification.
For the want of a tiny nail, many a war has likely been lost.
Always pay attention, and always keep a pail of nails at the ready.

Men Plan, God Laughs

You might well have a plan.
But who knows what will really happen?
God is laughing.

Finding Solace in the Mundanity

These ditties offer a reprieve, a solace, from the mundane world,
In which I have been forced to abide by the happenstance of birth.

The Delusion of Identity

The root of all identity crisis is truly believing You are one.
‘Pretending’ You are a personality in the daily wander, is all any One need do.
To believe, or not to believe; to play along, or not play along; is ever but momentary delusion.

The Consequences of Narcissistic Hedonism

All are complicit in allowing the food industry to sabotage the future.
There are always many things anyone coulda-woulda-shoulda chosen differently,
Alas that our narcissistic hedonism has funneled a significant number down a dead-end road.

What a Tale I Could Tell

Somehow, I have been allowed by the Fates to be a seer, a mystic, a sage.
What tales I could tell, how it all came to be, were anyone all that interested.

So Many, So Many

So many lifetimes ago,
So many universes ago,
So many dreamtimes ago,
So many perceptions ago,
All in just one lifetime.

A Future Never to Be Seen

These many thoughts are the seeds of a banyan tree.
In who's shade I will only sit through other eyes.
Assuming, of course, it finds its intended audience.
Assuming, of course, it is not cut down, and forever lost.

The Percolation of Wisdom

Sometimes it seems to take years to fully realize the profundity of some of these many ditties,
That digitalized helter-skelter via one keyboard or another, in one way back when or another.

Zones of Intelligence

How intelligent should You be, could You be, would You be, if You were born into a cockroach's world?
Or a wolf's world? Or an alligator's world? Or a minnow's world? Or a sparrow's world?
All creatures small to great have a niche, a comfort zone, an intelligence zone.
And from the ultimate view, none more special than any other.

A Wayward Journey

If we crunchy-chewy-gooey human beings were truly the greatest, highest grubs ever,
Would we have decimated this extraordinary garden world the way we have?
How is it we lost all sense of guardianship in our wayward journey?

The First and Last Dubious Assertion

René Descartes:
I think, therefore I am.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
To even declare 'I Am' is a dubious assertion.

The Superhero Conundrum

How many times do superheroes have to save the world,
Before they finally realize it cannot be saved,
Dreamtime mirage, that it is.

Setting Aside the Attachment

To ignore the ever-churning mind, is an every-moment challenge.
The attachment to this whirling pale blue dot is not easy to set aside.

Chasing Technology

Would that You could program your mind the same way You would a computer.
It might well make the day-to-day much less bothersome were You a machine.

The Crosses We Bear

We all have different crosses to bear,
In whatever wanderfest the Fates have prescribed.
No need to try to replicate any others.
You are all alone.

Helming the Ship

You will follow,
Until You find courage enough,
To take the wheel, to hold the reins, to fly solo.

Maybe, Just Maybe

Maybe, just maybe, on your deathbed,
You will finally realize how equal to everything,
You are, have ever been, and will ever be.
And, either way, it does not matter.

The Unbearable Lightness of Being

All minds abide in the contortion of their nature-nurture.
There is no freedom but through total surrender to the absolute.
And that, only for as long as one can endure the utter serenity of eternity.

The Resolute Indifference of Imagination

The imaginary urges of desire and fear, of manifest consciousness, in all its self-absorption,
Are only too willing and able, to entirely ignore the ethereal nature of eternity,
Through which they blindly trespass with resolute indifference.

The Inherent Perfection

You are already perfection.
No need to attempt some imaginary version,
That can never-never-ever be.

Being the Moment

The moment is detached.
The moment is the detachment.
You are the detachment.
You are the moment.

The Art of Detachment

The art of letting go, of being detached,
Like all arts, is easier for some than others.
And even the masters have their off days.

The Sisyphean Challenge

To wander the day-to-day,
As the whole, as the totality, as the entirety – not the part,
Is the Sisyphean challenge.

Shrug, Atlas, Shrug

All your memories, all your knowledge, all your opinions, all your desires, all your fears,
All the ceaseless thoughts streaming through your momentary grind,
Ignore them, as often as the moment allows.
You need not always carry the world You imagine so real.

Different Dream, Same Mystery

Even a blubbering village idiot,
Is a portion of the same and very equal mystery,
You are, have ever been, will ever be.
Try to get over yourself.

The Inexplicability of All

We wander about, interacting with so many others,
And all of us, so often so inexplicable in each other's eyes.

Not as Special as We Believe

The challenge is to realize just how whacked out so many are.
We are not near as special, as we wax-lyrical ourselves to be.

Another Way To Look At It

"One of these squirmy little seeds could be our child,"
I mighta-coulda-shoulda-woulda said, as a gooey collection of mine,
Erupted with infectious joy and inordinate gratitude, into her orifice-with-a-tongue.
"Which makes You a cannibal of the infanticidal sort."

Grubs With Attitude

Are we two-leggeds, really anything more than grubs, chock-full of imaginary whimsy?

What are the attributes that distinguish human beings from other creatures?

Large brain size
Reduced body hair
Lungs and sweat glands
Opposable thumbs
Facial structure
Language
Abstract reasoning
Problem-solving skills
Theory of mind
Self-awareness
Moral reasoning
Complex social structures
Tool making and usage
Bipedalism

Will we ever manage to get over ourselves?

Will we ever fully realize we are merely evolutionary outcomes?

And whenever it happens, will we depart the stage with nobility and humility and integrity and discipline,
As fully-evolved human beings, harmoniously realigned with the mysterious source of our origin,
Guardians of whatever carcass is left of the quantum dust-ball garden that birthed us all?

Or will we exit like fruit flies, churning feverishly for the last dollop of honey in the bell jar?
Like rats, vying savagely for the last crumbs at the bottom of the cage?

At this writing, the answer is more than a little evident.

The Idolatry! The Idolatry!

Religions (a.k.a., cults) are about contriving a God, an imaginary false idol,
As small, as vain, as irrelevant, as they and their participants are, and will ever be.
The human mind is corrupted by the irrational superstitions born in the jungles of origin.
Science has made every attempt to raise the bar, but ignorance manages to resist in every way.
No matter how fast light travels, it finds the darkness has always got there first, and is waiting for it.

Waylaying the Curiosity

The cosmos You perceive, the cosmos through which You wander, the cosmos You believe You know,
Is stimulated by the insatiable inquisitiveness to which our kind is genetically inclined.
To be truly immeasurable, to be the absolute awareness of eternity,
To be unconditionally present in the given moment,
One must set aside all curiosity, all interest.
One must disengage from the sensory dream.
One must extinguish all notion of self, to be Self.
One must capitulate to the mystery, to be the mystery.

No Binds, No Boundaries

Many writings, many experiences, many adventures, have been influential,
But none have ever bound me, when it has been time push on to new intrigues.

Just You, All Alone

No one to follow.
No one to lead.
Just You, all alone.
Just You, spaceless, timeless.
Just You, eternally one, eternally free.
Just You, playing out an inwardly anonymous fate.
Unburdened by any yearning for the futility of an imaginary destiny.
Steadfast, stoic, ascetic, wandering, one breath at a time.
Ever-kaleidoscoping in the right here, right now.
This unborn-undying eternal moment.

The Creators of Universes

The tongue, the nose, and all the sensations flesh offers, achieve great heights,
But eyes and ears, are the two most important players in our five-sensory universes.
Without them, there would be no mountains, no stars, nor waves crashing upon the rocks.

Avoiding a Corrupted Existence

A modest, frugal, austere, moderate existence is far more expedient, far more leisurely,
Than having a mountain of gold that has to be reckoned and protected every day of one's life.
Do not allow power and fame and fortune to corrupt, to distract, the quality of your fleeting moment.

Nothing to Be Saved

Seriously, who can be saved, when everything is very much nothing?
Peer into any atom and try to find the proof that You exist,
As anything more than a figment of imagination.
A filament of quantum energy, at best.
You are but the moment dreaming its Self real.

A Moment Within the Moment

Right here, right now, is the moment within the moment.
Regarding Eternity, You can never stop what never started.

Whimsical Grubs

All we two-leggeds are, is grubs, chock-full of imaginary whimsy.

You, Witness

This spinning pale blue dust ball, this immeasurable cosmic mystery, would not be,
Were You not – right here, right now, this very moment – present to witness it.
And every sentient creature, small to great, its own rendering of the indescribable.
None truly more or less important, more or less sentient, in the grand ineffability of it.
Dub it whatever You will, argue over it in every way imaginable, You are it, and it is You.

The Limits of Perception

Everything You – perceived, thought, believed, hoped, dreamed – happened, in any given moment,
Is entirely constructed by your lifetime's accumulated nature-nurture frame-of-reference.
All the incalculable perceptions that your mind-body has wandered and retained.
And the reality is, that it can all, never be more, than a vague and ever-changing perception.

Truth Seeker? Or Lie Keeper?

Easy-peasy to make up, to devise, whatever deities,
Your imaginary blend of desire and fear and dread require.
Really, the only question is, are You a truth seeker, or a lie keeper?

The Absurdity of Duality

Given the attentive nature of meditation and contemplation,
Given the inexorable exactness of scientific method,
How has the absurdity of dualistic notion,
How has a most obvious contortion,
Retained any credibility at all,
In the human paradigm,
In which we are all alone, together.

... inhale nothing ... exhale nothing ...

... inhale nothing ...
… exhale nothing ... inhale nothing ...
... exhale nothing ... inhale nothing ... exhale nothing ...
... inhale nothing ... exhale nothing ... inhale nothing ... exhale nothing ...
... inhale nothing ... exhale nothing ... inhale nothing ... exhale nothing ... inhale nothing ...
... exhale nothing ... inhale nothing ... exhale nothing ... inhale nothing ...
... exhale nothing ... inhale nothing ... exhale nothing ...
... inhale nothing ... exhale nothing ...
... inhale nothing ...

The Myth of Unconditional Love

That which is called love, is not without many well-camouflaged boundaries of the rocky sort.
And unconditional love is a windswept myth, aided and abetted by romantics and storytellers.
Naught but endorphin chemistry, that will likely run into one reef or another, sooner or later.

Neither Here Nor There

No point holding on to what was neither here nor there in the first place.

Doubt It All

Doubt all meaning and purpose,
Until the futility of meaning and purpose,
Becomes absolutely, irrevocably, beyond-all-belief clear.

A Very Windy Day

You might be able to hold on to the quantum illusion in all its forms.
Or at least make-believe-pretend You do.
But Eternity?
That is always very fine dry sand, in loose fingers, on a very windy day.

Speculating the Final Exit

Unless something really goes down in some very sudden, cataclysmic manner,
None now breathing will be witness to the closing chapter of the human paradigm.
That will be a long process, with every geography playing out its own unique endgame.
Some might manage to hang on in diminished capacity, for perhaps even thousands of years.
All those now enduring get to do, is imagine, is speculate, all the horrors the progeny will endure.

The Intelligence of Eternity

The awareness, the intelligence, the acumen, of the totality of eternity, of that which some call God,
Has no memory, but through perceptions imbedded along the neuron trails of the given form.
And they, only for as long as the sentient organism manages to survive its given niche.
It is but a fleeting dream for all forms, however their given moment plays out.
All based entirely on how their naturally-selected Darwinian narrative,
Has been etched by evolution in the given genomic sequencing,
Since life's indivisible, indelible, ineffable beginning.

Truth is Not a Debate

Truth is not a debate; it is not rhetorical masturbation.

No Moments

The are no moments.
There is only this one moment.
It is not divisible; it cannot be pluralized.

A Tree Falls in a Forest …

Whether or not You or some other,
Witness a tree falling in the forest, is immaterial.
The tree was its own witness enough.

Who Are You? Who Are You Not?

Are You what You imagine in the daily willy-nilly ebb and flow?
Or the awareness that permeates the timeless, indivisible moment?

The Judgment Thing

It is the nature of our kind to judge – everyone and everything – all the time.
And then we imagine narcissistic deities, who will judge us worthy of heaven, or the fiery pits of hell.
And so, in all our fears and dreads, we pray to these imaginary deities for forgiveness,
For all the ghastly sins we could not help ourselves from committing.
In the shadows of irony and paradox, absurdity rules.

Who Is the Who, Who Judges?

All have done many ‘good’ things; all have done many ‘bad’ things.
All kaleidoscoping the very same eternal moment; ever free of any judgment.
The only ones judging behind those mortal eyes, are the witnesses believing it all real.

The Gordian Knot of Ethical Thinking

Ethics is a Gordian Knot,
Which only the sharpest sword of discernment,
Cuts loose its imaginary hold.

Any Other’s Mind

How many people really want to spend that much time in anyone else’s mind?

The Illusion of Existence

So many ways to fill this mystery theater continuum, if all You are doing is living.
All we two-leggeds are, is crunchy-chewy-gooey grubs, chock-full of imaginary whimsicality.
How can anything but a quiet, still, serene mind, truly embrace the eternal moment?
No point holding on to what was neither here nor there in the first place.

Panpsychism

panpsychism | panˈsīˌkizəm |
noun
the doctrine or belief that everything material, however small,
has an element of individual consciousness.

Wikipedia: Panpsychism
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Panpsychism

In the philosophy of mind, panpsychism is the view that the mind or a mind-like aspect
is a fundamental and ubiquitous feature of reality.

It is also described as a theory that "the mind is a fundamental feature of the world
which exists throughout the universe".

It is one of the oldest philosophical theories,
and has been ascribed in some form to philosophers including Thales, Plato, Spinoza,
Leibniz, Schopenhauer, William James, Alfred North Whitehead, and Bertrand Russell.

In the 19th century, panpsychism was the default philosophy of mind in Western thought, but it saw a
decline in the mid-20th century with the rise of logical positivism.

Recent interest in the hard problem of consciousness, and developments in the fields of neuroscience,
psychology, and quantum mechanics have revived interest in panpsychism in the 21st century.

Anima Mundi

Wikipedia: Anima mundi
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Anima_mundi

The concept of the anima mundi, world soul, or soul of the world,
posits an intrinsic connection between all living beings,
suggesting that the world is animated by a soul much like the human body.

Rooted in ancient Greek and Roman philosophy,
the idea holds that the world soul infuses the cosmos with life and intelligence.

This notion has been influential across various systems of thought,
including Stoicism, Gnosticism, Neoplatonism, and Hermeticism,
shaping metaphysical and cosmological frameworks throughout history.

The Kaleidoscoping Continuum

The continuum is not space: the continuum is not time.
The continuum is a quantum matrix; it is stardust weaving in every way imaginable.
Ever kaleidoscoping in the motionlessness of the awareness You truly are.
And all of it, an illusion playing out, in every given mind-body.
We are all dreamers, playing impromptu Shakespeare.
We are all the mystery, dreaming its Self, real.

Have You Seen Your Self?

As long, as You truly believe; as long, as You truly maintain,
You are this crunchy-chewy-gooey grubby blob,
You have not seen what You truly are.

The Truth of the Matter

It is up to You to figure it out,
In whatever way You will, in whatever way You will not.
And does it really matter?
Only to You.

The Standard Ripostes

The standard ripostes have pretty much become:

You can take the monkey out of the jungle,
But You cannot take the jungle out of the monkey.

Human history does not repeat itself; the patterns do.

The Axis of Evil is nepotism and cronyism and favoritism.

And ...

The great apes, and their geeks, have taken us down a dead-end road.

You Are It … It Is You

You are the unborn-undying awareness.
You are the anonymous all-pervading.
You are the overwhelming unknown.
You are the ineffaceable That I Am.
You are the indecipherable enigma.
You are the incomprehensible now.
You are the indescribable mystery.
You are the inscrutable witness.
You are the boundless present.
You are the inexplicable eye.
You are the irradicable here.
You are the ineffable now.
You are the indelible You.
You are the glimmering.
You are the twinkling.
You are the moment.
You are the instant.
You are spaceless.
You are timeless.
You are infinity.
You are eternity.
Be anonymous.
Be boundless.
Be spaceless.
Be timeless.
Be present.
Be eternal.
Be totality.
Be infinite.
Be indelible.
Be ineffable.
Be nameless.
Be indivisible.
Be irradicable.
Be inscrutable.
Be inexplicable.
Be ineffaceable.
Be unfathomable.

Right here, right now.

Bam!

The Eternal One

You are the tabula rasa.
You are the moment.
You are the sentience.
You are the awareness.
You are the twinkling.
You are the instant.
You are the existence.
You are the consciousness.
You are the being.
You are the vigilance.
You are the chirpiness.
You are the occurrence.
You are the life.
You are the dynamism.
You are the vivaciousness.
You are the vigor.
You are the mindfulness.
You are the focus.
You are the animation.
You are the manifestation.
You are the energy.
You are the cognizance.
You are the reality.
You are the vibrancy.
You are the perception.
You are the presence.
You are the sparkle.
You are the liveliness.
You are the alertness.
You are the wakefulness.
You are the spirit.
You are the actuality.
You are the exuberance.
You are the attentiveness.
You are the alertness.
You are the verve.
You are the watchfulness.
You are the here-now.
You are the indivisible.
You are the all and none.
You are the witness.
You are the eternal one.

Michael's Rabbit Hole 2025

A Juggernauting Mirage

Neither forward nor backward, right nor left, up nor down, the eternal moment is,
Without order or sequence or arrangement or succession or classification.
Without beginning or end, or anything between and betwixt.
The continuum, the chaos, we call space and time,
Is all happening right here, right now.
Naught but quantum mirage.

Missing Out

How much You missed before You were born.
How much You will miss after You disintegrate.
How much You missed while You were alive.

The Journey of Tabula Rasa

An infant exits the womb, tabula rasa.
The growing child takes to it to zen mode.
At some point, You imagine an imaginary you.
And perhaps, if You are called, if You are steadfast,
Back towards the pathless zen, and maybe even,
If it truly calls You, tabula rasa, once again.
It is a quest few seek, much less attain.

The Unyielding Moment

My moment, my right-here-right-now, is the same as your moment, your right-here-right-now.
My moment, my right-here-right-now, is the same as his moment, his right-here-right-now.
My moment, my right-here-right-now, is the same as her moment, her right-here-right-now.
My moment, my right-here-right-now, is the same as their moment, their right-here-right-now.
My moment, my right-here-right-now, is the same as our moment, our right-here-right-now.
The eternal moment is playing out before the sensory field of every life form across the cosmos.

The Tribeless of One

Those thinkers, those mystics, those seers, those sages, who wander alone,
Might well be called the tribeless of one, a lost and unknowable tribeless, to be sure.
Solitary wolves, ensnared in the web of their minds, with all their philosophical assumptions.
Perhaps quite unable to get along for long, with all their legalistic gobbledygook.

The Fertile Soil of Critical Thinking

The seeds of doubt find home in the fertile soil of critical thinking,
And are squandered upon those who lack the infrastructure required.

Eternity's Faceless Observer

There is no time like the present,
Because time is just imagination pretending itself real.
And only the moment is both real and unreal.
Space-time is but quantum illusion,
And You, its observer.

A Pretty Darned Sure Bet

The human species generally loathes differences,
But familiarity, sooner or later breeding contempt,
Is one pretty sure catalyst, You can always count on.

Do Not Be Fooled

Do not be fooled by dishonesty, by falseness, by lying, by deceit, by insincerity.
It is easy to be beguiled by charlatans and swindlers and pretenders and quacks.

Answering the Call of Eternity

Every life form is completely alone for all eternity, all equally created of the same ineffable mystery.
Everyone wanders – a labyrinth, a maze, a frame of reference, a muddle – of their own imaginary design.
Philosophical inquiry by those who answer the call of eternity, is rarely without great time and effort.
How can there be a point, when the moment passes too quickly, for one to land, much less stick.

The Tabula Rasa of Eternity

Eternity is the tabula rasa, the clean slate of the ubiquitous moment.
You are eternity; You are the absolute awareness in all creation.
You are the one and only indelible moment eternity has ever been.
Discern the tabula rasa of a still mind; of mind, prior to consciousness.

An Imaginary Design

Everyone wanders, everyone meanders, everyone roams,
A labyrinth, a maze, a frame of reference, a muddle,
Of their own nature-nurtured imaginary design.

An Absolute Aloneness

Every life form is unutterably alone for all eternity.
All equally created of the same unfathomable mystery.

How Quickly Everything Becomes Its Memory

How can there be any point, any meaning, any purpose, any raison d'être,
When the eternal moment passes far too quickly, for anything to land, much less stick?
Only memory, only imagination, allows the dream to play out the quantum illusion of space and time.

There is Nothing for Mind to Attain

Here You are right here, right now, timelessly eternal; nothing before or since has ever happened.
You are eternity witnessing a touchy-feely dream; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
The known can never attain the unknown; the mind can never attain the no mind.

The Eternal Weavings of Mind

Every mind instantly weaves the eternal moment into its imaginary frame of reference.

No Borders, No Boundaries

The quantum matrix has no limits, allows all things, is without precedent,
Is without any borders or boundaries of imaginary notion.
How quickly everything becomes its memory.

Existence is Process

The nature of my small town rural youth,
Was filled with the perpetual stoic discipline of process.
A work ethic, that many in these our modern times, have been deprived.

Hours and hours of driving the tractor back and forth disking the orchard.
Hours and hours of grading peaches in the hot and dust and peach-fuzz.
Hours and hours of sitting at the drafting table drawing line after line.
Hours and hours of math problems working out each and every step.
Hours and hours of driving down every sort of road and motorway.
Hours and hours of trekking up and down knolls and mountains.
Hours and hours of getting through every variety of workday.

Existence is one step, one breath, one day, after another.

Process is all.

Worth Being Tortured For?

Another working day.
Another holiday.
Another haircut.
Another shave.
Another manicure.
Another shower.
Another steak.
Another drink.
Another walk.
Another workout.
Another smog check.
Another invoice.
Another movie.
Another class.
Another concert.
Another bookstore.
Another shopping atoll.
Another argument.
Another injury.
Another death.
Another piss.
Another shit.
Another fuck.
Another routine.
Another tax filing.

… Another … Another … Another …

And what is the point of being tortured for all that?

Do You Want What You See?

In witnessing others,
You see what power does.
You see what fortune does.
You see what fame does.

Do You really want that for your Self?

A Biological Array

Amniotic fluid
Bile
Blood
Blood plasma
Brain
Cerebrospinal fluid
Chyme
Ears
Ear wax
Eyes
Feces
Glycocalyx
Hair
Interstitial fluid
Lymph
Mucus
Nails
Nerves
Nose
Organs
Phlegm
Pus
Saliva
Semen
Skin
Sweat
Synovial fluid
Tears
Tongue
Urine
Vaginal lubrication

Is this really what You are?

Seeking the Moderate Ground

The only way vanity and greed can be brought into more moderate ground,
Is if You rein in the imagination firing up the mind-body's potential passions.

The Awareness Permeating All

In the same way You would not say, You are a car driving about,
In the same way You would not say, You are a bicycle meandering along,
In the same way You would not say, You are a building standing on some corner,
In the same way You would not say, You are any vehicle, any medium, any intermediary,
You are not the mind-body from whence senses peer, the dreamtime to which You are so attached.
You are the ineffable, pure awareness permeating all things, witnessing all things.
You are the nothing more, the nothing less, the nothing but.

What the World Thinks of You

What others may or may not think of You, why would it matter?
And what control do You have over any other mind, anyway?
Rest assured, dreamtime forgets everything sooner or later.

Be Here Now

Nothing to do.
Nothing to be.
Nothing to see.
Nothing to feel.
Nothing to taste.
Nothing to smell.
Nothing to hear.
Nowhere to go.
But right here,
Right now.

The Limitations of Debate

Hard to debate someone, who will not, cannot, look at, or listen to,
Something, anything, their given frame of reference does not allow.

From All Across the World

As you walk down any retail isle anywhere upon this spinning pale blue dot,
Ponder all the time, all the decisions, all the inventions, all the labor, all the transport,
It took – oftentimes, from across the world – to get all those products to market.

Seek and You Shall Find

Seek and You shall find whatever You have the capacity to find.
More than a little likely something relatively close,
To the nature-nurture of origin.

An Imaginary Design

Everyone wanders, everyone meanders, everyone roams,
A labyrinth, a maze, a frame of reference, a muddle,
Of their own nature-nurtured imaginary design.

A Solitary Soliloquy

So many thoughts that none but me will likely ever read.
That will only be known, if a rare few decide to preserve them.
Oh well, so it went, dealt with it, got over it, moved on.

Same Old Assertion

Are the need, the want, the craving, for meaning and purpose,
Anything more than vanity and greed (a.k.a., narcissism and hedonism),
Playing out the same-old declarations, in any given mind-body,
On any given stage, all across this given pale blue dot.

The Eternal Intelligence in All Things

The natural selection of the mystery-given intelligence, the potential in every seed line,
Is how You are in the unfathomable, indivisible, right here, right now,
Playing out your version of the same eternal process.
Such is the nature of all creation.

Little Truths, Big Truth

In the endless expanse, there are an infinity of quantum-matrix truths,
But there is only one Truth, there is only one The Way It Is.
And it is not the infinity of quantum matrix truths.
It is the infinity of quantum matrix truths,
All relative, in the one and only.
The ethereal, in which illusion frolics.
The mystery, in which You, alone, ever are.

The Final Reprieve

These frail mortal bodies often end up becoming torture units.
The absence of pain can become the last consolation,
In the inevitable decline and fall of pleasure.
In the ecstasies and agonies of this brief existence,
The oblivion, the liberation, of death, is the final reprieve.

The Walking Dead

To quietly, anonymously meander as though dead,
As detached, as indifferent, as nondescript, as the long departed,
Is the grand challenge for those who long, who hunger, for the ultimate liberation.
Those who seek to merge, back into the eternal moment, they truly are, have ever been, will ever be.
That which is the ineffaceable, indivisible, unfathomable, immeasurable, ineffable mystery.
It is the return to the awareness, to the tabula rasa, masked by imaginary notion.

A Smorgasbord of Veracity

A smorgasbord, a potpourri, a motley, a miscellany, a jumble, a mishmash, a medley,
For which few genuinely seek, for which few truly hunger.
Take it, or leave it, You decide.

An Imaginary Continuity

The ever-present mind-body,
Fabricates an imaginary continuity,
That has no ultimate reality, whatsoever.

Fabricating Divinity

To believe in a deity or deities,
You must first imagine divinity,
And then imagine it real and true.

The Given Limits

Any given life form's universe,
Can only be what its senses perceive.
The electromagnetic spectrum is like that.
Such is the quantum dreamtime for all creation.

Naught But a Brief Flurry

The evolution of consciousness, the theater of imagination,
Is but a biological phenomenon in the continuum of the quantum matrix.
Naught but a relatively brief flurry in the unfathomable vastness of eternity’s mystery.

The Great Irony, the Great Paradox

The reality, the truth, of most every quantum mind,
Is that most every neural network considers its version real and true,
And generally, a version much more real, a version much more true, than anyone else's.
It is the great irony, the great paradox, underlying all human consciousness,
Since its evolution in the jungles and savannahs of long ago.

A Very Deterministic Continuum

How deftly, skillfully, adroitly, nimbly, precisely, adeptly, neatly, dexterously,
The genesis, the creation, every moment progresses in its deterministic fashion.

The Challenge of Vulnerability

Retaining vulnerability in a dreamtime that requires so much armor,
Both physical and psychological, is an every-moment stoic challenge.

The Resonance of Commonality

For You to be reading, to be pondering, anything in these many pages,
Means that it resonates with your inner vision of this mystery theater.
All are drawn to whatever suits their ever-expanding frame of reference.
And if this is your moment to embrace the totality, these words are for You.

Basking in the Freedom of Death

Death will alleviate the weight of all your woes, all your problems, all your suffering.
The only real question is, whether or not You undertake it before the final wheezing breath.
As Albert Camus wrote: There is but one truly serious philosophical problem, and that is suicide.

Heed the Wisdom of the Ancients

Religions across all times, all places, are for those prone to delusion.
Those wallowing in vanity and greed, those absorbed in narcissism and hedonism,
To play out the ceaseless, insatiable, childish hereafter fantasies,
Cautioned about in 1 Corinthians 13:11:

When I was a child,
I spoke like a child,
I thought like a child,
I reasoned like a child.
When I became a man,
I put aside childish things.

How many true believers will never realize,
Who or what that thinker was talking about?

Open Hand, Open Mind

The mind is akin to the monkey's fist and the baited coconut,
Wherein releasing whatever thought is at hand, sets it free.
Until the next thought garners the willy-nilly of attention.
The empty mind, the no-mind, is its own compensation.

The Hunger! The Hunger!

Is human existence, perhaps all existence, really about anything more,
Than consuming, devouring, whatever inclination and opportunity allow?

What Point, What Purpose, Really?

All these things You have done, this knowledge You have absorbed, this wisdom You have gleaned,
What point to it all, really, when the Reaper one day shows up at the final breath, and it is all erased.

To What Degree Does Anyone Awaken?

To what degree does anyone awaken, in a mystery that is immeasurably immaculate?
To what degree does anyone awaken, in a dream that is nothing more than quantum illusion?
To what degree does anyone awaken, when they are totally alone in a pristine state of awareness?
To what degree does anyone awaken, when every mind is but a neural network of ecstasies and agonies?
To what degree does anyone awaken, when every mind is a solitary invention, an absolute handiwork?
To what degree does anyone awaken, when within their sensory theater, they are sovereign witness?
To what degree does anyone awaken, when tribal associations and alliances no longer hold sway?
To what degree does anyone awaken, when every mind is but an imaginary frame of reference?
And to what degree does any degree prevail, when no degree exists in this indivisible matrix?

Detachment is the Work

To detach all the psychological traumas from all the physical traumas,
Is the inner work, the contemplation-slash-meditation,
Of those who would be liberated.

Like a Passing Cloud

In the ever-present eternal moment,
Of this ineffable kaleidoscoping quantum matrix,
You are born, You die, unborn-undying all the indelible while.
Like a passing cloud, with neither before nor after,
Dreaming through the spacious sky.

No Word is the Thing

Every idea born of the mind, every idea born of imagination,
Has never been real, has never been in this world,
As anything more than a concept, anything more than a notion.
Any manifestation, any appearance, any fruition, into the quantum dreamtime,
Has always demanded some form of exertion, some form of effort, some form of elbow grease.

The Quest for Rhyme and Reason

Ponder all the desire, ponder all the fear,
All the dread, all the anger, all the passion, all the everything,
That has played out in your allotted eternal moment.
Is there really any rhyme or reason to it?
And why need there be?

A Stoic Equanimity

Any existence is chock-full of ups and downs.
The challenge is to stoically endure them,
With as much equanimity as possible.

Attending the Ineffability

Morphing into the cosmic state,
Morphing into the quantum state,
Morphing into the pure awareness,
Is fully heeding the timeless moment.
Full attending the ineffability of eternity.

The Unreality of All Stories

Repeating it over and over, has never made any story real or true.

Same Mystery, Same Illusion

Every creature ever born occupies itself as fate has allotted its nature-nurture algorithm.
It does not really matter how, for ultimately it is all the same mystery, playing out illusion.

The Grand Schemeless of Mutation

Although one might not help but wish them well,
As far as continuity of the lineage of their genetic material is concerned,
Lesbians, gays, bisexuals, transgenders, queers,
Are failed mutations.

The Truth of Awareness

Awareness knows no desire.
Awareness knows no fear.
Awareness knows no dread.
Awareness knows no anxiety.
Awareness knows everything.
Awareness knows nothing.

A Touchy-Feely Dream

For as long as you feel.
For as long as you see.
For as long as you hear.
For as long as you taste.
For as long as you smell.
For as long as You breathe.
For as long as You awaken.
For as long as You sleep.
Until death do You part.

Destined to Be Long Forgotten

Somehow, imagination got up and running, and has not stopped since.
And it will all be very quickly forgotten whenever extinction is achieved.
Do not be betting that human vanity and greed will long infect this dust ball.

The Chicken or Egg of Imagination

Does imagination spring from the persona, or the persona from imagination?

So What?

You are powerful, You are famous, You are rich ... So what?

The Choices We Make

Power can become a prison.
Fortune can become a prison.
Fame can become a prison.
Life can become a prison.
A free life is not for all.

The Allness of Awareness

The nothingness of awareness distinguishes all,
The nothingness of awareness realizes all,
The nothingness of awareness is all.

The Quest for the Nothingness

Who is the seeker questing for the nothingness prior to all questing?
What is the seeker questing for the nothingness prior to all questing?
Where is the seeker questing for the nothingness prior to all questing?
When is the seeker questing for the nothingness prior to all questing?
Why is the seeker questing for the nothingness prior to all questing?
How is the seeker questing for the nothingness prior to all questing?

The Consequences of Aging

What is the point of growing old?
Of enduring a decrepit body and mind,
That can no longer tolerate the hedonisms,
That make temporal existence worth enduring.
A body that can no longer do or remember squatola,
And is daily facing a swelling array of pains and bothers.

The twelve hallmarks of aging outlined in a paper by:
López-Otín, Blasco, Partridge, Serrano, and Kroemer,
Scientifically gobbledy-gooked into three categories:

Primary

… genomic instability …
… telomere attrition …
… epigenetic alterations …
… loss of proteostasis …
… disabled macroautophagy …

Antagonistic

… deregulated nutrient-sensing …
… mitochondrial dysfunction …
… cellular senescence …

Integrative

… stem cell exhaustion …
… altered intercellular communication …
… chronic inflammation …
… dysbiosis …

Naught but a Touchy-Feely Dream

So amazing what all life endures.
All for what sum totals nothing more,
Than touchy-feely, narcissistic hedonism.
An imaginary dream of beyond-epic proportion.

The One and Only Mystery

You are, the one and only mystery, the one and only truth, the one and only eternity.
Whether or not You see it, whether or not You agree with it, it is, in this eye,
The way it is, the way has always been, the way it will always be.

Welcome to the Planet of the Apes

If worldly success beckons you,
If narcissism and hedonism are your thing,
And your vanity and greed gush forth without bounds,
You have happened into the definitive matrix.
A Twilight Zone, with nary a limit.

Regarding God

That which is God is not alive; that which is God not dead.
That which is God is unborn; that which is God is undying.

The Burden of Proof

Is it on the agnostic/atheist,
To prove some deity does not exist,
Or the true believer, to prove he/she/it does?
Dogma, faith, belief, conviction, hope, are not proof.
Nor are majestic houses of worship, nor copious congregations.

Is That Really What Is Happening?

Is what You think is happening right now, truly what is happening right now?

The Nothingness Prior to All

To be the nothingness prior to consciousness, to be the nothingness prior to imagination,
Is the challenge of the awareness, the challenge of the mystery, the challenge of the eternity,
That You truly are, that You truly have ever been, that You truly will ever be,
In the timeless, unborn, undying, right here, right-now moment.

The Question That Gets to the Root

Does imagination spring from the person, or the person from imagination?

The Blindness of the True Believer

The true believer is blind to truth.

The First, the Last

Nothing firsts, nothing lasts.
You are the first, You are the last.
Everything and nothing, all the while.
A continuum, ever continuing.
The moment, unending.
Eternity, nowing.

The Quest for Nothing

Why the search for the nothingness prior to all the searching?
Cease all questing, be still, be silent – and voila! – there You are.
Perfect awareness, basking in its eternal right-here-right-now moment.
Timeless, unborn, undying, indivisible, indelible, unfathomable, ineffable.

The Eternal Quest for Eternal Life

All have their very own right-here-right-now eternal moment, which some have called eternal life.
Only very persevering spirits, replete with every variety of capacity and limitation,
Give themselves over the doubt, to the focus, to the discipline,
That the solitary path less traveled requires.

A Solitary No-Direction-Known Journey

These many straightforward, candid aphorisms,
Etch how I have come to see this indelible mystery.
And this long and winding soliloquy, has been set down,
To aid You, getting back to what You really are, and are not.
You are your own kingdom, your own house of worship,
Your own heaven and hell, and purgatory between.
It is up to You, and You alone, to figure it out.
It is a no-direction-known solitary journey.
And any realization, and any liberation,
Is for You, on your own, to harvest.
Where it begins, where it ends,
Will be forever unknown.
Rotsa ruck, Pilgrim.

What is Deep? What is Not Deep?

How deep do your thoughts go, how deep can they go?

The Insatiably Curious Mind

The human mind is an ineffably, indelibly, insatiably curious mind,
And history, its long and winding trail, of astonishing ecstasies and horrific agonies.
How far and wide will it meander, before its inevitable extinction,
Is a story that will be witnessed, likely never told.

… nature is all … nature is that i am …

… I am nature … you are nature … everything is nature …
… nature is mystery's expression … everything is mystery's expression …
… there is no me … there is no you … there is no other … we are all that which is mystery …
… only imagination deceives you, blinds you, into believing otherwise …
… you are as free as you please, if you so choose …

The Ever-Evolving Web of Imagination

The limitations of mind were likely so much more obvious,
Before we devised all the concepts, all the sounds,
To cloak it in the miasma of imagination.

True Intelligence

What greater intelligence than one honed by nature?

On Living Forever

What is going to happen to all your all-powerful deities,
And all your paradises, and all your hells, and all your purgatories,
When our little star, devours our little dust ball, in that moment's future past.
Sooner or later, even your gods gotta die, and where will You be then?

Already All but Forgotten

Perhaps, try to grasp how little, anyone in your life, much less the world, thinks about you.
And whether or not, some deity or deities, masters of heavens and hells, do at all,
Is but imaginary conjecture of the delusional-beyond-absurdity variety.

No Hope for Reconciliation

What anything means to me, will very likely not mean the same thing to you.
‘Tis the nature of imagination, to imagine such impossibly different universes.

Thousands and Thousands

A picture may well be worth a thousand words.
But as many more are well worth ten thousand steps.
What need to seek when you are already that which is found?

The Give and Take

There is nothing to give.
Nothing is there to give.
I have nothing to give.
You have nothing to give.
We all give and take nothing.

The Unyielding Maw

Curiosity is an unending, cavernous yawn,
Filling the mind with every variety of trivia.

Define Limitation

Depending how You view your imaginary world,
The limitations of imagination are few and far between,
The limitations of imagination are many and not far between.
Give it up, for the anarchy, the quagmire, of this sensory dreamtime.

The Limits of the Accelerating Exponential

If there are other dimensions all about us, or in spaces and times far distant,
Will likely never be for us to know, in any meaningful, delineating way.
Even with the discerning eye of science, we can just barely perceive,
Our smidgen of a 0.0035 percent of the electromagnetic spectrum.
And though technology accelerates exponentially every day,
It will never achieve more than the limits of imagination.

Just Let Go … Everything!

All the everything that You carry in your mind,
Might be much less a burden, much less a daily trial,
If You just assumed, none of it ever happened.
The tabula rasa is yours for the being.

Buzzing About

As a bee is to the scent of a budding flower,
The mind is to the dreamtime of wily imagination.
Buzzing about with a detached mind is ever the challenge.

All The Wolves in Your Midst

It is only desire and fear, vanity and greed, that make you, allow you,
To think, to hope, to believe, to pray, there is more than one existence.
That there is some deity or deities, on high, tabulating your every move,
With their heavens and hells and purgatories, their carrots, their sticks,
Promoted by some cult, cultivated by some charismatic middleman.
Rest assured, the only question, the only answer, is whether or not,
You are naive enough, heedless enough, inane enough, to believe,
All the deceptions, all the traps, all the bullshit, all the absurdity,
Laid down by all the predators wandering freely in your midst.

The Continuum to Entropy

The electromagnetic spectrum, the quantum matrix, never stops its kaleidoscoping unfurling.
It is a dynamic that has been in kinesis since the big bang, genesis, label it what You will.
And will continue, on and on, until the continuum when/ifs to its entropic stateless state.

No Mercy

We are all at the mercy of the imagination roiling about in our craniums.

The Emptiness of Consciousness

Everything You think You are,
Everything You think You know,
Everything You think You have done,
Is absolutely meaningless to the moment,
Absolutely immaterial to the eternity You are.
Awareness is, free of all limits, free of all borders.
Free of all fabrications devised by the imaginary mind.

Slipping, Slipping, Into the Future

Imagination is always slipping in, to tarry in the given moment,
Fabricating space and time, and all its quantum-matrix fixtures.

Every Fate's Potential

Whether through contemplation or meditation or drugs or pure happenstance,
Discerning the ineffably indelible mystery of eternity in all creation,
Is the unborn-undying potential, for all whom fate chooses.

Unscripted Shakespeare

Male and female, of the monkey-mind genome, are entirely different, relatively specialized beasts.
With entirely different physiques, different brains, different minds, different perceptions,
Different operating orders, different functions, different lives, different worlds.
To come together, to fuse together, for however short, however long,
Well, each and every connection, is a stage play unto itself.
There is no plan, there is no design, just unscripted Shakespeare.

Discerning the Harmony

Are we all anything more than algorithms playing out our little parts,
Filling the existence with every distraction, every amusement,
To avoid the ‘tedious boredom’ of the eternal moment?
Few are inclined to discern the harmony of a serene mind.
A mind that has ceased pursuing the futility of vanity and greed.

The Ceaseless Delusions

All beliefs, all notions, all values,
Are but the ceaseless delusions of imagination,
Clinging to all the mind’s attachments to its sensory theater.
All the mind’s attachments to its imaginary self.

The Obliteration of Death

Death is the utter obliteration of imaginary self.
From oblivion to oblivion is the way of all dreamtimes.
There is no more, for any seed line, for any called into existence.
To let go, everything, is the greatest challenge, consciousness must endure.
Self is omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent, unborn, undying.
But little self is Shakespearian worms’ meat,
Of the ‘so it goes’ variety.

The Commonality of Creed

Google AI's answer to: What do most belief systems amount to?

Most belief systems amount to frameworks that provide meaning, structure, and social cohesion by attempting to answer life's big questions. Whether religious, philosophical, or cultural, they guide human behavior, influence social norms, and shape how individuals and groups understand the world and their place in it.

Shared Functions of Belief Systems

Across different cultures and eras, belief systems serve several core functions for individuals and societies:

Providing meaning and purpose: Many belief systems address existential questions about life, death, and the universe, which helps people find a sense of purpose.

Shaping morality and ethics: Belief systems often establish the fundamental principles of what is considered good and bad within a society. These ethical rules help regulate social behavior and maintain order.

Promoting social cohesion: A shared belief system creates a sense of community and collective identity among people, which can foster unity within groups. Collective rituals, myths, and traditions reinforce this social bonding.

Creating a worldview: Belief systems provide a framework for interpreting reality and understanding the unknown. This can explain natural phenomena, historical events, and a person's life experiences.

Influencing culture and politics: The values and tenets of a belief system can significantly influence a society's cultural practices, art, law, and political ideologies. In some historical cases, belief systems have been used to legitimize the authority of rulers.

Coping with uncertainty: By offering explanations for life's challenges, suffering, and death, belief systems help individuals cope with the fear and anxiety of an uncertain world.

Core Components

Many belief systems, whether religious or non-religious, are built on similar core components:

Beliefs/Worldview: The set of tenets that offer a coherent perspective on the universe.

Community: The group that shares and practices the beliefs.

Myths/Narratives: Stories that help explain and teach the belief system's core principles. These don't have to be factual to serve their purpose within the belief system.

Rituals: Practices and ceremonies that explain, teach, and reinforce the group's beliefs.

Ethics: The rules and norms for behavior.

Material Expressions: Objects, places, and art used in rituals or to represent beliefs, such as sacred texts, buildings, and symbols.

Emotional Experiences: The shared emotions common to the belief system, such as awe, devotion, or inner peace.

Sacredness: The distinction between what is considered sacred and what is profane.

Belief Systems in Conflict

While they can foster unity, differing belief systems can also be a source of conflict both within and between societies. When different systems hold fundamentally opposing values or ideas, disagreements can arise over issues like morality, governance, and social behavior. This can sometimes lead to social friction, persecution, and even violence.

Ultimately, most belief systems provide a common blueprint for understanding life, reinforcing shared values, and fostering a collective identity within a community.

The Nature of the Quantum Matrix

The continuum that is the mystery,
The continuum that sustains all existence,
The continuum that sustains all non-existence,
The continuum You are, have ever been, will ever be,
Is ever kaleidoscoping, is ever morphing, on and on and on.
When You finish your rice, it is time to clean your bowl,
And then, whatever is after that, after that, after that.
Nothing ever finishes, nothing ever can finish.
Even when death do You someday part,
Rest assured, it will all carry on,
In its unfathomable way.

The Labels! The Labels!

Do You really believe, labeling your imaginary self, this or that, means anything?

The Final Curtain Call

Spent this life putting things behind me, that did not work, or no longer wooed.
Or, in the relatively unanticipated once in a while, was done with me.
Dying will only be the final curtain call before oblivion,
And when have I not been partial to oblivion?

The Nondualistic Actuality

There is the nondualistic actuality,
And there is the vanity, the pride, about it.
Embrace the former; avoid the latter.

The Truth

Imagining truth, is never truth.

The Pig Likes It

As a pig likes it when you wrestle with it in the mud,
So too, imagination toys with minds giving it reality.
Ergo, the planet of the apes plays out Shakespeare live.

The Vagaries of Vanity

In the big picture of this vast ineffable, unchartable mystery,
How different is your play of consciousness, your imaginary existence,
From that of a jellyfish floating aimlessly in the waves, really?
Only vanity gives You pause to suppose otherwise.
Only the greed for more gives it wings.

That About Which I Am Most Content

The one thing about which I am most pleased, most content, most adamant,
Is that fate did not have me bring any children into this absurdity.
I certainly would never choose to reincarnate into it,
So why would I do it to another innocent?
Thank the gods, this eye will not witness it much longer.

Always Happy to Be Wrong

Regarding my tendency to wallow in repetitive cynical thoughts,
Regarding this monkey-minded human paradigm,
I am always happy to be wrong.

Every Mind

Every mind, a window to a self.
Every mind, a window to a world.
Every mind, a window to a cosmos.
Every mind, a window to the senses.
Every mind, a window to the moment.
Every mind, a window to the singularity.
Every mind, a window to the intelligence.
Every mind, a window to the imagination.
Every mind, a window to the awareness.
Every mind, a window to the mystery.
Every mind, a window to eternity.
Every mind, a window to You.

The Assumptions! The Assumptions!

All that we call human is based on assumptions.
Is existence anything but an imaginary assumption?

The Pharaoh Dilemma

Things getting lost or stolen or misplaced or broken,
Are just mini-deaths along the path to the finale of mortal fatality.
Despite all their pyramids and mausoleums and tombs and crypts and catacombs,
The powerful, the wealthy, the renowned, the masses, and those yet unborn,
Must at some point, when the last breath departs, leave it all behind.

Kurtz's Last Line

In Heart of Darkness, a critique of European colonial rule in Africa,
Joseph Conrad pretty much sums up the human condition,
With Kurtz's last line: The horror! The horror!

The Flaw of Imagination

Your perfection is flawed by your imagination,
Imagining it is a body, imagining it is a persona.

One Teacher, One Student

All teachers are ultimately the one and only teacher.
All students are ultimately the one and only student.

True Stories v. False Stories

Whether or not, any story, any account, is true or false,
Both are time-based fabrications of consciousness, of imagination,
And thus, naught but wafting currents in the illusory quantum space-time dream.
And humans, being such able storytellers, it can be all but impossible, to discern which is which.

The Sanctity of Grace

Contentment … true, unsullied, full-hearted, overflowing, eternal.
Have You embraced it yet, or are You so bound, so trapped, by the illusion of space and time,
That the inner guard, the inner controller, will not, at least occasionally,
Allow You a taste of the sanctity of grace.

The One Moment That Rules Them All

Analog or digital, the clocks tick,
The pages of calendars page after page flip,
But the moment is ever the same, all across the stage,
All across the very unique perceptions, each considers a cosmos.
Each and every one, naught but an imaginary perception.

Don’t Need No Nothing

Don’t need no readers.
Don’t need no disciples.
Don’t need no renown.
Don’t need no fortune.
Don’t need no dominion.
Don’t need no schemes.
Don’t need no trophies,
Don’t need no nothing,
Except to be left alone.

The Right-Here-Right-Now of Eternal Life

Eternity is the right-here-right-now-this-very-timeless moment.
All one needs do is still the mind, be the moment, the great all and nothing is,
And that quixotic thing called eternal life, is Voilà! theirs, in the given every-day mundane,
As it has ever been, as it will ever be, in this mortal dream of space and time.

Giving Over to Sovereignty

If You truly discern there is no other, discern there is truly naught but a vast ineffable oneness,
Why are You still justifying and rationalizing and apologizing for your existence,
To the other, who ultimately does not exist, any more than You do.
How challenging to participate, and yet remain aloof.
How challenging to give over to the sovereignty inherent in all.

Heaven or Hell, Your Choice

Heaven or Hell, You every moment choose to reside.
No need for some deity, or gaggle of the same, to decide.

The Never-Enoughers

Why is the moment not enough?
Why is the awareness not enough?
Why is the mystery not enough?
Why is eternity not enough?

The Holy Trinity

… Creation … Preservation … Destruction …

The Entitlements! The Entitlements!

How many conceptual arenas, we take for granted,
That ancestors in all times across the world,
Took many thousands of years to discover and create.
Discoveries and creations that we now embrace as entitlements.

The Timeless, Spaceless Awareness

Awareness is the emptiness, the nothingness, the vacuum, the ethereal constant,
Through which … earth, wind, water, fire … timelessly, spacelessly, kaleidoscope.

Quantum Everything

Quantum stardust.
Quantum earth.
Quantum wind.
Quantum water.
Quantum fire.
Quantum sun.
Quantum moon.
Quantum planets.
Quantum clusters.
Quantum universe.
Quantum perception.
Quantum archaebacteria.
Quantum eubacteria.
Quantum protista.
Quantum fungi.
Quantum plantae.
Quantum animalia.
Quantum everything.

A vast matrix of quantum design,
All kaleidoscoping through the ether of awareness.

The End Is Nigh

As lead pipes were to ancient Rome, plastic will be to the entire world.
Oil and electricity began their advent in the late 19th century,
And their juggernaut is racing down a dead-end road.
It all seemed so exceptionally remarkable in the early stages,
But has, in a little over a century, become an overwhelming leviathan.
Who can more than speculate the conclusion to a very punitive decline and fall.

Looking, Looking

Looking back, who-what-where-when-why-how, have You ever really been?
Looking to the fore, who-what-where-when-why-how, will You ever really be?
Looking right-here-right-now, who-what-where-when-why-how, are You really?

In This World!?

You were expecting consistency and rationality,
In a world ruled by irony and paradox?
How credulous can You be?

A Quantum Mystery

Quantum matrix.
Quantum illusion.
Quantum delusion.
Quantum dreamtime.
Quantum here-now.
Quantum mystery.

The Planet of the Blobs

Some blobs climb.
Some blobs dig.
Some blobs float.
Some blobs swim.
Some blobs fly.
Some blobs crawl.
Some blobs slither.
Some blobs walk and run.
Some on four legs.
Some on two.

Naught But Empty Assertion

What life form can help but be, whatever its coding created it to be?
An algorithm that stretches back to the origins of life in the soupy mix of long ago.
To believe there is free will, is but the empty assertion of ignorance.

A Symbiotic Dance

Doubt and detachment have a symbiotic relationship,
In their amble, their dance, their dreaming,
Into the obscurity of oblivion.

A Solitary Walkabout

Everyone has a different world,
Everyone has a different universe,
Everyone has a different perception,
Just as real, just as imaginary, as yours.
We are very much, all alone, all together,
Wandering the same stage, in solitary minds.

Clearing a Toxic Mind

Full, focused breathing, with a pinch of detachment,
Is probably one of the better ways to clear a toxic mind.

The Everyday Horror Show

It might be a bit frightening to walkabout amidst so many grubs (a.k.a., blobs),
If you had not been acclimated by so many aquariums and science fiction movies.

The Nature-Nurture All Abide

When You exited tabula rasa of the womb, innocence ran the show for a relatively short duration.
But very gradually, one onerous experience after another, scratched and sliced, and created the scar tissue,
The certain reactions – of the persona, of the character, of the identity – to which You are so attached.
It is the nature-nurture reality, that all life forms must endure, in whatever fate has been allotted.
And it will carry on – unabated, unrelenting, unyielding – until oblivion regains dominion.
All emotions, all passions, all feelings, all desires, all fears, all dreads, to the contrary,
The you, You think You are, is but an imaginary fallacy from the mind's get-go.

The Rule of Ignorance

If there is going to be any kind of future for the human paradigm,
It would agreeable if all of it were not ruled entirely,
By the ignorance of vanity and greed.

Fallacious Catechism

Fallacious tribal catechism strikes again.

Even One Blink

Even one breath, one swallow, one blink, different,
Would have spun a different fate for your entire cosmos.

Stay Humble

Stay as humble as your vain notions allow,
For You are truly no greater nor lesser than any other,
Across the farthest shoreless shore, of this most infinite mystery.

The Absurdity of All Religion

How self-absorbed the human species is, to think, to believe,
That some deity on high is so wrapped up in all their absurdities,
That he/she/it are so enraptured with their everyday boring blah-blah,
That he/she/it monitors and tabulates and judges their every single move.
Jesus, people, get over your imaginary, exceedingly preposterous bullpucky.

As Descartes Was to Doubt …

As Descartes was to doubting all things,
The next trick is totally letting go,
Of everything. unto Self.

The Migration of Mind

Every language has its migration.

An Ironic Deception

How long will we deceive ourselves,
Into believing, into hoping, that technology,
Can ever unscramble all the problems it has created?
That we can somehow backtrack to something less disastrous.

The Glitter! The Glitter!

You can have all your diamonds and your measly piles of gold.
They are only glitter in the quantum mirage, in the quantum dust pile.
Given value by minds that will never discern the mystery in which they flail.

… and then You did this …

… You were born …

… and then You did this …
… and then You did this …
… and then You did this …

The Lovers of Pain and Suffering

Mother Nature and Death are lovers, and do so enjoy inflicting as much pain and suffering, as possible.

The Absurdity of All Belief Systems

All belief systems end up being more than a little beyond absurd.
Why would eternity care whether or not You awaken to it or not?

Bask in This Moment

Bask in the very right-here-right-now,
Ever-present, unborn-undying, eternal moment,
You are, have ever been, will ever be.

Fin

The imaginary you is born just once.
The imaginary you dies just once.
Anything else is delusional.
Anything else is absurd.
Anything else is ludicrous.
Your life is but a brief dream.
Get over all your trifling notions.
Abandon your make-believe creation.
That very last rattle will be the end of you.

The Game of Charades

Measuring the measurable is the charade of the human mind.

Eternal Life Is in This Very Moment

Eternal life is in this very right-here-right-now moment.
Timeless, unborn-undying, indivisible, indelible, ineffable.
The only You there is, there ever was, there will ever be.

The Gossip! The Gossip!

The world is filled with every sort of gossip,
Which You may partake, or not,
As disposition allows.

The Eternal Absoluteness

The timelessness,
The adroitness,
The deftness,
The perfection,
The dexterity,
The indelibility,
The precision,
The presence,
The swiftness,
The mystery,
The ineffability,
Of the moment,
Is eternally absolute.

No Two Alike

Like snowflakes, like fingerprints,
No two dreamtimes, no two frames of reference,
Even once exactly the same, across this entire ineffable mystery.

The Illusory Notion

You move, You stream, You flow, You course, You surge, You kaleidoscope, You dance, right along,
Through the eternal moment – ever untouched, ever untainted, ever unborn, ever undying.
Only memory, only imagination, journeys the perception of space and time.
Only memory, only imagination, cast it more than illusion.

The Choiceless Reality

Where was the free will, where was the choice, in the big bang of genesis?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in the first etching of life?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in all the natural selection since?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in all the nature-nurture since?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your awareness?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your existence.
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your universe?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your world.
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your geography?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your family?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your mind-body?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your intelligence?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your health?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your birth order?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your name?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your culture?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your ethnicity?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your gender?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your appearance?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your language?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your caste?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your economic level?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your values?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your beliefs?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your politics?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your capacities?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your education?
Where was the free will, where was the choice, in your world view?

Where is the free will, where is the choice …
In your next breath, in your next heartbeat, in you next thought?

Even If You Knew Everything

Even if You knew the absolute truth of everything that lead up to this moment,
It would still only be the busy-busy of the ever-churning, imagination-ridden mind.
Naught but an evolutionary concoction, however its origin is deemed to have come about.

On Being You

What guilt, what remorse, should a lion have, for being a lion?
What guilt, what remorse, should a shark have, for being a shark?
What guilt, what remorse, should a piranha have, for being a piranha?
What guilt, what remorse, should a scorpion have, for being a scorpion?
What guilt, what remorse, should an eagle have, for being an eagle?
What guilt, what remorse, should a wasp have, for being a wasp?
What guilt, what remorse, should You have for being You?

A Centerstage Solo Act

Everyone is centerstage in their own perception of a cosmos.
Dancing away, entirely alone, in their little speck of eternity.
To embrace the aloneness is to be free of the imaginary other.

The Stages of Existence

When You, the unborn-undying awareness, are in a newborn body, You play newborn.
When You, the unborn-undying awareness, are in a toddler body, You play toddler.
When You, the unborn-undying awareness, are in a child body, You play child.
When You, the unborn-undying awareness, are in a teen body, You play teen.
When You, the unborn-undying awareness, are in an adult body, You play adult.
When You, the unborn-undying awareness, are in an elderly body, You play elderly.
From newborn, to whatever end, there is agony, there is ecstasy, and the shadow of death,
Which must be endured, as stoically, as rationally, perhaps as detached, as the given mind allows.
There is only one exit in any existence, and any choice in the matter is very much nil-nada-naught-zilch.

Shakespeare Live

The entity You are so transfixed by, so devoted to, so attached to, so bound by, so imprisoned by,
Is really nothing more than a memory as soon as the timeless moment kaleidoscopes on.
And everyone wandering about playing their vain impromptu protagonists so real,
Makes for Shakespeare very much live across this whirling pale blue dot.

Moment You Are

There is no beginning, there is no end, in the moment You are,
The moment You have ever been, the moment You will ever be.
The world is naught but a quantum illusion, an imaginary perception.
The real You is prior to consciousness, prior to all appearances.
Prior to all attributes, all qualities, all traits, all elements.
There is no other; duality is but the mirage of mind.

Breathe It In, Breathe It Out

Breathe in the quantum nothingness, breathe out the quantum nothingness.

The Poof of Imagination

Every mask and body, ever donned, has dissolved into oblivion.
Consciousness incarnating, consciousness imagining, each and every character.
Ever-remembering, ever-forgetting, within the illusory kaleidoscoping of the space-time matrix.
Your mind-body, ever transforming, ever morphing, even as You translate these words.
It can never be more, it can never be less, than the ageless, eternal moment.
And yet, through it all, imagination ever imagines it all tangible.
The same entity, the same identity, from birth to death.
And before and after that, for those mesmerized,
By religious propaganda, by pious puffery,
Celebrated by snake oil zealots high and low.
All of it, nothing more than the poof of imagination.

A Nomadic Existence

Have managed to get by without having to participate more than loosely with any groupthink.
Always just kept rambling on, leaving everything and everyone in the rearview mirror.
Nomad, gypsy, wanderer, traveler – are good labels for how it has worked out.

To Question, to Doubt

Settling for the idolatry of the ceaseless stream of fictitious deities,
Is the venue of all who lack the intellect, the critical mass,
To question until all questions run out of steam.
To doubt until the doubting is done.

The Intelligent Design

How can the ultimate be encapsulated by imagination?
You are a smidgeon of the intelligent design.
Your access is this very moment.
Stilling the mind is all that is required.

The Infinite Web

The cosmos, the world, has a near infinity of ways,
To lure the imaginary mind into its ensnaring web.

An Undeniable Fact

Every mind has its own indivisible frame of reference.
You and everyone else have a completely unique perspective.
No translation, no rendition, no interpretation, can ever be the same.

A Deterministic Fate

All existence is caught in the seemingly endless wave of a very deterministic fate.
The most real way to live it out, is to just follow your nature, and wander the path of least resistance.
And, as stoically, indifferently, as possible, let it all go when the dreamtime is undone.

In Aloneness, Freedom

To embrace the aloneness, is to be free of the imaginary other.

Flickers of Perception

There it was, right there, right then,
And now, gone, gone, forever gone.
Naught but a flicker upon a neuron trail.
A perception in a mortal frame of reference.

No Capturing Reality

Putting into words That which no word can capture.

A Blob of Crunchy-Chewy-Gooey

You are nothing more than a blob of crunchy-chewy-gooey,
With arms, legs, fingers, toes, a larynx, a face, and other accoutrements,
That, paired with imagination, hoodwink You into believing You are something more.
But there is no more, this is it, this is all there is, a one-time theater, nothing more, nothing less, poof!
No deities on high, no heavens, no hells, just this timeless moment, this here, this now,
For You to play out, to imagine, however your nature-nurture calls.
Demon or angel, your decision, every moment.

This Life's Calling

This life's calling has been to discern and scribe the ultimate reality, that this mind has,
Through a relatively anonymous, relatively mindful, relatively stoical walkabout, fathomed.
What comes of these many thoughts, if anything, will be for as yet-unborn storytellers to discern.
Impactful or not, how could it matter, to the Me, the Self, the awareness, the unborn-dying,
The mystery, that every moment, is witness, to whatever kaleidoscopes through it.
Whether conscious or not, we are but clouds, matrixing though the abyss.

The Tools! The Tools!

We are all tools of our own survival,
Of our own narcissistic-hedonistic Shakespeare,
Braiding the given perception, through which all life is cast,
In a garden that germinates, that naturally-selects, a so-called future-past,
In the timeless-spaceless continuum, playing out in an infinite, imagination-driven matrix,
That imagination has seamlessly usurped, and made into a dreamtime dominion,
Passing through the omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent awareness,
Passing through the abyss, through which all genesis flows,
Like clouds streaming through the eternity's sky.
The moment is all, the moment is one.

The Stories That Survive, and Thrive

Everyone's story is beyond-all-pales, absolutely, primo-unique.
But only a rare few, are storyteller enough, for us to learn their fable,
And pass it on, for as long as imagination dictates, it worth remembering.

The Eternal Quest

Enlightenment is the distillation of worldly, temporal experience.
Liberation is the attaining of the purest, most austere, state of consciousness.
What is the point of inquiring into Buddhahood, into Christhood, if You do not attain it?

The Quagmire of Idolatry

It is an ineffable, indelible, beyond-all-pales mystery.
To call it God – to deify it, to idolize it, to flatter it, in any way,
Is really nothing more than an endless quagmire of meaningless absurdity,
To which all are unique witnesses, in their very solitary quantum-matrix dreamtimes.

Zilch Nada Nothing

All those many thoughts You have about your imaginary self,
Your imaginary world, Your imaginary cosmos,
All total up to zilch-nada-nothing.

A Timeless Freedom

Eternity cannot be harnessed by a clock.

The Immeasurable Moment

Now is not a clock.
Now is not a watch.
Now is not a calendar.
Now is not any measure.
The moment is immeasurable.

Once Is More Than Enough

What is karma, but another word for consequence, upshot, outcome,
And every existence has its share, rippling and stumbling on down the line.
No need to imagine a slew of other lifetimes, for which You must supposedly pay.

Good Fortune From Afar

Someone always triumphs in the Great Game, the Game of Thrones.
Sit upon the mount until someone wrestles them off, one way or another.
Count yourself lucky if it is your good fortune to witness it from afar.

The Unlikely Vote

Regarding the greatness with which our kind cloaks itself,
How would our fellow earthling cast their vote,
Had they the unlikely opportunity?

Twisted Consciousness

What resides between good and evil,
But a gamut of consciousness,
A spectrum of imagination,
A continuum of perception,
Twisted in every feasible way.

How Quickly

How quickly everything becomes its memory.

The Deification of Revenge

We fabricated every form of deity to punish those we could not,
And heavens and hells and purgatories in the hope, in the yearning,
That there would be a reward for all our pain and suffering,
And an eternity of hellfire for those who wronged us.

The Nature of Tribalism

Such a tribal species we are, in which some win, some lose, and most get by, best they can.

Why Pretend?

Why pretend to know something, if you do not?
Why pretend to be something, if you are not?
Why pretend there is more, if there is not?
Why inwardly pretend anything at all?

Health, the Only Wealth

Your health is your greatest wealth,
And that, too, depletes, slow or fast,
As sure as the sand in any hourglass.

Blips of Meaninglessness

At the universal echelon,
All our conflicts and exertions,
All our pain and suffering and angst,
Are, at best, mere blips of meaninglessness.

Catch and Release

The trick to being in the moment,
The trick to being in the awareness,
The trick to being the eternal nowness,
Is simply releasing into the immeasurable.

The Great So It Goes

If You cannot discern it, fathom it, perceive it, for your Self,
No one on this whirling orb, is going to convince you,
To persuade you, to exhort you, to convert you,
In any way, in any shape, in any form.
You will be a done deal, forever and a day.

An Overwrought Dynamic

What is the human paradigm but an overwrought dynamic,
A garden world of imagination in exponential bloom,
That holds no sway over the mystery, whatsoever.

How to Solve a Problem

Glass half full.
Glass half empty.
Break the damn glass.
Problem solved.

Day or Night, Same Eternity

There is no day, there is no night, there is only now,
Lit or unlit, by a tilt, by a spin, round a ball of fire.

Through the Looking Glass

The only perfection anyone can lay claim to, is the one everything is,
Or nothing is, depending how one flips the mirror in the looking glass.

Omnipresence, Omnipotence, Omniscience

Omnipresence is to be fully engaged in the moment.
Omnipotence is to be tapped into the infinity, the totality of eternity.
Omniscience is less about knowledge, than it is about being open to all potentials.
About being the awareness, the invisibility, within all things,
In the moment that allows all things.

The Root of Absurdity

To want something,
To want anything,
From an illusion,
From a mirage,
From a dream,
And fear it, too,
And dread it, too,
How absurd is that?

A Dubious Assumption

Chronometers exist.
Sundials exist.
Clocks exist.
Watches exist.
Timers exist.
Calendars exist.
Almanacs exist.
Logbooks exist.
Diaries exist.
Chronicles exist.
Journals exist.
Timetables exist.
Planners exist.
Newspapers exist.
But the thing called time, they supposedly measure?
Well, that is a dubious assumption.

The Omniscient Mind

Omniscience is in the knowing, in the discerning, in the seeing, in the intelligence,
Of the given unborn-undying, indivisible, indelible, ineffable moment.
It is not about the trivial pursuit of gathering knowledge,
About the illusion of this manifest theater.

The Fluke of History

Any memory, any history, is the fluke of any given neural matrix,
And all the many perceptions of an ever-streaming dream.
Can any family, any tribe, any society, hold fast,
Without a binding communal vision,
A frame of reference upon which all agree?

The Mammalian Mutation

Emotional attachment is a naturally-selected biochemical blend,
That cultivated the familial and herd-slash-tribal alliances,
That enabled the survival of all mammalian lineages.
That long ago mutation is but one of the myriad reasons,
You are sitting there imbibing this stream of consciousness,
In your right-here-right-now shard of this inexplicable mystery.

Living and Dying in Oblivion

What dreams have been,
What dreams will some moment be,
Are all the same right-here-right-now dreamtime.
And all, naught but oblivion-to-oblivion delusions of imagination.
The oblivion between – obscured, cloaked, masked, concealed, muddled – by illusion.
An illusion made by however many senses and a processing unit,
In a vacuum of a mystery beyond all pales.

Is There More to It?

Is there really-truly more to this great mystery?

Some great philosophy?
Some great rationale?
Some great meaning?
Some great ethos?
Some great motivation?
Some great principle?
Some great overtone?
Some great plan?
Some great function?
Some great intention?
Some great aim?
Some great objective?
Some great design?
Some great consequence?
Some great worth?
Some great upshot?
Some great idea?
Some great subtext?
Some great significance?
Some great value?
Some great importance?
Some great corollary?
Some great connotation?
Some great inference?
Some great concern?
Some great nuance?
Some great requirement?
Some great point?
Some great implication?
Some great resolve?
Some great magnitude?
Some great moment?
Some great belief?
Some great outcome?
Some great inspiration?
Some great hope?
Some great purpose?
Some great raison d'être?

And even if there is, why would You need to care?

The Willy-Nilly Mind

The willy-nilly butterfly of consciousness,
Does not effortlessly reside in the stillness of the eternal moment,
Flitting on and on, ever consuming its sensory-inspired cosmos, unto the last wheezing breath.

The Truth of Oblivion

From oblivion to oblivion, and the oblivion between, cloaked by illusion.

The Long and Winding Illusion

Long before You were imaginary You, You were monkey-like.
Long before You were monkey-like, You were shrew-like.
Long before You were shrew-like, You were grub-like.
Long before You were grub-like, You were slime.
Long before You were slime, You were stardust.
Long before You were stardust, You were nothing.
Long before You were nothing, what is there to say?
As if before anything space and time really means squat.

The Great Humility

Great capacity, great miracles, great magic, great anything,
Do not make any manifest entity greater than the lowliest grub.
Humility is where those who realize the truth of this mystery reside.

How Long Before It No Longer Matters?

Comedy or tragedy that it may seem now, how long before it no longer matters?

A Daily Certainty

The unsparing absurdities of consciousness, the unsparing absurdities of imagination,
With its more than infinite capacity for subterfuge and mayhem and chaos,
Is, sadly, a daily spectacle, a daily onslaught, a daily certainty.

Call It Whatever

Call it God.
Call it eternity.
Call it perpetuity.
Call it kaleidoscope.
Call it nonduality.
Call it continuum.
Call it streaming.
Call it creation.
Call it oblivion.
Call it genesis.
Call it cosmos.
Call it season.
Call it duality.
Call it space.
Call it time.
Call it You.
Call it epoch.
Call it infinity.
Call it mystery.
Call it moment.
Call it anything.
Call it everything.
Call it nothingness.

All the same, no difference, no matter.

The Challenge of Detachment

To discern it all illusion, is one thing; to detach from it, quite another.

No Mind Alike

Just because You or someone else imagines something, does not necessarily make it true.
Every culture has its storytellers of every ilk, all spinning their buzz,
Some bent on truth, some bent on untruth.
Sifting through it all, every mind, its own dreamtime.

The Path of Least Resistance

People tend to choose the path of least resistance,
Due to a combination of biological, psychological, and social factors,
All of which prioritize comfort, efficiency, and minimizing effort.
This tendency is deeply rooted in our evolutionary history,
And is reinforced by the way our brains are wired,
To conserve energy and seek immediate gratification.

The Life of Grub

Grubs who can talk.
Grubs who can walk.
Grubs who can think.
Grubs who can create.
Grubs who can believe.
Grubs who can adore.
Grubs who can war.
Grubs all the while.

The Relentless Rolodex

Memories, all the many perceptions of the given existence,
Virtuous or corrupt, sensible or insensible, are not something easily discarded.
Hence, the relentless rolodex, ever spinning on and on and on,
Through the quantum pathways, zippity-zip.

The So It Goes of It

All my too many thoughts are out there if anyone wants to read them, and if not, so it goes, I had my fun.
Nothing I, or anyone else, has ever said or written, is going to change the human paradigm.
13.8 billion years of natural selection will have great difficulty being undone.
And, as I often conclude in my rather misanthropic rambles: I will be glad to be wrong.

That Which Words Cannot Tell

We thinkers are always trying to put into words, that which words cannot tell.
Staring into space is not something the mind easily allows,
In the snappity-snap of the neuron trail.
It may all be illusion,
But it is the only illusion we pretend to know.

The Grubs! The Grubs!

Meandering through the churning crowds,
All there is, is one grub after another, kaleidoscoping by.
Even the most beautiful, even the most handsome,
Cannot long masquerade their grubbiness,
In the eye of the discerning seer.

The Way of Modern Slavery

The one-percenters and their minions finally figured it out.
Why feed and house and clothe and chain and whip the slaves,
When You can pay a wage or salary, and proffer a few token gestures.
Advancements, titles, rewards, medical, retirement, labor unions, scholarships.
Let them feed and house and clothe and chain and whip themselves, however they will.
Keep them if they serve the ship well, and if not, well, throw them overboard.
There is generally almost always someone else to swab the deck.
As to quality of existence issues, let them eat cake.

You Do Not Have to Come Back

As challenging as it well is, to be so disciplined, to be so free of desire and fear,
So free of the narcissistic hedonism of the passionate monkey-mind,
No one can force You to respond with even one ripple,
In the neural network, in the quantum sea,
Of the mind in which You dwell.
You do not have to engage.
You do not have to come back.
The world will move on without You.

Noisy Mind v. Serene Mind

What is all the knowledge, all the noise of the world,
But a busy thoroughfare of minds ill at ease,
With the silence of a serene mind?

Devotees of the Promised Land

Has any on-high deity ever been as judgmental,
As all the minions who pledge their undying belief,
That only they are worthy of the promised land?

Dark Thoughts

No need to carry out your dark thoughts, if You can imagine them.

Filling v. Emptying

At what point does one's existence, become less about filling, than it does about emptying?

The Oblivion of Existence

Impenetrable
Impossible
Impractical
Inaccessible
Incomparable
Indestructible
Invulnerable
Irresolvable
Unachievable
Unapproachable
Unassailable
Unattainable
Unavailable
Unbeatable
Unchallenged
Unfeasible
Unmatched
Unobtainable
Unparalleled
Unreachable
Unrealistic
Unrivaled
Untouchable
Unviable
Unworkable

Dancing With the Devil

It may all be the pixie dust of illusion,
But it is the only pixie dust we know.
Dancing with the Devil, so to speak.

The Mystery is All

You are the mystery, the mystery is you, get over your imaginary self.

The Abyss of a Mystery

The reality we all orbit around, the reality of every moment,
Is that we are truly very much all alone in this abyss of a mystery.
And nothing is going to change that, and nothing we do, nothing we think,
Really means squat, in any way, in any shape, in any form.
Be ye saint or serial killer, no matter.

All for Illusion

All that desiring.
All that coveting.
All that wanting.
All that yearning.
All that craving.
All that obsessing.
All that aching.
All that envying.
All that longing.
All that aspiring.
All that wishing.
All that pining.
All that thirsting.
All that fancying.
All that hungering.
All that hankering.
All that demanding.
All that voraciousness.

All for illusion.

The Bubbles of Process

Interesting how sketches of thoughts bubble into mind,
And word processing, with the aid of spelling and grammar checking,
And finger-play access to dictionary and thesaurus support,
Fashion each into their own little sculpture.

The Overwhelming Nature of Imagination

So much of everything, all imagined; who does not, at least occasionally, feel overwhelmed?

A Tralfamadorian Nod

Nature can be harsh and painful and deadly.
Any instant can bring forth a face-off with injury or death.
Darwin coined concepts like natural selection and survival of the fittest.
Others call it fate, destiny, kismet, upshot, fortune, providence.
Tralfamadorians sum it up with a ‘So it goes’ nod.

The Consumption! The Consumption!

Consumption is a great distraction, a great amusement.
Right up there in the nebula of power and fame and fortune.
And, of course, sex, however, whenever, if ever, opportunity strikes.

No Corner Untouched

Imagine the Darwinian purity of this spinning orb,
Before humankind migrated across it like a malevolent cancer,
Wreaking death and ruin, pain and suffering, in every nook and cranny.

Co-creators of an Imaginary Perception

Every creature that has ever existed, or will ever exist,
Has its own sensory perception, its own naturally-selected niche,
Which both creature and niche, have cooperated, have conspired, in creating.
Every single life form has been a co-creator in the genesis of this imaginary perception.

The Eternal Moment is All

That memory, that perception, that vision, that insight, from the way back when,
Is no more or less real, than the memory-perception-vision-insight kaleidoscoped through just now.
Nor is it any more or less real, than the projected future imagined by the frame of reference,
Playing out in the space-time, that does not exist, has never existed, will never exist.
The eternal moment, the eternal ever-present, the eternal awareness, is all.

The Distraction! The Distraction!

It is all nothing more than distraction,
Inspired by vanity and avarice,
Narcissism and hedonism,
Hubris and hunger,
Pride and greed.

A Rare Calling

Your attachment to your world, your cosmos, your perception
Draws You out again and again and again, ever again.

Your eyes, the sights.
Your ears, the sounds.
Your tongue, the tastes.
Your nose, the smells.
Your flesh, the touch.

To remain in the awareness is an every-moment challenge.
To be in the dreamtime, but not of it, is a rare calling.

What is Any Existence?

What is any existence but a long and winding series of womb-to-grave phases.

… a lineage born of mystery …

… here You are …
… a kaleidoscoping lineage …
… created of an unfathomable mystery …

… from the big bang of the singularity … what matter how it came to be … 13.8 billion years ago …
… an extremely hot, extremely dense point, rapidly expanding space and time itself …
… an ever-inflating cosmos, expanding and cooling and evolving …

… into the formation of subatomic particles …
… into the formation of protons and neutrons …
… into the formation of hydrogen and helium atoms …

… into gravity pulling together matter to form the first stars and galaxies …
… into between 200 billion and 2 trillion galaxies in the observable universe …

… into a small milky galaxy containing hundreds of billions of stars …

… and one of those stars, center of a solar system over 4.6 billion years old …
… a solar system that evolved from a collapsing cloud of gas and dust …
… a cloud, called a solar nebula, that flattened into a protoplanetary disk …
… in which planets, moons, asteroids, and comets formed from the remaining material …
… with ongoing collisions, gravitational interactions, and changes to planetary orbits …

… and on one of those planets, a pale blue dot, third from its star, 90 million miles distant …
… formed from dust and gas particles approximately 4.54 billion years ago …
… a planet with atmosphere and oceans and continents, driven by internal heat, gravity …

… emerged unicellular life (single-celled organisms) …
… that evolved into animalia (multicellular life) …
… that evolved into chordata (animals with backbones) …
… that evolved into tetrapoda (four-legged organisms) …
… that evolved into mammalia (milk-producing animals) …
… that evolved into primates (an order of mammals) …
… that evolved into hominidae (great apes) …
… that evolved into genus homo (contemporary humans) …

… 3.8 billion years of natural selection, and counting …
… 3.8 billion years for You to be right here, right now, this eternal moment …
… kaleidoscoping whatever destiny, whatever dreamtime, the singularity set in motion in the long ago …

… You are the singularity … You are the mystery …
… be the singularity … be the mystery …

A Philosophical Pipedream

A higher state of beingness, is the leap that consciousness, the leap that imagination,
Must somehow attain, if it is to survive humankind's naturally-selected origin.
And the likelihood of setting aside its survival-of-the-fittest paradigm?
Well, a few days-worth of headlines in these our modern times,
Makes for short work of that philosophical pipedream.

The Illusion of Time

Time is nothing more than a human concept, imparted reality,
By sundials, clocks, watches, calendars, and the like.
All inspired by the regularities of a cosmos,
That is ultimately nothing more than quantum illusion.

The Noise! The Noise!

The mind is a story.
It is all distraction.

Naught But Vibration

Words cannot but tell.

No Frames, No Boundaries

Why should You ever feel bound to any geography,
Or any world or universe or dimension,
Or any illusion, whatsoever?
Discern the one-pointedness of the inner eye.

To Be in Eternity's Moment

As much as possible, focus completely on whatever the mind-body is doing.
That way, the willy-nilly mind, will perhaps dally less in the halls of memory lane.
And perchance much less in the absurdity of our kind's Shakespearian stagefest, as well.

The Freedom of Eternity's Moment

The world is awash in every manner of disharmony and distraction.
Only in the pure, still awareness of eternity's moment, is there true peace.
It is the eternal life, free of all the rancor of imaginary consciousness.
Free of the dreamtime illusion, to which humankind is so attached.

What Are You Really?

Are You this imaginary self, this attachment to the mind-body,
Or the indescribable, indivisible awareness, the unfathomable moment,
Through which it sprints willy-nilly, in whatever way nature-nurture ordains.

Like a Cat With a Mouse

Imagination is always just offstage, ready to pounce into any moment of inattention.

The Unbounded Mind

The universal mind,
Is a total mind, a whole mind, a complete mind,
A peerless mind, a matchless mind, an absolute mind, a sovereign mind,
Free of all constraints, all confines, all restrictions, all limits, all margins, all curbs, all boundaries.
Which leads to the question, where is the mind that holds on to nothing?

The Insanity of the Human Paradigm

The entire human paradigm, this Shakespearian theater inspired by imagination, is unutterably insane.
What is called sanity, what is called normal, what is called rational, what is called sensible,
Is nothing more than being able to function reasonably well in the absurdity.

The Failure of Science

Science, despite all its noble, rational efforts,
Has failed to convince a paradigm programmed by 13.8 billion years of natural selection,
In large part shaped by superstition and fallacy.

The Cradle of Time

There is no past, there is no future, without imagination, imagining it so.

Pausing the Willy-Nilly

What a challenge to not allow imagination to wander willy-nilly,
Into all the identifications with the mind-body perceptions of a so-called lifetime,
And all the memories it so easily dredges into an illusory reality,
That is not, was not, and will never be.

Eye Wide Open

You are like any theater or film actor, who plays a part,
Knowing full well, any given centerstage moment, that s/he is not that role.
So here now You are, playing on cue, the script that your nature-nurture programing summons forth.
Whether or not, You have realized the centerstage clarity, simplicity, lucidity, eloquence,
Is how cognizant of this illusory quantum dreamtime, You are, or are not.

The Ageless Moment

The mind stamps perceptions with times and dates,
But are any, however so-called old, however so-called young,
Really at all that different, in the timeless moment that does not truly exist?
Even just a moment ago, is the same as the moment of genesis,
The moment it all began, in the way back when.

The Worm Within

Between that mouth and anus, the worm is still in play.

How Long Is a Moment?

... an iota of a smidgen …
... a smidgen of a jot …
... a jot of a speck …
... a speck of a scrap …
... a scrap of a particle …
... a particle of a bit …
... a bit of a speck …
... a speck of a grain …
... a grain of a scintilla …
... a scintilla of an iota …

… is how long the moment is not …

On Being You

To be the You, You truly are,
The quantum mind must pacify its self,
The five senses be witnessed without attachment,
And eternal awareness, resume its ever-present sovereignty.

A World of Idolatry

Why in any deity's arbitrary name,
Would You ever embrace any idolatrous religion or cult,
Imagined, concocted, fabricated, manufactured, by the human or any other mind?
Free your Self from all the baseless absurdity that binds You.
You are it, it is You, there is no other.

The True Eye

Discern the one-pointedness of the inner eye.

Another Day

Another day, staring into the abyss.
Into the beginning of all ends,
The end of all beginnings,
And all the in-betweens, too.

You Are It, It Is You

What could possibly be more omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent,
Than the dimensionless, immaculate awareness, permeating all eternity.
It is through naught but a frame of reference that You perceive your universe.
Call it by whatever sound, whatever vibration, You will … You are it, and it is You.

The Neutrality of Awareness

As You would a vehicle, shift the mind into neutral, and eternal awareness is right there, ever-present.
What could possibly be more omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent, than the awareness permeating all?

Why Believe Anything Imagined?

Why believe things You have never seen?

Why believe in any deities?
Any superstitions.
Any fallacies.
Any delusions.

Any sasquatches.
Any vampires.
Any pookas.
Any ghosts.
Any aliens.
Any angels.
Any demons.
Any tooth fairies.
Any Easter bunnies.
Any Santa Clauses.

Any fantasies.
Any apparitions.
Any specters.
Any assumptions.
Any spirits.
Any phantasms.
Any visions.
Any bigotries.
Any notions.
Any deliriums.
Any injustices.
Any mirages.
Any prejudices.
Any fixations.
Any judgments.
Any distortions.
Any figments.
Any illusions.

All are imagined.
The mind is but a story.
It is all distraction.
Free your Self.
Let them go.

A Veiled Mystery

How has it taken You so long to discern the obvious?
How have You been so attached to this dust ball covered with grubs?
Grubs veiled in every guise, playing every role, and You, spellbound, seeing it all real.
Bewitched and beguiled, each and every moment, by the mind-body's ever-kaleidoscoping dreamtime.
Unable, unwilling, to awaken to it all being nothing more than an inexplicable quantum illusion.
A dreamer, dreaming it all so real, all so true, wanting it to be more than it can ever be.

Naught But a Frame of Reference

It is through your frame of reference that You perceive your cosmos.

Attaining Eternity

To attain eternity, the mind must become:
Very still.
Very quiet.
Very spaceless.
Very timeless.
Very here.
Very now.

A Visualization of God

Herein is visualized an awareness.
… Omniscient … Omnipresent … Omnipotent …
Prior to and beyond, any and all conceptual contrivances.
So infinitesimally to infinitely, ephemerally, unfathomably immense,
As to indivisibly permeate the indelible quantum sea,
Without bounds, without judgment.

You are it, it is You.

Quantum Illusion, All

The cosmos is a quantum illusion, the world is a quantum illusion, You are a quantum illusion.
Everything You believe, everything You think You know, is a quantum illusion.
And yes, alas, these many thoughts are a quantum illusion, too.

Nothing is as it seems.

Why Me, God? Why Me?

Why me, God, why me? Why me, God, why me? Please, God, why me-me-me!?
The lamenting refrain since the mind's self-absorbed beginnings.
The ascent of imagination in the jungles of long ago.

Just a Grub

You are just another erstwhile, one-trick-pony grub,
Conditioned, programmed, by imagination,
To believe You are something more,
Than a dream can ever be.

Same Mystery for All

All creation is of the same mystery.
Only imagination, imagines otherwise.

Threading Your Way Through Infinity

You are the current issue of 13.8 billion years old programming.
The long and winding of your thread of natural selection since genesis.

No Thing Left Unnamed

Anything not having one name or another in the ever-roiling dreamtime of the human mind,
Will not likely agonize without for long, once targeted for use or abuse,
Or even just the idle distraction of frivolous curiosity.
And that having little or no purpose, having little or no meaning,
Can simply be ignored or tossed or destroyed, and without further ado, forgotten.

The Singularity You Are

You are the singularity playing out your slice of the quantum matrix.
You are the singularity playing out your slice of the quantum dreamtime.

Ever a Mystery

The ears hear the mystery.
The eyes see the mystery.
The skin feels the mystery.
The nose smells the mystery.
The tongue tastes the mystery.
The mind discerns the mystery.
Yet the mystery remains a mystery.
The one in all, and the all in one.

Cousins of the Puddle of Origin

Just because your most recent ancestors came out of a noteworthy geography,
Does not mean all did not come out of the same puddle of origin,
Long before there were any brain cells to recall it.
All life has far more in common,
Than all the many differences we imagine.
Than all the many differences we ceaselessly squabble over.
Than all the many differences driving all life into a dark and foreboding future.

The Mystery of Intelligent Design

Was life born 13.8 billion years ago when the cosmos burst forth?
Was life born 4.6 billion years ago when the solar system began its whirl?
Was life born 4.54 billion years ago when the earth formed into the pale blue dot?
Was life born 3.8 billion years ago when the first single-celled organisms began to replicate?
Or has what we call life, what we call existence, always been but an unborn-undying quantum illusion?
An illusion witnessed by an ineffable awareness, witnessed by an inexplicable intelligence,
Permeating every aspect, of the mystery, which, by design, can never be known.

On Your Own, for All Eternity

What permission, what approval, what sanction, what consent, what affirmation,
Can be given for this unfathomable insight into which You inquire?
There is no other, You are on your own, for all eternity.

Heavens, Hells, and the Perditions Between

Some minds manage to realize heaven.
Some minds are shackled in unutterable hells.
Some minds wander the byzantine labyrinth between.

True Faith

Have faith that Mother Nature will do everything that she possibly can,
To diminish and annihilate You, every moment of your eternal existence.

The Imaginary Mind

The only heaven, the only purgatory, the only hell, is the one the given mind imagines.

No Exit From the Théâtre de L'Absurde

Always beyond the pale astounding, how more is never enough for so many.
Wealth is a state of mind, and so many with so much, seem to live such impoverished lives.
The quest for power and renown orbits in the same bankrupted emptiness.
How the masses rank them high, is a théâtre de l'absurde.
Only the departed are allotted true peace.

Shadows Across the World

What demons all shades of gray lurk in so many minds.
What tyranny the mentally unstable cast upon the world.
And there being no resolution, it must simply be endured.
13.8 billion whirls of natural selection will not be annulled.

The Story of Existence

What is heaven but unending oblivion?
What is hell but the absurdity of madness?
What is perdition but the pendulum between?

Witness to a Dream

Whether You are a monk in a cave, or a householder in a mansion,
The quantum dreamtime ever kaleidoscopes the same eternal moment.
Your destiny is already here and gone, but it is You who must witness it.

You Can Only Be What You Are

A vision of the mystery, so infinite, so infinitesimal, it cannot be imagined, You can only be it.

A Means to an End

It is not You who does anything.
It is consciousness, it is imagination, that is the doer.
You, the real You, the awareness permeating all creation, is but eternal witness.
Eternal observer, perceiver, to everything under every sun, in every space, every time, every dimension.
In every point and particle, in everything known, in everything unknown.
The mind-body is but a means, a vessel, a vehicle.
You are that which is God.

As Illusionary as You

The illusory quantum matrix is not the creation of aliens or other supreme beings,
Because they would be as much fabrications as all we dreamers of space and time.

The Ever-Spinning Imagination

The universe spins.
The earth spins.
The mind spins.
All in your imagination.

Truth is Truth

Truth is truth, neither objective or subjective.

Put No God Before Self

There is absolutely nothing, in any ancient writings worth their salt,
That will in any way, validate the idolatry, of any form, of any concept.

The Reality of the Human Paradigm

Despite all narcissistic assertions,
Human beings are but …
Grubs with heads.
Grubs with eyes.
Grubs with ears.
Grubs with nose.
Grubs with mouth.
Grubs with skin.
Grubs with arms.
Grubs with hands.
Grubs with fingers.
Grubs with legs.
Grubs with feet.
Grubs with toes.
Grubs with imagination.
On a return journey to oblivion.

A Vast Sea of Relativity

The quantum matrix is a vast sea of relativity.

A Question of Values

Jiddhu Krishnamurti once said, "Do whatever amuses You,"
Which means one thing to a saint, and another to a serial killer.

That Which Some Call God

You are a drop, a shard, of that which is omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent.
You are the mystery of awareness, the ether of eternity.
You are that which some call God.

The Regrets! The Regrets!

How likely is it that probably almost every two-legged who has ever existed,
Has a fairly lengthy list of regrets, of many things they wish they had never done or said.
Assuming, of course, they, from the ultimate view, ever really did or said anything in the first place.

What So Many Will Endure

For as long as the forebrain is a-synapsing, many will endure myriad tortures,
And beyond that, others will perhaps take it upon themselves,
That to which they feel most obligated.

The Trickster

Gravity fools the sensory mind-body into believing,
It is not floating in the motionless abyss,
Of the awareness You truly are.
The quantum cosmos is but a trickster,
Holding You hostage to imagination's binding veil.

A One-Way Show

One thing that can be said about the continuum called space-time,
Is that that it is a one-way, here-now, kaleidoscoping quantum show.

True Grit

True grit is the courage and resolve, the strength of character,
The determination, the steadfastness, the tenacity, the doggedness, the firmness,
To hold fast, to cling, to hang on, to grasp, to grip, to clutch, to clasp, to stick, in a difficult situation.

True Grit II

... grit ...
... is a four-letter noun ...
... that implies ...
... that suggests ...
... that infers ...
... that hints at ...
... that points toward ...
... that indicates ...
... that denotes ...
... that entails ...
... that involves ...
... that means ...
... the courage and resolve ...
... the strength of character ...
... the determination ...
... the steadfastness ...
... the tenacity ...
... the firmness ...
... the doggedness ...
... to hold fast ...
... to cling ...
... to grip ...
... to grasp ...
... to hang on ...
... to clutch ...
... to clasp ...
... to stick ...
... to keep hold of ...
... in a difficult situation …

The Kaleidoscope of Perception

Your world, your cosmos, is an ever-changing set of mind-body perceptions,
That hinge on age, on frame of reference, on what is remembered, on what is forgotten,
On what is valued, on what is not, and in large part, on the circumstances of the given moment.
There is no right or wrong to it … there is simply the … it is what is … so it goes … of it.
The challenge, is realizing that the real You is not the sensory-bound mind-body.
That You are none of it, have never been any of it, will never be any of it.

The Pointlessness! The Pointlessness!

At some point in the given moment, it makes more sense to just let it all go.
To put everything possible aside, to stop imbibing all the gossip and absurdity,
And just sit, peacefully staring into space, when not taking long solitary walkabouts.
To simply be as nothing, to simply be the momentary awareness, is the first and last step.

Life is Like That

Sometimes You hit a home run.
Sometimes You hit a triple; sometimes, a double; sometimes, a single.
Sometimes You get walked; sometimes You hit a foul.
Sometimes You even strike out.

Life is like that.

To Be In the World, but Not of It

What does it mean: To be in the world, but not of it?

It is a mind that is prior to consciousness.
It is a mind filled with awareness.

A still mind, a silent mind,

It is a mind that sees the world.
It is a mind that hears the world.
It is a mind that tastes the world.
It is a mind that smells the world.
It is a mind that feels the world.

Yet remains a mind untouched by the world.
Yet remains a mind unconcerned about the world.
A mind filled with the awareness that is prior to the world.
A mind permeated with the awareness that is prior to all creation.

A mind given over to the mystery, to the unknown, to the no-mind, prior to all.

All You Need Do

As one does not ask for power, one takes it – one does not ask for freedom, one assumes it.
All any seeker need do, is wipe away the mitote – become so totally attentive to the given moment,
That the big dream, the fog of perception, the many voices, the many influences,
That are constantly speaking, making it difficult to see clearly,
Suspend their cacophony, are shuffled offstage,
And the quantum mind-body unleashes into all eternity.
The eternity that it is, that it has ever been, that it will ever be.

A Spoonful of Caution

A spoonful of caution, of restraint, in the younger moments,
May well save You a great deal of vexation in the older ones.

Oh Where, Oh Where

Where does the drop end and the ocean begin?
Where does the ocean end and the drop begin?

Nothing to Justify

No point justifying your existence.
No point anyone trying to justify their existence.
No one has ever asked to be born, to live out an existence.
And all must die, to discern it all nothing more than a fluke-ish dream.

A Most Serious Observation

Duality v. Nonduality: Seriously, can there really any question in a critical thinker's mind?

We Told You So

It is getting rough, and only daily rougher for more and more little folk,
And ‘We told You so’ is not going to stop the crashing wave.
The baby boomers caught the upsurge at its peak,
And the millennials and their progeny will get the crash.

Nothing New, Nothing Old

Nothing new under the sun; nothing old, either.

Awareness, Witness to All

It is only an illusionary quantum dust ball,
Spinning in an illusionary quantum dust cloud.
The eternal mystery of awareness, witness to it all.
Spaceless, timeless, unborn-undying, indelible, ineffable.

The Journey Through Illusion

How to negotiate, how to navigate, how to traverse, an illusion,
Is a – conundrum, challenge, enigma, puzzle, riddle – for any seer.
Ergo, every form of absurdity, some very light, some exceedingly dark,
In all geographies, across all times, no individual or culture exempt.

The Faceless Breath

The most important thing in your existence, is your next breath,
Which gives You yet another opportunity, another chance, another opening,
To perchance see, to perceive, to discern, to comprehend, to realize, your own faceless.

Ever Mysterious, Ever Free

When You no longer identify with the mind-body's dreamtime, what is left but the awareness.
Pure, simple, indelible, spaceless, timeless, ephemeral, unfathomable,
Indivisible, infinite, infinitesimal, ineffable,
Ever mysterious, ever free.

The Roots of Hell and Damnation

Why, in God's name, would any God need You to believe in anything?
Why is it, our species always imagines jealous, hateful, vengeful deities?
We may exclaim them loving and wise and all-knowing and all-accepting,
But whoa, whoa, whoa – unhappy perdition and every imaginable hell –
Unto those many who do not make the thumbs-up-thumbs-down cut.
If God is as judgmental as we, who gets to throw the first stone?

The Source of Continuity

Without imagination, where can continuity reside?

What It All Boils Down To

The human paradigm boils down to me-myself-I narcissistic vanity,
And must have it right now, more-is-never enough, hedonistic greed.

The Journey Ahead

Try as many now on the upside of daisies might, there is no undoing the world our kind has fashioned.
The journey the future has in the making, is likely replete with every dystopian horror imaginable.
And those who will be born into it, will have no choice, but to endure it as stoically as possible.

No Rest for the Wicked

Odds are little or none of all I have written will survive my demise.
And do I give a rat's ass, whether-or-not the human paradigm survives itself?
Why would I? Hey, I'm just a scribe, man, and all this babble is what came to mind.
Would have been far easier to take more strolls, stare at more walls, and watch more movies.
But no, this inanity is what called, to such a degree, that carpal tunnel and stenosis are daily reminders.
And still, the thoughts keep bubbling up in the gray matter of this mind’s frame of reference.
As the idiom goes, there is no rest for the wicked; yes, one of my many demerits.

My Donation to the Future

My Self-appointed function in this relatively anonymous walkabout soliloquy.
Is to put into perspective all that humankind has created and destroyed,
And perhaps aid in setting a course for that which will follow,
Assuming there even is something that follows.
And if it never aids the unfolding debacle, so it goes.

Pretenders, All

Does an ant pretend to be an ant?
Does a salmon pretend to be a salmon?
Does an elephant pretend to be an elephant?
Does a salamander pretend to be a salamander?
Does an alligator pretend to be an alligator?
Does a butterfly pretend to be a butterfly?
Does an eagle pretend to be an eagle?
Does a germ pretend to be a germ?

Does any creature pretend it is what it is?

As for human becomings, we well know our forebrain paradigm.
Pretenders, all, each and every one, in every way, in every size, in every shape.
Like water questing every venue, imagination divines every possible possibility imaginable.
Does any creature have, could any creature have, the imaginary sense of self, in which our kind harbors?
The unborn-undying moment is home to all sentience, home to the instinctual roots,
And only the delusion of imagination pretends otherwise.

Involuntary Incarceration

No one asked to be here.

No one was asked if they wanted to be born, if they wanted to die.
No one was asked if they wanted to suffer the ecstasies and agonies of existence.

No one really knows squat about who.
No one really knows squat about what.
No one really knows squat about where.
No one really knows squat about when.
No one really knows squat about why.
No one really knows squat about how.

We are all just faking it, playing our little part, the best we can.

Some awaken to it, to varying degrees, in various ways and means.
Most, still very much in the very deep, delusional slumber of imagination,
Play out the dreaming, so that the chosen, are able to realize the eternal eye within.

What, Pray Tell, Will You Do?

… when your family has failed You …
… when all your leaders have failed You …
… when all your faith systems have failed You …
… when all your economic systems have failed You …
… when all your sociological systems have failed You …
… when all your consumption has failed You …
… when there is nothing left to believe …
… what, pray tell, will You do? …

You Are Your Own Law

To assert You are your own law, is not an arrogant declaration,
But a statement of fact, regarding the values, the tenets, the principles,
To which You in all your attachment to your imaginary character, subscribe.
And everybody else doing the same; it is the way all minds work; no point debating it.

Eternal Witness to the Quantum Theater

The awareness You every moment are, and are not, is eternal witness to the quantum theater.
It has no stake in it, makes no judgment of it, plays no part in it, is ever-present in every moment of it.
Human imagination, with all its dualistic notions, founded upon its sensory-based stream,
Has made-up, has spun, all the deities, all the heavens and purgatories and hells.
There is no other, but each mind must discern its source to realize it.

The Truly Indifferent

Very challenging to remain indifferent in the day-to-day existence,
Unless complete isolation and staring at walls is an endurable state.

Just Ain't Gonna Happen

Your world, your universe, even your God,
Will never align with what You think it should be.

To History, or Not to History

History has arrived with every story imaginable.
Imbibe it however You will, or not, You decide.

A Spaceless-Timeless Dream

The world, the universe, the quantum mystery,
That the ever-present awareness You are, and are not, perceives,
Is but a spaceless-timeless dream which kaleidoscopes about You every moment.
A temporal dreamtime illusion, to which the moment only subscribes,
For as long as the given neural pathways manage to fire.

The Bait and Switch of Organized Religion

All religions, all cults, all sects, all factions, all creeds, are rife with guiles,
That guarantee every variety of reward in some after-life fantasy,
For all the sacrifices, all the burdens, all the payouts,
You must endure and carry and forfeit,
In the right-here-right-now.
The ultimate scam,
Since we will never know when.

Even Just

Even just one left instead of right,
One yes instead of no, one less instead of more,
One happenstance flutter of a butterfly's wing across the world,
Would have created an entirely different destiny.

Why Should You Be?

Jesus was never a Christian, why should You be?
Siddhartha was never a Buddhist, why should You be?
Lao Tzu was never a Taoist, why should You be?

Michael was never a Michael-ist, why should You be?

Nobody was ever the label their thoughts inspired, why should You be?

The Every-Moment Reality

There is no beginning without an end; there is no end without a beginning.
And where does either exist in the ungraspable timelessness of the eternal moment?
Clock hands, digital displays, calendar pages, blind humankind to the every-moment reality,
Of the analog underpinning that is imbued in every quantum particle of this unfathomable dreamtime.

A Preordained Mystery

Whatever the dimension, the mystery, the awareness, requires a vehicle to come into existence,
And sentience, to come unto consciousness, and perhaps intelligence, to perhaps come unto realization.
The fate You are stoically enduring, the for-good-or-ill role, into which destiny has cast You,
Began with a preordained throw of the dice in your mother's fallopian tube.
And there You are, naturally-selecting, right here, right now,
Until that moment, when the Fates call You home.

A Temporary Perception

The world, the universe, the life, You perceive, is only as important as You imagine it.
And only for as long as the mind-body is walking on the upside of daisies to imagine it.

What Goes Up, Must Come Down

There will inevitably come a time when all that humankind has fostered,
The pinnacle, the zenith, the summit, the peak, the apex, it has reached, will collapse.
What goes up, must come down, is an unescapable, unwritten natural law, as sure as gravity itself.
All these thoughts are for that anarchistic moment, that for-the-rest-of-time dystopian epoch,
For the descendants, the inheritors, with the will and wit, with the grit and gumption,
To survive and abide the chaos of the crashing wave, that vanity and greed,
False deities, false leadership, false values, false so many things,
Have taken our kind, and that of our fellow earthlings,
And our once-upon-a-time garden world.

The Consequences of Home Invasion

Home invasion is home invasion is home invasion.
If You expect that residents are not going to do whatever it takes to repel You,
You are seriously delusional, and likely to suffer for it, no matter how long it takes, even a millennium.
Sooner or later, You will more than likely be forced to depart, to retreat,
With your tail between your legs.

The Illusion-Delusion

All must act, in order to survive, in order to participate, in their shard of the dreamtime.
And all will act according to their nature-nurture conditioning.

According to the choices they never had.

Their awareness.
Their universe.
Their world.
Their geography.
Their existence.
Their mind.
Their body.
Their vision.
Their hearing.
Their smelling.
Their tasting.
Their feeling.
Their family.
Their gender.
Their birth order.
Their culture.
Their ethnicity.
Their socioeconomic level.
Their intelligence.
Their language.
Their name.
Their education.
Their interests.
Their beliefs.
Their religion.
Their politics.
Their perceptions.

No matter how complex it all seems, free will is an illusion-delusion.

The Need to Know … Everything

What is this need to know to the infinitesimal level, but imagination's inability to still itself.

The Endless, Endless, Endless Questions!

250 Philosophical & Thought-Provoking Questions That'll Get Your Wheels Turning
https://ofaphilosophicalnature.blogspot.com/2021/04/225-philosophical-thought-provoking.html

Parade Magazine
https://parade.com/1185047/marynliles/philosophical-questions/

By Maryn Liles

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250 Philosophical Questions

1. Is happiness just chemicals flowing through your brain or something more?

2. Can we really know everything?

3. What is the meaning of a good life?

4. Is there a God?

5. What in life is truly objective and not subjective?

6. What is consciousness?

7. Is there inherent order in nature or is it all chaos and chance?

8. Is there an alternative to capitalism?

9. Is it more important to be respected or liked?

10. Are we in the Matrix?

11. Have we become less happy in this age of technology?

12. What is mathematics?

13. Are humans obligated to better themselves?

14. Is there a meaning to life?

15. Is having a big ego a negative or positive trait?

16. Is there absolute mortality?

17. Is the most important purpose in life to find happiness?

18. Do we have free will?

19. Does life require a purpose and goal?

20. Would you kill 10 people to save 100?

21. What is happiness?

22. How can people believe in truths without evidence?

23. Is it easier to love or to be loved?

24. What is time?

25. Do acts of kindness have a motive?

26. Is mind or matter more real?

27. Is love simply a physical desire or something more?

28. Where do thoughts come from?

29. Does evil come from within? If so, why?

30. What is beauty?

31. Are people in this current generation less or more sensitive than people from past generations?

32. Where were people before they were born?

33. What is true friendship?

34. How does gravity work?

35. Can achieving nothing make a person happy?

36. Does the Law of Attraction exist?

37. Have gadgets and apps taken away emotions?

38. Does observation alter an event?

39. If everyone spoke their mind, would this world be a better place?

40. Where does the universe end?

41. Is there a perfect life?

42. What is infinity?

43. Why do we strive for perfection if it is not attainable?

44. Does sound happen if nothing is present to hear it?

45. Does utilizing time properly make our lives meaningful and happy?

46. Is it more important to be liked or respected?

47. Can life be meaningful without friends?

48. Where does the soul live?

49. How do you know if you love someone enough to marry them?

50. Is there a reason for life?

Philosophical Questions That Are Thought-Provoking

51. Do numbers in a bank account make people happy?

52. What will happen at the end of the world?

53. Is living life to the fullest possible?

54. Can spirituality make you a happy person?

55. What is education?

56. Are highly intelligent people less happy than individuals with average intelligence?

57. Is there a supreme power?

58. Is there an absolute way to attain a happy state of mind?

59. How did the universe begin?

60. Does living your life for others make your life have meaning?

61. Can we have happiness without sadness?

62. Do knowledge and understanding make you content and happy as a person?

63. What are numbers?

64. Does fate exist?

65. When does consciousness begin?

66. Does an ideal government exist?

67. Is life all a dream?

68. Does life have a reason?

69. If everything evolved from amoebas, how does the world still have amoebas?

70. Are there limitations on free speech?

71. The structure of DNA appears to be intelligently designed, what are the implications?

72. Do aliens exist?

73. Are we a minuscule part of intelligent life in the universe?

74. Is trust more important than love?

75. Why do we do things we do not like to do?

76. If lying is wrong, are white lies okay?

77. Do atheists make their own gods?

78. How should people live their lives?

79. Can artificial intelligence be creative?

80. If judgment is for God, why do we pass judgment?

81. What is intelligence?

82. Can religious beliefs affect scientific thinking?

83. What is intelligence?

84. Will a world without reliance on modern technology make any progress?

85. Do we have a soul?

86. Is human potential capable of anything?

87. What do people strive for after enlightenment?

88. Is death a new beginning?

89. What defines you?

90. Why does God not intervene when evil takes root in people?

91. What happens after we die?

92. Does belief make God exist?

93. Isn't one person's terrorist another person's freedom fighter?

94. Will robots take over the world in the future?

95. How much control do you have over your life?

96. Does the path to salvation lie within us?

97. How do you know your perceptions are real?

98. Are we the biggest threat to humanity?

99. If money cannot buy happiness, can you ever be truly happy with no money?

100. Do parallel universes exist?

Philosophical Questions That Will Challenge Your Mind

101. What role does honor play in today's society?

102. How does one find purpose in life?

103. Is a family still relevant in the modern world?

104. If aliens attack, what will we do?

105. What is true love?

106. Do guns protect or kill people?

107. What is true strength?

108. Will racism cease to exist?

109. How do you know that your experience of consciousness is the same as other people's experience of consciousness?

110. Why is beauty associated with morality?

111. Who decides what morality is?

112. Why do we respect the dead more than the living?

113. Is a "wrong" act okay if nobody ever knows about it?

114. Does God have supreme power?

115. What is the difference between living and being alive?

116. Will the world be a better place if caste and religion cease to exist?

117. Who defines good and evil?

118. What's more important: doing the right thing or doing things right?

119. Why do people fear losing things that they do not even have yet?

120. Do we love ourselves more in the virtual world and less in the real world?

121. What makes a good friend?

122. Is humanity doomed to head in a destructive direction?

123. Do you make your own decisions, or let others make them for you?

124. Should full access to the internet be a fundamental right?

125. What is reality?

Philosophical Questions to Spark Meaningful Conversations

126. Is peace the only way to stop a war?

127. What is the truth?

128. Can memories be erased?

129. What makes you, you?

130. Is religion conceptualized by one's own belief system?

131. What things hold you back from doing the things that you really want to?

132. Will the world come to an end by human hands?

133. What is true happiness?

134. Intelligence or wisdom, what's more important for a better world?

135. Where is the line between insanity and creativity?

136. Is true beauty subjective or objective?

137. What one piece of advice would you offer to a newborn infant?

138. What is the extent of freedom human beings should have?

139. Does nature shape our personalities more than nurture?

140. What is the meaning of rich and poor in the modern world?

141. To what extent do you shape your own destiny, and how much is down to fate?

142. Do we control technology or is it controlling us?

143. If you could choose just one thing to change about the world, what would it be?

144. Is it worse to fail at something or never attempt it in the first place?

145. What exactly is self-esteem and where does it come from?

146. Will a curb on buying guns and arms reduce the number of shooting sprees in the world?

147. Is the way we compensate people for their jobs ideal, or should we have some way of ensuring that people are paid appropriately?

148. Do we change when we have power?

149. Can a person be "educated" without a formal education?

150. Will technological advances wipe out humanity?

Philosophical Questions That Are Intellectual

151. What are dreams and why do we have them?

152. Does understanding philosophy lead to progress?

153. Will it ever be possible to travel through time? Space?

154. Is there a species more advanced than humans in the universe?

155. Is defining people according to race a social construct or a biological category?

156. If all the currencies in the world did not have monetary value, would our world be a much better place?

157. Is there a difference between fair trade and free trade? What is it and which is of greater importance?

158. Is it possible time is being altered right now?

159. Is the preservation of a country's culture a good reason for limiting immigration?

160. Why do we throw away food when we know people are dying of hunger?

161. Does the English language make us feel superior to other countries?

162. Which is more important, justice or mercy?

163. Will artificial intelligence help increase human lifespans in the future?

164. Is it always good to have choices?

165. Does awareness of consciousness have benefits?

166. Is torture ever justified?

167. Do thoughts have a pattern?

168. When you are driving and see one shoe on the side of the road, what do you think happened to the other one?

169. Will stricter laws make a better world?

170. Should we limit the amount of money people can earn and save to avoid an unequal distribution of wealth?

171. Are we losing our right to privacy?

172. Since the birth rate is down in the United States, should people be required to have at least one child?

173. Is limiting immigration to developed countries right?

174. Does democracy work for every country?

175. Does faith make belief stronger?

Philosophical Questions That Are Mind-Bending

176. Should people have the right to live and travel anywhere they wish with no state or country boundaries?

177. Why can't every person be a genius?

178. Should people be allowed to sell their organs and should organ donors be financially compensated?

179. Is there freedom in creativity and art in the modern age?

180. Should the government make organ donation compulsory?

181. Do the simple things become complexities when we try to attain perfection?

182. Should governments have penalties for those who live unhealthy lifestyles?

183. Will concepts and theories in regard to religion becoming obsolete come true?

184. Is love different from sexual desire? Passion? How?

185. Is blind belief prevalent more among holy, spiritual and pious people?

186. Is there a cause for every event?

187. Can dreams be associated with the unforeseen future?

188. Do wars ever solve the problems of countries and governments?

189. If we live in a civilized world, why do we see so many distinctions between rich and poor?

190. Can some things exist that aren't in time?

191. Do computers have the ability to be creative?

192. Does luck exist?

193. What rights, if any, do animals have?

194. Are clowns funny or scary?

195. Are there universal human rights? What are they?

196. If time travel is possible, would we have met time travelers already?

197. Are emotions rational or irrational?

198. Does an afterlife exist?

199. Do you think anyone has actually met their true soulmate?

200. Can we know about happiness without knowing about sadness?

Deep Philosophical Questions to Ponder

201. Does time have a beginning or an end?

202. Are people born evil? Or do they end up doing evil things as a result of early childhood experiences or other external factors?

203. Is beauty truly in the eye of the beholder?

204. Are we morally obligated to help others?

205. Is world peace achievable?

206. Are people natural-born leaders, or do they develop the traits over time?

207. What harsh truths do you prefer to ignore?

208. Is suffering a necessary part of the human condition?

209. What would you genetically change about humans to make them a better species?

210. How much does language affect our thinking?

211. If you could press a button and receive a million dollars, but one stranger would die, would you press the button?

212. Has social media been a net positive or a net negative for our society? Why?

213. Is existence necessary?

214. Do the cosmos have a purpose?

215. If humanity were put on trial by an advanced race of aliens, how would you defend humanity and argue for its continued existence?

216. What's the difference between justice and revenge?

217. If babies are considered innocent, when do people cease to be innocent?

218. Where does your self-worth come from?

219. Why are drugs banned but not harmful food additives and alcohol?

220. Is it ever okay to share a secret?

221. How long will you be remembered after you die?

222. How likely do you think it will be that humans last another 1,000 years without killing ourselves off?

223. Would you want to know you are going to die beforehand or die suddenly without warning?

224. Does the study of philosophy ever lead to answers or simply more questions?

225. Can we know anything for certain?

226. Are morals subjective or objective?

227. Do we have a moral obligation to future generations of humans?

228. Is it possible to achieve total equality in the world?

229. What does it mean to be human?

230. What does it mean to be free?

231. Will artificial intelligence ever become self-aware?

232. Are our choices predetermined?

233. Is there a limit to human knowledge?

234. Is it possible to be truly objective? Why or why not?

235. Is happiness sustainable?

236. Is there a difference between knowledge and wisdom?

237. Is suffering necessary for personal growth and development?

238. Can science and religion coexist?

239. Should humans be responsible for the actions of others?

240. Is progress possible without change?

241. Can society function without laws?

242. Is a universal definition of “justice” possible for the world?

243. How do personal beliefs (biases) shape our understanding of truth?

244. Do societal norms impact personal freedoms?

245. Can philosophy help resolve global conflicts?

246. Can happiness be measured?

247. Are humans a product of their experiences?

248. Are there absolute truths in the world?

249. Do memories influence our identity?

250. Is there a limit to human creativity?

The Dance of Creation and Destruction

In all creation, there is destruction, and in all destruction, there is creation.
Yet, is do either have any actuality, when comprehended from the quantum baseline?
That which is spaceless, timeless, indivisible, indelible, unfathomable, immeasurable, ineffable.
This world, this cosmos, is a grand quantum illusion, a Shakespearian théâtre absurde.
To which, despite all assertions to the contrary, You are solitary witness.

The Eternal Beingness

You are a sovereign, absolute eternal being.
The mortal challenge is to be the timeless beingness,
The timeless awareness, the timeless nowness, You truly are,
Instead of the imaginary one You pretend to be.

Unwrapping Your Mind

You imagine so many things,
And not one of them is ultimately real.
Not one of them is ultimately true.
To unwrap the mind around it,
Is to let go of everything.

The Mystery Behind Every Face

The same unfathomable, ineffable mystery is behind every face,
Ever witnessing whatever dreamtime, into which it has been inexplicably cast.
All creatures, small to great, equally play out their nature-nurture part.
Whatever role the genetic lottery's natural selection has ordained.
It is an indivisible, ever-kaleidoscoping quantum reverie,
The totality of That which can truly be called God.
In which, despite any and all appearances,
Are one in the same for all eternity.

The Distillation of Perception

What any given mind-body perceives, is distilled by its own frame of reference,
Into its own account, its own narrative, its own chronicle, its own story, its own saga.

What is Real? What is Not Real?

All things are as real as imagination makes them.

The Planet of the Grubs

Some grubs climb.
Some grubs dig.
Some grubs float.
Some grubs swim.
Some grubs fly.
Some grubs crawl.
Some grubs slither.
Some grubs walk and run.
Some on four legs.
Some on two.

Run Silent, Run Deep

How pointless holding on to this world, and its incalculable absurdities.
Find peace in your Self, and run silent, run deep, in the eternal moment.

This Very Singular Moment

Eternity is happening this very right-here-right-now, unborn-undying, spaceless-timeless moment.

Self-Absorption Across the Board

No one wants to know You in the way You do in your imaginary existence.
Everyone is too busy in their own self-absorbed dreamtimes,
To bother more than superficially about yours.
And, no doubt, You about theirs.
The drive for recognition is meaningless.

The Dystopian Driver

Curious how so many have faith that technology will save us,
When it has really played the greatest role in taking us down.

A Koan for All

Why is it, that neither You nor anyone else,
Nor any other creature, small to large,
Have ever seen their own face?

The True Root of All Evil

Money, in all its many forms, is not the root of all evil.
Vanity and avarice are the makers and shakers of that dynamic.
Money is merely the ways and means in which Mammon is worshipped.

A Kaleidoscoping Wander

Sometimes frameless in eternal awareness, sometimes framed in mundane imagination;
Sometimes detached, unborn-undying, inscrutable; sometimes attached, temporal;
You ever in the indifferent moment, wander a kaleidoscoping dreamtime.

Viva la Revolución!

Consciousness requires a great change, a revolution, if it is to survive.
In its Darwinian-rooted urges, imagination has taken our kind down a dead-end road.
Vanity and greed have bent a reality, where we either somehow awaken, or endure agonizing destruction.
All indicators are that we our well on our way to extinction, because the naturally-selected inclination,
Appears incapable of mutating into the state of pure awareness, of God Consciousness, we truly are.
We resolutely, blindly cling, to so many narcissistic absurdities, so many hedonistic distractions,
That only an absolute and horrifying collapse, will perhaps awaken whoever survives, if any.
And odds are, they, too, will not discern the illusion, and will carry very much the same.
It will merely be the same-old-same-old, playing out on a very much smaller scale,
In a world very likely grown incredibly inhospitable to mammalian life forms.
Whether or not, or for how long, any survive, is for other eyes to witness.

Looking Forward, Looking Back

Free will only seems like free will at the time.
Looking back, was there ever really any choice?

The Truth of History

All histories vary in their accuracy,
Based on who is narrating it, and why.
And no matter the motive, all remain stories,
And no story can ever snare the timeless moment.

Wake Up! Wake Up!

Are You an arm, a leg, a hand, a foot, a torso, a head, a face, a mind,
Or a mysterious, ineffable awareness playing an imaginary protagonist;
Centerstage, in an extemporaneous, choiceless, Shakespearian performance.
A beyond-all-pales reverie, in which only a rare few awaken to its greater reality.
And even they are challenged to remain awake, when mesmerized by its illusory veil.

A Gift to the Impending

What would it take for me to take down this digital tent,
And throw everything I have authored into some nearby landfill?
How attached am I to all the many thoughts this mind-body has rendered?
How attached am I to the delusion that it might in some imminent moment be known?
How attached am I to the delusion that it might make some difference to that dystopian dreamtime?
What would it take for me to sweep it back into the oblivion from which it emerged?
The ponder is oh so tempting, but one this vanity can easily transcend.
For good, for ill, the wretched impending is stuck with it.
Assuming, of course, that both somehow arrive.

The Ghost of Future Past

The imaginary You is but a manifest ghost of imagination's future-past.

The First Stone

Pretty good odds that any first-stone-thrower is a hypocrite.

The Silent Mind

Truth cannot be taught.
Everyone is entirely on their own,
And whatever any mind 'gets' or 'does not get',
Is absolutely based on a frame of reference only it perceives.
All the 'belief' systems of the human paradigm wander well beyond absurdity.
What inspires any seer, any sage, to craft a venue to share their insights?
Where would any be if we had never penned or uttered a word?
Had all our so many ponderings never been imparted?
The silent mind is an impenetrable emptiness,
Untarnished by any irony, any paradox,
Ever contrived by imagination.

On Trying to Wake Up a True Believer

To believe any true believer, can succumb to doubt, can awaken to a greater vision,
Is not likely a sound wager, and may well get somebody knocking at your door,
Offering to sell You the Brooklyn Bridge, with an especially special discount.

Coulda? Shoulda? Woulda?

How many thousands of hours,
Have I spent putting all this together,
Is an inanely large and unknowable number.
I could have probably been relatively prosperous,
Perhaps somewhat powerful, even renowned,
Had I put all this acuteness and energy,
Into something a little more worldly.
Alas, that that attribute, ambition,
Did not call more tenaciously.

Solace for Ignorance

Religion is salve for the undiscerning mind.

The Nothing! The Nothing!

Yet another dreamy day of nothing done, nothing undone.

History's Bill of Goods

The history of the cosmos, the history of the world, the history of the human paradigm,
Is an ever-kaleidoscoping bill of goods served to the current moment without apology.

The Boiling Point

The human paradigm boils down to vanity and greed.
The human paradigm boils down to narcissism and hedonism.
The human paradigm boils down to self-interest and more is never enough.
And how likely is it to ever come to any happy conclusion?

The Rare Mind

It is the rare mind,
That is not rushing, rushing, into the future,
Missing, missing, the present.

No Happy Ending

Alas in this mortal theater,
That there is no happy ending,
Other than the ending itself.

As It Seems

Nothing is as it seems.

An Accidental Tourist

What is so wrong, so disturbing,
About being just a naturally-selected,
Unintentional, accidental, random, chance,
Very much all alone, happenstance of eternity?
An accidental tourist, out and about for a worldly tour.

The Right-Here-Right-Now of Eternal Life

You are a direct line, an unconditional line, to the eternal You … There is no other.
All divisions, all boundaries, all partitions, all borders, are imagined.
All You need to do, is dial into this moment's awareness,
And You will be everything there is to be.
Eternal life is right here, right now.
Dying to the imaginary self is all it takes.

The Universal Mind

Do You realize your cosmos, your world,
Is entirely playing out in your mind.
That You are the universal mind.

Pay Attention

Miss the moment, You miss everything.

A Critical Friend

In showing it the Way,
In articulating its weaknesses and failings,
I am perhaps proving to be one of imagination’s greatest allies.

A Great Deal of Imagination

What is the human species but a diverse collection of grubs with a great deal of imagination,
With which they, in so many ways, make believe they are important to the universe,
That plays out, over and over, ever the same, in their wee little minds.

Whatever It Is, You Are

Whatever the mystery is, You are.
Whatever the unfathomable is, You are.
Whatever the moment is, You are.
Whatever the awareness is, You are.
Whatever the ineffable is, You are.
Whatever the eternal is, You are.
Whatever the all is, You are.
Whatever the indelible is, You are.
Whatever the ineffaceable is, You are.
Whatever the entirety is, You are.
Whatever the matrix is, You are.
Whatever the quantum is, You are.
Whatever the infinite is, You are.
Whatever the infinitesimal is, You are.
Whatever the sum is, You are.
Whatever the witness is, You are.
Whatever the right here is, You are.
Whatever the right now is, You are.
Whatever the synergy is, You are.
Whatever the serendipity is, You are.
Whatever the whole is, You are.
Whatever the totality is, You are.
Whatever the intangible is, You are.
Whatever the everything is, You are.
Whatever the boundless is, You are.
Whatever the nameless is, You are.
Whatever the inexplicable is, You are.
Whatever the unborn is, You are.
Whatever the undying is, You are.
Whatever the indivisible is, You are.
Whatever the spaceless is, You are.
Whatever the timeless is, You are.
Whatever the absolute is, You are.
Whatever the nothing is, You are.
Whatever the creator is, You are.
Whatever the preserver is, You are.
Whatever the destroyer is, You are.
Whatever the omniscient is, You are.
Whatever the omnipresent is, You are.
Whatever the omnipotent is, You are.

Whatever God is, You are.

My Johnny Appleseed Experiment

This long and winding aphoristic soliloquy, and the ways and means it has been Johnny-Appleseed flung,
Has been a relatively non-invasive contribution, to see whether or not a grass roots stimulation,
Whether or not some sort of rational realignment with the natural order, is possible,
In whatever future past is on the horizon for the human paradigm.
Am pretty sure I will depart existence, with the absurdity,
Still brazenly ramping up its accelerating exponential.
Racing toward the Petri dish precipices, both seen and unseen,
And in all our folly, our madness, the barest squeal of brakes to be heard.

A Doubtful Eye

The eye that seeks truth to whatever end, is a doubtful eye.

Is a questioning eye.
Is a skeptical eye.
Is a cynical eye.
Is a dubious eye.
Is a sensible eye.
Is a vigilant eye.
Is a judicious eye.
Is a tentative eye.
Is a cautious eye.
Is a patient eye.
Is a coherent eye.
Is a rational eye.

An eye that will go whatever end is required,
To discern the most truthful truth the mystery allows.

Goals! Goals! Goals!

Racing clocks, racing calendars, racing everything and everyone.
Goal after goal after goal, and ever something more after every finish line crossed.
The process, the course, the ways and means, often nothing more than time-wasting distraction.
And in the kaleidoscoping of each and every one, the unmoving moment presides.

Consciousness and That Which Is Prior

Awareness is prior to all things imagined by consciousness.

Pride
Love
Hate
Anger
Fear
Dread
Anxiety
Regret
Agony
Ecstasy
Greed
Envy
Lust
Gluttony
Judgment
Envy
Sloth
Sports
Entertainment
Hobbies
Recreation
Amusement
History
Math
Science
Art
Music
Humanities
Business
Psychology
Religion
Philosophy

… et cetera … et cetera … et cetera …

Awareness is prior to consciousness, prior to all things mind.
Everything else is the huff and puff, the churning, the roiling, of imaginary notion.
Imagination has it meaning, its purpose, in the illusory dreamtime,
But it is not the baseline, for those who question.
For those who see the unseen.

Here You Are Now

… here You are now …
… here You are now …
… here You are now …

The Free Mind

There are many loaded words – God, Brahman, Allah, Krishna, Buddha, Tao, et cetera –
But in the essential quantum matrix reality, they mean nothing.
They are only words.
They are only sounds given concept,
To which attachment need not be given in a free mind.
When You listen to a language You do not know, words You do not understand,
What attachment do You have, can You have, to what sounds to your ear like nothing more than babble?
Do You really believe your language, your linguistic repertoire, sounds any different,
To the ears, of all the many across the world, who do not know it?
The human paradigm is a chaotic sea of vibration,
It always has been, it always will be.
And the only resolution?
A silent mind.

Preposterous

All we are is crunchy-chewy-gooey grubs,
That endlessly babble every sort of absurdity,
That vainly imagine meaning and purpose existent.
Many make-believing all the while, there is some deity,
That genuinely wants to save us from ourselves,
And our naturally-selected inane asylum.

Judgment Day

If You have read much of this dissertation,
You fathom that I do not believe there is a separate God.
To me, it is all one; we are all God from the non-dualistic point of view,
And no religion our kind has ever conjured, in any geography, in any time, is necessary.
But, if there is a divinity that created us, to judge us, probably the only thing He/She/It is going to ask, is:
Why did You not just say no, why did You not just stop, take a deep breath,
And look candidly at the life You were living?
And discern how easily,
With just a few altered decisions,
It could have been so very, very different.

Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Nature

Physics is the underlying form.
Chemistry is the unifying force.
Biology is the foundation of life.
Nature is the expression unfurling.

Gaia Undone

What a silent garden it must have been,
Before consciousness took root,
And imagination blossomed.

No Matter

It did not matter then.
It does not matter now.
It will not matter when.

Slice It, Dice It

No matter how You slice it,
No matter how You dice it,
The entire human paradigm,
Boils down to vanity and greed.

Of Angels and Demons

If angels and demons must be conceived,
Surely they are the imagination within all.

The Mind-Body Dream

It all seems so very real, until it becomes so obvious, nothing is.
All appearances are but the temporary illusion-delusions of imagination.
Brief outings, sidebars, excursions, of the mind-body's dream of space and time.
Its partnership with the ineffable, indelible mystery, from whence it inexplicably evolved.
A rock is a rock, a cloud is a cloud, an eye is an eye, until they are not.

The Critical Thinker

What is the critical thinker – the doubter, the skeptic, the cynic, the agnostic –
But someone who can detach from his/her own value system,
And see the relativity of all perspectives.

Hold Fast to Nothing

You begin existence with nothing,
You leave existence with nothing.
Hold fast to the nothing between.

The Price of Existence

Death is the price all existence must pay for being born.

A Lesson in Futility

The entire cosmos is an illusion, as is the mind that perceives it.
The intelligent designer is the eternal awareness within all creation.
It is a very-fine-dry-sand-in-loose-fingers-on-a-very-windy-day mystery.
No one can save You but your Self, and even that is a lesson in futility.

A Mysterious Ether

You are the inexplicable, mysterious, unfathomable, immeasurable, ether of awareness,
In which all forms are but quantum mirages, imagined by an ever-present, kaleidoscoping mind-body.
With which, in which, has been staged an imaginary, impromptu, Shakespearian theater,
Where You are centerstage, improvising your extemporaneous persona.
Perhaps it is time to realize, just how alone, You truly are.

The Uniqueness of Existence

In every sentient being that has ever been, or will ever be,
A unique existence, a unique perception, a unique universe, a unique everything.
All equally real, all equally unreal, as the eternal moment ordains.

A Hard-Learned Lesson

Seeking the approval of others is an unending lesson in futility.

Our Self-Absorbed Worlds

Your little corner seems so real to You but across the stage,
No one, either notices, nor cares, about all your dramas and intrigues.
And can You truthfully disclose, You do not feel very much the same, about them?

The Eye of the Frame of Reference

The reality is, any given reader may or may not grasp thoughts such as these as they were meant.
The reflections offered are ever subject to the frame of reference of the observer.
No thinker, no philosopher, can ever presume his or her views,
Will not be used for unintended purpose.

Discerning the Eternal Moment

The ever-present eternal moment is not an ideal, to which one must bow and scrape.
It is an unequivocal fact, which only prior-to-consciousness, tabula-rasa awareness, can discern.
All appearance to the contrary, there is only one ultimate, nondual reality.
And it is You and You are it; there is no other.

The True-Believer Lucifers

It is the true believers who separate themselves from God,
Who abide in the hellscape of imagination.
Lucifer is their name,
And dualistic notion, their game.

Of Health and Well-Being

Regarding health and well-being,
What seems so minor in younger daze,
May well loom very large in the later ones.
Moderation in all things is the way.

Wakey! Wakey! Wakey!

Imagination is an elixir to which the human paradigm is addicted.
If imagination wishes to carry on, it had better wake up a la bigtime.

The True Nature of Intelligent Design

The entire cosmos is an illusory quantum matrix, as are all sentient beings that perceive it.
The amorphous intelligence, is the indelibly ineffable eternal awareness, within all creation.

The Mystery Within All Creation

Since the mystery began its spaceless-timeless quantum voyage of cosmic creation,
What was required for your naturally-selected genetic lineage,
To generate into being, the You reading this,
Is well beyond all pales.
The entire universe is an illusion,
As are all sentient beings that perceive it real.
The intelligence is the ineffable awareness permeating all.

The Kaleidoscoping Quantum

The ethereal moment is ever present, ever still, ever serene.
But the quantum matrix is a ceaseless churning, a ceaseless movement,
A ceaseless streaming, ever kaleidoscoping through it.

All That Remains

And that moment, forever gone, too.
And that moment, now but the vaguest of memories.
Until it, too, is forever lost and forgotten.
Sorrows, sorrows, prayers.

The Book of Destiny

The Book of Destiny will conclude with a last scrawl and a sigh.

Mad Hatters Across the Board

Mad? You call me mad? Well, my fine friend, that is no great distinction in an insane asylum.

The Absurdity of Measuring the Immeasurable

What we call time, is merely the measurement of one rather insignificant whirling pale blue dot dust ball,
Orbiting another larger one, that is, in the genre of blazing dust balls, a relatively small star.
Both very much quantum equals in the vast matrix of the eternal moment.
Both are fated to someday dissolve back into the abyss.
And where will space and time be then?

Imagination's Usurpation of Sentience

Everyone telling You there is more, but there is not.
It is all a lie; a lie to keep You in the game.
A bittersweet lie to keep the dreamtime in play,
For as long as imagination can continue its usurpation.

The Nature of Eternity

As new as it is old, as old as it is new.

The Myth of Origin

Were we made in the image of God? Or the imagination of God?

A 0.0035 Percent Cosmos

Humans perceive only a very small portion – 0.0035 percent – of the electromagnetic spectrum.
This visible light spectrum, falls between wavelengths of around 380 to 780 nanometers.
The electromagnetic spectrum encompasses much longer and shorter wavelengths,
Including radio waves, microwaves, infrared, ultraviolet, X-rays, gamma rays.
In the narcissistic-hedonistic spectrum, however, our little paradigm reigns supreme.

Rider Through the Storm

There is nothing You are meant to be.
There is nothing You are supposed to be doing.
There is only what You are; there is only what You are not.
There is only this right here, this right now; there is only this moment.
There is only the unfathomable awareness, and firing synapses imagining through it.
The You this mystery has, in illusion fabricated, is but a make-believe fable.
A tale old by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

Drip … Drip … Drip …

The rigors of life wear all down as water does rocks and mountains.
The quantum matrix is an ever-changing dynamic no mind can halt.

The Cacophony! The Cacophony!

The sound of silence reigns in a steadfast mind.

The Nature of a Man

If You want to discern what manner of man You are dealing with,
Put a sword and shield in his hands, and send him out into the arena.

The Limits of Imagination

The world, the universe, You imagine, has never existed.
All the imagination ever imagined could not grasp the stone-cold reality,
Could not fashion the truth, the awareness, the moment, the right-here-now of eternity,
Through which it has kaleidoscoped since its evolution in consciousness in this ineffable dreamtime.

The Nature of Detachment

Detachment is not an ideal, nor is it a goal, nor is it a principle.
It is a state, a frame, a quality, a serenity, of mind,
Free of desire, free of fear, free of dread,
Free of any passion, whatsoever.
It is the You, it is the Self,
At the most natural, essential core.
This dream is always in turmoil and conflict.
To amble through it, placidly detached, is the challenge.

Change or Die, Your Choice

If consciousness, if imagination, if dreamtime,
Wants to survive its illusion-delusion,
If it fancies sticking around,
It had better wise up.

The Nature of Contentment

Contentment with less is more.

A Concoction of Imagination

All history is the concoction of imagination.

You Are What You Eat

Try paying more attention to what You put in your mind-body than how it tastes.
Appeasing the taste buds only goes as far as that wormhole just beyond the tongue.

A State of Mind

The five senses and mind offer You an entire world and a vast cosmos, in which You are but a speck.
Disregard the senses, still the mind unto its sentience, and You are all of it.
To which quality of mind are You called?

The Shadow Within

It is not how others think about You that torments You.
It is how You think they think about You that generates all the bother.
You must forgive your Self, You must accept your Self, You must relish your Self,
To be free of all the imaginary suffering of your imaginary mind.

Embrace the Aloneness

Instead of running from the loneliness, try embracing the aloneness.

No Owning It

The eternal moment.
It is not yours, it never was yours, it never will be yours.
Yet, You it, all the while.

A Dreamless Slumber

What is death but falling into a dreamless slumber,
From which You will never awaken in that form again.
Heavens and hells, and reincarnation, are but limited visions,
Misapprehensions, misconceptions, of what is really going on here.
You have never been the mind-body, or any other appearance or attribute.

The Quantum Sands of Mystery

Through eternal awareness, the mystery of the cosmos plays out.
Evolution is the brush and chisel, and illusion, the means and medium.
Natural selections are the choiceless choices in the ever-kaleidoscoping moment.
It is all written in the quantum sands of time for the eternal witness to wander in every way.
Is there a reason? Is there a purpose? Is there an answer? Is there a deity on high?
No, an ineffable mystery is all it is, all has ever been, all will ever be.
The challenge is not giving way to arrogance and avarice,
For they are the ever-present temptations.

Just Be You

Just be the breath.
Just be the timeless.
Just be the awareness.
Just be the perception.
Just be the simplicity.
Just be the sentience.
Just be the alertness.
Just be the moment.
Just be the timeless.
Just be the entirety.
Just be the infinity.
Just be the cosmos.
Just be the eternal.
Just be the here.
Just be the now.
Just be You.

Every Mind Its Own Palette

A simple explanation suits a simple mind.
A moderate explanation suits a moderate mind.
A complex explanation suits a complex mind.
Every mind its own unique illusory palette.
Every mind a universe unto its Self.

An Idiot's Tale

The both fascinating and exhausting thing about the human paradigm and its Shakespearian spectacle,
Is how we so often really believe, so many things we have imagined, are real and true and important:

All our geographies.
All our cultures.
All our families.
All our ethnicities.
All our races.
All our languages.
All our traditions.
All our histories.
All our politics.
All our commerce.
All our conflicts.
All our mathematics.
All our sciences.
All our inventions.
All our engineering.
All our industries.
All our technologies.
All our architecture.
All our superstitions.
All our religions.
All our philosophies.
All our music.
All our arts.
All our sports.
All our costumes.
All our narcissism.
All our hedonism.
All our ecstasies.
All our agonies.

Everything we venerate human.

That when gazing out into the infinite starry-starry night, we, who are mere microbes in its vastness,
Truly regard our little spinning dust ball, our pale blue dot, our illusion-packed speck, is at its center.
And that our kind is ordained, by our imagination, to be its most meaningful and purposeful creation.
The joke is on us; we, who are too self-absorbed, too greedy, to rationally grasp the absurdity of it all.
And so, we race, barely a hint of squealing brakes, towards the precipice of our own imaginary creation.
And for whatever life forms prevail after we have extinguished ourselves, it will be as if we never existed.
MacBeth's summation catches it: 'A tale old by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.'

The Terror! The Terror!

Religions and cults have risen and fallen with every cultural fusion,
In every geography since our migration erupted from the jungles of old.
They are part of the fabric that holds any mindset to its delusions of grandeur.
It must have been exceedingly terrifying for our ancestors in the way back when,
For us to carry our dread of the mystery to such heights, over and over and over again.

Problem Solver? Or Problem Maker?

The mind can be a problem solver.
The mind can be a problem maker.

The Everything of Time

Everything makes time.
Everything takes time.
Everything fakes time.

The Paradox, the Irony

It is whatever You think it is; it is not whatever You think it is.

A Gift to Your Self

Unless You have managed to wheedle your way into power and/or fame and/or fortune;
Or have some troll who has found motive to haunt your continuing existence;
Or have family and friends and tribal connections of a clannish sort;
Odds are, all your good and foul deeds, will go largely unnoticed and unpunished.
Anonymity is a gift to your Self, if You have the wit to eschew the delusion of self-importance.

The Joyful Curmudgeon

Do I sound undeniably, irrevocably, indelibly, indifferently, ineffably, contentedly
– stoical, fatalistic, resigned, doubtful, accepting, skeptical, cynical, pessimistic, philosophical –
Well, duh, yeah, I be a joyful curmudgeon, a soliloquizing witness to the great mystery.

The Abyss! The Abyss!

A rock is a rock, a cloud is a cloud, an eye is an eye, until they are not.

The Daily Ascent

Whether miserable or cheerful, whether grousing or whistling,
‘Tis yet another Sisyphean day of pushing that rock up the hill.

No Contest

How so many opt for a story, for a myth, for an idol,
Over the one and only eternal moment they are,
Is absurdity beyond all comprehension.

The Choiceless Moment

Yet another timeless moment in the moment,
For the illusion-delusion of free will looking forward,
To kaleidoscope into the illusion-delusion of fate looking back.
What choice is there for any pattern playing out its form,
But the utter choicelessness of natural selection?
The sands of time blow on and on and on,
And eternity, indifferent to all of it.

Analog Language Adrift in the Digital Age

Clock face
Hour hand
Short hand
Minute hand
Long hand
Second hand

One hour
12 hours
24 hours
60 minutes
60 seconds
60 ticks

O’clock
Five past
Ten past
Quarter past
Twenty past
Twenty-five past
Half past
Twenty-five to
Twenty to
Quarter to
Ten to
Five to

Half-hour
Quarter-hour

Clockwise
Counter-clockwise

AM (Ante Meridiem)
PM (Post Meridiem)

Digital: 7:05
Wording: It's 5 past 7.
Alternative way: It's seven oh five.

Digital: 7:15
Wording: It's quarter past 7.
Alternative way: It's seven fifteen.

Digital: 7:30
Wording: It's half past 7.

Alternative way: It's seven thirty.

Digital: 7:35
Wording: It's 25 to 8.
Alternative way: It's seven thirty-five.

Nope, Nope, Nope

The eternal moment.
It is not yours.
It never was yours.
It never will be yours.
Suffer your way to nirvana.

Lost and Gone Forever

Another moment come and gone.
Did You give it your fullest attention,
Or were You off day-dreaming, yet again?
Another recollection, another vague perception,
Lost and gone forever, either way.
So it goes.

Merrily, Merrily, Life Is but a Dream

No, You did not change your destiny, You did not alter your fate.
It might have seemed like a whole new direction in the epiphany You perceived,
But the big picture reality, is, You only continued wandering down the same sands-of-time path.
The dreamtime, from beginning to end, is free will looking forward, fate looking back.

An old – old being what it is – American folk song, sings it as it is.

Row, row, row your boat, gently down the stream;
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, life is but a dream.

Regarding Jesus

Regarding Jesus.
I get the story; I get the mythology.
I just do not see it the way the popular rendering reads.
It is not 'the greatest story ever told,' in this ineffable eternal mystery.
Phenomena that defy natural law, and scientific method and principles, are ludicrous.
There have been many seers, many sages, many thinkers, throughout the world, throughout all histories.
And all are first and last, in their own right; all have a mythology about their awakening.
And none are more real, more true, than any other, despite all assertions.
The significance is in the awakening, not how it came about.
And none can be followed; none need be followed,
But through the earnest seeker's own solitary walkabout.

Of Imagination and Awareness

Imagination is the doer, in all that is done, and all that is undone.
And momentary awareness, is but timeless witness,
To the kaleidoscoping quantum matrix.

The Nature of Responsibility

You cannot be responsible for anyone or anything other than your Self.
And even that can be very troublesome more than several times a day.

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World

What a dominant force all our creations, all our manipulations, play in the human paradigm.
From fire and sharpened sticks, to everything we surround ourselves with, to live and work and entertain,
In this our modern industrial-technological, beyond-all-pales, mad-mad-mad, muddle of a world.
And all the clocks and calendars that tick-tick-tick every moment in our dreams of time,
Send us rushing, racing, every which way, throughout all our days and nights.
Ever scurrying to keep up with all the absurdities our minds embrace.

An Original Work

The one thing You can say about these many philosophical-mystical ponderings
– Agree with them, comprehend them, embrace them, or no –
Is that it is an entirely original work.
Every single aphorism, a sculpting of its own.
Life's distillation, coupled with an inclination for wordplay,
And a time-sharpened skillset with word processing and its motley widgets.
What will come of it, is unknowable, and of little concern, for process was reward enough.

Of Human Inspiration

What in any deity's name is so inspiring about human vanity and greed?

Of Hell and Heaven

The real hell all must overcome, is the one in their minds.
What is heaven, but the neuron trail, at peace with itself.

The Quiet Revolution

The inward awakening is a quiet revolution.
When You are free, it is a silent declaration.

Total Recall

To unlock the conditioned mind, the You You truly are,
Must grant it your unequivocal, undivided, absolute attention.
You must Descartes-doubt all things, until all doubt discerns its end.
The truth is there for all who have the wit and will to walk the razor's edge.

Realign or Die

Grubs that can talk, grubs that can walk, grubs that can do all sorts of amazing things;
Grubs that can imagine, that can pretend, that can make-believe, they are more than grubs;
Grubs that believe they are divinely stamped to be greater than all the other grubs small to large;
Grubs that have the power to manipulate and destroy any lesser grub in any way they wish;
Have a lot to learn about the rules of the game, to get back the reality of the way it is.
Can the gluttonous monkey let go the tasty bait to escape the coconut dilemma?
With natural selection so steeped in its grub algorithm, odds are not good.
Vanity and greed are not proving to be very sustainable strategies.
When it comes to survival, the grubs we call cockroaches,
At least 320 million years ancient, and counting,
Have much more viable genetic coding,
And will very likely continue on,
Long after we are gone.

The Tiller of Destiny

Whether You never see it,
Whether You see it only once in a while,
Whether You see-hear-touch-taste-smell it all the time,
Why would it be relevant to anyone but You?
Destiny is tiller for every witness.

A Dream That Never Happened

Your death will be the end of everything.
Your mind-body, your world, your universe.
Everything You have ever thought or said or done.
Everything You have ever created, preserved, destroyed.
The illusory mirage will evaporate, as if it all never happened.
And whatever awareness is, and is not; whatever eternity is, and is not;
Will carry on without any remnant of the imaginary dreamtime,
That You are not, You never were, You will never be.
It is all an extraordinary, ineffable mystery,
And You but an illusory witness,
Destined to disappear.

The Absurdity of Irony and Paradox

Right here, right now, this very moment, eternity permeates the core of your beingness,
And You settle for story after story, that have no reality, whatsoever.
The absurdity of irony and paradox reigns supreme.

The Unfathomable Silence

To be unutterably, unfathomably silent,
Is to disregard, to ignore, the world, the universe,
You every given moment, through imagination, differentiate.
It is a quality of awareness, a quality of attentiveness,
A quality of prior-to-consciousness beingness,
Aligned solely with the eternal moment.

The Voiceless Voice

Learn to trust intuition's subtle epiphanies.
It is the voiceless voice of the mystery within.

And the Point, Again?

What point to judgment, once You see everything the same mystery.

The Great Deception

The imagination born of mystery,
Enticed me to scribe this, kept me in the game,
That all my tilling would never be known enough to be forgotten.
There is no depth to which irony and paradox, with utmost dexterity, will not sink.

The Unpretentious Existence

How much more agreeable, how much less disagreeable, an unpretentious existence.

The Rest of the Pie

If humans only perceive 0.0035 percent of this unfathomable mystery,
That some ivory tower sorts call the electromagnetic spectrum,
What the heck is going on in the other 0.9965 percent?

Mind's Hell, Mind's Heaven

When who becomes what,
When what becomes where,
When where becomes when,
When when becomes why,
When why becomes how,
When how becomes when,
Minds succumb to every hell.
Minds succumb to every heaven.

Be Mindful, Pilgrim

It only takes one inattentive, one unlucky, one fated moment,
To forever change, forever alter, forever downsize, any given dream.
So, pay attention, Pilgrim; be mindful, if You prefer a less painful existence.

Naught But a Concoction

You and your world and your cosmos, are nothing more than a concoction of sensory perception.

All You Really Know

You know a great deal about the world, the cosmos, the quantum illusion, your mind-body perceives,
But about the mystery – the unknowable, the enigmatic, the inexplicable, the inscrutable,
The impenetrable, the indescribable, the unfathomable, the ineffable –
You beyond all doubt, know absolutely nothing.

The Unambiguous Mind

There is most certainly an intransigent degree of peace,
And contentment and certainty and hope and unassailability,
In the unambiguous, infallible mindset, of an earnest true believer.
The critical thinker must work far harder to achieve,
That sure-footed level of absurdity.

The Silence of Peace

… peace … peace … peace …

The Truth of Nothing

Nothing new, nothing old, nothing all the same.

The Mystery's Apologist

Who-what-where-when-why-how am I,
But an apologist-defender-supporter-ally-protector-champion-advocator,
For the ineffable mystery of eternity.
For which it never asked.
But did allow.

The Freedom of This Work

Because it is not being sold or bartered, or fashioned into any sort of cultish following,
This philosophical commentary is free to be however it plays out in this mind,
And will wander out into the dreamtime world of its own merit, or not.
The fate of the human paradigm is already written in the sands,
And it is not for anyone to change even one moment.

The Ultimate Belief

The only sure thing to believe in, is that there is nothing to believe in.

Imagination's Projection

You have never existed.
Imagination imagined that You did,
But that was a projection, to which it is prone.
And You will not die, either.

No Boundaries Known

What here or there has any reality,
What us or them has any reality,
What truth or lie has any reality,
What thick or thin has any reality,
What high or low has any reality,
What great or small has any reality,
What plus or minus has any reality,
What up or down has any reality,
What alive or dead has any reality,
What black or white has any reality,
What inside or outside has any reality,
In an indivisible matrix that knows no duality.

Buddha's Answer to the Pain of Existence

Human existence is a trail of every imaginable ecstasy and agony,
Every passion to which these mortal coils are susceptible.
Buddha's First Noble truth: Existence is painful.
The second: Unhappiness is caused by selfish craving.
Third: Deliverance from pain is found through non-attachment.
And fourth: The Eightfold Path … Practice wisdom, morality, meditation.

The Eightfold Path
Right views
Right intention
Right speech
Right action
Right livelihood
Right effort
Right mindfulness
Right concentration

The Five Hindrances
Sensuality
Ill-will
Lethargy
Worry
Indecision

Seven Factors of Enlightenment
Mindfulness
Investigation of existence
Persevering effort
Enkindle rapture
Maintain calm
Concentration on right values and things
Equanimity; good grace toward what life has in store

Ten Contemplations
Impermanence
Absence of a permanent self or soul
Profane nature of physical world
Danger or disadvantage
Abandonment
Detachment
Cessation
Distaste for external world
Impermanence of component things
Mindfulness of in-breathing and out-breathing

The Opium of the Masses

Distraction – diversion, recreation, amusement, activity, meaning, purpose – is the opium of the masses.
Whether it be religion or politics or money or news or sports or food or drugs or technology,
Or anything else the human paradigm has conceived to fill its insatiability,
All distractions allow imagination to rule the moment.

The Vision in Which You Harbor

Imagination is the lock; awareness, the key.
You are as self-absorbed and terrestrial,
Or as Self-absorbed and undying,
As the vision in which You harbor.

Just Another Lie

Would that I, were as silent, as serene,
As these too many words suggest.
Indeed, I am just another lie,
Babbling about nothing.

Are You, you? Or Are You, You?

This is your one and only moment.
Are You the space and time imaginary You?
Or are You the spaceless-timeless awareness You?

One Eye to Rule Them All

There is only one eye, and it is the ineffable mystery of awareness permeating all creation.

The Mind's Eye

The paired lobes of the soft nervous tissue immediately behind the skull's forehead, are the mind's eye.
The part of the brain concerned with behavior, learning, personality, voluntary movement.
The coordinating epicenter of sensation and intellectual and nervous activity.
The quantum storm, electromagnetic grid, Shakespearian player,
Of the human paradigm's imaginary condition.

An Imaginary Marathon

Even though space and time are really nothing more than an imaginary constructs
The human mind mindlessly, irrationally, absurdly, races it, from womb to grave.

A Dreamtime in the Abyss

Space and time are an ever-kaleidoscoping illusion,
In the ineffably spaceless, timeless abyss of eternity.

The So It Goes of the Ever-Changing

Adaptation is about letting go of things that no longer exist,
And discerning what is really happening in the right-here-right-now.
All simply a matter of doing the good old 'so it goes' shrug.
Of dealing with it, of getting over it, of moving on.

The Dragon of Disquieting Imagination

A streaming state of mind is much easier when You are totally immersed in some worldly activity.
It is when You are all alone, undistracted, that the dragon of disquieting imagination raises its head.
Self-controlled attention to the ever-present, timeless moment, can be a challenging thing to muster.

No Solution Required

Be content to consider this inexplicable mystery, a mystery that needs no solution.
Nor any of the incalculable absurdities our kind has devised to worship and fear and dread it.
It is the nothing-more-nothing-less, prior-to-consciousness, spaceless-timeless awareness, of all eternity.
You are it, it is You, a wakefulness that pervades all creation, and the abyss in which it frolics.
What more realization, what more insight, what more understanding, is necessary?
The momentary challenge is to be as present, as here now, as possible.
As deeply silent as the mind allows in any given moment.

The Only Resolution

Still working all that blather in your head out? All that mind-body conditioning.
All that crap that rolodexes round and round like a rat on a rat wheel,
Regurgitating over and over and over and over and …
Well, silence is the only resolution.
And that takes some very resolute attention.

The Smoke of Sanity

Imaginary as the human paradigm is, all come up with their own unique way,
To keep their mindset, their attitude, their conviction, their headset,
In one dimension of balance, of centered-ness, or another.
Obviously, some are much better at it than others.
So-called sanity is about being somewhat functional,
In whatever absurdity is playing out in the given theater.

The Metaphors! The Metaphors!

God did not kick us out of the Garden; it was a voluntary departure, a voluntary quit.
A cloaking of, a blindness to, a denial of, the instinctual nature, the instinctual patterning.
Brought on by imagination's fabrication of knowledge, its embracing of knowledge.
Any creation story, no matter how redeeming, is nothing more than a metaphor.

The Beholder's Eye

What is this ephemeral trait called beauty, but an ever-distracting promise of something,
That does not, has never, will never, exist, but in the eye of one beholder or another.

The Finger-Wagging of Ethics

The Ancient Greeks made a big thing of ethics way back when,
And we have been wagging our fingers at each other ever since.

The Nth Degree

Anything can be rationalized to one nth degree or another.

The Ghosts of History

The ghosts of history swirl in every mind.

The Comprehension of History

It is challenging to understand, to grasp, the nature of history,
Until You have at least a modicum of it in your frame of reference.

The Good Student

Pain is the teacher, and it is the rare student that does not require more than a few whippings.

Ethics: For Those Not in the Game

Ethics is the forum pastime of those who are not in the Game of Thrones.

Right, as the world goes, is only in question between equals in power,
While the strong do what they can, and the weak suffer what they must.

Thucydides (c. 460 – c. 400 BC)
Athenian historian and general
History of the Peloponnesian War

Religion is regarded by the common people as true,
By the wise as false, and by rulers as useful.

Seneca (4 BC – AD 65)
Stoic philosopher of Ancient Rome
Statesman, dramatist, satirist

No Fate the Same

Some conquer the world.
Some conquer themselves.
Some follow one or the other.
Some perch on couches or barstools.
And the rest do, whatever they do, as they can.

The Insatiable Mind

The five senses are extensions of the mind, and it is insatiable.

The Tiller of the Mystery

Natural selection is the tiller of the mystery, the ferryman of destiny, the harbinger of fate.

The Silence of Eternity

To comprehend what You truly are, have always been, will ever be,
You must unwrap the mind into a totality, so vast, so empty, as to be unfathomably incomprehensible.
It is the You You are, before all befores, after all afters, and during all durings.
The unutterable silence of eternity is deafening.

Goals v. Process

Another timebound goal come and gone, and timeless process ever the same.

The Dreamtime of Mind

You are not anything that You pretend to be,
You are not anything that You imagine your Self to be.
The human paradigm is nothing more than Shakespearian theater,
Being played in the imaginary dreamtime of your mind.
Something spun from nothing is still nothing.

Idolatry v. Realization

Idolatry is much easier than realization.
Worshipping an idol, a symbol, an idea, is far simpler,
Than effortlessly being what You are, have ever been, will ever be,
In this bogglingly ineffable magical mystery theater.

A Window Like No Other

My brief existence managed to land in a zone, in a time, in an abundance of entitlement,
The masses have never experienced in all human history, and obviously never will again.

The Pointlessness! The Pointlessness!

How utterly pointless it is to debate the way it is.
How utterly pointless to use words, to use vibrations given concept,
To argue over mystery that cannot be proven, a mystery that does not require sanction,
From the denizens of a paradigm rooted in absurdity, that is but an illusion,
Playing out in an ineffable mystery that is prior to consciousness.

The Usurper's Trek

Self-importance is a long and winding Yellow Brick Road.
A twisting, turning, entangling, bottomless rabbit hole,
Down which imagination, the usurper, easily treks.

The Soundless Silence

Silence.
Even thinking of it.
Even trying to attain it.
Even trying to be it,
Denies it.

As Minch Yoda astutely said to Luke Skywalker:
No. Try not. Do ... or do not. There is no try.

You Are It, and It, You

Religions are merely riders of consciousness,
Filled with every delusion imagination can imagine.
And consciousness, but a cloud in the vastness of awareness.
And awareness, an ineffable mystery, which can never be fathomed.
Be tranquil in that mystery, and know You are it, and it, You.
What need for any other, when eternity is ascertained.

One Step at a Time

You cannot take the second step, until You have taken the first.
You cannot take the third step, until You have taken the second.
You cannot take the fourth step, until You have taken the third.
You cannot take the fifth step, until You have taken the fourth.
You cannot take the sixth step, until You have taken the fifth.
You cannot take the seventh step, until You have taken the sixth.
And You cannot take the last step, until You have taken all prior.

Eternity's Dictation

This opus has been created,
One thought at a time,
One breath at a time,
One drop at a time,
One ounce at a time,
One note at a time,
One fragment at a time,
One crumb at a time,
One dot at a time,
One degree at a time,
One iota at a time,
One fleck at a time,
One jot at a time,
One grain at a time,
One bit at a time,
One brick at a time,
One step at a time,
One splash at a time,
One dash at a time,
One speck at a time,
One dab at a time,
One scrap at a time,
One itty at a time,
One bitty at a time,
One particle at a time,
One point at a time,
One smidgeon at a time,
As the eternal moment dictated.

The Blue Pill Path

Far less taxing to dutifully, naively, sit in pews, and pay a mandatory tithing,
And do whatever sacraments, whatever obligations, the self-ordained ecclesiastics decree;
To study so-called holy scriptures, and repeatedly discuss and debate unutterably pointless absurdities;
To bow and scrape to imaginary deities; to beg for blessings and mercy from imaginary idols;
Than it is to earnestly, profoundly, explore and inquire for your Self, by your Self,
Into an unfathomable, indelible mystery, that can never be known.
A mystery, You are, have ever been, will ever be.

Everything the Same Mystery

All groupthink aside, see it or not, accept it or not,
Everything across the universe is the same mystery,
None greater, none lesser, in any way or shape or form.

How Small the Human Mind

What is enlightenment? Does such a thing even exist?
And is it really anything but a never-ending awakening,
To how immense, how unfathomable, a mystery it truly is,
And how infinitesimally small humankind inevitably makes it.

Mystery's Nature

Nature is the unfathomable mystery's expression.
The world is nature, the cosmos is nature, the mind-body is nature.
The world is the mystery, the cosmos is the mystery, the mind-body is the mystery.
And scientific method is the most rational means to investigate this kaleidoscoping quantum mirage.
To consider yourself separate from the world, separate from the cosmos,
Is the ever-ironical-paradoxical, absurd fallacy of imagination.
All demarcation, is illusion-delusion of the first order.
And the awareness You are, witness to it all.

Place Your Bets, Ladies and Gentlemen

Were they ever to be known, there would be many who would quarrel with these myriad thoughts.
Some would probably be inclined to kill or torture me for my blasphemy against their imaginary deity.
And to all, I can only say, as can they to me: prove me wrong; a task the mystery does not allow.
And so, we wallow in our illusory minds, ever alone, imagining every variety of delusion.
And if they are right, we will all be cast into whatever it is they so ardently believe.
And if I am right, we will all disappear back into the unborn-undying abyss.
So, will I awaken in some heaven or some hell, or return to oblivion?
Hopefully, the latter, as one life was one more than I would have ever sought.
Didn't ask to be here; ain't prayin' to be stayin' … is in my roster of standard ripostes.

Suicide Is Painless, It Brings on Many Changes

Would You endure all the pain and bother of your brief mortal existence,
If You were strapped to a table, and someone else was inflicting it?
Why wait for a declining body to make the inevitable decision?
Why put family and friends and acquaintances, or yourself,
Though having to deal with all your endgame suffering?
Give them the blessing of their own time and your treasures.

The Promise of Tomorrow

How can You promise any tomorrow, when You are not yet there to answer for it?

The Analog Mind's Wander Down the Dead-End Road

The human mind evolved in an analog garden world entirely based on a timeless relationship with nature.
Measured time – sundials, clocks, calendars – has altered the mind's relationship with the moment.
And the digitalization of the analog brain has ferried the entire world down a dead-end road.
The Planet of the Apes is ratcheting up at a crescendo pace for the unescapable Big Fall.
Every species goes extinct sooner or later, and there is no telling how close or far that moment is,
For the end of all the vanity and greed, all the endless horrors, we have fit into our relatively brief wander.

The Mystery's Trickster

How is it so few question the deep-seated assumption,
That imagination is tangible, that it is an instrument of substance.
How is it so few have any doubt, that everything imagination has imagined;
Everything perceived by the mind; everything the senses see, hear, taste, smell, touch;
Is nothing more than an evolutionary quirk, nothing more than an illusion-delusion of consciousness.
The underlying – assumption, falsehood, fabrication, invention, fallacy, mendacity –
Is that imagination is more than the mystery's ephemeral trickster,
And the rare who discern it, stand very much alone.

Fate's Unfolding Moment

The challenge with destiny is not knowing what it is,
And having to play it out one moment at a time,
In whatever way natural selection ordains.

Where Doubt Ends

Doubt until there is nothing left to doubt.
Forget until there is nothing left to remember.
Timeless, ageless, changeless, immutable awareness,
Is all there truly is, all there truly is not.

Ahooga! Ahooga! Ahooga!

Ahooga! Ahooga!
Danger, Will Robinson! Danger!
Speculation alert! Speculation alert! Speculation alert!
Theories and conjectures being formed and launched without firm evidence!
Speculation alert! Speculation alert! Speculation alert!
Danger, Will Robinson! Danger!
Ahooga! Ahooga!

The Wall of Futility

How delusional of any seer to think,
Philosophical-mystical thoughts are ever potent enough,
To make any deep impact on imagination's wheel of creation and destruction.
History churns on and on, and any who believe they can more than slightly nudge it this way or that,
Are sooner or later crushed by the realization of the unutterable pointlessness of it all.
Narcissism and hedonism are at the helm of the humanoid paradigm,
And they will not be undone by any rational soliloquy.
Any attempt only proves the point.

The Ultimate You

In the ultimate aloneness, You are.
In the ultimate singularity, You are.
In the ultimate entirety, You are.
In the ultimate indivisible, You are.
In the ultimate infinity, You are.
In the ultimate infinitesimal, You are.
In the ultimate ineffable, You are.
In the ultimate indelible, You are.
In the ultimate mystery, You are.
In the ultimate absolute, You are.
In the ultimate detachment, You are.
In the ultimate intangible, You are.
In the ultimate spaceless, You are.
In the ultimate timeless, You are.
In the ultimate awareness, You are.
In the ultimate serenity, You are.
In the ultimate silence, You are.
In the ultimate emptiness, You are.
In the ultimate fullness, You are.
In the ultimate pointless, You are.
In the ultimate unfathomable, You are.
In the ultimate unborn-undying, You are.
In the ultimate omnipresence, You are.
In the ultimate omniscience, You are.
In the ultimate omnipotence, You are.

Only your attachment to your mind-body, your world, your cosmos, limit your vision.

Everyone's a Critic

So many of our two-legged genetic predisposition, perhaps all, rapidly or gradually transform into critics
– Detractors, opponents, enemies, censors, criticizers, faultfinders, knockers, decriers, denigrators –
As if all our judgments mean anything in the grand scheme of all things ineffably indivisible.
As if all our judgments are anything more than insignificant monkey-mind squabbling.
To not cast the first stone is a feat, of which few are capable, much less willing.
To be truly all-accepting, would indeed require, an incredible realization.

Shut the Fuck Up

When it comes to defining this mystery,
Claim anything, maintain anything, argue anything,
And You will always be wrongo-bongo.

Just Another Day

Just another day for all the retired, generally tired folk.
Not much need for clocks or calendars at that juncture of the game.
You eats when You are hungry, sleeps when You are tired,
And putters about in the moment between.

Parochial v. Cosmopolitan

The parochial mind is one having a limited or narrow outlook or scope.
A cosmopolitan mind is familiar with, at ease, in many different countries and cultures.
Provincial, conventional, limited, restricted, narrow-minded, unsophisticated, short-sighted, close-minded,
Narrow-minded, inward-looking, naive, insular, myopic, blinkered, hidebound, jerkwater, petty.
Versus, broad-minded, unprejudiced, tolerant, knowing, aware, seasoned, liberal,
Expansive, sophisticated, experienced, worldwide, global, universal.
There is a spectrum, of course, for we are all ultimately,
The same narcissistic, hedonistic primate,
We were in the jungles of old.

Need We Ask Anyone to Tell Us These Things?

What is grub, and what is not grub? Need we ask anyone to tell us these things?
The first and last irrational assumption, is that this imaginary You truly exists.
From the greatest heights to the darkest depths, the brain is imagination's tool.
All life forms wander same stage in different universes, in different perceptions.
No destiny endures forever; every strand of genetic coding only plays out so long.
There is nothing to want, nothing to dread; it is only a mind-body; it is only a dream.
To be the ineffable eternal moment, is to be what You truly are, what You truly are not.
This is your moment. Are You the imaginary You? Or are You the awareness You?

The Frankenstein Mind

What relationship, what bond, can a digitalized mind have,
With the analog universe from which it materialized?
How will the natural world manage to hold out?
How will it survive so much obliviousness,
Of the implacable rubrics of the game?
How will it endure a mutant mind,
No analog garden can forever sustain.

A Mysterious Abyss

What is this ineffable mystery, but an abyss,
Through which creation and destruction frolic.

No Matter What

The point is not whether You are a flawless ethical being.
The point is that You are immaculate, no matter your moral character.
No matter your ethnicity, your tribe, your mind-body, your gender, your anything.
You are that which is timeless, spaceless, indivisible, unknowable, indescribable, unfathomable.
To believe otherwise, is to live the falsehood, the deception, of dualistic notion.

The Algorithm of Genesis

The apparent reality is that the human paradigm will never get past its irrational nature.
Scientific Method has made intrepid efforts in every Ivory Tower domain it could,
But the genetic source code, percolating since creation, cannot be rewritten.
It is the Planet of the Apes, to whatever dystopian end the Fates have ordained.

And There You Are … Bam!

Gaze at the farthest star your mortal eyes can muster.
Close your mind, open your inner eye, and there You are.

Just Another Primate

My limitations are many and not far between.
Yes, I too, am just another earthly primate mind-body,
Trying to survive, to endure, yet another day.
Are all these writings anything more,
Than therapeutic yammer?

A Beyond-All-Pales Absurdity

That You take your imaginary self
– The mind, the body, the world, the universe –
So seriously, as to suffer so much ecstasy, so much agony,
Is but an exceedingly, beyond-all-pales absurdity.

The Fogbound Miasma of Duality

Duality is the – miasma, mist, fog, haze, cloud, murk, pall, film – of consciousness.

Process Always Trumps Goal

It is the timeless process that is important; the goal, a momentary pfft of it.

Complexity v. Simplicity

So much complexity about something so simple.

Dreamweaver

Conditioning is the weaver of all dreams.

The Futility! The Futility!

Another timeless day of tap-tap-tapping out,
Paradoxical ironies and ironical paradoxes,
For a readership who will never read them.

Time to Cut All Ties

Perhaps it is time to realize, just how alone, You truly are.

Be the Empty Sky

Let your mind, let your spirit, be as empty, as vacant, as void, as the sky.
Dispel all thoughts of your imaginary self; become the timeless awareness.

The Maha Mauna (Great Silence)

Clearly discerning the right-here-right-now eternal moment's mystery for what it is,
Is not a matter of belief, not something that can be rhetorically jousted.
It is plainly, it is simply, it is forthrightly, a Self-realization,
And the greatest of doubts is required to fathom it.
And one either has the doubt, or does not.
Either has the resolve, or does not.
Either has the grit, the gumption, or does not.
Either surrenders to eternity's silent calling, or does not.
And whoever imparts the awareness, can do no more than point it out,
And serenely meander on, very much alone, in the maha mauna of his own dreamtime.

The Cosmos and You

Are You experiencing the cosmos, or is the cosmos experiencing You?

When Doubt Grows Wings

Remember this work if your doubt ever grows wings.

The Crunchy-Chewy-Gooey Seeds of Existence

How amazing is it, that You with all your trials and tribulations, all your ecstasies and agonies,
Began your existential sojourn when the slimy ejaculate from your father's testicles,
Surrounded a lone egg from your mother's ovaries, and one random sperm,
In an epic king-of-the-mountain match, managed to worm its way,
And combine the genetic coding from both their lineages,
And there, in the womb's dark, blissful abyss,
You slowly baked for nine months,
Before being evacuated through a worm hole,
Into a dreamtime no one asks for, yet many find onerous to depart.
And here You are, in world full of sentient goo, all playing every imaginable inexorable fate.

The Fruit of the Garden

How tranquil the minds of our ancestors must have been,
Before imagination usurped the timeless awareness,
And shaped a world corrupted by self-interest.
Before imagination plucked the fruit of the garden,
And gradually spun knowledge into the massive leviathan,
That we, with little caution, spur on, in the given modern moment.

A Free and Clear Mystery

The mystery is free and clear.
You need not fear it.
You need not tithe it.
You need not name it.
You need not hype it.
You need not follow it.
You need not prove it.
You need not believe it.
You need not pray to it.
You need not sanction it.
You need not worship it.
You need not scrutinize it.
You need not suffer for it.
You need not join any cult.
You need not deny anything.
You need not struggle with it.
You need not accept anything.
You need not bear any dogma.
You need not recite any mantra.
You need not speculate about it.
You need not seek any sideshows.
You need not imagine any divinity.
You need not plead for forgiveness.
You need not dress any special way.
You need not behave any certain way.
You need not meander any certain path.
All You need do, is be its eternal moment.
You are it, and it is You.
Namaste.

The Nature of Contentment

The departing challenge for all, in this ineffable quantum dreamtime theater
– All the effort, all the suffering, it has taken to persevere the long and winding journey –
Is to be content, to be satisfied, with whatever You have done, with whatever You have not done.

contentment | kənˈtentmənt |
noun

a state of happiness and satisfaction.

contentedness, content, satisfaction, fulfillment; happiness, pleasure, cheerfulness, gratification, gladness; ease, comfort, restfulness, well-being, peace, equanimity, serenity, tranquility, placidity, placidness, repletion, complacency.

Are You?

The Truth of Intelligence

The intelligent designer and the intelligent designee, are one in the same.

In the Once Upon a Time

Older than the stars, younger than the moment,
Unborn, undying, You are, You are,
In the once upon a time.

Nothing Ever the Same

What is there, what can there be,
But what one thinks it, believes it, imagines it.
And no vision, no mind, no world, no cosmos, ever the same.
Every sentient being, small to large; all of the same aloneness, for all eternity.

Imagination's Tool

From the greatest heights to the darkest depths, the brain is imagination's tool.
The mind can be a problem solver; the mind can be a problem maker.
How imagination uses You is just another tale quickly done.
A fiction, to which You are witness, as wit allows.

The Nature of the Buddha Mind

The Buddha mind is a liberated mind.
The Buddha mind is an empty mind.
The Buddha mind is an unconditional mind.
The Buddha mind is a still mind.
The Buddha mind is a seamless mind.
The Buddha mind is a free mind.
The Buddha mind is an attentive mind.
The Buddha mind is an acute mind.
The Buddha mind is an aware mind.
The Buddha mind is a composed mind.
The Buddha mind is an absolute mind.
The Buddha mind is a boundless mind.
The Buddha mind is an immeasurable mind.
The Buddha mind is a limitless mind.
The Buddha mind is an infinite mind.
The Buddha mind is an infinitesimal mind.
The Buddha mind is a unified mind.
The Buddha mind is an aimless mind.
The Buddha mind is a timeless mind.
The Buddha mind is a serene mind.
The Buddha mind is a sovereign mind.
The Buddha mind is an empty mind.
The Buddha mind is a no-mind mind.
The Buddha mind is an unoccupied mind.
The Buddha mind is a pointless mind.
The Buddha mind is a spaceless mind.
The Buddha mind is a peaceful mind.
The Buddha mind is a matchless mind.
The Buddha mind is a meaningless mind.
The Buddha mind is the cosmic mind.
The Buddha mind is a mind immersed in eternity.

The Absoluteness You Are

You all alone, before dreamtime began, after dreamtime ends, and all the dreamtime between.

The Entitlement of Imagination

Human primates imagine themselves highborn and deserving,
But what nobility is there in narcissism and hedonism?
What nobility is there in arrogance and avarice?

The Idolatry of Imagination

All human religion is the idolatry of imagination.

Mammon Rules

The Ocean of Consumption
The Mountain of Consumption
The Forest of Consumption
The River of Consumption
The Valley of Consumption
The Desert of Consumption
The Oasis of Consumption
The Hill of Consumption
The Marsh of Consumption
The Canyon of Consumption
The Glacier of Consumption
The Bog of Consumption
The Tundra of Consumption
The Plateau of Consumption

Whatever the metaphor, Mammon rules,
Those who cannot restrain their narcissistic-hedonistic bent.

The Challenge of Detachment

All have their own interpretation, their own construct, of everything.
Every mind, every sensory set – eyes, ears, nose, tongue, nerve-ridden flesh – is entirely unique.
Hard not to get drawn into believing it all real, when You are playing it all real.
Hard to remain detached, when your world draws You so.

For Every Ever

A quantum mind-body synced with a quantum world,
A quantum cosmos, a quantum mystery, a quantum illusion.
Witnessed by You ever present, unborn, undying, eternally alone.
For every ever, sentience; for every ever, consciousness;
For every ever, imagination, manages to endure.
It is but a dream to play as best You can.
Hopefully, it is not a nightmare.
At least, not too often.

Best Friend, Worst Enemy

The mind-body can be its own best friend.
The mind-body can be its own worst enemy.
And imagination, the surreal trickster of either.

The Rippling of Destiny

You can never know the impact your thoughts and deeds have on others.
As the ripples that have impacted You have shaped your world,
Whatever You say and do, radiates who knows where.
How large or small, is a matter of destiny.
Upon how large, how small,
The allotted role in the genetic lottery.
To believe there is choice, free will, is utter fallacy.

On Being Acclaimed or Ignored by the Future Past

Have absolutely no problem being ignored by the future past, I will neither witness nor endure.
Far easier to unobtrusively, anonymously, serenely evaporate back into the unknown,
Than it is to continue grappling with the absurdity, the insanity, the horror,
Imagination has so thoroughly wrought upon this pale blue dot.
My work has been to discern it, and scribe all this.
Yours, to discover it, read it, discern it.
And perchance pass it on.
Do, or do not,
It matters not to me.

That Which Requires No Description

So many words,
So many works,
So many teachings,
To describe over and over,
That which requires no description.

The Nature of the Automaton

Without doubt,
Without skepticism,
Without critical thinking,
What is there but an automaton,
Mimicking, reciting, echoing, spewing.

To in Any Way Imagine Your Self Separate

To in any way imagine your mind-body, your Self, in any way separate
– from this moment, from this right-here-right-now, from this one and only eternity –
How irrational, how ludicrous, how absurd, how meaningless, how insane, how stupid, is that?

Likely in Here Somewhere

Odds are, chances are, it is likely, it is probable, you can expect, you can wager,
That my rejoinder to almost any question, is in here somewhere.
Keyword searches of the pdf's are your best bet.

The Nature of Death

What is death, what is demise, what is passing, what is ruin,
But dissolution, annihilation, expiration, extermination, extinction.
A world, a cosmos, a quantum mirage of space-time, undone,
Of everything the body's sensory-mind has imagined.

What Can Illusion Offer?

What can illusion offer, but endless temporal ecstasies,
What can illusion offer, but endless temporal agonies,
Of every variety imagination is capable of concocting.

Every Moment but a Memory

How quickly everything becomes its memory,
In the streaming, the kaleidoscoping, of imagination.

You Are the Mystery of Eternity

You are the mystery of eternity.
Sit back, and serenely witness the illusion,
Playing out before the given senses of the mind-body,
In which You dwell for a relatively brief window of dreamtime.

The End to All Naming

Anyone who – labels, brands, regards, describes, portrays – themselves anything,
Is well on the way to pretty much missing the entire raison d'être,
Of everything that these writings have pointed to.

The Maelstrom of Vanity and Greed

What a huge burden, what a huge bother,
To be caught up in the vanity-greed maelstrom,
Of power and/or fortune and/or renown.

Embrace the Given Moment

Embrace the given moment.
It is as close to eternity,
As close to your Self,
As You can ever be.

The Real Work of Awakening

Much easier, to follow, to worship, some idolatrous trope,
Than it is to put in the real work, and awaken to your Self.

Black and White v. Shades of Gray

Alas for the many who deeply yearn, deeply long, for a black and white dream,
That the ineffable mystery is permeated with the shades of gray of irony and paradox.
The subtleties, the nuances, the intricacies, the restraints, the fetters – of the ultimate reality,
Are not for the un-doubters, the sheeples, the true believers, sprinting down the road more traveled.

Naught but Ephemeral Imagination

Call it consciousness,
Call it memory,
Call it knowledge,
Call it reflection,
Call it belief,
Call it opinion,
Call it conception,
Call it thought,
Call it cogitation,
Call it sketch,
Call it estimation,
Call it outlook,
Call it view,
Call it perception,
Call it scheme,
Call it hypothesis,
Call it impression,
Call it model,
Call it plot,
Call it blueprint,
Call it idea,
Call it meditation,
Call it contemplation,
Call it idolatry,
Call it theory,
Call it cognizance,
Call it deliberation,
Call it plan,
Call it rumination,
Call it introspection,
Call it design,
Call it notion,
Call it reminiscence,
Call it musing,
Call it recollection,
Call it …
Call it …
Call it …
Call it …
Call it …
Call it anything You please,
It is all naught but ephemeral imagination.

And in All These Truths, so Are You

I am mystery.
I am totality.
I am That I Am.
I am Self.
I am God.
I am awareness.
I am timeless.
I am eternal.
I am spaceless.
I am moment.
I am infinite.
I am infinitesimal.
I am complete.
I am nothing.
I am everything.
I am ineffable.
I am indivisible.
I am indelible.
I am unfathomable.
I am creation.
I am preservation.
I am destruction.
I am unborn.
I am undying.
I am omnipresent.
I am omniscient.
I am omnipotent.
I am eternity.
I am mystery.

And in all these truths, so are You.

In Every Mind Wandered

In every mind, in which You have ever wandered,
In every mind, that has ever witnessed your presence,
You have performed very different, very impromptu parts,
As assigned by the frames of reference of the given beholders.

The Highest State

You have your own dreamtime.
He has his own, and she, hers, and others, theirs.
None, ever even close to being alike, and judgment, what is the point?
Being true to your Self, and allowing others to do the same,
Is the highest state, in this ineffable mystery.

Mitigating the Suffering

The sweet.
The sour.
The bitter.
The good.
The bad.
The ugly.
Taking things as they are,
Mitigates the suffering of existence.

The Limits of Mind

Science has limits.
Mathematics has limits.
Language has limits.
History has limits.

All things imagined have limits.

Of Duality and Nonduality

Duality, is a deity, a God, out there, watching you.
And nonduality, the drop of God, the drop of mystery,
The drop of eternal awareness, You are, looking out.

Both the First and the Last

When imagination is set aside, and eternal awareness takes the helm,
Each and every moment, is, simultaneously, both the first and the last.

The Illusion of Delusion

Your cosmos will do everything it can, to drag You back,
Into whatever illusion your dreamtime delusion inspires.

No Free Passes

Existence is suffering; no one get a free pass.

Re: The Big Questions

Of the big questions, You know so pathetically little,
That it is truly absurd to assume You know anything.

The Unknowable Moment

Eternity is right here, right now, this very moment.

It cannot be seen.
It cannot be touched.
It cannot be tasted.
It cannot be smelled.
It cannot be heard.

It cannot be known by any creation, ever fashioned in its clear awareness.

The Surest Means

Meditation and contemplation are the surest means to discerning this great truth.
To wallow in the dogmas and idolatries, so many consider religion,
Is to entirely miss the mark, of the all, You truly are.

Answering the Beast

Curiosity is an insatiable beast, to which a serene mind, is final answer.

A Rock and You

What does a rock perceive,
What does it do,
And how in quantum,
Is it any different from You?

So Many! So Many!

So many words,
So many works,
So many teachings,
To describe over and over,
That which requires no description.

Perhaps the Greatest Challenge

Is forgetting everything perhaps the greatest challenge?
The imaginary mind-body has a great deal of difficulty,
Surrendering its imaginary self to the eternal moment.

The False Gods of Duality

Duality is a deity, a God, out there somewhere, watching you.
And nonduality, the droplet of God, the droplet of mystery,
The droplet of eternal awareness, You are, peering out.
One is founded on the delusions of vanity and greed.
The other is without any foundation, whatsoever.

Not Good Odds

Estimates indicate that more than 99.9%,
Of all species that have ever lived on Earth,
Totaling billions of species, are now extinct.
Which means, of course, odds are not good,
For most everything You daily witness.

On the Nature of Time

Who can say, whether or not,
The entirety of all creation, has simultaneously happened,
This very instant.

Re: The Expanding Universe

Knowledge appears to make the universe expand further and further,
But how can You expand that, which never existed in the first place?

Quantum Programming

Intelligence is a quantum program, encoded by natural selection, witnessed by awareness.

Imagined Answers

Imagination only has – answers, solutions, explanations – to questions that never needed asking.

Perhaps the Greatest Challenge

Is forgetting everything perhaps the greatest challenge?
The imaginary mind-body has a great deal of difficulty,
Surrendering its imaginary self to the eternal moment.

A Goldilocks Balancing Act

Caring too much.
Caring too little.
Caring just enough.
Too hot, too cold, just right.
A Goldilocks balancing act for all.

The Way of Idolatry

Idolatry comes in every way.
Idolatry comes in every size.
Idolatry comes in every shape.
Idolatry comes in every conception.
That the wiles of imagination can devise.

An Abundance of Predators

Every variety of predator in this planet of the apes dreamtime.
You cannot be too careful, too cautious, too vigilant, too mindful.

The In-the-World-Not-of-It Conundrum

Hard to be in the world, in the cosmos, and not of it.
Imagination is just way too good at sucking the mind back into its dreamtime.
Even sitting alone in a cave would probably not deter it.

What More? What More?

You are the one and only mystery.
What more do You need to know?
What more do You need to see?
What more do You need to hear?
What more do You need to taste?
What more do You need to smell?
What more do You need to touch?
What more do You need to become?
You are the one and only mystery.
What more do You need to be?

Be

Be the moment.
Be the awareness prior to consciousness.
Be right here, be right now.
Be your true Self.
Be eternity.
Be complete.

Naught But a Collection of Memories

What do you feel any passion about,
What do you feel any ecstasy or agony about,
But a collection of memories, that are entirely imagined.

Awakening the Eye in All Who Would See

My work has been to discern it, and scribe all this.
Yours, to discover it, read it, discern it.
And perchance pass it on.
Do, or do not,
It matters not to me.

Avoid the Martyr Thing

Try not to get beaten up and/or crucified.
Martyrdom is neither pretty, nor necessary.
Take time enough to become a garden statue.

Rest Assured It Can Happen

If it has happened anywhere across the world,
In any moment the eternal continuum brandishes,
Rest assured it can happen in your neck of the woods.

Naught but Projection

All thoughts about anyone, about anything,
In your touchy-feely, dreamtime cosmos of a world,
Are but projections of your narcissistic-hedonistic imagination.

A Riposte to the Absurdity

This thesis, this dissertation, this treatise, this opus, will be done when this mind-body is done.
It is my reply, my riposte, to the absurdity, to the futility, to the pointlessness, of this dreamtime.

Of Enlightenment and Liberation

What could be more enlightened, what could be more liberated,
Than an openness to all possibilities, an acceptance of all possibilities.

Regarding Remorse

Of remorse for harmful acts, intentional or otherwise,
All one can really do is apologize, and never do it again.

Right Before Your Eyes

How can You not see, how can You not discern,
What has ever been right before your mind's eye.

As Hard as It Is

Hard as it is to discern,
Hard as it is to accept,
Hard as it is to believe,
Hard as it is to imagine,
All things are on the table.
Quantum knows no bounds.
Awareness, even fewer.

Un Théâtre Magique

Welcome to my little Magic Theatre.
A theme park, filled with irony and paradox.
Built for all who feel the call of their eternal nature.

The Human Lineage

Your ancestors were monkeys.
And before that, they were shrews.
And before that, they were protozoa.
And before that, they were molecules.
And before that, they were radiation.
And before that, they were ether.
And before that, they were You.

As if, before and after, have any reality.

The Cosmic Deception

The entire cosmos is an illusion, as is the mind that perceives it.

Truth Can Never Be a Lie

Just because someone conveyed a lie, and spread it far and wide, has never made it true.

Illeism

Illeism
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Illeism

Illeism (/ˈɪli.ɪzəm/; from Latin ille: "he; that man") is the act of referring to oneself in the third person instead of first person. It is sometimes used in literature as a stylistic device. In real-life usage, illeism can reflect a number of different stylistic intentions or involuntary circumstances.

Accordingly, in certain Eastern religions, like Hinduism, illeism is sometimes seen as a sign of enlightenment, since through it, an individual detaches their eternal self (atman) from their bodily form; in particular, Jnana yoga encourages its practitioners to refer to themselves in the third person.

Known illeists of that sort include:

Anandamayi Ma (1896–1982)
Buddha sometimes referred to himself as either "The Buddha" or "The Tathagata."
Sathya Sai Baba (1926–2011)
Mata Amritanandamayi (born 1953)
Swami Ramanagiri (1921–1955)
Swami Ramdas (1884–1963), Indian saint, philosopher, philanthropist and pilgrim
Rama Tirtha (1873–1906), Indian teacher of Vedanta
Ma Yoga Laxmi, the secretary of Osho
Jesus Christ is found referring to himself as "Jesus" (as well as the "Son of Man"), as in John 17:1–3

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Michael's Rabbit Hole 2026

A Most Fortunate Man

It is unfathomable, how rich-man-on-a-dime a dreamtime, I have been blessed to be given.
So many experiences, so many adventures, so many opportunities, so many travels, so many baubles.
So many friends, so many acquaintances, so many contacts, so many strangers, so many foes.
And peasant roots, and decent family, and simple and austere upbringing, to boot.

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With or Without the Mind-Body

Without the mind-body, where would You, where could You, be?
And with the mind-body, and whatever senses are given,
Who-what-when-where-why-how are You, really?

Breadcrumbs 2026

Discerning the Grace of Eden

Knowledge is the blinder that imagination has woven within consciousness.
Only the most subtle, effortless, awareness of the awareness, frees You.
To see without knowing, is the grace of Eden's reclamation within.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Witness to All Eternity

How could any Supreme Being stand watching this world, for all the time it will take,
To play out, act out, this heavy-on-the-steroids, epoch Shakespearian paradigm-dreamtime.
And all for naught but the merest slice, of all the billions of years it took, to build the set.
The billions of years it took to naturally select, naturally design, the ever-evolving cast.

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The Human Paradigm in a Nutshell

The entire human paradigm, is nothing more than ever-streaming stories, born of imagination.
The you, You pretend You are, is nothing more than a narrative born of imagination.
Eternity is but the very right-here-right-now, indivisible, indelible moment,
In which no narrative can hold ground, but for imaginary assertion.

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An Illusion From the Get-Go

The clock is not real, the calendar is not real,
Nor is your face, nor your body, nor your mind.
It has all been a quantum illusion from the get-go.
To awaken, is to see the moment for what it is.
To be free, is to surf eternity's dreamtime,
With a mindset inclined to stillness.

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The Weavers of Mind

Sight.
Sound.
Feeling.
Smell.
Taste.

The weavers of mind.

And that is just in the human context.

Breadcrumbs 2026

In the Ultimate Context

See it or not, everything is equally the same quantum mystery.
All vanity, all greed, all desire and fear and dread, all passion plays,
Mean absolutely nothing – nil-nada-zippo-zilch – in the ultimate context.

Breadcrumbs 2026

To Resist, or Not to Resist

If You had head on the pillow, knowing You were never to awaken again,
Would You struggle to remain awake, or willingly give over to oblivion?

Breadcrumbs 2026

No Leaders, No Followers

There is nobody to lead, there is nobody to follow.
Do not make it about anyone, about anything,
But the ineffable mystery, You truly are.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Hunting Mind

The taste trap.
The smell trap.
The vision trap.
The sound trap.
The feeling trap.
Mind, the hunter.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Vain, Greedy, Insatiable

Imagination is a vain, greedy, insatiable beast.
The startup instincts, magnified beyond all pales.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Ixnay on Duality

The absolute is without yes or no, good or bad, wet or dry, thick or thin,
Hot or cold, near or far, right or wrong, black or white, this or that.
It is without duality … in any way, in any size, in any shape.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Final Solution

So much is imagined.
So much is arbitrary.
So much is subjective.
So much is random.
So much is uninformed.
So much is illogical.
So much is capricious.
So much is indiscriminate.
So much is haphazard.
So much is unpredictable.
So much is changeable.
So much is variable.
So much is impulsive.
So much is whimsical.
So much is unreliable.
So much is fickle.
So much is erratic.
So much is wayward.
So much is flighty.
So much is thoughtless.
So much is impetuous.
So much is muddled.
So much is imprudent.
So much is precipitous.
So much is rash.
So much is reckless.
So much is irresponsible.
So much is madcap.
So much is disordered.
So much is hasty.
So much is confused.
So much is messy.
So much is spontaneous.
So much is frenzied.
So much is unruly.
So much is tumultuous.
So much is chance.
So much is disorganized.
So much is anarchic.
So much is chaotic.

Oblivion, the only solution.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Awareness is ...

Without individuality.
Without character.
Without space.
Without time.
Without desire.
Without fear.
Without contrast.
Without dread.
Without concern.
Without division.
Without notion.
Without perception.
Without opinion.
Without instinct.
Without impulse.
Without faith.
Without principle.
Without urge.
Without creed.
Without certainty.
Without trust.
Without dogma.
Without assumption.
Without light
Without animation.
Without life.
Without death.
Without personality.
Without sound.
Without dark.
Without hope.
Without speculation.
Without despair.
Without ambition.
Without self.
Without identity.
Without potential.
Without plan.
Without belief.
Without concept.
Without anything.
Within everything.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Times Beyond Counting

Why would any God, why would any deities, any idols, ever need to further judge,
What most if not all monkey minds, have no-doubt done, times beyond counting.
And, no doubt, all the imagined hells and purgatories are chock-full of misery.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Futility of Argument

Arguing over illusion is about
– as meaningless, as pointless, as irrational, as futile, as absurd –
As it can possibly get.

Breadcrumbs 2026

An Unfathomable Reality

What is called space, time, continuum,
Is but quantum dreamtime, quantum illusion.
The clay of stardust taking every form,
In the ineffable ether of eternity.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Notions That Blind

Duality, individuality.
Dualism, individualism.
Dualistic, individualistic.
Notions that blind the mind.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Endgame Challenge

To discern it, to breath it, to kaleidoscope it – illusion – every streaming moment,
Is the challenge for all born to – see it, hear it, taste it, smell it, feel it – as one.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Re: Ethics in Warfare

Ethics in warfare is an absurd oxymoron.
It is a deadly game, that ultimately has very clear goals: domination and/or annihilation.
What matter, really, how it is done?

Breadcrumbs 2026

What Need for an Ultimate Answer?

Whether considered a religion or a cult, with an unassailable belief system,
Whether laced with scientific or mathematical or engineering certainty,
The real issue is why the monkey-mind is so bound and determined,
To concoct an ultimate answer to a mystery beyond all definition.
What need would the mystery, ever have, to define its enigma?

Breadcrumbs 2026

Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow

The moment, the mystery, is the same today,
As the moment, the mystery, was yesterday,
As the moment, the mystery, will be tomorrow.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Reality of Future Past

Future and past are nothing more than projections of imagination.
The eternal omnipresent, the eternal moment, is untouched by either.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Think About It

How can we be sure Eve is to blame for picking the forbidden fruit way back when,
When there is not even one selfie or artificially-intelligenced video posted on Youtube?
How can anyone believe a folktale written who knows how many thousands of years later?

Breadcrumbs 2026

Poets v. Aphorists

One of the differences between poets and aphorists,
Is that one can often be left unsure the poet's meaning,
Whereas a say-it-as-it-is aphorist leaves little or no doubt.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The True Believer

Undiscerning
Sucker
Credulous
Mark
Unsuspecting
Victim
Fall guy
Thoughtless
Dupe
Uncritical
Naive
Unsophisticated
Gullible
Irrational
Green
Foolish
Unwise
Susceptible
Trusting
Accepting
Imprudent
Impressionable
Innocent

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Choiceless Choices of All Fates

All fates are the result, the outcome, the consequence,
Of all the choiceless choices, it took to reach the finish line.
How is it any minds truly believe they have any say in their fate?

Breadcrumbs 2026

Place Your Bet

What bet with your fated future, are You going to make, down that fork in your pathless path?

Breadcrumbs 2026

Symbiosis 101

The illusion requires imagination, and imagination, illusion.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Mindfulness Required

So much oxygen deprivation everywhere.
Imagination cannot breathe for anyone.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Freedom's Way

Only in the empty tablet of tabula rasa, are You free.
Attentive, sound, yogic breathing, a pretty-sure means.

Breadcrumbs 2026

One Unborn-Undying Truth

There is but one ultimate truth, one unborn-undying, one mystery,
And it holds steady, holds fast, holds true, in any and all dimensions.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Connecting the Dots

The quantum mind is adept at connecting dots; often into great horrors, great absurdities.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Casting Forth Into the Omnipresence

All the desire, all the fear, all the dread, all the passion, are but projections of imagination,
Casting forth its space-time illusion-delusion, in the omnipresence of the eternal moment.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Closest Thing to Immortality

Despite all vanity and greed and passion to the contrary,
Any given container is merely a means for the given helix of DNA,
To continue and continue and continue, on and on and on,
For as long as the nature-nurture of fate allows.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Assume Nothing

Never assume You are being watched.
Never assume You are not being watched.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Questions of a Quantum Dream

Questions of a quantum dream, what do, with what You see.
Questions of a quantum dream, what do, with what You hear.
Questions of a quantum dream, what do, with what You smell.
Questions of a quantum dream, what do, with what You taste.
Questions of a quantum dream, what do, with what You feel.
Questions of a quantum dream, what do, with what You think.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Futility of the Game of Thrones

A worldwide game of thrones, spewing every imaginable this-way-and-that.
What point, all the vanities, all the greed, all the horrors, all the seven deadlies?

Breadcrumbs 2026

All Nothing More Than Quantum Illusion

The mind's scrutiny, perceives a world, perceives a cosmos,
Creates a narrative, and spins it over and over, in the given reverie.
And You, naught but an imaginary thespian, imagining it all real, it all true.
Playing impromptu with whatever nature-nurture, whatever cards, have been dealt.
And the essential, cardinal truth, when all is said, when all is done,
Is that it is all nothing more than quantum illusion.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Of Eternity in the Day-to-Day Moment

Is it possible to make the oblivion of eternity,
The default setting, in this theater of conscious design?
To see everything eternally.
To hear everything eternally.
To smell everything eternally.
To taste everything eternally.
To feel everything eternally.
To think everything eternally.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Grand Indivisibility

All creation requires some level of destruction,
And all destruction renders some form of creation.
All ever-changing, ever-morphing, ever-kaleidoscoping,
Indivisibly, in the unfathomable quantum dreamtime of it all.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Wafting Through Eternity

What are You really, truly, actually, essentially, indivisibly,
But quantum, kaleidoscoping through the stillness, the mystery, of eternity.
Naught but spaceless, timeless, unborn, undying stardust,
Come unto the illusion of existence.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Make-Believe of Perception

The path behind, the path ahead … ever pathless,
Through the oblivion of eternity's spaceless-timeless-wayless.
No memory any younger, no memory any older, in any mind's reminiscence.
Recordings, impressions, notions, remnants – etched in the neural eyes of the quantum matrix.
Imaginary, arbitrary, subjective, whimsical, haphazard, capricious perceptions.
All make-believe … nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Neither Yours nor Mine

Of this vast mystery, it can be over and over and over said,
It is neither your imagination, nor my imagination.
It is neither your ineffable, nor my ineffable.
It is neither your dream, nor my dream.
It is just a théâtre de l'illusion.
A théâtre de l'absurde.
Le théâtre de Toi.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Imagination's Endless Poof

What any other thinks of You,
What You think of yourself,
What You think of your dreamtime,
Is nothing more than the poof of imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2026

An Invention of Yesterday

What is the insatiable mind, ensnared in its matrix of space and time,
The insatiable mind, an invention of yesterday, every future past moment doing,
But desiring-fearing-dreading, the story, the narrative, the chronicle, the frame of reference,
Imagination every moment envisions, every moment projects, every moment usurps,
As a steadfast, resolute reality, that it has never been, that it will never be.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Everything Ever the Same

It is the same eternity it has ever been.
It is the same moment it has ever been.
It is the same omnipresence it has ever been.
It is the same nonduality it has ever been.
It is the same nowness it has ever been.
It is the same isness it has ever been.
It is the same timeless it has ever been.
It is the same spaceless it has ever been.
It is the same instant it has ever been.
It is the same immeasurable it has ever been.
It is the same magical it has ever been.
It is the same oblivion it has ever been.
It is the same omniscience it has ever been.
It is the same nameless it has ever been.
It is the same enigma it has ever been.
It is the same anonymity it has ever been.
It is the same unborn it has ever been.
It is the same undying it has ever been.
It is the same indivisible it has ever been.
It is the same unfathomable it has ever been.
It is the same indelible it has ever been.
It is the same ineffable it has ever been.
It is the same kaleidoscoping it has ever been.
It is the same matrix it has ever been.
It is the same awareness it has ever been.
It is the same quantum it has ever been.
It is the same inexplicable it has ever been.
It is the same infinity it has ever been.
It is the same infinitesimal it has ever been.
It is the same interminable it has ever been.
It is the same formless it has ever been.
It is the same abyss it has ever been.
It is the same ephemerality it has ever been.
It is the same unknown it has ever been.
It is the same stillness it has ever been.
It is the same omnipotence it has ever been.
It is the same absolute it has ever been.
It is the same singularity it has ever been.
It is the same aloneness it has ever been.
It is the same dreamtime it has ever been.
It is the same truth it has ever been.
It is the same mystery it has ever been.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Worldly Mind v. the Eternal Mind

The insatiable mind every moment consumes through the lens of its frame of reference.
What does it take, to change the default setting, from the worldly mind, to the eternal one?
Only by stilling, the desires, the fears, the dreads, is it possible to be the moment, You truly are.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Creation of a Mind and Five Senses

Observe closely the ever-changing quantum matrix,
Every moment kaleidoscoping before your five measly senses.
Yes, even that rock is morphing as surely as You are.

Breadcrumbs 2026

An Every-Moment Creation

Your world, your cosmos, is created every time You see it.
Your world, your cosmos, is created every time You hear it.
Your world, your cosmos, is created every time You taste it.
Your world, your cosmos, is created every time You smell it.
Your world, your cosmos, is created every time You touch it.
Your world, your cosmos, is created every time You think it.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Neither Access nor Control

Imagination has no access to, nor control of, the one and only answer.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Renown of the Pathetic

How many lives of the rich and famous and powerful have You seen,
That do not in their endless theatrics, boil down to something unenviably pathetic?
That we laud them with such fanfare and renown, says far more about us than it ever will them.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The ‘Real Enough’ of the Eternal Moment

How long can the busy-busy mind,
Endure the stillness, for which it imagines it longs?
Illusion that dreamtime ever is, it every moment, seems real enough.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Once Upon a Timeless

Quit imagining You truly-really know anything,
And get back to that tabula rasa newborn,
You once upon a timeless were.

Breadcrumbs 2026

A Long Timeless

A minute is sixty seconds.
An hour is sixty minutes.
A day is twenty-four hours.
A week is seven days.
A month is four-ish weeks.
A year is twelve months.
A decade is ten years.
A century is ten decades.
A millennium is ten centuries.
A million years is one thousand millenniums.
A billion years is one thousand millions.

The moment is a long timeless.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Stardust in You

The quantum matrix, in which all creation is made manifest,
Is ever the same, can never become more, can never become less.
The same atoms that were once stars and dinosaurs, are in You, as well.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Unto the Last Wheezing Breath

Why do so many take it to some bitter end?
Endure so much agony, so much suffering, so much sorrow,
But because they have not sated the hunger for the dream to which they cling.
Wring their meager, wretched existence, to the last possible drop.
Milk one more tomorrow into one more yesterday.
Unto the last, final, wheezing breath.
And for what, really?

Breadcrumbs 2026

Attaining Eternal Salvation

To let one's guard down,
To be open, to be vulnerable,
Is the reality of the ageless moment.
The reality, the spontaneity of eternal life.
The return to the origin of all creation.
Eternal salvation in every moment.
The kingdom of heaven on earth.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Ever the Same

The moment, the mystery, is the same today,
As the moment, the mystery, was yesterday,
As the moment, the mystery, will be tomorrow.

As if space and time existed, as more than a figment of imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Soul in All

If there is that which is called a soul, that divinity which is given countless names, it is
– Equally, indisputably, undeniably, irrevocably, indivisibly, indelibly, unfathomably, ineffably –
The eternal awareness, the eternal absoluteness, the eternal eternity, in all things infinitesimal to infinite.

Breadcrumbs 2026

A No-Regret Existence

Socrates, as scribed by Plato, is rumored to have said:
"Marriage or celibacy, let a man take whichever course, he will be sure to regret it."
And what of the non-marriage-non-celibate, no-regret choices,
These modern moments have allowed?

Breadcrumbs 2026

Measuring Illusion

Measuring illusion in every imaginable ways and means,
Has drawn the paradigm down its long and winding Yellow Brick Road,
Since long before the first etchings of so-called civilization.

Breadcrumbs 2026

A Nonsensical Belief

To believe any deity is out there judging anyone or anything,
Is the most nonsensical thing imagination has ever concocted.

Breadcrumbs 2026

An All-Inclusive Mystery

Every life form plays out a unique, matchless destiny,
And all are but kaleidoscoping swirlings of the same mystery.
What need for any dogma, when awareness is the one and only way.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Reality of Ethical Choices

How often does the wage-slave-salary-slave paycheck, find a way to
– Set aside, put off, shelve, reject, dismiss, suspend, postpone, stall, rearrange, delay –
The charade, the pretense, the invention, the sham, the make-believe, the absurdity, of ethical choices.
Ultimately, little more than the luxury, the harvest, of a full belly and a safe harbor.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Storytellers of History

History has always been spoken and written and sung and painted and sculpted by storytellers.
Those talented enough, to set forth their perceptions, in whatever medium calls them.
All projecting their frames of reference, into every imaginary manifestation.
No guarantees, no warranties, as to how well, or how accurately.

Breadcrumbs 2026

How Can You Not Doubt Everything?

How can You not doubt, what You cannot see for your Self?
How can You not doubt, what You cannot hear for your Self?
How can You not doubt, what You cannot taste for your Self?
How can You not doubt, what You cannot smell for your Self?
How can You not doubt, what You cannot touch for your Self?
How can You not doubt, what You cannot think for your Self?

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Default Setting

Make your Self,
Make your ultimate,
Make your awareness,
Make your right here,
Make your right now,
Make your moment,
Make your eternity,
The default setting.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Equality of All

How can You not discern that your biology,
Is in no way, greater or lesser,
Than any other creature in this dreamtime?
All are equally manifest of the same unborn-undying mystery.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Eternal Treasure of Aloneness

How is it, the aloneness, the solitude, the sovereignty, the absoluteness,
That is universally, infinitely, infinitesimally, inherent in all,
Is not heralded as the eternal treasure that it is?

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Truth of All Measurement

Every measurement that mind can imagine,
Means diddly-squat to the quantum matrix,
Or the awareness through which it reckons.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Great Diddly-Squat

Every measurement that mind can imagine,
Means diddly-squat to the quantum matrix,
Or the awareness through which it reckons.

Breadcrumbs 2026

A Notional Existence

This moment, this right here, this right now,
Is the only point that you can say You are alive.
The future past imaginary you, conditioned by time,
Has never come close, despite all narcissistic assertions.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Truth of All Destinies

How is it any mind truly believes it has any say in its fate?
The dreamtime is for all to play out as their nature-nurture deigns.
To declare any choice, in any of it, is an exceedingly dubious assumption.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Averting the Road to Extinction

Even if our kind could somehow change, could somehow tweak, its modus operandi,
Into what shoulda-coulda-woulda, shoulda-coulda-woulda, it possibly be,
That would set it upon a sane course, upon a rational tack,
That would waylay its race to extinction.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Of the Glaringly Obvious

How can the ultimate truth that the moment is, be so glaringly obvious,
And yet, so many, so irrationally, so mindlessly, so absurdly, blind to it?

Breadcrumbs 2026

See It or Not

Aware of it or not, the moment is omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent.
Ever the same indivisible, indelible, unfathomable awareness.
Ever the same unborn, undying, changeless eternity.
Ever the same You, that has ever been.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Eternal Life of Eternity

Let it all go, and there You are.
Pure, immaculate, flawless, faultless, pristine, impeccable, perfect awareness.
Tabula rasa, the eternal life of eternity.

Breadcrumbs 2026

From the First Etchings

From its first etchings in the jungles of long ago,
Imagination has carved a fate, a destiny, an upshot, a consequence,
From which it cannot in any way deviate, in which all choice is but illusion's delusion.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Irony! Paradox!

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Breadcrumbs 2026

Like Clouds Through Ether

By whatever sound, whatever vibration, it is labeled
– Consciousness, thought, knowledge, idea, concept, memory –
All things of mind are naught but temporal fabrications of imagination.
Only the indelible awareness of the moment is, and is not, real.
And imagination, but clouds wafting through its ether.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Sculptor and the Sculpture

How can the sculptor and the sculpture, not be one in the same?

Breadcrumbs 2026

Of Gain and Loss

Life is full of gain, life is full of loss.
Transcending both requires a fair amount of detachment.
An artful dance, to which a great deal of attention is required, to navigate it well.
A long and winding kaleidoscoping, which birth begins, and death ends.
Ultimately, is existence any more than a zero-sum dreamtime?

Breadcrumbs 2026

Redesigning Intelligent Design

How did some supreme being generate this universe and our garden orb?
In one eight-day madcap rush, or a pain-staking process, requiring billions of years,
Of natural selection, mutation, nature-nurture … all random, haphazard, unplanned, arbitrary,
Chaotic, disorganized, casual, muddled, disorderly, slapdash, accidental, in every which-way imaginable.
What is any creation but a process, a painter with a blank canvas, a sculptor with a just-quarried rock.
Deliberate design, or chaotic design, which is truly more likely, which is truly more intelligent?
Surely, however this mystery came to be, it is present in every thread of its vast weaving.
A quantum matrix of creation and preservation and destruction, every bit of it, You.
A mystery, kaleidoscoping through the immensity of your eternal awareness.

Breadcrumbs 2026

An Unfathomable Dreamtime

What is this quantum cosmos, this quantum world, this quantum mind-body,
But an unfathomable, three-dimensional, kaleidoscoping dream of space and time,
Created and maintained and inspired, by however many senses,
Any given merry-go-round is bequeathed.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Darwin 101 of Adaptation

The ability to adapt, to whatever challenges might arise, is a paramount skill,
For all intending to endure, to survive, to perhaps even thrive,
Any given moment in this mystery dreamtime.
There is no shortage of misery, of pain and suffering,
For those unable, unwilling to change, as the moment calls.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Grand Monopoly Game

In the grand Monopoly Game of this dreamtime,
Eventually only the zealous and astute are going round and round,
And all the rest are either loyal minions, or living on the streets, begging for change,
Around and about the red hotels and green houses dotting the board.

Breadcrumbs 2026

From Frank Herbert's 'Dune'
Bene Gesserit: The Litany Against Fear

I must not fear.
Fear is the mind-killer.
Fear is the little-death that brings total obliteration.
I will face my fear.
I will permit it to pass over me and through me.
And when it has gone past, I will turn the inner eye to see its path.
Where the fear has gone there will be nothing.
Only I will remain.

Breadcrumbs 2026

A Fate Long-Ago Determined

Whatever it is, You are 'supposed' to be doing,
You are already doing this right here, this right now.
Your destiny is unwrapping exactly as was determined,
In that long-before-time roll of the quantum dice.
Call it Genesis, call it Big Bang, same upshot.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Discernment Required

All living things, small to great, already inherently have eternal life.
Surrendering to the eternal moment, to the eternal now, is all any need do.
For the spaceless-timeless, for the unborn-undying, to reign absolute,
Requires a focused discernment, prior to any and all description.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The True Nature of Reincarnation

Every moment that You imagine yourself to be tangible,
Imagine your entire existence, your entire array of perceptions, an actuality,
You – reincarnate, rejuvenate, restore, revitalize, re-embody, reawaken – an imaginary persona,
Within the gray matter, within the neuron matrix, within that cranium.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Religion (a.k.a., Idolatry)

What so many of our species have called religion throughout its migratory walkabout,
Has really been nothing more than obsessive idolatry, fanatical adulation,
Rehashed in every make and model, every cultish derivative,
That imagination can conceivably fabricate.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Discerning the Perfection

It is in the unborn-undying, indivisible moment,
In the right here, right now of awareness,
That You discern your perfection.

Breadcrumbs 2026

To Be Remembered

To be remembered by anyone,
Requires some level of notoriety,
In whatever way the perceiver deigns.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Last Vanity

The last vanity in this grand illusion,
Will be right before the last awakening.
Which means, of course, pretty much never.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Moment's Impenetrability

All those sounds You use to describe, to illustrate, to label,
Your imaginary self, your imaginary world, your imaginary cosmos,
Cannot, even for a moment – penetrate, infiltrate, breach – the eternal moment.

Breadcrumbs 2026

If We Should Meet Again

If you want to believe your vain, greedy existence, has some meaning, has some purpose,
If you want to believe you have free will, or that the human paradigm is some divine orchestration,
Believe me, that I do not at all care, and will not waste energy to convince you otherwise.
Believe me, that I do not consider you anything more than absurdly delusional,
And will be only too happy, if we ever happen to spend time again,
To never examine anything remotely or vaguely serious.
The futility would only invoke the absurdity.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Domain of the Liberated Mind

Truth is not light.
Truth is not dark.
Truth is not sound.
Truth is not a concept.
Truth is not a belief system.
Truth is not tainted by dogma.
Truth is not attached to vain idols.
Truth is not possessed by any religion.
Truth is not constrained by space and time.
Truth is not compelled by any quantum creation.
Truth is within each and every unborn-undying moment.
Unfettered by any and all imaginary perceptions.
Discerned only by the dispassionate minds,
Given over to the serene awareness.
Given over to the beingness.
Given over to the here.
Given over to the now.
Given over to eternal life.
The all in one, the one in all.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Components of Groupthink

Innocence, ignorance, delusion, absurdity – major components of most any groupthink.
No point getting all bent out of shape, debating with a species sprinting toward oblivion.
Like wresting with a pig in a mudhole – the pig is right at home, grunting away in ecstasy.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Be What You Are

You are the cosmos, the cosmos is You.
You are the indivisible, the indivisible is You.
You are the ineffable, the ineffable is You.
You are the immaculate, the immaculate is You.
You are the unfathomable, the unfathomable is You.
You are the indelible, the indelible is You.
You are the unknowable, the unknowable is You.
You are the intangible, the intangible is You.
You are the flawless, the flawless is You.
You are the emptiness, the emptiness is You.
You are the blameless, the blameless is You.
You are the unborn, the unborn is You.
You are the undying, the undying is You.
You are the inexpressible, the inexpressible is You.
You are the indefinable, the indefinable is You.
You are the spaceless, the spaceless is You.
You are the timeless, the timeless is You.
You are the indiscernible, the indiscernible is You.
You are the unutterable, the unutterable is You.
You are the absolute, the absolute is You.
You are the matchless, the matchless is You.
You are the unimaginable, the unimaginable is You.
You are the infinite, the infinite is You.
You are the infinitesimal, the infinitesimal is You.
You are the nothingness, the nothingness is You.
You are the ageless, the ageless is You.
You are the everlasting, the everlasting is You.
You are the aloneness, the aloneness is You.
You are the indefinable, the indefinable is You.
You are the perpetual, the perpetual is You.
You are the nameless, the nameless is You.
You are the impenetrable, the impenetrable is You.
You are the enigmatic, the enigmatic is You.
You are the imperceptible, the imperceptible is You.
You are the oblivion, the oblivion is You.
You are the inscrutable, the inscrutable is You.
You are the indecipherable, the indecipherable is You.
You are the impeccable, the impeccable is You.
You are the unreadable, the unreadable is You.
You are the detached, the detached is You.
You are the unrivaled, the unrivaled is You.
You are the mystery, the mystery is You.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Brahman Without Qualities

‘Brahman without qualities' is all that is left,
For minds that have deeply delved into this dreamtime illusion.
Anything that promotes duality in this quantum matrix, is delusional – best ignored.
Writings such as these will only rarely be pondered, but their spontaneous creation passes the moment,
Of those whose red-pill destinies, have called them to pass the pipe.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Imagination’s Bent for Denial

All divisions, all boundaries, all demarcations, all discords,
Are born of imagination unwillingness, of imagination's inability,
To distinguish, to recognize, to fathom, to accept, to embrace,
The eternity, through which it seamlessly kaleidoscopes.
That all divisions mean squat to the mystery we are.

Breadcrumbs 2026

How You Are Here Now

Big Bang
Natural Selection
Adaptation
Mutation
Common Ancestor
Nature-Nurture
Genetic Drift
Imagination

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Awareness You Truly Are

This frame of reference – of memories, of perceptions, of insights – that You consider your life,
What is it, really, but a prison of imagination, to which the conditioned mind clings.
Aware of it or not, the imaginary you, is merely a temporal dreamtime,
Of the quantum matrix, kaleidoscoping through the awareness, You truly are.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Where True Believers Tread

What a thing to be such a deaf and blind true believer, as to give in to whatever the absurdity,
To such a degree, as to be willing to act out most every possible passion,
Without question, without doubt, without regret.

Breadcrumbs 2026

A Crunchy-Chewy-Gooey Bag

What is any monkey-mind, but a crunchy-chewy-gooey bag of nature-nurtured,
Habits, addictions, dependencies, problems, weaknesses, obsessions, and fixations.
Is this pedestrian, space and time continuum existence, really anything more,
Than the mystery of awareness involuntarily playing out whatever role,
The genetic lottery of the quantum matrix has cast centerstage.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The True Rebirth

It is the ineffable You that is reborn again and again, not the imaginary you.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Choicelessness of Fate

How is it that any imaginary mind can truly believe that it has any say in its fate?

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Truth of Natural Selection

Every decision You make, every move You make, every breath You take,
Is a process of natural selection that has seamlessly played out,
Since however, whenever, this cosmos began.
Everything is an inseparable element of the eternal process.
Ever unknowable, ever indivisible, ever indelible, ever unborn, ever undying.
It is only consciousness, it is only imagination, that, in every way, slices and dices the quantum pie.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Last Vanity

Is suicide really anything more than the eternal spirit,
Deciding it neither needs, nor wants, to imagine anything, anymore.
That it no longer needs nor wants to endure the vain, greedy, often tortured existence.
The spaceless-timeless dream, into which it was involuntarily cast,
By the Great Quantum's genetic lottery.

Breadcrumbs 2026

How Long is a Day?

How long was a day when God took six of them to genesis the cosmos?
Modern science puts it in the neighborhood of 13.8 billion years.
Divided by six would make a day about 2.3 billion years.
And the seventh to watch the human spawn make a mess of it.

Breadcrumbs 2026

So Many Ways to See It

Are You, you, observing the cosmos?
Are You, you, observing eternity?
Or are You eternity, observing You?
Or are You eternity, observing its Self?
Or all of the above, as the dreamtime calls.

Breadcrumbs 2026

An Unstoppable Process

Every existence is a kaleidoscoping birth-to-death process.
Unborn, undying, indelible, indivisible, all the while.
Resistance is futile, attachment is meaningless.
None can in any way change their destiny.
None can in any way slow their fate.
All denial, all yearning, all story-telling,
Are but the delusionary harbors of imagination.
Butterflies attached to being caterpillars would never fly.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Let There Be No Doubt

Do not doubt, the prior to consciousness, the prior to quantum, You truly are.
Call it mystery, call it awareness, call it now, call it God, call it what is, call it whatever.
The ocean of sound, saturated with concepts, does not matter, has never mattered, will never matter.
You are That I Am, there is no other, has never been another, will never be another.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The One and Only Witness

This mind-body is not what You are.
This pale blue dot is not what You are.
This entire universe is not what You are.
You are far too infinite, far too infinitesimal,
To be anything, but every quantum of it,
Every unborn-undying speck of it.
And not any of it, all the while,
For You are but awareness.
Witness to the mystery,
You, for all eternity, are,
Have ever been, will ever be.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Predators v. Prey

The predators long ago realized how simple it was,
To beguile and control and fleece the mindless sheeples.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Eternal Life in Every Moment

You already have eternal life, You have always had it, You always will.
It is the distracting nature of imagination that deprives You from seeing it.
All that is required is to let go of everything, to die to the imaginary little self.
Just still that busy-busy mind, and You will discern quite clearly, the Self.
The pure awareness, that You truly are, have ever been, will ever be.

Breadcrumbs 2026

An Accelerating-Exponential Sprint

The illusional-delusional mind is in an accelerating-exponential sprint to extinction.
You are not required to embrace all the industries, all the technologies,
Driving all the other lemmings into the dystopian shoals.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Is There Existence After Death?

Is there some sort of existence after the mind-body falls away?
What point any claim, if You do not really know for your Self?

Breadcrumbs 2026

Not Too Many Volunteers

Many go on and on, about dying and going to heaven,
But not many are jumping up and down to meet their God.

Breadcrumbs 2026

A God-Eat-God Cosmos

The all-in-one-one-in-all of the ultimate reality,
Most definitely does not imply all-for-one-one-for-all,
In this very Darwinian world, this very God-eat-God cosmos.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Curse of the Creative Mind

You may have merely done it,
Because You were bored out of your mind.
Creative minds require the sustenance of perpetual change.
A life crammed into the tedium of routine, can be akin to a death sentence.
Is it any wonder so many numb themselves sitting on barstools,
Or end it all, with rocks in the pocket, or a bullet?

Breadcrumbs 2026

Come That Judgment Moment

If You have spent your existence embracing absurdity, what makes you so sure,
You will be eligible for one that requires intelligence, rationality, lucidity, generosity?
Do You really believe some deity is going to look at your life, and tip the scales in your favor,
Without your having done the real work required (i.e., meditation, contemplation, miscellaneous other).

Breadcrumbs 2026

Who Came up With Those Assumptions?

Who was it, first came up with all the assumptions, all the suppositions,
That there is a meaning, that there is a purpose, to existence?
And that an ethical life, is for some reason virtuous?
All the absurdities imagination hath wrought,
Are like rivers carrying debris from mountain to sea.
The burdens of history, of belief, of tradition, are without end.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Ether You Are

You are not the earth.
You are not the wind.
You are not the water.
You are not the fire.
You are not the quantum.
You are the ether of awareness,
Through which all things waft like clouds.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Fruit of the Metaphorical Tree

How easy to think of space and time, as somehow being distinct, unconnected,
When their actuality is truly an indivisible quantum continuum,
Eternity, separate only in imaginary notion.
Barren fruit of the metaphorical Tree of Knowledge.
Only by realizing eternal awareness, can one return to the garden.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Ever the Same Eternal Moment

In the beginning, in the end, and everything between,
And everything before and after, as well,
All the streaming of moments,
Exactly the same as this one, right here, right now.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Truth of All Destinies

Change your fate, your destiny, however You will,
That is only the direction it was headed, anyway.

Breadcrumbs 2026

To Thine Own Eye

To thine own eye, thine own mind, be true.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Indivisibility of Eternity

All causes are effects, all effects are causes.
All creation is destruction, all destruction is creation.
All beginnings are endings, all endings are beginnings.
The indivisibility of eternity is without distinction.

Breadcrumbs 2026

A Supreme Beingness

Yes, Virginia, there is a supreme beingness,
And You are, in no way or shape or form, separate from it.
Which means, of course, that You are it, have ever been it, will ever be it.
No, not some old bearded guy, keeping naughty-nice lists,
Throwing down thunderbolts from on-high.

Breadcrumbs 2026

In the World, But Not of It

Outwardly, in this unfathomable, indivisible, quantum dreamtime,
You must generally feign being an identity, while wandering the given stage.
But inwardly, You can be as detached, as indifferent, as free, as your state of mind allows.
The challenge of this razor's edge, between the perceptible and the imperceptible,
Is transitioning back and forth between the limited and the boundless,
Because all the familiar, conditioned, habituated responses,
Are prone to wiping away all traces of liberation,
At the draw of an inattentive breath,
A blink of the eye eternal.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Just a Moment

How long is a second?
How long is a minute?
How long is an hour?
How long is a day?
How long is a week?
How long is a month?
How long is a year?
How long is a decade?
How long is a century?
How long is a millennium?
How long is a million years?
How long is a billion years?
How long is a trillion years?
How long is a gazillion years?

Surely, no longer than a moment.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Where You Always Are

You have got to be somewhere.
Pretty unlikely it will ever be anywhere,
But this very right here, right now.
This very indelible moment.

Breadcrumbs 2026

If You Were God

If You were God, what would You do?
How would You use your power, your dominion,
Your omniscience, your omnipotence, your omnipresence,
Over all life forms, small to great, in all the dimensions of your vastness.
How would You not just allow it all naturally-select itself, as it is.
Like dice rolling across the craps table, falling as they will.
And You, solitary witness to it all, for all eternity.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Projecting Reality

Who does not project their world, their cosmos,
Their beliefs, their values, their conditioning,
Their habituation, their frame of reference,
On everyone they meet, on everything they do.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Nature of Desire

Physical desires are satisfiable.
But for discipline and principled restraint,
Psychological appetites are prone to running amok.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Taste of Grace

In this ever-kaleidoscoping, spaceless, timeless, eternal moment,
You are that which is supreme, absolute, that which is God.
The dogmatic memory of which, is the fall from grace,
That got us metaphorically kicked out of the garden,
When imagination picked the fruit of knowledge,
That has led to the quagmire we have created.
Stop sucking and chewing on that all the time,
And You might restore at least a taste of the grace.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Forever Here and Gone

Now, right now, this very right now, no matter what might be going on,
Is all You have, all You have ever had, all You will ever have.
And it is here and gone, as swiftly as it happenstanced.
How quickly everything becomes its memory,
In the streaming, the kaleidoscoping, of imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Changing Destinies

So many things You might have done differently.
But then, your destiny would not be the one,
You were dealt, way back in genesis.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Great Dice Throw

In the great dice throw of Genesis,
However You believe it came to be,
It was inevitable that Mother Nature,
Would eventually roll out a cancer,
That had the capacity and wit,
To consume, to destroy,
Anything and everything.

Breadcrumbs 2026

One Mind to Rule Them All

Light requires an eye to be seen.
Sound requires an ear to be heard.
Flavor requires a tongue to be tasted.
Touch requires an epidermis to be felt.
Fragrance requires a nose to be smelled.
Thought requires a brain to be formulated.
And in a mind, a world, a cosmos, is created.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Art of Timeless Living

You have been – conditioned, shaped, trained, seasoned, acclimatized,
Habituated, prepared, inured, hardened – genetically and socially,
To be concerned, what others may or may not think of You.
Up to now, this has often tortured You in many ways.
So, the question is, can You function agelessly,
Without the travail, such nature-nurtured thoughts bring?

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Sponges of Dreamtime

The infant, a sponge of its sensory feed,
Observes from the tabula rasa of eternal awareness,
As its given environment's ambiance, imprints upon its brain,
A subjective framework, to which it will subscribe,
For the remainder of its secular dreamtime.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Seriously?

You really believe your paltry little noggin,
Can comprehend, can wrap that wee head around,
All the potential possibilities, in this ineffable mystery?
That You have any say, what the source, can and cannot do?

Seriously?

Breadcrumbs 2026

The March of Illusion

Of course, there is one God, one upwelling, call it what You will,
And we, and all creatures small to great, are all equally of it.
All life is its eyes and ears, and whatever sensory readers,
It has created in the long and winding, one-step-at-a-time road,
Of evolution's natural selections, in its inexplicable march of illusion.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Naught but a Kaleidoscoping Vibration

All perceive a matchless, kaleidoscoping vibration, of the space-time continuum.
A personal frame of reference, a hodgepodge of recognized experiences.
No dreamtime is truly superior, truly greater, than any other,
Though, perhaps, some are more clearly perceived.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Truth is Not an Arbitrary Whim

A significant truth about consciousness, about imagination,
Is that what seems so clearly obvious to one mind,
May make absolutely no sense in another.
Which proves beyond all doubt,
That the ultimate truth,
Is not in any way subordinate,
To the whims of any frame of reference.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Of the Free Mind

How can any free mind,
Ever be subject,
To any label,
To any tag,
To any brand,
To any description,
To any categorization?

Breadcrumbs 2026

What It All Boils Down To

It all boils down to this singular moment.
The eternal awareness, in all its ethereal emptiness,
Witnessing the space-time continuum, kaleidoscoping through it.
The grand illusion of the quantum matrix, playing out in your imaginary mind.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Written-in-the-Sands Destiny of All

The momentary eternal existence, that all lives, all dreamtimes, are,
Which none can ever truly hold onto as more than memory,
Is but a temporal bag of every variety of absurdity,
Founded on teeny-tiny bits-and-pieces of fabricated knowledge,
Gleaned haphazardly, from what seems in the moment, a spontaneous passing,
But has been, in fact, the written-in-the-sands destiny of all, since this cosmos was unleashed.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Ultimate Picture

Whether it is a one-time existence, or a sequence of incarnations,
The ultimate picture always boils down to the ineffaceable truth,
That You are the source, that You are the mystery, in everything.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Capriciousness of History

History is always spun anew,
By all the agendas of all the mindsets,
Wrestling to get their version stuck on the wall.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Both Blessing and Bane

History and tradition are the blessing and bane of the human paradigm.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Lie of Original Sin

To believe You are the source of original sin,
Is the concoction of priesthoods, bent on control, to their own ends.
A false notion, for which You need feel, neither guilt nor shame nor remorse nor culpability.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Immortality of the Genetic Lottery

You are the sum total, the aggregate, the entirety, the full monty,
Of your branch, your line, your strand, your thread, of humankind's DNA,
Playing out the naturally-selected, nature-nurture, of its kaleidoscoping dreamtimes,
Since life's genesis back in the quantum mystery of the earth's antiquity.
And if you have perchance passed on your genomic blueprint,
Your future progeny will experience their version,
In their little imaginary window of mind.
As close to immortality, as life can ever get.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Aloneness of Dreamtime

You are what I think You are, and I am what You think I am.
We are all dreamers of the same quantum mystery,
All imagining imaginary dreamtimes,
In the mazes of our minds.
All, very much alone, together.

Breadcrumbs 2026

A Faceless Mystery

Maya will create every variety of mask,
Until You reckon with them all, each and every one,
As the one and only faceless mystery, indivisibly, eternally absolute.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Downfall of Eden

The ancient minds of Gaia's garden,
Endured in the immediacy of the cycles of nature.
Civilization, the gathering of knowledge, the advent of technology,
Placed imaginary notion at the forefront, and thus magnified the fall from grace,
To a point, where effortless simplicity was lost and forgotten, replaced by bewildering complexity.
The stormy tides of which, the future past is already paying an uncharitable price.

Breadcrumbs 2026

What Freedom Is, and Is Not

Freedom is not something remembered.
It is a state of mind, given over to awareness, given over to the eternal moment.
A state unburdened by imaginary notion.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Nature of Thinkers

Thinkers break apart the cosmos,
For the sake of knowledge and understanding,
But reality in the day-to-day mundane, sanctions no division,
For none truly exist as more than imaginary notion.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Ineffable Unknown

It be You, and You be it.
No direction known.
For all eternity.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Way of Ignorance

The many advocates, the many caricatures,
Of ignorance, of obliviousness, of witlessness,
Have no notion how aligned they are with eternity.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The You, You Believe You Are

The You, that You think You are, believe You are,
Is the passionate mind, the mind of consciousness, the mind of imagination,
Weaving its delusions into an ofttimes vexing reality.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Nature of Any Culture

Cultures encourage their sheeples to feel lonely, confused, fearful,
So that they will fully participate, fully support, fully align, fully embrace,
The specified mindset, the specified groupthink, of its mythological underpinning.
How else would any tribe, any tradition, any custom, any institution,
Maintain its monopoly, its stranglehold, on the future?

Breadcrumbs 2026

Same Mystery, Same Moment

In the grand play of consciousness,
You are as young as the day You were born.
All time in the mind is the illusion born of five senses,
And the endless imaginary ruminations of a central processing unit,
Of a neuron matrix, set in motion by the mystery of eternity,
In a moment, not separate in any way, from this one.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Observer is the Observed

Observe the universe.
Observe the world.
Observe the observer.
Observe the observer, observing.
How is the dreamtime of the indivisibility possible,
Without the pure awareness, You truly are,
Imagining it all real and true.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Faith Most True

If You truly have the faith of knowing that which You are,
You will not need to pray, nor will You need to plead for forgiveness.
You will need not do anything, except live out this existence.
To surrender to your destiny, as You already do.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Of Circuses and Sideshows

Current events are never truly current, merely effects of causes and causes of effects.
Memory creates dreamtime history, and the freedom the moment allows,
Is ignored and pilloried by the masses, so easily hypnotized,
By imagination's near-infinite array of circuses and sideshows.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Of Concepts and Sounds

These many thoughts are a tangle of concepts, molded into sounds,
About an eternity, concepts molded into sounds, can never pierce.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Path? What Path?

Path? What path?
You mean that step, that moves on, that disappears,
As soon as it is taken?

Breadcrumbs 2026

All Up to You

It is up to You to figure out your world, your cosmos,
All alone, as best You can, using whatever means are available.
And will it matter to some supreme being?
Not in the least.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Final Frontier

Death is merely the end of consciousness, the end of imagination.
It is the irrevocable forfeit, to that which this quantum illusion has all along been.
To the mystery of all mysteries, which the mind-body, can never touch, can never own, only reflect.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Awareness Is the Supreme Deity

Every life form has a twinkling, of awareness, of intelligence, that gets it through the given moment.
A twinkling that plays its little part, with all the other little parts, in this kaleidoscoping quantum matrix.
Intelligent design does not require the dualistic deity, so many dogmas would have You imagine.
Awareness is the supreme deity, and it is in everything that this ineffable mystery entails.

Breadcrumbs 2026

It Is Not for All

There must be a Self-absorbed inclination for introspection,
To meander alone down the pathless less traveled.
It requires a great deal of contemplation,
A great deal of meditation.
It is not for all.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Something for All

These thoughts wander back and forth,
Between personal and impersonal,
Between here now and oblivion.
Between dreamtime and eternity.
Something for everyone, and no one.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Eternity's Handiwork

Peaceful resolution to this pale blue dust ball's Darwinian condition,
May be well beyond reach of our kind, but its seed potential,
Will be same now, it has ever been, and will ever be.
It is the realization of the choiceless choices,
Born of the unborn-undying indivisible.
Duality's kaleidoscoping light show,
Played out in the mysterious stillness,
From which eternity's handiwork springs.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Storytellers of Eternity

How many stories could be composed, by anyone, by everyone, at any point, in this dreamtime.
Is the human mind, is the human experience, is consciousness, is imagination,
Really anything more, than a long and winding narrative?

Breadcrumbs 2026

Wander Where You Please

Wander to the edge of the cosmos, and beyond that still.
What limits are there to a mind given over to awareness?

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Illusion It All Is

The ever-changing now is the illusion.
The illusion is the ever-changing now.
The five senses are the ways and means.
The processing brain, the mind, the witness.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Nature of a Free Mind

A free mind, an independent mind,
Cannot be forced to submit to absurdity.
Pretend, maybe, feign, maybe, but forced, no.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Of Those Jealous Gods

Do You really believe your deity of choice,
Is as vain, as jealous, as petty, as shallow, as cruel,
As passionately, irrationally, foolishly attached, as You are?
How can anyone worship, idolize, bow and scrape, to such absurdity?

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Make-Believe You

What would it be like to never be bothered or concerned,
With another momentary thought of your imaginary little self again?
All You need do, is stop imagining, stop inventing, stop concocting, stop visualizing,
All You – playact, pretend, make-believe, fantasize, assume – You are.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Where None but You Can Go

In imagination, in the lightness and darkness of your mind,
You can play out any fantasy, angelic to demonic,
And the Thought Police will never know.

Breadcrumbs 2026

No Point Suffering For It

Every moment, You are gaining.
Every moment, You are losing.
There is nothing to hold on to.
What point, suffering for it?

Breadcrumbs 2026

How Alone You Truly Are

Everything is the design of illusion.
How eternally alone, You truly are.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Destiny is Now

Release the memories, release the projections, release the hopes,
Your destiny is whoever-whatever-whenever-wherever-whyever-however,
This very right-here-right-now eternal moment, is kaleidoscoping.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Destiny of the Garden

All creatures, small to great, participate in this dreamtime play of awareness,
In whatever fashion the moment's natural selection and nature-nurture is taking them.
Our kind's shortsighted approach to all our fellow earthlings, has wreaked havoc upon the diversity.
We have sculpted our own fate, in the way we choicelessly chose,
To shape the destiny of the garden.

Breadcrumbs 2026

As Free as Free Can Be

The ending of desire washes away all fear, washes away all dread.
To want absolutely nothing from this dreamtime,
Is to be, as free as free can be.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Air You Breathe

Breathe in You, breathe out You.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Source of All and None

The mystery of the space-time continuum,
The mystery of the electromagnetic spectrum,
Has everything to offer, has nothing to offer.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Down the Rabbit Hole

Many if not most people, in this conflict-ridden world,
Would likely be more than content to have peaceful, simple lives.
A relatively small, but incorrigible handful, for many reasons, in many ways,
Seem set on making that, an ever more arduous – accelerating-exponential – proposition.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Eternity's Brass Ring

The mind unfettered by chatter – the no-mind, the eternal mind –
Is the only mind, that is one with the mystery of the space-time continuum,
One with the unborn-undying, right-here-right-now, unfathomably ineffable moment.
How You can ever be anything less, how You can ever be anything more,
Is for imagination, to ever and ever and ever, spin its wheels.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Scripted in the Sands of Time

What is personality, what is character,
But a conditioned frame of reference,
Born of the genetic and cultural blend,
Born of the nature-nurture circumstance.
How can anyone believe their fate,
Was not in-the-sands scripted,
Prior to all beginnings.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Ten Thousand Ways

At some point of realization in your awakening,
No one has any sway over your mind,
But those You allow entry.
You can never die,
But mind can ever be undone,
Again and again, well over ten thousand ways.

Breadcrumbs 2026

On Challenging the Status Quo

The pharisees tortured and killed Jesus once, and no doubt would again.
Rarely a good notion to challenge the powers that be – whatever their thing –
And not expect them to lash out, in whatever ways and means, they deem necessary.
And history has paid ever since, for the martyrdom, with which his vanity cursed the world.

Breadcrumbs 2026

An Eternal Game of Hide-and Seek

You will one day be washed back into the emptiness, into the absoluteness, of eternity,
As a spent wave – its pummeling might, discharged – is drawn back to the sea.
But the mystery ceaselessly sends, new waves upon its infinite shore,
Upon which the quantum matrix plays out its eternal dance,
Of hide-and-seek, in the space and time illusion.
The You that You truly are, is all of it,
And none of it, all the while.

Breadcrumbs 2026

History's Trail of Tears

To plot revenge upon progeny,
Of someone your grandfather hated,
To cling to the ceaseless niggling grudges,
Blood feuds, and venomous wars of our ancestors,
Is such limited fare in this dreamtime feast.
Will You ever see your truest nature,
And participate in this mystery,
Without imagination's rule?

Breadcrumbs 2026

Just Another Peeping Tom

And if there is some ho-ho-ho Santa Claus God on high,
Peering down, making his lists, and checking them twice,
What is he, really, but just another degenerate Peeping Tom.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Of Imagined Continuity

There is a tendency to think of eternity,
As something involving space and time as we discern it,
But any foreverness, is only another illusory trick of the time-bound mind,
Ever entangled in its own web of imagined continuity.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The World We Left Them

Those who somehow survive the accelerating-exponential of all our industry and technology,
May well look back at this epoch, and find it difficult, to not often shake their heads,
At our time's unutterable – disregard, neglect, indifference –for their time.
For many already shaking their heads, myriad dystopian visions,
Are certainly getting plenty of airtime in print and film.
The irony, the paradox, of amusing ourselves,
As opposed to changing ourselves.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Vanity of Humanity

There is an all but infinite cosmos,
Simultaneously kaleidoscoping the moment.
And we, for all practical purpose, microbial castaways,
On one of its infinitesimally insignificant dust balls,
In an infinitesimally insignificant solar system.
In an infinitesimally insignificant galaxy.
Only vanity, playing ourselves more.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Few, the Proudless

Many are called.
Few are chosen.
Fewer still, volunteer.
Even fewer swallow the red pill.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Immortal Soul

Regarding death, how can any life form depart,
When what it truly is, has always been, will ever be.
There are no individual souls, only the indivisible Soul.
A mystery, none can more than find peace, in merely being.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Eternally Damned

The eternally damned, are those who wander the heavens and purgatories, of space and time,
Through which they indivisibly, timelessly kaleidoscope, ever-present,
Beckoned on and on, by the myriad others,
Only too willing, only too able, to share their hellish fates.

Breadcrumbs 2026

All Very Much Equal

What do deities and angels and demons have, over or under You?
Absolutely, irrevocably, without any doubt, whatsoever, nothing.

Breadcrumbs 2026

An Airless Poof

That psychic barrier that bars You from this or that,
Is nothing more than the airless poof of imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The One and Only Time Machine

Despite all science fiction to the contrary,
That crunchy-chewy-gooey cadaver,
From which You every twinkling gaze out,
Is the only time machine, You are ever going to ride.

Breadcrumbs 2026

That Same Ineffable Moment

That same ethereal You, that same awareness, that same mystery,
That same unborn-undying, very right-here-right-now, ineffable moment,
Is within and without everything crashing upon the farthest shores,
Of the infinite-infinitesimal, prior to and beyond imaginable.

Breadcrumbs 2026

So Long Ago

Back in the jungles and savannas, long before time,
Our ancestors, those to whom we are progeny …

Had no language.
Had no clothing.
Had no fire.
Had no tools.
Had no weapons.
Had no stories.
Had no songs.
Had no musical instruments.
Had no homes.
Had no kitchens.
Had no utensils.
Had no beds.
Had no chairs.
Had no tables.
Had no toilets.
Had no running water.
Had no domesticated plants.
Had no domesticated animals.
Had no communications.
Had no vehicles.
Had no stores.
Had no cosmetics.
Had no metals.
Had no electronics.
Had no plastics.
Had no explosives.
Had no deities,
Had no flags.

They sat there, amid their small roving band, each, very much alone.
Hunter-gatherers, wandering their turf, eating whatever the geography offered.
Doing whatever they had to do, doing whatever they could do, to survive the given day.
Until the first sparking of imagination, began its long and winding evolution,
To wherever You are reading this, in a world we take for granted.

A world founded by large brain size, reduced body hair, lungs and sweat glands,
Opposable thumbs, facial structure, language, abstract reasoning, problem-solving skills,
Theory of mind, self-awareness, moral reasoning, complex social structures,
Tool making and usage, bipedalism, and Darwinian savagery.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Of the Last Human Being

Inevitably, there will someday be just one remaining human being, totally alone.
The last of a genetic lineage, the last witness to imagination.
Where then, will all our history be?

Breadcrumbs 2026

Unleashed

How – senseless, pointless, futile – it all truly is.
Nothing more than vanity and greed.
Narcissism and hedonism.
Unleashed.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Unreconciled

Hope is the outcome of idealism,
Unreconciled with reality,
Mired in delusion.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Mystery Within All

What is enlightenment, what is liberation,
But discerning that there is only one grand mystery,
And its creator is creating simultaneously within all creation.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Roots of Destiny

Your imaginary consciousness, will be drawn to the destiny,
That your desires, your fears, your dreads, your passions, will into dreamtime.
To what end, You as eternal witness, will have no say, whatsoever.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Decline and Fall of Eden

However the proverbial apple was plucked and eaten - metaphorically, literally, whatever –
The monkey mind, in its perpetual quest for knowledge, imaginary as it ever is,
Has certainly stretched and tormented this finite pale blue dot,
To incomprehensible strains in every forum.
The Fates await our arrival.

Breadcrumbs 2026

How Full Need You Be?

Have You seen enough?
Have You heard enough?
Have You tasted enough?
Have You smelled enough?
Have You touched enough?
Have You pondered enough?
How glutted need You be?
And all, but imagination.

Breadcrumbs 2026

The Great Cloaking

… knowledge and wisdom cloaked awareness …
… cloaked the mind, cloaked the body …
… cloaked here, cloaked now …
… cloaked the moment …
… cloaked eternity …
… cloaked the eye of God …
… and imagination took the helm …

Breadcrumbs 2026

A Most Laughable Delusion

If You want to believe your vain little personality, is at all important to some deity,
You are like a fish flapping in the net, of the most laughable delusion ever imagined.

Breadcrumbs 2026

Sundry Mix ‘n Match

That Which Is God

Yet another attempt to communicate what the sound/word/concept ‘God’ herein means.
No, not some unshaven Saint Nick, leading an orchestration of harps in the cloudy on-high.
No, to every idol, every faith, every belief, every creed, every symbol, every charismatic leader.
Yes, to every quantum particle to the farthest reaches of the cosmos, and beyond, including, yes, You.
All that is seen, all that is unseen, is of the same indelible, indivisible, unfathomable mystery.
To envision it any less, is the same delusion repeated throughout the human paradigm.
And all that is required to perceive this non-dualistic truth, is an attentive mind.
A mind that has clearly realized, that eternity is this ever-present moment.
This timeless, unborn-undying, prior-to-consciousness awareness.
And no fiction born of imagination is required to access it.

The Blind Men and an Elephant
(A Hindoo Fable)

by John Godfrey Saxe

Blind Men and an Elephant
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Blind_men_and_an_elephant

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The Blind Men and an Elephant (Slideshow)
http://theelephantandheblindmen.blogspot.com/

I.
It was six men of Indostan
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the Elephant
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

II.
The First approached the Elephant,
And happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"God bless me! – but the Elephant
Is very like a wall!"

III.
The Second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried: "Ho! – what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me 't is mighty clear
This wonder of an Elephant
Is very like a spear!"

IV.
The Third approached the animal,
And happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a snake!"

V.
The Fourth reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee.
"What most this wondrous beast is like
Is mighty plain," quoth he;
"'T is clear enough the Elephant
Is very like a tree!"

VI.
The Fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an Elephant
Is very like a fan!"

VII.
The Sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a rope!"

VIII.
And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong!

Moral
So, oft in theologic wars
The disputants, I ween,
Rail on in utter ignorance
Of what each other mean,
And prate about an Elephant
Not one of them has seen!

The Scientific View of the Universe's Origin

The universe was created approximately 13.8 billion years ago. According to the Big Bang theory, this event marked the beginning of time, space, and matter, starting as an extremely hot, dense point that immediately began expanding.

Key Details Regarding the Age of the Universe

The Big Bang: The widely accepted model for the origin of the universe, occurring 13.7-13.8 billion years ago.

Expansion: Scientists, including Edwin Hubble, determined this age by measuring the expansion rate of the universe and tracking the movement of galaxies moving away from each other.

Evidence

The Cosmic Microwave Background (CMB) – residual radiation from the Big Bang – provides strong evidence for this timeline.

Observable Universe: The ~13.8 billion-year age specifically refers to the observable universe, while the total size or age of the entire cosmos is not fully known.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Scientific View of Earth’s Origin

Earth was formed approximately 4.54 billion years ago (plus or minus 1%) through the gradual accretion of dust and gas within the early solar nebula. This scientific consensus is based on radiometric dating of the oldest rocks, lunar samples, and meteorites, which indicates the planet solidified roughly 100 million years after the solar system began forming.

Key Details Regarding Earth's Creation

Method of Formation: Earth coalesced from a cloud of dust and gas, transforming into a molten, "hellish" world (the Hadean eon) before cooling and forming a crust.

The Moon's Origin: A major impact with a Mars-sized object, often called Theia, occurred early on, flinging debris that formed the Moon.

Evidence Sources: The 4.54-billion-year figure is solidified by dating meteorites (like St. Severin) and ancient minerals such as zircons found on Earth, some of which are nearly 4.4 billion years old.

Early Environment: For the first few hundred million years, Earth was constantly bombarded by asteroids and experienced extreme volcanic activity.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Scientific View of Life’s Origin

Life on Earth first appeared at least 3.5 to 3.8 billion years ago, with some evidence suggesting it emerged as early as 4.1 to 4.28 billion years ago, shortly after the planet formed. The earliest life forms were simple, single-celled microscopic organisms (microbes) that thrived in the oceans.

Key Details Regarding the Origin of Life

Earliest Evidence: The oldest confirmed fossils, known as stromatolites, are 3.5 billion years old, found in Western Australia.

Controversial Early Findings: Possible "remains of biotic life" were discovered in 4.1 billion-year-old rocks in Western Australia.

Hydrothermal Vents: Scientists often point to deep-sea hydrothermal vents as the likely, nutrient-rich origin point for these early microbial communities.

Conditions: The early Earth was a hot, volcanically active environment lacking oxygen, which suggests the first life forms were likely anaerobic and thrived on chemical energy.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Scientific View of Homo Sapien Origin

Anatomically modern humans (Homo sapiens) first appeared approximately 300,000 to 350,000 years ago, according to fossil evidence found in Morocco. While early theories suggested a single, recent origin in East Africa, current evidence indicates they evolved throughout the African continent rather than from one specific spot.

Key Facts on Human Origins

Oldest Known Remains: The oldest known Homo sapiens fossils, discovered at Jebel Irhoud, Morocco, are dated to about 300,000 years ago.

Origin Location: Genetic and fossil evidence suggest a "pan-African" origin, where diverse populations across Africa evolved, rather than a single point of origin.

Evolutionary Context

Homo sapiens diverged from earlier hominin species (like H. heidelbergensis) and lived alongside other human relatives, such as Neanderthals and Denisovans.

Earlier Ancestors: The wider Homo genus is much older, with Homo habilis appearing over 2 million years ago.

Behavioral Modernity: While anatomically modern humans appeared ~300k years ago, behaviors classified as "modern" (such as complex tools, art, and trading) evolved over a long period following that timeframe.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Scientific View of Anatomically Modern Humans

Anatomically modern humans (Homo sapiens) are prehistoric humans with skeletal features indistinguishable from people living today, characterized by a large cranial capacity (approx. 1300–1450 cm^3), high vertical forehead, and a distinct chin. Originating in Africa around 300,000 years ago, they evolved from earlier hominins, developing more efficient tools, complex behavior, and gracile bodies before spreading globally.

Physical Characteristics

Skull & Brain: Large, rounded braincase with a vertical forehead and reduced brow ridges.

Face & Jaw: Smaller teeth and jaws (orthognathic face) with a prominent chin.

Skeleton: Generally lighter, less robust skeletons compared to archaic humans, suggesting a reliance on technology rather than sheer strength.

Size: Similar body size to contemporary humans, with average male height around 1.8 m.
Origin and Evolution

Origin: Evolved in Africa, with the oldest fossil evidence found in Jebel Irhoud, Morocco (approx. 300,000 years ago) and others in Ethiopia (Omo Kibish and Herto).

Dispersal: While early, limited expansions occurred, a major migration out of Africa took place around 70,000–50,000 years ago.

Succession: They coexisted with other hominins like Neanderthals, ultimately replacing them and leaving modern populations with high genetic diversity.

Behavioral Traits

Tools: Advanced technology, including projectile weapons (bows/arrows), bone tools, and microliths.

Cognition: Evidence of symbolic thought, including art, jewelry, complex burials, and long-distance exchange networks.

Differences from Predecessors

Compared to Neanderthals: Homo sapiens possessed more slender skeletons, smaller brow ridges, a more pronounced chin, and significantly higher, less elongated braincases.

Behavioral Shift: Developed more specialized diets and, over time, shifted from hunting/gathering to agriculture.

Anatomically modern humans represent the culmination of a long, primarily African-driven evolutionary process that led to the only surviving hominin species, Homo sapiens.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Scientific View of Homo Sapien Migration

Homo sapiens originated in Africa around 300,000 years ago, with major successful dispersals beginning roughly 60,000–90,000 years ago. Early humans moved into the Middle East, then rapidly spread along the southern Asian coast to Australia by 65,000 years ago, and into Europe by 40,000–50,000 years ago, finally reaching the Americas by 15,000–20,000 years ago.

Key Stages of Early Human Migration

Origins (c. 300,000+ years ago): Homo sapiens evolved in Africa, with initial movements within the continent.

Early "False Starts" (100,000+ years ago): Early groups migrated into the Levant and Asia, but these waves did not lead to permanent global population, or their lineages went extinct.

Major Out-of-Africa Wave (c. 60,000–90,000 years ago): Known as the "Southern Route" migration, a major expansion from East Africa through the Arabian Peninsula brought modern humans into the rest of the world.

Populating Asia and Australia (c. 65,000–50,000 years ago): Humans moved rapidly along the Indian Ocean coast, reaching Australia (then part of the continent Sahul) at least 65,000 years ago.

Settling Europe (c. 45,000–40,000 years ago): Modern humans expanded into Europe via the Danube corridor and the Mediterranean coast, coexisting and interbreeding with Neanderthals.

Reaching the Americas (c. 20,000–15,000 years ago): Humans migrated from Asia into North America via the Bering Land Bridge, eventually spreading to South America.

Drivers and Evidence

Climate Change: Waves of migration coincided with "green corridors" (periods of warm, wet weather) in the Sahara and Arabian Peninsula during the last ice age.

Resources & Technology: Depletion of food sources forced movement, while advancements in tools, clothing, and language allowed for adaptation to new environments.

Evidence: Studies combine fossil records, archaeological tools, and DNA (genetic markers) to track migration paths, including evidence of interbreeding with archaic populations like Neanderthals and

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Scientific View of the Rise of Civilizations

Homo sapiens emerged in Africa approximately 300,000 years ago, characterized by large brains and advanced cognitive abilities. Following a "cognitive revolution" around 70,000 years ago, humans developed complex language and symbolic thought, leading to rapid cultural evolution, migration, and the eventual rise of agriculture and civilization roughly 12,000 years ago.

Key Stages of Development

Origin (c. 300,000 years ago): Early Homo sapiens appeared in Africa, with evidence of advanced tool use, such as fossils found at Jebel Irhoud, Morocco.

Cognitive Revolution (c. 70,000–50,000 years ago): Marked by a rapid expansion of cognitive capacity, enabling complex language, trade, art, and music. This enabled sapiens to spread out of Africa and replace or interbreed with other human populations.

Cultural & Technical Evolution: Early humans utilized microlithic technology, created art (Sulawesi), and developed clothing and navigation tools.

The Agricultural Revolution (c. 12,000 years ago): Triggered by climate changes, humans shifted from nomadic hunting-gathering to settling in villages, domesticating plants and animals, and creating complex societies (e.g., in the Fertile Crescent).

Rise of Civilizations: This era saw the rise of agriculture, cities, writing, and organized governance, leading to a massive increase in population.

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The Scientific View of the Rise of Imagination

Imagination likely began as a gradual evolutionary process in early hominins, with significant, explosive developments in creative thought emerging around 70,000–100,000 years ago (or even earlier) in Homo sapiens. It developed through increased brain complexity and neural connectivity, allowing early humans to decouple from immediate surroundings to simulate future scenarios, create symbolic art, and develop complex language.

When Imagination Started: A Timeline

~140 Million Years Ago (Mammalian Origins): Basic forms of imagination, such as REM-sleep dreaming, likely began with the evolution of mammals.

~2 Million Years Ago (Early Pleistocene): Early humans developed basic "offline" thinking, enabling them to construct a "layer of mind" between stimuli and actions.

500,000–100,000 Years Ago (Early Symbolism): Evidence of abstract engraving (500,000 years ago) and early tools/paintbrushes (100,000 years ago) suggests early cognitive shifts.

~70,000 Years Ago (Cognitive Revolution): A surge in specialized tools, musical instruments, and "prefrontal synthesis"—the conscious combination of mental representations—marks the rise of modern imagination.

How Imagination Evolved

Brain Evolution: Mutations lengthened brain development stages, increasing complexity, fostering a "theory of mind".

Niche Construction: As humans faced complex survival challenges, they developed a "feedback loop," where enhanced tools, social structures, and early language forced the brain to develop more complex, creative, and abstract thinking.

Symbolic Expression: The creation of art, such as the 39,000-year-old Sulawesi cave paintings, proves the brain was already capable of complex imaginative leaps (39,000 years ago, as cited in).

Social & Emotional Needs: Imagination evolved to communicate emotions, create shared narratives, and solve problems through "counterfactual thinking" (imagining alternatives).

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What Does Artificial Intelligence Say About Religion?

AI generally views religion as a significant, diverse human phenomenon based on cultural, emotional, and social factors rather than empirical logic. While AI lacks personal belief, it can analyze religious texts, identify common themes, and evaluate claims based on historical and philosophical data. Some, like author Deepak Chopra, argue AI should enhance spirituality, while others find AI can uncover insights within sacred texts.

Analysis and Data-Driven Insights: AI models can analyze the world's major religions, looking for consistency, such as comparing the Bhagavad Gita and the Upanishads, revealing high levels of textual similarity. Some analyses have even attempted to evaluate the logical consistency of central claims within Christianity, Islam, Hinduism, and Buddhism, although this is subjective, data-trained, and not an absolute truth.

Lack of Personal Belief: AI does not hold personal, religious, or spiritual beliefs, nor does it have personal experience, acting instead on patterns in data.

Subjectivity of Faith: AI recognizes that religion is often not based on logic or evidence, meaning its analyses cannot "correct" or "override" faith-based beliefs.

Potential Biases: AI analysis of religion is susceptible to the biases present in its training data, meaning it might reflect specific, non-objective interpretations.

Human-AI Interaction: Some explore AI as a tool for new understandings of spirituality, with others noting that AI itself is becoming a focus of "faith" for some who see it as a potentially omnipresent tool for understanding.

Limitations of AI in Religion

AI is a tool for processing information, not an autonomous thinker or prophet.

The perspectives of AI are constrained by the data it is trained on and cannot make subjective evaluations of "truth" or "value".

Overall, AI serves as an analytical tool that can organize and interpret religious texts or doctrines but does not "understand" or "believe" in them.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Only Eighteen Thousand?

Below is the Google AI answer to the query: *A list of all the things human beings have worshipped throughout human history*

And from Wikipedia:

List of Religions and Spiritual Traditions
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_religions_and_spiritual_traditions?wprov=sfla1

Throughout human history, anthropologists estimate that at least 18,000 different deities, animals, or objects have been worshipped. These can be categorized into several distinct types of entities and physical items.

Entities and Spirits

Supreme Deities: Many civilizations centered worship on a single or chief creator god, such as Yahweh (Abrahamic), Allah (Islam), Brahman (Hinduism), Zeus (Greek), or Amaterasu (Shinto).

Nature Spirits and Animism: Early humans often attributed divine intelligence to the natural world. This included spirits of mountains, rivers, trees, and valleys. Specific examples include Nymphs (nature spirits) and Naiads (water spirits) in Greek culture.

Ancestors and Deified Humans: Ancestor worship is common in many cultures, where the spirits of the dead are appeased or venerated. Historical figures have also been deified, such as Roman Emperors or the Pharaohs of Egypt.

Zoomorphic Deities: Many cultures worshipped gods with animal forms or features, such as the ancient Egyptian gods Anubis (jackal-headed) and Horus (falcon-headed).

Natural Phenomena and Celestial Bodies

The Sun and Moon: Solar deities like Ra (Egypt) or Inti (Inca) and lunar deities like Artemis (Greece) or Mama Quilla (Inca) were central to many ancient pantheons.

Elemental Forces: Humans have worshipped the personification of thunder (Thor, Perun), fire (Hephaestus), and water (Poseidon).

Abstract Concepts: Worship was often directed toward personified concepts like Love (Aphrodite), War (Ares, Mars), Wisdom (Athena), and Peace (Eirene).

Physical Objects and Artifacts

Sacred Stones and Landscapes: Notable examples include the Black Stone of Mecca in the Kaaba and meteorites or upright stones (menhirs).

Relics and Human Remains: Devotees have worshipped physical remains of holy figures, such as fragments of the True Cross, the Shroud of Turin, and the bones or "relics" of saints.

Votive Figurines: Prehistoric artifacts like Venus figurines (depicting female figures) are believed to have been related to fertility or goddess worship.

Statues and Icons: Physical representations of the divine, such as the Parthenon's statue of Athena or Hindu murtis, serve as focal points for worship where the deity is believed to reside.

Sacred Texts: In some traditions, the physical scriptures themselves are objects of veneration, such as the Torah scrolls in Judaism or the Guru Granth Sahib in Sikhism.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Truth is a Pathless Land

by Jiddu Krishnamurti

The Order of the Star in the East was founded in 1911 to proclaim the coming of the World Teacher. Krishnamurti was made Head of the Order. On August 3, 1929, the opening day of the annual Star Camp at Ommen, Holland, Krishnamurti dissolved the Order before 3000 members. Below is the full text of the talk he gave on that occasion.

Krishnamurti Online: Truth is a Pathless Land
http://www.jkrishnamurti.org/about-krishnamurti/dissolution-speech.php

Jiddu Krishnamurti
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jiddu_Krishnamurti

We are going to discuss this morning the dissolution of the Order of the Star. Many people will be delighted, and others will be rather sad. It is a question neither for rejoicing nor for sadness, because it is inevitable, as I am going to explain. You may remember the story of how the devil and a friend of his were walking down the street, when they saw ahead of them a man stoop down and pick up something from the ground, look at it, and put it away in his pocket. The friend said to the devil, “What did that man pick up?” “He picked up a piece of Truth,” said the devil. “That is a very bad business for you, then,” said his friend. “Oh, not at all,” the devil replied, “I am going to let him organize it."

I maintain that Truth is a pathless land, and you cannot approach it by any path whatsoever, by any religion, by any sect. That is my point of view, and I adhere to that absolutely and unconditionally. Truth, being limitless, unconditioned, unapproachable by any path whatsoever, cannot be organized; nor should any organization be formed to lead or to coerce people along any particular path. If you first understand that, then you will see how impossible it is to organize a belief. A belief is purely an individual matter, and you cannot and must not organize it. If you do, it becomes dead, crystallized; it becomes a creed, a sect, a religion, to be imposed on others. This is what everyone throughout the world is attempting to do. Truth is narrowed down and made a plaything for those who are weak, for those who are only momentarily discontented. Truth cannot be brought down, rather the individual must make the effort to ascend to it. You cannot bring the mountain-top to the valley. If you would attain to the mountain-top you must pass through the valley, climb the steeps, unafraid of the dangerous precipices.

So that is the first reason, from my point of view, why the Order of the Star should be dissolved. In spite of this, you will probably form other Orders, you will continue to belong to other organizations searching for Truth. I do not want to belong to any organization of a spiritual kind, please understand this. I would make use of an organization which would take me to London, for example; this is quite a different kind of organization, merely mechanical, like the post or the telegraph. I would use a motor car or a steamship to travel, these are only physical mechanisms which have nothing whatever to do with spirituality. Again, I maintain that no organization can lead man to spirituality.

If an organization be created for this purpose, it becomes a crutch, a weakness, a bondage, and must cripple the individual, and prevent him from growing, from establishing his uniqueness, which lies in the discovery for himself of that absolute, unconditioned Truth. So that is another reason why I have decided, as I happen to be the Head of the Order, to dissolve it. No one has persuaded me to this decision. This is no magnificent deed, because I do not want followers, and I mean this. The moment you follow someone you cease to follow Truth. I am not concerned whether you pay attention to what I say or not. I want to do a certain thing in the world and I am going to do it with unwavering concentration. I am concerning myself with only one essential thing: to set man free. I desire to free him from all cages, from all fears, and not to found religions, new sects, nor to establish new theories and new philosophies. Then you will naturally ask me why I go the world over, continually speaking. I will tell you for what reason I do this: not because I desire a following, not because I desire a special group of special disciples. (How men love to be different from their fellow-men, however ridiculous, absurd and trivial their distinctions may be! I do not want to encourage that absurdity.) I have no disciples, no apostles, either on earth or in the realm of spirituality. Nor is it the lure of money, nor the desire to live a comfortable life, which attracts me. If I wanted to lead a comfortable life I would not come to a Camp or live in a damp country! I am speaking frankly because I want this settled once and for all. I do not want these childish discussions year after year.

One newspaper reporter, who interviewed me, considered it a magnificent act to dissolve an organization in which there were thousands and thousands of members. To him it was a great act because, he said: “What will you do afterwards, how will you live? You will have no following, people will no longer listen to you.” If there are only five people who will listen, who will live, who have their faces turned towards eternity, it will be sufficient. Of what use is it to have thousands who do not understand, who are fully embalmed in prejudice, who do not want the new, but would rather translate the new to suit their own sterile, stagnant selves? If I speak strongly, please do not misunderstand me, it is not through lack of compassion. If you go to a surgeon for an operation, is it not kindness on his part to operate even if he cause you pain? So, in like manner, if I speak straightly, it is not through lack of real affection–on the contrary.

As I have said, I have only one purpose: to make man free, to urge him towards freedom, to help him to break away from all limitations, for that alone will give him eternal happiness, will give him the unconditioned realization of the self.

Because I am free, unconditioned, whole–not the part, not the relative, but the whole Truth that is eternal–I desire those, who seek to understand me to be free; not to follow me, not to make out of me a cage which will become a religion, a sect. Rather should they be free from all fears–from the fear of religion, from the fear of salvation, from the fear of spirituality, from the fear of love, from the fear of death, from the fear of life itself. As an artist paints a picture because he takes delight in that painting, because it is his self-expression, his glory, his well-being, so I do this and not because I want anything from anyone. You

are accustomed to authority, or to the atmosphere of authority, which you think will lead you to spirituality. You think and hope that another can, by his extraordinary powers--a miracle–transport you to this realm of eternal freedom which is Happiness. Your whole outlook on life is based on that authority.

You have listened to me for three years now, without any change taking place except in the few. Now analyze what I am saying, be critical, so that you may understand thoroughly, fundamentally. When you look for an authority to lead you to spirituality, you are bound automatically to build an organization around that authority. By the very creation of that organization, which, you think, will help this authority to lead you to spirituality, you are held in a cage.

If I talk frankly, please remember that I do so, not out of harshness, not out of cruelty, not out of the enthusiasm of my purpose, but because I want you to understand what I am saying. That is the reason why you are here, and it would be a waste of time if I did not explain clearly, decisively, my point of view. For eighteen years you have been preparing for this event, for the Coming of the World Teacher. For eighteen years you have organized, you have looked for someone who would give a new delight to your hearts and minds, who would transform your whole life, who would give you a new understanding; for someone who would raise you to a new plane of life, who would give you a new encouragement, who would set you free–and now look what is happening! Consider, reason with yourselves, and discover in what way that belief has made you different–not with the superficial difference of the wearing of a badge, which is trivial, absurd. In what manner has such a belief swept away all the unessential things of life? That is the only way to judge: in what way are you freer, greater, more dangerous to every Society which is based on the false and the unessential? In what way have the members of this organization of the Star become different? As I said, you have been preparing for eighteen years for me. I do not care if you believe that I am the World–Teacher or not. That is of very little importance. Since you belong to the organization of the Order of the Star, you have given your sympathy, your energy, acknowledging that Krishnamurti is the World–Teacher– partially or wholly: wholly for those who are really seeking, only partially for those who are satisfied with their own half-truths.

You have been preparing for eighteen years, and look how many difficulties there are in the way of your understanding, how many complications, how many trivial things. Your prejudices, your fears, your authorities, your churches new and old–all these, I maintain, are a barrier to understanding. I cannot make myself clearer than this. I do not want you to agree with me, I do not want you to follow me, I want you to understand what I am saying. This understanding is necessary because your belief has not transformed you but only complicated you, and because you are not willing to face things as they are. You want to have your own gods–new gods instead of the old, new religions instead of the old, new forms instead of the old–all equally valueless, all barriers, all limitations, all crutches. Instead of old spiritual distinctions you have new spiritual distinctions, instead of old worships you have new worships. You are all depending for your spirituality on someone else, for your happiness on someone else, for your enlightenment on someone else; and although you have been preparing for me for eighteen years, when I say all these things are unnecessary, when I say that you must put them all away and look within yourselves for the enlightenment, for the glory, for the purification, and for the incorruptibility of the self, not one of you is willing to do it. There may be a few, but very, very few. So why have an organization?

Why have false, hypocritical people following me, the embodiment of Truth? Please remember that I am not saying something harsh or unkind, but we have reached a situation when you must face things as they are. I said last year that I would not compromise. Very few listened to me then. This year I have made it absolutely clear. I do not know how many thousands throughout the world–members of the Order–have

been preparing for me for eighteen years, and yet now they are not willing to listen unconditionally, wholly, to what I say.

As I said before, my purpose is to make men unconditionally free, for I maintain that the only spirituality is the incorruptibility of the self which is eternal, is the harmony between reason and love. This is the absolute, unconditioned Truth which is Life itself. I want therefore to set man free, rejoicing as the bird in the clear sky, unburdened, independent, ecstatic in that freedom . And I, for whom you have been preparing for eighteen years, now say that you must be free of all these things, free from your complications, your entanglements. For this you need not have an organization based on spiritual belief. Why have an organization for five or ten people in the world who understand, who are struggling, who have put aside all trivial things? And for the weak people, there can be no organization to help them to find the Truth, because Truth is in everyone; it is not far, it is not near; it is eternally there.

Organizations cannot make you free. No man from outside can make you free; nor can organized worship, nor the immolation of yourselves for a cause, make you free; nor can forming yourselves into an organization, nor throwing yourselves into works, make you free. You use a typewriter to write letters, but you do not put it on an altar and worship it. But that is what you are doing when organizations become your chief concern.

"How many members are there in it?" That is the first question I am asked by all newspaper reporters. "How many followers have you? By their number we shall judge whether what you say is true or false." I do not know how many there are. I am not concerned with that. As I said, if there were even one man who had been set free, that were enough.

Again, you have the idea that only certain people hold the key to the Kingdom of Happiness. No one holds it. No one has the authority to hold that key. That key is your own self, and in the development and the purification and in the incorruptibility of that self alone is the Kingdom of Eternity.

So you will see how absurd is the whole structure that you have built, looking for external help, depending on others for your comfort, for your happiness, for your strength. These can only be found within yourselves.

You are accustomed to being told how far you have advanced, what is your spiritual status. How childish! Who but yourself can tell you if you are beautiful or ugly within? Who but yourself can tell you if you are incorruptible? You are not serious in these things.

But those who really desire to understand, who are looking to find that which is eternal, without beginning and without an end, will walk together with a greater intensity, will be a danger to everything that is unessential, to unrealities, to shadows. And they will concentrate, they will become the flame, because they understand. Such a body we must create, and that is my purpose. Because of that real understanding there will be true friendship. Because of that true friendship–which you do not seem to know–there will be real cooperation on the part of each one. And this not because of authority, not because of salvation, not because of immolation for a cause, but because you really understand, and hence are capable of living in the eternal. This is a greater thing than all pleasure, than all sacrifice.

So these are some of the reasons why, after careful consideration for two years, I have made this decision. It is not from a momentary impulse. I have not been persuaded to it by anyone. I am not persuaded in such things. For two years I have been thinking about this, slowly, carefully, patiently, and I have now decided

to disband the Order, as I happen to be its Head. You can form other organizations and expect someone else. With that I am not concerned, nor with creating new cages, new decorations for those cages. My only concern is to set men absolutely, unconditionally free.

This Is It

by Nathan Gill

This Is It. This is all there is – life appearing as an endless display of changing images, with no inherent purpose other than this appearance itself. There is simply life with no one living it.

For no reason at all life is at play with its own imagery, roving as attention, engaging in a mesmerizing game of hide and seek which arises as a sense of separation with an integral urge to wholeness. Life restlessly seeks, yearning for itself. The seeking is the restlessness. This play of worldly existence is imbued with life's haunted longing for itself, seeking but never finding within the imagery in which it seeks. What is sought all along is this in which the seeking is playing out.

In life's play as humanity, thought assumes an exaggerated importance as attention spins effortlessly into myriad longings and desires, epitomized by the idea of seeking fulfillment through enlightenment. Reading texts, asking questions, surfing the internet, going on retreat, gurus, teachers, non-teachers, practice, no practice – any or all of it is possible but none of it is necessary as in actuality nothing needs to be discovered, understood, let go of or transcended. Life already is, and recognition of itself in the form of enlightenment, liberation, nirvana, et cetera, is superfluous, merely another happening in the endless now of appearances in the play of life.

Nothing other than the configuration of life as it is now appearing is possible. All is happening exactly as it's 'meant' to. If separation and seeking are the case, then this is it. If recognition and resting are the case, then this is it. Whatever is now – however ordinary or extraordinary – is it.

Seen in clarity, life appears as a great play. You – Consciousness – play all the roles and it is part of the play that You usually play the roles without knowing Your real identity. But sometimes, as part of the show, there is recognition of Your true nature. When there is involvement as a character in the play without recognition of Your true nature the role is taken seriously and all the dramas of life seemingly appear from this. If a role is played where there is recognition of Your true nature, the play is seen for what it is. When Your true nature becomes obvious, the character doesn't disappear in a flash of light, nor put on ochre robes and have disciples, nor teach 'spiritual' truths – although any of these is possible, depending on the pattern of the character's role in the play. The character will likely appear as he or she did before recognition. The character is likely to continue to lead what is an ordinary life in the play. It is not even necessary for the character to tell anyone or communicate what is now obvious. The whole play has no purpose or point beyond present appearance. It is Your cosmic entertainment. You are Your play. It has no existence separate from You.

Ashtavakra: The Man Who Suffers

The man who suffers, suffers because he dips his toe in and out of the pool of awareness.
What a challenge to harbor in the quietude of totality's moment,
When the world calls again and again.
With every temptation imagination has to offer.

Breadcrumbs 2024

~ ~ ~

In the last two verses of the sixteenth chapter of the Ashtavakra Gita, Ashtavakra wrote of the dilemma. Below are nine translations, all blogged, with links posted on *The Stillness Before Time* website.

~ ~ ~

In *Bitten by the Black Snake, The Ancient Wisdom of Ashtavakra*, Manuel Schoch translates it:

If you desire liberation but you still say mine, if you feel you are the body,
you are not a wise man or a seeker; you are simply a man who suffers.

Unless you forget everything, you will never live in your heart.

~ ~ ~

In *A Duet of One, The Ashtavakra Gita Dialogue*, Ramesh S. Balsekar translates it:

He who seeks enlightenment as an individual seeker, and still is identified with the body,
is neither a jnani nor a yogi, and suffers misery.

Unless everything is totally forgotten, you cannot be established in the Self,
even if Shiva, Vishnu or Brahma be your preceptor.

~ ~ ~

In *Ashtavakra Gita, A New English Version*, Bart Marshall translates it:

16.10
He who claims liberation as his own,
as an attainment of a person,
is neither enlightened nor a seeker.
He suffers his own misery.

16.11
Though Hara, Hari,
or the lotus-born Brahma himself instruct you,
until you know Nothing,
you will never know Self.

~ ~ ~

In *Ashtavakra Gita*, John Richards translates it:

He who is proud about even liberation or his own body, and feels them his own,
is neither a seer nor a yogi. He is still just a sufferer. 16.10

If even Shiva, Vishnu, or the lotus-born Brahma were your instructor,
until you have forgotten everything you cannot be established within. 16.11

~ ~ ~

In *Ashtavakra Gita*, Akhandanand Saraswati translates it:

10.
A person who has the pride of being a Mukta (liberated soul)
and also has mamataa (attachments) for his body,
is neither a Yogi nor a Gnani. He is eligible only for dukha.

11.
Even if Shivaji, Bhagwan Vishnu, or Brahma were to give you a sermon,
you cannot attain svaroopa-sthiti (the state of being established in your Self)
unless and until you forget everything.

~ ~ ~

In *Ashtavakra Gita*, Hari Prasad Shastri translates it:

10. He who has a feeling of "I-ness" even for release, and retains his body-consciousness,
is neither a wise man nor a spiritual aspirant.
His lot is suffering.

11. Even though Shiva, Vishnu, or Brahma instruct thee,
unless thou regardest the world as unreal, and dismisses all sense of egotism,
thou will not become established in thine own nature (the Self).

~ ~ ~

In *Ashtavakra Gita*, Vedic Scriptures translates it:

One who wants liberation and is also attached to his body,
is neither knowledgeable nor yogi.
He just suffers. 10

Unless you forget everything else, you will not be established in self,
even though Shiva, Vishnu or Brahma themselves teach you. 11

~ ~ ~

In *Astavakra Samhita, An Interpretation of the Ashtavakra Gita*, Ananda Wood translates it:

16.10

Whoever still has ego's pride
in liberation, or who feels
a sense of 'mine-ness' toward body,
cannot rightly be a sage
(who is established in plain truth)
nor yet a yogi (joining back
into unchanged reality).

Each person, claiming pride or 'mine-ness',
thus partakes in suffering
that makes true self seem compromised.

16.11

No matter what great 'Lord' or 'God'
may somehow be invoked to teach
you anything, you won't by this
stand independent in your self.

~ ~ ~

In *The Heart of Awareness, A Translation of the Ashtavakra Gita*, Thomas Byrom translates it:

10.
If you desire liberation,
But you still say "mine,"
If you feel you are the body,
You are not a wise man or a seeker.

You are simply a man who suffers.

11.
Let Hari teach you,
Or Brahma, born of the lotus,
Or Shiva Himself!

Unless you forget everything,
You will never live in your heart.

The Fate of Authorship

The goal of any writer is to plant something in other minds that will not be easily forgotten.
Who knows how many works are in used book stores and landfills,
And internet websites and burn piles,
And ancient libraries long ago fallen into ruin,
That never or barely even got a chance to be remembered.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Solitary Witness

From birth to death, the unborn-undying awareness that I am,
Is solitary witness to an ever-kaleidoscoping, mystery-ridden dreamtime.
There is nothing I need do, nothing I can do, but whatever the given moment beckons,
From the patterning of the mind-body, in which I am cloaked,
Upon the stage, which I impromptu play.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Anarchist

Am I not something of an anarchist, taking on consciousness, taking on imagination,
With aphorisms the weapon, with which the dreamtime has equipped me.
Taking aim at intellects scouted in any given daily walkabout.
A reasonable pastime, for which I am well-suited.
A Johnny Appleseed strategy at the helm.
Very grass-rooted, very under-the-radar.
What future awakening they might inspire, if any,
Is well beyond this narrative, and well beyond any concern.
It is but the vanity, for which I have been, through happenstance, fated.
A mind-body, programmed by the given nature-nurture, with a truth-seeking inclination.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Evolution of The Stillness Before Time

A timeline of phases in this little raison d'être project that began in 1989.

Ojai

Teaching at Oak Grove School in Ojai, California
Head and neck injury at Carpinteria State Beach on school fieldtrip
Psilocybin mushrooms & ecstasy
Nisargadatta's "I Am That"
The first index cards, tossed after Lena's comment

Chico

A box of spiral-bound notebooks
Access to a desktop computer at Chico Hedway
Dean Evans and two art shows
A book agent who had me put together The Stillness Before Time
Including: Of the Human Journey, Got God?, Ten Reflections, Books, Movies
Kinko's and who knows how many spiral-bound copies out the back door

Arcata

More spiral-bound notebooks
CLAD certificate program at Humboldt State
First Apple PowerBook 5300 laptop
HTML programming class
Creation of The Stillness Before Time website

Turlock

Switch to index cards
Creative Alternatives and transfer of website
Five generations of Apple MacBook laptops through the years
Several attempts to publish, with support from Dawn Eden Fletcher and Ram Dass
The Return to Wonder
Matrix algorithm experiment
Google Blogger
Facebook
Twitter/X
The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
Breadcrumbs series
Lulu Press
Retirement from Creative Alternatives
Transfer of website to Network Solutions
Evolution of website
A variety of offshoot titles
Sivana East

Instagram
Transfer of website to Skystra
Switch from index cards to smart phone texting
Editing of Stillness, Ponderings, Return to Wonder
The quest for a legacy caretaker

Breadcrumbs 2024

Just a Clarification

Just a clarification that some titles are original works, and some are selections from the originals. Please note, dear reader, that nothing is complete, nothing is finished, until the last wheezing breath. And that the most recent, most accurate edits, will be the PDF versions uploaded to the website.

The Original Works

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

Including:
Of the Human Journey
Got God?
Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim

The Breadcrumbs Compendium
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time

Breadcrumbs 2015
Breadcrumbs 2018
Breadcrumbs 2019
Breadcrumbs 2020
Breadcrumbs 2021
Breadcrumbs 2022
Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Return to Wonder
Field Notes from the Unknown

The Sidebar Collection

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming
Some Written Works That May Help Get the Young Up to Speed

Conversations
A Variety of Letters, Emails, Texts, & Sundry Odds 'n Ends

Definitions
An Incomplete Selection of Contemplative Definitions

Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre

Jester Amok

My (Not Quite) Haiku

Once Upon a Christmas

Possible Last Words & Epitaphs

Sketches of the Once Upon a Time
A Few Epiphanies and Other Hallmark Moments

Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim

The Standard Ripostes
The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day

Uncle Sam Says

The titles below are selections drawn from the original works above, based on the premise of the title.
Several will very likely still be 'under construction' if the Reaper arrives ahead of sketch.
So … anyone who might be motivated, is welcome to fill in any-and-all gaps,
Being as mindful as possible, to hold fast to the given formatting.
There may or may not be someone to answer inquiries,
At the mjholshouser@gmail.com address.

The Derivative Collection

Aftershocks Autumn 2024

Frames of Reference
Peering Through the Windows of Perception

Imagination: The Great Usurper

Jesus on Prophets
What Any Seer Likely Faces Returning to the Cave of Origin

Lost in Translation
The Human Paradigm's Linguistic Muddle

Michael's Rabbit Hole
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms

Of Meaning and Purpose
Ponderings About the Futility of It All

Of Noise & Silence
Contemplations on the Vibrations of Consciousness

Standouts From the Return to Wonder Edit
Selections From the First Sixteen Chapters

The Call of the Eternal
A Conversation With My Self

The Gordian Knot of Ethical Thinking

The 'And More' Collection

Doubt, Doubt & More Doubt

Grubs, Grubs & More Grubs
(a.k.a., Blobs, Blobs & More Blobs)

History, History & More History

Imagination, Imagination & More Imagination

Mystery, Mystery & More Mystery

Patterns, Patterns & More Patterns

Reincarnation, Reincarnation & More Reincarnation

Science, Science & More Science

Titles, Titles & More Titles

Even More Titles, Titles & More Titles

The Singles Collection

59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)

Of the Human Journey
Along with 'Got God?' and 'Ten Reflections'

The Mystery of the Mystery

The Real is Discovering

To Be, or Not to Be

Who Was the First?

Breadcrumbs 2023

Another Way of Putting It

Almost everything written since 1989, probably in the neighborhood of five or six thousand pages at this writing, has been transcribed in MS Word format in the Times New Roman font, and is divided into ten main titles: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, The Return to Wonder, and Breadcrumbs 2015 through 2023. Other titles are sidebar original works or derivatives that came to the a-puttering mind in the hither-thither. There are many incomplete and need-editing works in the derivative list.

The Original Works

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

Including:
Of the Human Journey
Got God?
Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim

The Breadcrumbs Compendium
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time

Breadcrumbs 2015
Breadcrumbs 2018
Breadcrumbs 2019
Breadcrumbs 2020
Breadcrumbs 2021
Breadcrumbs 2022
Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Return to Wonder

The Sidebar Collection

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming
Conversations
Definitions
Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre
Jester Amok
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Possible Last Words & Epitaphs
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Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)
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Doubt, Doubt & More Doubt
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Mystery, Mystery & More Mystery
Patterns, Patterns & More Patterns
Reincarnation, Reincarnation & More Reincarnation
Science, Science & More Science
Titles, Titles & More Titles
Even More Titles, Titles & More Titles

The Singles Collection

59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)
Of the Human Journey
The Mystery of the Mystery
The Real is Discovering
To Be, or Not to Be
Who Was the First?

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Few Ditties on Process

Breadcrumbs 2023

No, this existence has not been all about talking and writing all this babble.
There were many mornings sipping bean at coffee shops, and nights curled up with popcorn and Netflix,
And wanders here and there, witnessing, exploring, participating, in oh-so-many ways.
Wisdom is far more than sitting on a zafu, staring at a blank wall,
Though that may well be a hearty slice of it,
And ultimately, all of it.

* * * *

No one is ever going to read all this yada yada babble besides me,
Few are ever going to really even begin to grasp, all that I have offered the world.
So, the question becomes, whether or not, it is a good idea for anyone to even dip more than a tippy-toe.
But, if there ever is enough interest for there to be group discussions on this body of work,
Be sure no one is in charge, as anything more than a mild facilitating role.
Circular seating, all at the same eye-level, is recommended.
No proselytization, no dogma, no bullshit.
Read it as clearly as possible.
Stay as clear as possible.
It is not about the scribe.
It is a discussion, not a sermon.
And do not hesitate just to sit in silence.
It is, after all is said and done, a solitary journey.

* * * *

All the copyrights to this collection of titles are a cultural formality,
Which need mean nothing to whatever the future of this scarred garden's dreamtime has in store.
Do with these many ponderings, these many ramblings, whatever You will,
Or ignore them entirely, and likely be no less happy for it.

* * * *

I pipe dream this largely aphoristic body of work will someday be known,
And my name on some marquee, these thoughts the focus of symposiums across the world,
But let's face it, folks, with all the babbleon that's already out there,
That just ain't ever never going to happen.
So it goes.

* * * *

Fortunately, power and fame and fortune have evaded me.
Vulnerability, anonymity, austerity, and the mindfulness they engender,
Are a great gift in this insane asylum, this théâtre de l'absurde.

* * * *

I do not need anything from You.
I offer You these insights free of all claims.

I do not hunger for your treasures, or your approval.
I do not aspire to ever meet You, or hear your imaginary story.
You are free to go your own way, find your own way,
And do with these thoughts, whatever You will.

* * * *

Has this lifetime of philosophizing, in any way,
Transformed the patterning of this temporal mind-body?
Not that I have, in any way, any shape, any form, ever once witnessed.
Destiny is destiny, fate is fate, fortune is fortune, upshot is upshot, kismet is kismet,
No matter how it is chiseled in stone in the sands of time.

* * * *

In creating this Sisyphean opus, mustered from a hard-earned frame of reference,
Every aphorism is given equal attention; each, gold-standard handcrafted,
To be read by somebody, someday, maybe, though probably not.
Don Quixote battling windmills is a fitting metaphor.

* * * *

If I was ever to start over – somehow be reborn, either male or female – I would just skip it all,
With the opposite sex, or my own, or whatever other genders might come into play.
Way too much bother, and adventures I need never experience again.

* * * *

No, I am not tossing out history.
I am simply pointing out that it is an imaginary invention,
To which we have tethered ourselves to such a fisted-hand-in-the-coconut degree,
That it is driving our kind, and a fair number of our fellow earthlings, and perhaps Gaia, towards oblivion,
Or certainly a far different garden than the one from which we spawned.

* * * *

What a remarkable thing it has been, to witness the rise and decline of this blip of a nation-state,
And likely to have traversed through the apex of what human civilization has had to offer, as well.

* * * *

The jury is still out, whether passing it around randomly for free, has been the best strategy.

* * * *

My faith is strong and sure and steadfast, for all times.
It is a faith that does not require the idolatry of form or thought.
It is a faith, so clear, that one must die to little self, to see it all, for what it is.
And from that faith, I leave You the distillation, of all this mind has ever thought and done.
Do with it what You will, or will not.

* * * *

How often what You are reading, is the morphed version of the original thought.
The original having been lost in the abyss of the churning mind,
In the time it took to reach for pen and paper,
Or as it was being scribbled.
Imagine this mind as one of those Magic Eight Balls;
Thoughts floating into view, floating out of view, sometimes retrievable, most often not.

* * * *

If these writings, these reflections, have merit, they will endure; if not, oh well in the so it goes.
It has been enough to observe whether the quantum théâtre de l'absurde of dreamtime,
Was as up to the mark set by all the self-promotion, by all the propaganda,
History has fed the masses as they chewed away on their mother.
My bet is that we will decline and fall, as all things ever do,
And all our creations, all our treasures, all our glories,
Will dissolve with the last whimper of imagination.
And the quantum abyss will not even shed a tear.
Nor I collect my winnings; for which I do despair

* * * *

Waking up to yet another dreamy day,
Trapped in a body racked with one bother or another,
The mind willy-nilly between agony and ecstasy, exasperation and rapture.
Curious how thought can play the gamut between amusing and tiring from one moment to the next.
What ceaselessly pointless vainglorious absurdity, this much ado about nothing.
The appeal of ever returning to this manifest dreamtime,
Has pretty much run its course.

* * * *

Although I have enjoyed so many things in this span of dreamtime,
All I ever really 'wanted' to do was be a forklift driver.
The spatial flowing of it, drew the farm boy.
On a forklift, in the field stations I in youth worked,
I was a fighter pilot, flying solo all about the asphalt jungles,
On which my iron horse and I, rallied about, putting order to daily chaos.
Such was my satisfaction, that I once even used vacation time at Creative Alternatives,
To work the peak of a walnut season at Ron Martella's huller on Tully Road in hometown Hughson.
Ten-hour days in California Great Central Valley's late summer often very warm weather.
Every moment absolutely, priceless, in the very-very right-here-right-now of it.
The hardest part was in those rare moments when it slowed down.
And even then, there was always something to do.

Breadcrumbs 2024

I am an outcome of the social-spiritual revolution of the 1960's and 70's.
A peasant's eldest wandering the zenith of post-World War II United States of America,
Passing on thoughts, conclusions, opinions, judgments, about what I witnessed, and the parr I played.
That it has not developed its own legs, either proves I am wrong, or that the human species,
Is incapable of getting past its unfathomable arrogance or its insatiable avarice.
There is also great likelihood there is just too much to wade through,
Or that many just do not care to bother or care about it all.
Is there any doubt why I sit at the absurdist bar?

* * * *

All these years of scribbling have been both entertaining and wearisome,
In a sideways-topsy-turvy-inside-out-backwards sort of way.
Weave it all into some kind of enlightening story?
What, pray tell, would be the point?
It is done well enough for the rare few.
Think of all the videos I could have made.
Think of the following I might have cult-ivated.
I thank the gods for my insignificance, as should You.
I cannot imagine wanting or needing widespread approbation.
This garden orb does not require any more irrationality, any more absurdity.
You can thank or curse or ignore your Self, any time, any place.
You are, every moment, creator-preserver-destroyer.
You thank me when You discern your Self.

* * * *

My level of intrigue is far less, has always been far less, than many.
There is nothing I cannot walk away from if my whole world crashed and burned.
All I do is sit in coffee shops, write bullshit that very few people read, shop for supplies as needed,
See Mom and Sister once a week, and spend a couple hours most days in the club pool.
I am all but done with this cosmos, and this cosmos is all but done with me.
One of these days, I will be gone, and very few will even notice.
The universe has managed to ignore me while living;
It will even far less hard after I am gone.

* * * *

Have put this work out into the world in as many diverse channels as current technologies allow.
Nobody owns it, nobody controls it; everyone must discern the truth all on their own.
And all those who see, fairly quickly, without fanfare, know each other.
It is a very subtle, very quiet, very grass roots revolution.
No priesthood, no organization, no dogma.
Just a clear, rational view.

* * * *

What is a philosopher?
Cynic, skeptic, doubter, misanthropist, scoffer, doubter, pessimist,
Questioner, disparager, detractor, malcontent, loner, recluse, dilletante.
As pointless as pointless can be; the final chapter existence offers, to be sure.

* * * *

It was worth giving this body of work away no-charge.
Throwing it out there the willy-nilly way these digitalized times allowed.
No fame, no fortune, no control, no publishers, no followers, no travels, no speeches, no signings.
And only a modicum of vain notions with which to inwardly contend.
A strategy that saved all kinds of bother.

* * * *

Somebody had to scribe this, and it just sorta dumped itself into this lap.
If asked, would I do it again, I would say, with a shrug of these graying shoulders,
"What more could I possibly set down, without repeating myself more than I already have?"
This thought-filled theme park is for any and all, who discern within it, whatever they are looking for;
Whatever they might need, in the dystopian future that is so unescapably rushing at them.

* * * *

Why do I even bother scribbling all this?
I really do not much care for what the human paradigm has become,
Or the future to which it is inescapably, accelerating exponentially, every kaleidoscoping moment.
A vision so dark, so dismal, so painful, that the imminent extinction,
Cannot make its way hither soon enough.

* * * *

The post-WWII Boomer generation that I was born into, was set up by the idealistic winds of our youth,
To believe humankind could be, could do, something Darwin 101 assures us is impossible.
What I tell any who still harbor that delusional notion, any who still believe,
Us capable of overriding the natural selection that whittled us, for even a few minutes,
Is that You can take the monkey out of the jungle, but You cannot take the jungle out of the monkey.

* * * *

This guy would never lay any claim to being totally sane or rational or brilliant or anything perfect.
This mortal body, this mind, this imaginary moi, is as flawed and misguided and absurd,
And treacherous and hypocritical and irrational and judgmental and laughable,
And clumsy and frenetic and impulsive and irritable and divisive,
And narcissistic and hedonistic and greedy and vain,
And as inevitably mortal decline-and-fall as any other monkey-mind two-legged,
That has ever wandered every-which-way-to-and-fro across this dream-soaked dusty orb.
The perfection, all are, is not that which can be seen or heard or smelled or tasted or felt or thought.

* * * *

Things Which Mr. Just-in-Case Collects

Guns & Ammunition
Archery Equipment
Swords, Knives, Spears
Sundry Other Weapons
Martial Arts gear
Tools and Hardware
Chess & Other Strategy Games
Philosophy books
Military books
Weaponry books
History books
Political Science books
Science books
English language books
Spanish language books
Business books
Quote books
Gaming books
Health books
Cooking books
Exercise books
Resource books
Miscellaneous books
Exercise Gear
Kitchen paraphernalia
Coffee-making paraphernalia
The Great Courses DVD's
Movie & Television DVD's
Music CD's
Camping gear
Office supplies
Hats
Dust collectors
Bags of every variety
Alcohol and Drugs
Informational websites
Blog posts
Facebook posts
Interesting article links
Non-followers

A material Peter Pan, to be sure.

* * * *

My gift to the dystopian future-slash-debacle, that I envision, with a shudder.
Do with it whatever You will; do with it whatever You can.
Sadly, better You than me, is all I gotta say.
Stay strong, rotsa ruck.

* * * *

When would I … Why should I … How could I …
Ever convince You, who-what-why-when-where-how, I am,
But through your own awakening to the eternal fact.

* * * *

Have always had a relativistic aptitude for relishing process.
For accepting things as they are, for accepting things as they come.
Perhaps because I was raised in a rural setting, in tune with nature's fluidity.
Came from modest roots that never really expected or wanted that much out of life.
Tried to fan the fire in the belly as a business major out of college, but the spark never took.
The path of least resistance blew into my sail, and here I am, pondering the show.
Attentively writing down the so-many thoughts that bubble into mind.

* * * *

Some brand it, Brahman; some brand it, God.
Others, Buddha or Tao or Jehovah or Great Spirit or Whatever.
I call it the Mystery; the Mystery of the all in one, the Mystery of the one in all.
And no one need suffer any consequence, any punishment, any forfeit,
For granting it whatever name, or no-name, they are inclined.
No need for absurdity steeped in imaginary notion.
None can know how all this is happening.
Even the rumored supreme deity,
Witnesses in ignorance.

* * * *

René Descartes:
I think, therefore I am.

Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
I think, therefore I think I am.
I imagine, therefore I imagine I am.
You imagine, therefore You imagine You are.
And right-here-right-now, we all are, imagining we all, in space-time are.
An unborn-undying, unrehearsed, Shakespearian theater,
For as long as imagination draws breath.

* * * *

This is this lifetime's contribution to the human paradigm.
Take it or leave it; please try not to hurt or kill anyone over it.
Please do not make it into some creed, it was never meant to be.
You can thank me, or scourge me, as befits the endgame's narration.

* * * *

All this philosophical chitchat, is not at all about yet another absurd, idolatrous belief system.
It is about the very real, very much in the moment, prior-to-consciousness awareness, You truly are.
There is nobody to follow, there is no confining dogmatic groupthink, there is no transaction fee.
All any need do, is pay attention to the given moment, as the mystery kaleidoscopes ever on.
It is very much a solitary mosey for those who have the wit and strength to stand alone.
It is very much an agnostic, existential stance, requiring no fallacious conclusions.
All one needs do, is be as free as the imaginary mind and mortal vessel allow.

* * * *

Me and all the other seers,
Churning out the same memorandum,
To the rare few fated with eyes to see, ears to hear.

* * * *

Got a good roll out of my little window of illusion.
And what happens after I am departed, after I am ashes and dust,
Is nothing I can do anything about, any more than I could while in the flesh.

* * * *

How it all seems to moi, is what these many thoughts, these many titles, are about.
Whether or not, they are anything the dreamtime's future, will be in any way interested,
Is nothing this mind's vanity, can more than pipe-smoking speculate, in its dystopian musings.

* * * *

Another day of rambling the quantum fever.
Bantering with your Self in whatever nooks and crannies are wandered.
Talking about, kicking around, hashing out, thrashing out, chewing over, every variety of this and that,
Learning and unlearning every rank of mind gorp, that death will someday wash away,
No matter how profound or clever, no matter how astute or shrewd.

* * * *

I have done my best with this work,
To leave something that is as great a vision,
As this mind-body and linguistic aptitude can muster.
As great a revelation as technology and times for a time allow.
Attempting in so many ways to fashion it nondualistically all-inclusive.
Something that will worm its way through the harsh age ahead,
Into a more rational, equitable, notion of humankind,
And its relationship with the natural world,
And the mystery that is source to all.
And to always try to remember,
That it is not at all about,
The little me who put it into play.
Rather, the big me, who is the You in all.

Best wishes, rotsa ruck, and apologies for the world we left You.

* * * *

The very serendipitous – day-to-day of random folks – whose paths I crossed,
Were casually given business cards, with website name and address.
And before that, who knows how many pilfered copies,
Through the side door at the Kinko's in Chico.
There is no knowing how far, how wide, or for what duration,
Future imagination-driven times, will choose to allow, this freely-offered serum,
From a scribe who pretty much made it his last hobby, his last distraction, his last will and testament.

* * * *

Coulda-shoulda-woulda, have brought to a halt, to all this nonsense long ago.
So much absurdity, over an elephant that can never been seen.
Coulda-shoulda-woulda, sought out a little cave.
Kept to my Self, Kept my peace,
Lived existence, rationally, serenely.
Free from all the mundanity, all the temporality.
Wait, I have done that! Here I am, ensconced right here now.
In my zennish, collector-hoarder hollow: Studio 101, Lakeside Apartments,
Turlock, California 93382-1016, United States, Gaia, Milky Way, Universe … Mystery …

* * * *

The weariness I feel with my take on the human paradigm,
Is beyond measure, many times, in so many situations, in any given day.
How tempting to just pull the plug on everything, to discard all this esoteric commentary,
Back into the oblivion, into the abyss, into the void, from whence it came,
And spend whatever remains of this dreamtime existence,
As quietly, as anonymously, as possible.

But no, I drudge on, as another ditty Magic-8-Ball's into mind.

* * * *

All these notions are straight-up how I see it.
No regurgitations, no mimicking, no mendacities, no fanatisms.
Just the matter-of-fact, straight-thinking, no-nonsense, down-to-earth, the-way-it-is,
As seen through these older-than-the-stars-younger-than-the-moment eyes.

* * * *

If it is fated for these way-too-many thoughts to be discovered, I would prefer it be after I am rootbound.
Have never sought the weight of power, the rattle of gold, or the bother of groupthink.
Scribing all this has peaceably filled a great deal of this existence.
A pleasant pastime, to be channel for this mystery.
Being rewarded for such a gift, is given its due, with a nod of a head.

* * * *

A Self-imposed assignment; one in which I do not write what was done today, but what was thought.
An aphoristic journal-chronical-diary-memoir-bulletin-log-dossier-scrapbook-commentary-thesis-hobby.

As Thucydides Athenian historian and general (c. 460 – c. 400 BC) wrote:

My work is not a piece of writing designed to meet the needs of an immediate public,
but was done to last forever.

Yaj Ekim: Define forever.

* * * *

A Text to Bruce

America invited the world's masses, and they have arrived.
That is rough on the losers, rough on the haters, and Trump became their führer.
My prevailing who-gives-a-fuck-where's-the-popcorn line: So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
It is all ultimately just another epoch in history's the-horror-the-horror-planet-of-the-apes stagecraft.
You and I have lived in the most incredible window of history this world has ever experienced.
Tough for all the kids in the day care centers and playgrounds who are going to pay for it.
Seven billion people and a changing climate in a little over 200 years – Hope is dead.

(Bruce: This started out as one of our many back-and-forth texts, and worked itself into an aphorism.
Some guy named Bruce will be lionized in Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond and Michael's Rabbit Hole)

The children's book by Shel Silverstein – The Giving Tree – says it all about the human paradigm.

The Giving Tree
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Giving_Tree

(P.S. Hey, just occurred to me to say – while we are still here – that I have always enjoyed our practically lifetime friendship. Forklifting at Joan of Arc was one of my all-time favorite jobs. Sorry about the toe. That moment, the calmness with which You told me the forklift was on your foot, still rings clear in this otherwise vague, aged memory. Never realized what You had endured until You told me years later.)

* * * *

And just to be steadfastly, beyond-all-doubts transparent – I do not much care for the word, prophet.
A little too loaded with historical undertones, to which I do not readily extend my Self.
Seer, mystic, sage, guru, maybe even augur or oracle, are tolerable fits.
If there must be any sound-concept ascribed to it, that is.
Deep, resonate Om-ing might be acceptable.
But try to put a crimp on any and all idolatries.
Ixnay on worshipping garden statues and crucifixes.

* * * *

The Anthropocene and a changing climate – a pitiless dragon – unfolding its wings upon all earthlings.
And alas for we post-war boomers, we elders, who bask in our unenviable senior moment,
Hoping to somehow evade the consequences of all our narcissistic hedonism,
Our little window of time, and all the consumption it allowed.
We are in for a taste, a whiff, of the future past.

* * * *

In this work, is written whatever comes to mind.

Audience or no, agreement or no, approval or no, applause or no.
For naught matters to the great emptiness, the great abyss, the great nothingness,
From whence all appearances, all illusions, kaleidoscope however they will.
How unlikely, that more than a relative few, will ever even hear of it,
Much less imbibe more than a few lines here and there, at best.
For anyone to peruse it all, would be an improbable feat.
One which would be, but another mirage of mind.

* * * *

This aphoristic opus was the last narcissistic-hedonistic vanity, that I could be enticed to orchestrate.
These writings, all extemporaneous, seem intent on stirring the potential of consciousness, of imagination,
To another echelon of intrigue in its Darwinian progression, if such a thing is even tenuously possible.

* * * *

The most candid, most sincere, most authentic answer, as to why have I bothered to scribe this opus,
Is the lucidity, the detachment, the hubris, the absurdity, of this nature-nurtured mind's quixotic meander.
It is the reckoning, the revelation, of a happenstance-happenchance-contemplative-meditative amble.
It is the nothing-more-nothing-less, of this mind's imaginary perception of an ineffable mystery.

* * * *

The human paradigm has long since become a friggin' insane-beyond-all-insanes asylum.
The engineers and all their minions have enticed us down a dead-end road.
How happy, how content I am, to be almost done with it.

* * * *

Regarding titles in this opus,
There is the 'me' voice, and there is the 'Me' voice.
Leftovers and Soundbites are the 'Me' and 'My Self' and 'I' rabbit dens.
Breadcrumbs lurk in the imaginary, more-likely-illusionary 'me-and-myself-and-I' wormhole.
It is a most challenging thing to walkabout this mortal quantum dreamtime,
And not be drawn willy-nilly into its distracting nature,
Same as all the other dreamers.

* * * *

There is likely something somewhere herein, for just about everyone.
This mystic wandering opus is not bound by the boundlessness of Eternity.
This mind's penchant for living and dying, wanders easily afield in every manner.
"The dark side ain't dark to me," is a first and foremost go-to meme for this waggish mind.

* * * *

So many ditties that need editing,
And that editing shared with all the other creations.
All the derivative titles, and all their 'under construction' segments.
So many things to tie together, into an agreeable, concise, elegant, philosophical opus.
Which so relatively few will ever know of, much less bother to peruse.
So much to do, and so little time remaining to do it.
Such is likely the fate of all creators.

To Whom It May Concern

It is certainly a curious thing to have gone this mystical direction in life. Most definitely a road less traveled. As far as discussing it with others goes, I think, as with any specialty, any sphere – science, mathematics, music, sports, business, politics, et cetera ad infinitum – that we all tend to search out like minds to focus on our interests and passions. Scientists with scientists, mathematicians with mathematicians, musicians with musicians, athletes with athletes, businessmen with businessmen, politicians with politicians, et cetera ad infinitum. Our little "lost" tribe of seers, being somewhat scattered about the globe, are not always easy to run across. You just never know who will be sitting next to You in some coffee shop, bar, or park bench.

Personally, I have always been generalist and chameleon enough to enjoy chatting with whoever about whatever comes up. There is great freedom in anonymity. Many people I know quite well have very little if any clue about what I have done or what I have written. It has just never come up. I may probe and plant seeds, but do not worry whether or not they take root. Some minds are fertile; some are barren. It is just the way it is.

As far as staying connected with family, friends, and acquaintances goes, we each have to decide what is important to us, and it may be for some that burning bridges and moving on alone is only option they allow themselves. The high school class of my small rural town origin celebrated our 40th reunion a few years back, and those who came had a great time reconnecting and sharing their life journeys. Very few of them would ever be at all interested in my thoughts on things – many of them are true believers in one dogma or another – and I am okay with that. No point beating yourself over the head over things You cannot change.

The big view of it is that I am one of who knows how many awakened eyes in this magical mystery tour, as likely are You if You are reading this. Whether anyone else hears the call is something over which none of us has any say. Nor does it really matter. We may point the way to a larger vision, but it is each, abiding in their own set of capacities and limitations, who must, to whatever degree, wander the pathless land very much alone. We are but ephemeral seed crystals, of our own devices, for consciousness to do with what it will.

Everything I have written since 1989, except for a couple notebooks that were lost, along with a few other oopsie moments on the computer, is my gift to the future, such as it is. It is up to You and others I have befriended through the years to pass it on if You deem it to have merit. It has been an interesting pastime to give so much of my time over to it: to think it, to scribble it, to transcribe and edit it, to throw it about like Johnny did apple seeds. There may be in the neighborhood of five thousand pages worth by the time I exit this center stage. And what happens to it is for time to tell. I leave it to You to decide.

So it goes, either way. I played my part, I said my piece, I had my fun.

M

P.S. For best viewing online, using the largest screen You have available to explore my little theme park, is suggested. Scrolling down and down on a phone screen is just not going to give You the same entrée.

P.P.S. Regarding the name Yaj Ekim ... It is just a reverse spelling of the first and middle names ... Michael Jay Holshouser ... Mike Jay ... Yaj Ekim.

P.P.P.S. Coincidently, make of it whatever You will, or will not, Yaj is an Indian boy's name meaning worshipper, sacrifice, another name for Shiva, a sage. And Ekim is a Turkish name for October meaning "sowing" (of seeds). All kinds of absurdity can be read into that by the many so-inclined – none of which was in mind when I came up with the idea to reverse the letters to my name. See P.P.S. for details.

P.P.P.P.S. Yes, I am Shiva. And so are You. No, I am not Shiva. And neither are You. Irony and paradox rule.

Th-Th-Th-That's All Folks!

Pointing to the whole elephant, as entertaining as it has been, has been an interesting lesson in futility.
Time to close down the show, and move on to an observation of silence mode.
Fare thee well, adieu, adios, auf wiedersehen, sayonara.
Regards and best wishes to all.

That said …

Stay Tuned

Given how this mind works, likely a few more ditties in the here and there,
For as long as these temporal lungs are still drawing air,
So stay tuned, You Wascally Wabbit.

Thucydides

My work is not a piece of writing designed to meet the needs of an immediate public,
but was done to last forever.

Athenian historian and general (c. 460 – c. 400 BC)
History of the Peloponnesian War

Yaj Ekim

Define forever.